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LUCIFER.

AMONG THE GNOSTICS OF THE FIRST TWO CENTURIES.

(*Continued from p.* 384.)

The Valentinian Movement.

Back of the whole Valentinian movement stands the commanding and mysterious figure of Valentinus himself, universally acknowledged to have been the greatest of the Gnostics. His learning and eloquence are admitted even by his bitterest opponents to have been of a most extraordinary nature, and no word has ever been breathed against his moral character. And yet when we come to analyze the chaos of "information" which Patristic writers have left us on the subject of so-called Valentinianism, we find the mysterious character of the great master of the Gnosis ever receding before our respectful curiosity; he who has been made to give his name to the modelling of the whole structure still remains the "great unknown" of Gnosticism. We know nothing of him as a man, nothing of him as a writer except the few mutilated scraps which hæresiological odium has vouchsafed to us.

(I am of course leaving entirely aside the vexed question of the authorship of the Pistis Sophia treatise, which is still *sub judice*. My own opinion is that we owe the original draft of it to Valentinus, but the reasons which have led me to this conclusion must be reserved for the commentary on that treatise, which I am preparing.)

And yet, in spite of this appalling ignorance of the man and his teachings, the so-called Valentinian Gnosis is the *pièce de résistance* of nearly every hæresiological treatise. We shall, therefore, have to trespass on the patience of the reader for a short space while we

set up a few finger-posts in the maze of Valentinianism as seen through the eyes of its Patristic opponents.

With the exception of the few fragments to which we have referred, all that has been written by the Fathers refers to the teachings of "them of Valentinus," and even then it is but very rarely that we have an unmutilated quotation from any written work of theirs; for the most part it all consists of fragments torn from their contexts or mere hearsay. Now the followers of Valentinus were no slavish disciples who could do nothing else but repeat parrot-like the "words of the master"; the *ipse dixit* spirit was far from their independent genius. Each of them thought out the details of the scheme of universal philosophy in his own fashion. True that by this time the presentation of the Gnosis, from being of a most diverse nature, had become more settled in its main features, and doubtless Valentinus had initiated this synthesizing tendency; nevertheless it was still free and independent in innumerable details of a very far-reaching character, and its adherents were imbued with that spirit of research, discovery, and adaptation which ever marks a period of spiritual and intellectual life.

Thus we understand the complaint of Irenæus, who laments that he never could find two Valentinians who agreed together. And if this be so, what good is there in any writer talking of the Valentinian System? We know next to nothing of the system of Valentinus himself; as to his followers, each introduced new modifications, which we can no longer follow in the unintelligent representations of the Church fathers, who make them flatly contradict not only one another, but also themselves.

From The Philosophumena, published in 1851, we first heard of an Eastern and Western (Anatolic and Italic) division of the school of Valentinus, thus explaining the title superscribed on the Extracts from Theodotus appended to the Miscellanies of Clement of Alexandria in one MS. A great deal has been made of this; the meagre differences of doctrine of the Anatolic and Italic schools of Valentinianism indicated by Hippolytus (II.) have been seized upon by criticism and had their backs broken by the weight of argument which has been piled upon them. But when Lipsius demonstrates that the Extracts from Theodotus, which claim in their superscription to

belong to the Eastern school, are, following the indications of Hippolytus, half Eastern and half Western, the ordinary student has to hold his head tightly on to his body and abandon all hope of light from the division of Valentinianism into Anatolic and Italic schools, in the present state of our ignorance, unless indeed we simply assume that they were originally mere geographical designations to which in later times a doctrinal signification was unsuccessfully attempted to be given.

Although we have no sure indication of the date of Valentinus himself, it may be assumed to extend from A.D. 100 to A.D. 180, as will be seen later on.

Of the other leaders of the movement, the earliest with whose names we are acquainted are Secundus and Marcus. Now Marcus himself had a large following as early as 150; his followers were not called Valentinians but Marcosians, or Marcians, and what we know of his system differs enormously from those of the rest of "them of Valentinus." Marcus is sometimes supposed to have been a contemporary of Irenæus, but this is only on the supposition that Irenæus, in using the second person in his hortatory and admonitory passages, is addressing a living person and not employing the "thou" as a mere rhetorical effect, as Tertullian with Marcion.

Next we come to Ptolemæus many years later, who again is supposed to have been a contemporary of Irenæus somewhere about A.D. 180.

Irenæus had certainly no personal knowledge of Ptolemæus, and dealt for the most part with his followers, who are said to have differed greatly from their teacher.

Later still is Heracleon, whom Clement (c. 193) calls the most distinguished of the disciples of Valentinus. Both Heracleon and Ptolemæus, however, are known not so much for the exposition of a system as for the exegetical treatment of scripture from the standpoint of the Gnosis of their time.

Still later, and as late as, say, about 220, Axionicus and Bardesanes flourished, the former of whom taught at Antioch, and the latter still further east. They are, therefore, called heads of the Anatolic or Oriental school.

Theodotus, from whom the Excerpts appended to Clement's Miscellanies were taken, was of course far earlier in date, but of

him we know nothing. We also hear of a certain Theotimus and Alexander, who are earlier than 220.

In brief, the influence of Valentinus spread far and wide, from Egypt eastwards to Syria, Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and westwards to Rome, Gaul, and even Spain.

A review of the teachings ascribed to these doctors of the Gnosis will bring our task to a close as far as the indirect sources of Gnosticism for the first two centuries are concerned. But the point we would here insist upon is, that we are face to face with a great movement and not a single system. The older forms of the Gnosis, many of which were exceedingly antagonistic to Judaism, were being modified and toned down. On the one hand, such tendencies found a rational outcome in the great Marcionite movement which cut Christianity entirely apart from Judaism; on the other a basis of reconciliation was sought by the more moderate and mystical views of the movement inaugurated by Valentinus, which found room for every view in its all-embracing universalism, and explained away contradictions by an inner secret teaching which was claimed to have come from the Saviour himself.

The main outline of the Gnosis is presumably to be most clearly seen to-day in the system of Basilides, but those infinite spaces which either Basilides himself left unfilled, or Hippolytus (II.) has omitted to mention in his quotations, were afterwards peopled with an infinitude of creations and creatures by the genius of the Gnostics, who could brook no deficiency in the exposition of their universal science. Into this outline, or one closely resembling it, they fitted the various aspects of the ancient Gnosis and the postulates of the old religions and philosophies, adopting these world-old ideas and adapting them by the light of the new revelation, retaining sometimes the old names, more frequently inventing new ones.

This synthesizing of the Gnosis was owing to the initiative of the genius of Valentinus. His technical works are said to have been most abstruse and difficult of comprehension, as well they might be from the nature of the task he attempted. What has become of these writings? No Church father seems to have been acquainted with a single one of his technical treatises; at best we have only a few ethical fragments from letters and homilies. But what of his own followers, whom Church fathers and critics make

responsible for a certain Valentinian system of a most chaotic nature? Were they in possession of MSS. of Valentinus; or did they depend on general notions derived from his lectures? Did Valentinus work out a consistent scheme of the Gnosis; or did he set forth several alternatives, owing to the difficulty of the matter, and the innumerable points of view from which it could be envisaged? If the Pistis Sophia document and the other two Codices can be made to throw any light on the matter, it will be a precious acquisition to our knowledge of this most important epoch; if not, we must be content to remain in the dark until some fresh document is discovered.

Meantime we must confine our attention to the certain traces of Valentinus and the general movement; but before doing so, we must briefly review our authorities among the Fathers.

In this review I shall mostly follow Lipsius, who is not only one of the latest authorities on the subject (Art. in S. and W.'s Dict. of Christ. Biog., 1887), but who long ago inaugurated the admirable critical investigations into our Gnostic sources of information by his analysis of the Panarion of Epiphanius.

Tertullian informs us that prior to himself no less than four orthodox champions had undertaken the refutation of the Valentinians, namely Justin Martyr, Miltiades, Irenæus and the Montanist Proculus. With the exception of the five books of Irenæus, the rest of these controversial writings are lost.

Irenæus wrote his treatise somewhere about A.D. 180-185. He devotes most of his first book to the Valentinians exclusively, and isolated notices are found in the remaining four books.

Irenæus claims to have come across certain Memoranda of the Valentinians and had conversations with some of their number. But these Notes belonged only to the followers of Ptolemæus, and only one short fragment is ascribed to a writing of Ptolemæus himself. The personal conversations were also held with followers of the same teacher, presumably in the Rhone districts, not exactly a fertile soil in which to implant the abstruse tenets of the Gnosis, we should think, in spite of the martyrs of Lyons.

In dealing with Marcus, Irenæus derived his information for the most part from the same unreliable oral communications, but also seems to have been in possession of a Memoir of a Marcosian; Marcus himself living and working far away in Asia Minor years before.

In chapter xi. Irenæus professes to give the teaching of Valentinus himself; but here he is simply copying from the work of a prior refutator. Lipsius also points out that Irenæus drew some of his opening statements from the same source as Clement in the Excerpts from Theodotus.

From all of which it follows that we are face to face with a most provoking patch-work, and that the system of Valentinus himself is not to be found in the Refutation of the Bishop of Lyons.

Our next source of information is to be found in the Excerpts from the otherwise unknown Theodotus, which are supposed by Lipsius to have probably formed part of the first book of Clement's lost work, The Outlines. These excerpts "have been dislocated and their original coherence broken up" in so violent a manner, and so interspersed with "counter-observations and independent discussions" by Clement himself, that it is exceedingly difficult to form a judgment upon them. When, moreover, Lipsius assigns part of these extracts to the Oriental and part to the Occidental school, he practically bids us erase the superscription which has always been associated with them—namely, Extracts from the (Books) of Theodotus and the so-called Anatolic School. In any case, we are again face to face with another patch-work.

Hippolytus (I.), in his lost Syntagma, recoverable from the epitomators Pseudotertullian, Philaster, and Epiphanius, seems to have combined the first seven chapters of Irenæus with some other account, and the chaos is still further confused.

Hippolytus (II.), in that most precious of all hæresiological documents, The Philosophumena, gives an entirely independent account, in fact the most uniform and synoptical representation of any phase of the Gnosis of the Valentinian cycle that has reached us through the Fathers.

Tertullian simply copies from Irenæus, and so also for the most part does Epiphanius. The latter, however, has preserved the famous Letter of Ptolemæus to Flora, and also a list of "barbarous names" for the æons not found elsewhere. Theodoret of course simply copies Irenæus and Epiphanius.

So many, and of such a nature, then, are our indirect sources of information for an understanding of the Valentinian movement; a sorry troop of blind guides it must be confessed, where everything

requires the greatest care and discrimination. Let us now return to Valentinus himself and endeavour to patch together from the miserable fragments that remain some wretched silhouette of a character that was universally acknowledged to have been the greatest among the Gnostics.

VALENTINUS.

As to his biography, we know next to nothing. Valentinus was an Egyptian, educated at Alexandria in all that Egypt and Greece had to teach him. The mysterious lore of ancient Khem, the "mathesis" of Pythagoras, the wisdom of Plato, all helped to fashion his character. But the greatest inspiration of all he found in the last outpouring from the same source from which the wisdom of every true philosopher comes—the stream of Christianity that was swirling along at full tide. But what kind of Christianity did Valentinus encounter at Alexandria? There was no Catechetical School when he was a boy. Pantænus and Clement were not as yet. There were the Oracles, the Sayings of the Lord, and many contradictory traditions; a Pauline community also, doubtless founded by some missionary from Asia Minor; and numerous legends of the mysterious Gnosis which Jesus had secretly taught to those who could comprehend. Valentinus doubtless also came under the influence of Basilides, though he is said to have stated that a certain Theodas, an "apostolic man," that is to say one of those who came from Judæa after the destruction of Jerusalem in A.D. 70, was his witness to the direct tradition of the Gnosis. Nothing is known of this Theodas or Theudas, and Ussher has even assumed that it was a contraction for Theodotus, a conjecture in which he has been followed by Zahn. This theory would thus make the Theodotus of the Excerpts in Clement an older authority than Valentinus himself, which would still further complicate the Eastern and Western school question, and, in fact, change the whole problem of Valentinian origins. All we can say here is that the view is not entirely improbable, and would clear the ground on certain important points.

In addition there were at Alexandria, in the great library, all those various sources of information, and, in the intellectual and religious atmosphere of the place, all those synthetical and theosophical tendencies which make for the formulation of a universal

system of religion. And this we know was the task that Valentinus set before him as his goal. He determined to synthesize the Gnosis, every phase of which was already a synthesis. But in so doing, Valentinus did not propose to attack or abandon the Christian faith, or to estrange the popular evolution of Christianity which has since been called the Catholic Church. He most probably remained a catholic Christian to the end of his life. It is true that we read of his excommunication in Tertullian, coupled with the favourite accusation brought against prominent heretics, that he apostasized from the Church because his candidature for the episcopal office was rejected. Tertullian imagined that this took place at Rome; but, even if so, did Rome speak in the name of the Catholic Church in those early days? Would Alexandria, the philosophic, recognize the ruling of disciplinarian Rome? Or did Rome excommunicate Valentinus after his death, a favourite way with her in after times of finishing a controversy? Or is not Tertullian romancing here as is not infrequently the case? Epiphanius distinctly states that Valentinus was regarded as orthodox as long as he was at Rome, and Tertullian himself also, in another place, adds fifteen years of orthodoxy on to the date of his leaving Rome!

Valentinus seems to have passed the greater part of his life in Egypt; he was, however, if one can trust our authorities, for some considerable time at Rome, somewhere between 138 and 160. One authority also says that he was at Cyprus.

The date of his death is absolutely unknown; critics mostly reckon it about 161, but in order to arrive at this conclusion they reject the distinct statement of Tertullian that Valentinus was still an orthodox member of the Catholic Church up to the time of Eleutherus (c. 175), and the equally distinct statement of Origen, that he was personally acquainted with Valentinus. This would set back Origen's own date of birth and advance the date of Valentinus' death, but as both are problematical, we have nothing to fear from the putting back of the one and the putting forward of the other ten years or so.

On the whole I am inclined to assign the date of Valentinus to the first eighty years of the second century. In further support of this length of days I would invite the reader to reflect on the extraordinary fact that though the name of Valentinus is in the

mouth of everyone of the time, and though his fame entirely eclipses that of every other name of that most important Gnostic cycle, the words and deeds of the great coryphæus of Gnosticism are almost entirely without record, and, stranger than all, he is regarded at any rate for the major part of his life as orthodox. This strange fact requires explanation, and I would venture to suggest that the explanation is to be found to a great extent in the extraordinary reserve and secresy of the man. He was an enigma not only to the generality but even to those who regarded him as a teacher.

The Gnosis in his hands is trying to forestall orthodoxy, to embrace everything, even the most dogmatic formulation of the traditions of the Master. The great popular movement and its incomprehensibilities were recognized by Valentinus as an integral part of the mighty out-pouring; he laboured to weave all together, external and internal, into one piece, devoted his life to the task, and doubtless only at his death perceived that for that age he was attempting the impossible. None but the very few could ever appreciate the ideal of the man, much less understand it.

None of his technical treatises were ever published; his letters and homilies alone were circulated.

After leaving Rome he is practically lost to the sight of the Western hæresiologists. Where he went, what he did, and how long he lived after that, is almost entirely conjectural. But if it ever be shown to be true that such documents as the Pistis Sophia are specimens of the workshop to which he belonged, we can at least conjecturally answer that he went back to Alexandria, where he finished his life in that retirement which such abstruse literary labours required.

Of his writings, besides the fact that they were numerous and his technical treatises exceedingly difficult and abstruse, we know very little. He composed numerous Letters and Homilies and Psalms. We are also told that he composed a Gospel, but this is supposed to be a false assumption—false, that is to say, if by Gospel is meant a Gospel containing the Sayings of the Lord. But may not Gospel here be used in the Basilidian sense of an exposition of the Gnosis, or knowledge of the things beyond the phenomenal world?

Tertullian also tells us that Valentinus composed a treatise entitled Sophia, or Wisdom. Some critics have asserted that the

words of Tertullian do not refer to a book but to the Wisdom which Valentinus claimed to teach; but if this were so the antithesis which Tertullian makes between the Wisdom of Valentinus and the Wisdom of Solomon would lose all its point. The Wisdom of Solomon is a book, the Wisdom of Valentinus should also be a book; if it were intended to mean simply the Gnosis which Valentinus taught, then its proper antithesis would have been the Wisdom of God and not of Solomon.

We now have to treat of the few miserable fragments of the works of this prolific writer which have come down to us in the writings of the Church fathers. The latest collection of them is by Hilgenfeld (1884), whose "emendations" however, we shall not always follow. The fragments consist of a few scraps of letters and homilies preserved by Clement of Alexandria, and two pieces in The Philosophumena, the narrative of a vision and the scrap of a psalm.

The Fragments of the Writings of Valentinus which are still Preserved to Us.

I. *From an Epistle: Concerning the Creation of the First Race of Mankind.*

"And just as terror of that creature [lit. plasm] seized hold of the angels [the fabricative powers], when it gave voice to things greater than had been used in its fashioning, owing to the presence in it of Him [the Logos] who unseen to them [the powers] had bestowed on it the seed of the supernal essence [the ego] and who spake of realities face to face; in like manner also among the races of humanity, the works of men become a terror to them who make them—such as statues and images, and all things which [men's] hands fashion to bear the name of God. For Adam being fashioned to bear the name of the [Heavenly] Man [the Logos], spread abroad the terror of that pre-existing Man, for in very truth he had His being in him. And they [the powers] were struck with terror and [in their terror] speedily marred the work [of their hands]."

Here we have the Gnostic myth of the genesis of man which is already familiar to us in the general tradition of the Gnosis.

The plasm or primitive form of man, which could neither stand nor walk—the embryonic sphere of Plato's Timæus—is evolved by the powers of nature, as the crown of evolution; into it Deity breathes

the mind, and man is immediately raised above the rest of the creation and its powers. Nevertheless his body is still feeble, and the nature-powers, in fear of the mind within—the "name" of the Heavenly Man—war on him, and only by slow degrees does the mind of man learn to overcome them.

The Heavenly Man is the perfect type of all humanities, and the "name" is no name but that mysterious something which decides the nature and class and being of every creature. Man alone as yet has the divine "name" or nature alive within him.

The "prehistoric" world with which Egypt was in direct traditional contact, made much of this "name"; statues and talismans and amulets, if made in a certain manner, were supposed to be a nearer approach to the perfect type either of manhood or of nature-organism, and on these fabrications of men's hands the "name" of this or that supernal power was thought to be bestowed by "Him who speaks face to face." Here we have a hint of the explanation given of "idol-worship" by the initiated priests of antiquity, and this idea was thus woven into the scheme of universal Gnosis by Valentinus.

II. *From an Epistle: On the Pure in Heart.*

"One [alone] is Good, whose free utterance is His manifestation through His son [the Sonship of Basilides]; it is by Him alone that the heart can become pure, [and that too only] when every evil essence has been expelled out of it. Now its purity is prevented by the many essences which take up their abode in it, for each of them accomplishes its own deeds, outraging it in divers fashions with unseemly lusts. As far as I can see, the heart seems to receive somewhat the same treatment as an inn [or caravanserai], which has holes and gaps made in its walls, and is frequently filled with dung, men living filthily in it and taking no care of the place as being someone else's property. Thus it is with the heart so long as it has no care taken of it, ever unclean and the abode of many demons [elemental essences]. But when the Alone Good Father hath regard unto it, it is sanctified and shineth with light; and he who possesseth such a heart is so blessed that 'he shall see God'."

Here we have the very same doctrine as that enunciated by

Basilides and Isidorus with regard to the "appendages" of the soul, as indeed is pointed out by Clement. The doctrine was an exceedingly ancient one in Egypt. In the Book of the Dead we read that the "heart" is a distinct personality within the man (the "puruṣha in the æther of the heart" of the Upaniṣhads); and not only this but the formula referred to and its explanatory texts teach us that "it is not the heart that sins but only its fleshly envelope" (Cf. Wiedemann's Relig. of the Ancient Egyptians, p. 287; 1897). Isidorus, as we have already seen, guarded against making the "appendages" the scapegoat, and fixed the responsibility on the "heart" proper, the "ancestral heart"—"guardian of my fleshes"—the reincarnating entity. It is, however, quite true that the passions are connected with the blood, and so with the "fleshly envelope," or physical heart, in which the real "heart" is said to be enshrined.

III. *From the Epistle to Agathopus: Concerning one of the Powers attained to by the Perfect Man.*

The "free utterance," or perfect expression, of the Alone Good can only be manifested by the man made perfect. Such a man was Jesus. Thus we find Valentinus writing to Agathopus as follows:

"It was by his unremitting self-denial in all things that Jesus attained to [lit. gained by working] godship; he ate and drank in a peculiar manner, without any waste. The power of continence was so great in him, that his food did not decay in him, for he himself was without decay."

It is said that the physical body can be gradually accustomed to less and less nutriment, and innumerable cases are on record in the East of holy ascetics who have been able to support life on incredibly small quantities of food. The "power" described above by Valentinus is one of the siddhis mentioned in every treatise on yoga in India, and in the Upaniṣhads we read that "very little waste" is one of the first signs of "success in yoga." We are also told that in the highest stages, after the particles of the body have been entirely refined and made to obey the higher will of the ascetic, that a body of a still higher grade of matter can be substituted, and apparently it is some such ideas as these and other similar notions that lay back of the doctrine of docetism which was an integral part of the Gnosis. Clement himself also shared like views, as also did some other Fathers.

IV. *From a Homily: Ye are the Sons of God.*

"From the very beginning have ye been immortal and children of life—such life as the æons enjoy; yet would ye have death shared up among you, to spend and lavish it, so that death might die in you and by your hands, for inasmuch as ye dissolve the world and are not dissolved yourselves, ye are lords of all creation and destruction."

Here we have the burden of the teaching in one of the treatises of the Codex Brucianus—to crucify the world and not let the world crucify us—and of the Pistis Sophia treatise, "Know ye not that ye are all gods and lords?" The Self within the heart, the seed of the divine, the pneumatic light-spark, the dweller in light, the inner man, was the eternal pilgrim incarnated in matter; those who had this alive and conscious within them, were the spiritual or pneumatic. To such Valentinus is speaking.

V. *A few sentences preserved in the controversial matter of Clement following the above quotation, and probably taken from a writing of Valentinus.*

The "elect race," the third Sonship of Basilides, has incarnated here for the abolition of "death," the domain of the Ruler of the phenomenal world, the saṁsâra of the Buddhist and Indian philosophers, the realm of the "ever-becoming" of Plato. This Ruler is the God of the Old Testament. "No man shall see the face of God and live." This is the face of death, but there is also a face of life, concerning which Valentinus writes:

"As far removed as is the [dead image] from the living face, so far is the [phenomenal] world removed from the living æon [the noumenal]. What then is the cause of the image? The majesty of the [living] face, [or person,] which exhibits the type [of the universe] to the painter, and in order that it [the universe] may be honoured by its name [—the name or real being of the majesty of the godhead]. For it is not the authentic [or absolute] nature which is found in the form; it is the name which completes the deficiency in the confection. The invisible nature of deity co-operates so as to induce faith in that which has been fashioned."

Here we have the same idea as in Fragment I., and presumably it was taken from the same Letter. The "painter" is of course the

user of the creative forces of the phenomenal world, who copies from the types or ideas in the noumenal world of reality. He whom the Jews called God and Father, was said by Valentinus to be the "image and prophet of the true God," the word prophet meaning one who speaks for and interprets. The "image" is the work of Sophia or Wisdom, who is the "painter" who transfers the types from the noumenal spaces on to the canvas of the phenomenal world, and the "true God" or the "God of truth" is the creator of the noumenal world, which contains the types of all things. He is the god of life, the "image" is the god of death.

"All things that come forth from a pair [or syzygy] are fulnesses (plerômata), but all which proceed from a single [æon] are images."

This will be explained later on; it refers to the "fall" of Sophia from the æon-world, whereby the phenomenal universe came into existence.

The remarks of Clement which immediately follow are almost unintelligible; they deal with the coming of the "excellent" spirit, the infusion of the light-spirit into man.

VI. *From the Epistle on the Community of Friends: Concerning the People of the Beloved.*

"Many of these things which are written in the public volumes are found written in the Church of God. For those teachings which are common are the words which proceed from the heart, the law written in the heart. This is the people of the Beloved who are loved by and love him."

Clement assumes that Valentinus means by "public volumes," the Jewish writings and the books of the philosophers.

The "public volumes," however, for Valentinus included not only the works of the philosophers and the scriptures of the Jews, but also the scriptures of all other religions, and also the Christian documents in general circulation. He merely asserts that the only "common" or general truths, are those pertaining to the community of Friends, or Saints, who form the Church of God, the People of the Beloved. These truths come from the heart; he protests against the narrow view that can find truth in only one set of scriptures; and declares it is in all scriptures and philosophies, if one looks to the spirit and not the letter.

VII. *A very doubtful fragment from Eulogius of Alexandria writing at the end of the sixth century.*

If this fragment can be accepted as genuine, we learn that the early Christians, whom Valentinus calls "the Galileans of the time of Christ," believed in the doctrine of two natures, whereas the Valentinians asserted that there was but one. This is quite credible, following on the lines of argument of Isidorus concerning the unit consciousness of the soul and its responsibility, and the teaching of Valentinus that Jesus "worked out" his own divinity.

VIII. *The Myth which Valentinus made.*

Hippolytus (II.) inserts the following scrap of information in the midst of the lengthy description of the system of Marcus, which he copied from Irenæus.

"Valentinus says that he once saw a child that had only just been born, and that he proceeded to question it to find out who it was. And the babe replied and said it was the Logos." To this, says Hippolytus, Valentinus subjoined a "tragic myth," which formed the basis of his teaching. Have we here an incident from the prologue to one of Valentinus' treatises; and is the "tragic myth" Valentinus' modification of the great Sophia-mythus which was the *deus ex machinâ* of the whole of his cosmogony?

IX. *From a Psalm: The Chain of Being.*

Finally from the same source, The Philosophumena, we recover the following lines; it is probable that Hippolytus took them from the same treatise from which he derived the above information, and that the Psalm endeavoured to explain why the new-born babe was the Logos, why "this" is "That," as the Upanishads have it, and all is one.

"All things depending in spirit I see;
All things supported in spirit I view;
Flesh from soul depending;
Soul by air supported;
Air from æther hanging—
Fruits borne of the deep—
Babe borne of the womb."

Whether or not this exceedingly mystical psalm was taken in

the sense we have suggested above is merely problematical. Such mystic utterances could of course be interpreted from both the microcosmic and macrocosmic standpoints; and Hippolytus gives us what he asserts to be a Valentinian interpretation from the latter point of view.

The "flesh" is the Hyle (the Hebdomad of Basilides); the "soul" is that of the Demiurge (the material force of the ætheric spaces, the Ogdoad of Basilides); the Demiurge hangs from the Spirit, which from one point of view is the Great Limit or Boundary, separating the Plerôma, or world of reality, from the Kenôma or phenomenal universe, and from another is Sophia or Wisdom, in the Kingdom of the Midst. Thus the Demiurge hangs from Sophia; Sophia from the Great Boundary or Horos (a further differentiation of the Basilidian simple idea of the Great Firmament); Horos from the Plerôma, the Blessed Treasure of the æons; and this world of ideas, or Living Æon, from the Abyss or Great Depth, the Father, the God beyond being.

This is the Valentinian chain of being, the subordinate details of which are so abstruse and so complicated, that no one has hitherto been able to make any consistent scheme out of their chaotic and contradictory representations in the writings of the Fathers.

In the MS. of The Philosophumena, the above fragment is prefixed by the disconnected word "Harvest." Hilgenfeld accordingly speaks of Valentinus "hymning the Great Harvest," which is a very grandiose conception, but an idea difficult to connect with the lines quoted.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CADET'S STORY.

THE story which I am about to relate is one of my earliest recollections, for I heard it many years ago from a very old man. Though at the time of which I write he had passed by several years that limit of fourscore winters which is scripturally announced as the extreme period of human existence, he was erect and soldierly still, and displayed not only a perfect retention of all his faculties, but a degree of both mental and physical vigour very unusual at so advanced an age—as may be inferred from the fact that he was in the habit of riding out daily until within three weeks of his death, which occurred at the age of ninety-two. It will not, therefore, be open to the sceptic to dismiss my tale as distorted by the dreamy semi-recollection of dotage; nor, on the other hand, can he ignore it as exaggerated by the childish fancy of the listener; for I depend not on my own memory, but on a carefully written account of the affair (dated in the year of its occurrence) found among the old man's papers after his death. It is fair to add that, though it was not until some twenty years later that I had an opportunity of perusing this paper, I found it to agree in every particular with my own vivid recollection of the story. That written account I reproduce almost literally, supplying from my memory only some few details of the conversations, and of course altering the names of all the actors.

I remember that the old man used to tell us that some author (he had forgotten the name) called upon one of the friends who shared this experience with him, and begged to be allowed to take down his deposition to the facts of the case, and I have since found that the story is recorded in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, but in a very brief form, omitting some of the phenomena now related. I believe, however, that it will be new to the majority of our readers, and if there should be any to whom it is an old acquaintance, they will at any rate have the additional confirmation of an

account from an entirely separate source. What follows, then, is the old man's tale.

When I was a youngster I entered as a cadet into the service of the Honourable East India Company, and set sail from Plymouth one fine morning in the good ship *Somerset*, with several other young fellows who were eastward bound on the same errand as myself. Those were stirring times, and many a vision of glory to be won on the battle-field floated before our youthful eyes. A merry company we were, for they were good fellows all—gay, light-hearted, and careless; and so with story, jest, and song we did our best to make the long hours of that tedious voyage pass as rapidly as we could.

One among my comrades had a peculiar attraction for me, perhaps because he alone of all the party seemed to have occasional fits of sadness—spells of serious thought, as it were, during which he withdrew into himself, and almost repelled the advances of his companions. He was a young Highlander named Cameron, handsome, dark, and tall; a well-read man, but one who shrank from displaying his knowledge; a man, one felt instinctively, somewhat out of the ordinary run; a man perhaps with a history.

As I said, he had a peculiar attraction for me, and though he was reserved at first, we ultimately became firm friends; and in his more melancholy moods, when he avoided the society of others, he yet seemed to find a sort of passive pleasure in mine. At such times he would say but little, but would sit for an hour gazing steadily at the horizon, with a strange far-away look in his deep, earnest eyes. So would a man look (I often thought) whom some terrible sorrow or some ghastly experience had marked off for ever from the rest of his kind. But I asked no questions; I waited patiently till the time should come when our ripening friendship would reveal the secret.

One thing more I observed, that whenever the conversation turned, as it did several times during the voyage, upon what is commonly called the supernatural (a subject upon which most of us were derisively sceptical) my friend not only expressed no opinion whatever, but invariably withdrew himself from the party or contrived to change the subject. No one else, however, appeared to notice this, and of course I said nothing about it.

Well, in due course we arrived at Madras, and, after staying there

about a fortnight, five of us, including my friend Cameron and myself, received orders to join our regiment at an up-country station. Our party was under the charge of a certain Major Rivers, whom, during the short time we had known him at Madras, we had all learnt to like very much. He was a small, spare man, with short-sighted grey eyes and a peculiarly pleasant smile; a man of extreme punctuality in trifles, but frank, kindly, and genial; a thorough soldier and a thorough sportsman—indeed his devotion to sport had left its mark upon him in the shape of a very perceptible limp, the result of an accident in the hunting field.

A considerable part of our journey had to be performed by water, so a kind of barge was put into requisition for us, and we started at daybreak one morning. It soon grew insufferably hot, and as the country was flat, and our progress extremely slow, you will not be surprised to hear that we found the time hang somewhat heavily upon our hands. Sometimes we got out and walked a few yards to stretch our legs, but the heat of the sun soon drove us under our awning again, and by the evening of the second day we were in a state of *ennui* bordering on desperation, when the Major suddenly said with a smile:

"Gentlemen, I have a proposal to make."

"Hear, hear," we all shouted; "anything to vary this detestable monotony."

"My idea," said the Major, "is this. You see that little hill over there to the right? Well, I know this part of the country thoroughly, and I know that the river passes just on the other side of that hill. Now though it is, as you see, only a few miles off in a straight line, it is at least four times that distance by water in consequence of the windings of the river. We are now about to stop for the night, and I thought that if we left the boat here to-morrow morning, arranging to meet it again in the evening at the base of that hill, we might relieve the tedium of the journey by a little shooting in those jungles, where I know from experience there is good sport to be had."

Of course we hailed the suggestion with acclamation, and at an early hour the next morning we took our guns and leapt ashore, accompanied by a large dog which belonged to one of the party—a fine, intelligent animal, and a general favourite. The Major had

created some amusement by appearing in an enormous pair of top-boots, many sizes too large for him; but when someone suggested that he seemed more prepared for fishing than shooting, he only laughed good-naturedly and said that before the day was over we might perhaps wish that we had been as well protected as he was.

In sooth he was right, for we found the ground for some distance decidedly marshy, and in many places, to obtain a footing at all, we had to spring from bush to bush and stone to stone in a way that, encumbered as we were with our guns, soon made us most unpleasantly warm. At last our difficulties culminated in a muddy stream or ditch about twelve feet broad.

"Rather a long jump for a man with a heavy gun!" I said.

"Oh," replied the Major," I think we can manage it; at any rate I am going to try, and if I get over with my game leg it ought to be easy enough for you young fellows."

He took a short run and sprang, just clearing the ditch; but unluckily the slimy edge of the bank gave way under his feet, and he slipped back into the water. In a moment the rest of us took the leap, all getting safely across, and rushed to his assistance. He was quite unhurt, and, thanks to the enormous top-boots, not even wet; but his gun was choked with mud, and required a thorough cleaning. He threw himself down with a laugh under the nearest tree, and began fanning himself with his hat, saying: "You will have to go on without me for a while."

We protested against leaving him, objecting that we did not know the country, and offered to stop and help him; but this he refused to permit. "No, no," he said, "you must push on and see what you can find; I shall follow in half-an-hour or so; we cannot miss one another, and at the worst there is always the hill as a landmark, so you have only to climb a tree and you will get the direction at once; but in any case do not fail to meet at the boat at five o'clock."

Somewhat reluctantly we obeyed, and plunged into the jungle, leaving him still lying fanning himself under the tree. We had walked on for about an hour without much success, and were just beginning to wonder when the Major would join us, when Cameron, who happened to be next to me, stopped suddenly, turned pale as death, and pointing straight before him cried in accents of horror:

"See! see! merciful heaven, look there!"

"Where? what? what is it?" we all shouted confusedly, as we rushed up to him and looked round in expectation of encountering a tiger—a cobra—we hardly knew what, but assuredly something terrible, since it had been sufficient to cause such evident emotion in our usually self-contained comrade. But neither tiger nor cobra was visible—nothing but Cameron, pointing with ghastly haggard face and starting eyeballs at something we could not see.

"Cameron! Cameron!" cried I, seizing his arm, "for heaven's sake, speak! what is the matter?"

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when a low, but very peculiar sound struck on my ear, and Cameron, dropping his pointing hand, said in a hoarse strained voice, "There! you heard it? Thank God it's over!" and fell to the ground insensible. There was a momentary confusion while we unfastened his collar, and I dashed in his face some water which I fortunately had in my flask, while another tried to pour brandy between his clenched teeth; and under cover of it I whispered to the man next me (one of our greatest sceptics, by the way), "Beauchamp, did *you* hear anything?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "a curious sound, very; a sort of crash or rattle far away in the distance, yet very distinct; if the thing were not utterly impossible I could have sworn it was the rattle of musketry."

"Just my impression," murmured I; "but hush! he is recovering."

In a minute or two he was able to speak feebly, and began to thank us and apologize for giving trouble; and soon he sat up, leaning against a tree, and in a firm, though still low voice said:

"My dear friends, I feel I owe you an explanation of my extraordinary behaviour. It is an explanation that I would fain avoid giving; but it must come some time, and so may as well be given now. You may perhaps have noticed that when during the voyage you all joined in scoffing at dreams, portents and visions, I invariably avoided giving any opinion on the subject. I did so because, while I had no desire to court ridicule or provoke discussion, I was unable to agree with you, knowing only too well from my own dread experience that the world which men agree to call that of the

supernatural is just as real as—nay, perhaps even far more so than —this world we see about us. In other words, I, like many of my countrymen, am cursed with the gift of second-sight—that awful faculty which foretells in vision calamities that are shortly to occur.

"Such a vision I had just now, and its exceptional horror moved me as you have seen. I saw before me a corpse—not that of one who has died a peaceful, natural death, but that of the victim of some terrible accident; a ghastly, shapeless mass, with a face swollen, crushed, unrecognizable. I saw this dreadful object placed in a coffin, and the funeral service performed over it; I saw the burial-ground, I saw the clergyman; and though I had never seen either before, I can picture both perfectly in my mind's eye now; I saw you, myself, Beauchamp, all of us and many more, standing round as mourners; I saw the soldiers raise their muskets after the service was over; I heard the volley they fired—and then I knew no more."

As he spoke of that volley of musketry I glanced across with a shudder at Beauchamp, and the look of stony horror on that handsome sceptic's face was one not to be forgotten. The spell of the vision was upon us all, and no one liked to be the first to speak; and for a long minute, or perhaps two minutes, there was a silence which could be felt—that silence of tropical noon which is so far deeper than that of midnight.

And then—it was broken. Broken, not by any of the ordinary sounds of the forest, but by one which under the circumstances startled us far more than the growl of the tiger or the hiss of the serpent would have done—the deep solemn "clang!" of a great church bell.

"Good God, what is that?" cried Beauchamp, thoroughly unnerved, as we all sprang to our feet, while the dog threw up his head and howled.

"It's the bell tolling for that funeral of Cameron's," said Granville, the wit of our party, trying to smile with a very white face; but I doubt if ever a joke fell flatter, for we were in no mood for laughter. While we still stood awe-stricken, gazing at one another, again the unmistakable sonorous "clang!" rang out in our ears—not borne by the wind and mellowed by distance, but in the

very midst of us, close over our heads—so close that we felt the ground vibrate in response to its stroke.

"Let us leave this accursed spot!" cried I, seizing Cameron's arm. Beauchamp caught him by the other, and between us we half supported, half dragged him along. The others followed; but we had not gone ten yards before that hollow knell sounded once more in our midst, adding wings to our speed; and again the dog howled dismally.

For a mile or more we hurried along in silence, until we came upon a beautiful grassy dell through which meandered a clear silvery streamlet. On its edge we threw ourselves down to rest; indeed Cameron, not yet thoroughly recovered, seemed incapable of going further. After a long draught of the cool water we became more composed, and began seriously to review our late remarkable experience.

As to Cameron's vision, after witnessing his intense and painful agitation it was impossible to doubt that it was sufficiently real to *him*, and the phenomenon being a purely subjective one there was little more to be said. More difficult to deal with was the faint, distant, yet surprisingly distinct sound of a volley of musketry which Beauchamp and I had both heard. Granville and Johnson, who had heard nothing, declared that the sound had existed only in our heated imagination, excited as we naturally were by Cameron's strange condition; and, when reminded of its singular agreement with the termination of his vision, attributed that fact to mere coincidence.

Neither Beauchamp nor I were at all satisfied with this; *we* had heard the sound, and we knew that this theory was not the true explanation; but as we were entirely unable to suggest a more rational one, it was useless to argue. But then that weird church bell! No one dreamt of suggesting imagination in that case; we had all alike heard it; all had felt the vibration of the earth which it caused; all agreed exactly in the description of its sound, and in locating it in the very midst of us.

"Still," said Granville, "of course there *must* be some means of accounting for it naturally; even if there were such things as spirits it would be absurd to suppose them capable of producing a noise such as that; and I have read of cases in which

some unusual description of echo has been found capable of reproducing a sound with startling fidelity even at an almost incredible distance."

"An echo!" replied Cameron, scornfully; "there is not a church bell of any sort within fifty miles of us—not such an one as that, probably, in the whole of India, for it sounded like the Great Bell of Moscow."

"Yes, that sound had certainly not travelled fifty miles," remarked Beauchamp reflectively; "you have heard, I suppose, of the *campanero* of South America?"

We had all read of this lovely bird and its wonderful bell-like note, but we had no reason to believe that any such creature existed in India; besides, we all agreed that no specimen of the feathered tribe was ever hatched which could have produced that tremendous metallic clang.

"I wish the Major had been with us," said Granville; "he knows the country, and perhaps he might be able to suggest something. Ha! I have it! I see the explanation of the mystery! How absurd of us not to have thought of it before! Of course the Major, who stayed behind, has been playing some trick upon us, and is now having a good laugh somewhere or other at the recollection of our foolish fright!"

"A bright idea! that must be it!" exclaimed Beauchamp and Johnson together.

"But stay," interposed I, "*how* could he have done it? He can hardly have been carrying a bell weighing two or three tons or so in his coat-pocket."

"Oh, no doubt he found some method or other," answered Granville; "for example, I have heard that a properly prepared bar of iron will when struck give out a very fair imitation of a bell sound."

"Perhaps so, but then properly prepared bars of iron are not usually to be found lying about in an Indian jungle, and he certainly brought nothing with him from the boat."

"Well, possibly, the barrel of his gun might be made—" but here a general smile checked the speaker, and Cameron quietly remarked:

"No, Granville, I don't think that will quite answer as an

explanation; besides, how do you account for the sound coming from a point close above our heads?"

"Much may be done by skilful management of ventriloquism," replied Granville.

"Ventriloquism! my dear fellow, can you seriously suppose that such a sound as that ever proceeded from any human throat?"

"Well," answered Granville, "I cannot say; but until you can find me a better, I cling to my hypothesis that the Major is responsible for our fright in some way or other."

To this Beauchamp and Johnson somewhat hesitatingly agreed. Cameron smiled sadly and shook his head, but said no more; as for myself, I knew not what to think, for my scepticism was considerably shaken by the strange events of the morning.

We lay there by that pleasant stream for some hours, each ransacking his memory in turn for some half-forgotten story of the supernatural, of goblin, ghost, or fairy, told perhaps by some old nurse in happy childish days. The only tale that dwells in my recollection is a short one told by Cameron in answer to a question as to his first experience of the faculty of second sight.

"The first experience I well remember," he said; "I was a little lad of six or seven, and one evening when my father and I were out walking together, we stood to watch the fishermen who lived in the little village attached to our house push off their boats and start for their night's work. Among them were two fine lads—Alec and Donald—who were particular favourites of mine, and used frequently to bring strange fish for 'the little laird' (as they called me) to see: and once I had even been out in their boat. So I waved my hand to them as they set sail, and then we continued our ramble, ascending the cliffs so that we could watch the boats as they stood far out to sea.

"We were nearly at home again when, coming round an angle of the grey old castle wall, I was much surprised to see Alec and Donald leaning against it. I was about to speak to them when the sudden tightening of my father's grasp upon my hand caused me to look up in his face, and the stern, set expression that I saw there diverted my attention for the moment from the lads, though I noticed that they did not give us the customary salute—in fact, did not seem to see us at all.

"'Father,' I asked, 'what can Alec and Donald be doing there?'

"He looked down on me with deep compassion, and said, 'And did ye see them too? Eh! my lad, my lad!' and after that he took no notice of my questions, and spoke no more till we reached home. He retired to his room, while I ran down to the beach to see why my young friends' boat had returned; but to my astonishment there was no boat there, and an old woman, who had been sitting spinning at her door close by the whole time, assured me that there certainly had been none since the whole fleet set sail together two hours before.

"I was puzzled, but still I never doubted but that somehow my friends had been there in real flesh and blood; even the great storm which woke me in the night suggested nothing, and it was only when in the early morning I saw men reverently bearing two bodies into the house where Alec and Donald had lived, that I had any idea of the true nature of what I had seen."

Thus time passed on, till the declining rays of the sun warned us that we must think of returning to the boat. We had not far to go, for the hill at whose foot we were to meet was full in sight, and we had only to pass through a wood which skirted its base. By this time we had somewhat recovered our normal tone, and were laughing and chatting gaily, wondering where we should find the Major, and thinking what an incredible story we had to tell him.

Beauchamp, who was leading, had just called out, "Here is the end of the wood at last!" when his dog, which had been roaming about in advance, came flying back and cowered down among us with every sign of excessive fear. We had no time to wonder at this unusual behaviour before again in our midst sounded that solemn sonorous "clang!" just as before, and again the trembling dog threw up his head and howled.

"Ha!" exclaimed Cameron, quickly turning upon Granville, "echo? ventriloquism? an iron bar? a musket barrel? which hypothesis do you prefer now?"

And as his voice ceased the dread unearthly knell again crashed forth. With one consent we sprang towards the open ground at the end of the wood, but before we could reach it the spectral bell rang in our very ears—almost in our very brains, as it seemed—

once more, amid the frantic howls of the dog. We rushed out in great disorder into the broad meadow sloping down to the river, and it was with an unutterable sense of relief that we saw our boat, already moored, waiting to receive us, and the Major some distance in front of us limping hastily towards it.

"Major! Major!" we shouted; but he did not turn his head, sharp though his ears were generally; he only hurried on towards the boat, so we all started in pursuit, running as hard as we could. To our surprise the dog, instead of accompanying us, uttered one final dismal yell and dashed back into the haunted wood; but no one thought of following him—our attention was fixed on the Major. Fast as we ran we were unable to overtake him, and we were still some fifty yards from the boat when he hurried across the plank that the boatmen had just put down as a gangway. He went down the stairs, still in the same hurried manner, and we rushed after him, but to our intense surprise were unable to find him anywhere. The door of his cabin stood wide open, but it was empty; and though we searched the whole barge, not a trace of him could we find.

"Well," cried Granville, "this is the strangest trick of all."

Cameron and I exchanged glances, but Granville, not observing us, rushed on deck and demanded of the head boatman where the Major was.

"Sahib," replied the man, "I have not seen him since he left with you this morning."

"Why, what do you mean?" roared Granville; "he came on board this barge not a minute before we did, and I saw you put down a plank for him to cross with your own hands!"

"Sir," answered the man, exhibiting the greatest astonishment, "you are certainly mistaken; you were yourself the first person to come on board, and I laid down the plank because I saw you coming: as for the Major Sahib, I have not set eyes upon him since morning."

We could do nothing but stare at one another in blank amazement, not unmingled with awe; and I heard Cameron mutter as if to himself, "He *is* dead, then, as I feared, and the vision was for him after all."

"There is something very strange about all this," said Beau-

champ, "something which I cannot at all understand; but one thing is clear—we must at once go back to the place where we left the Major this morning, and search for him. Some accident may have happened."

We explained to the head boatman where we had parted from the Major, and found that he at once shared our worst fears. "That is a very dangerous place, Sahib," he said; "there was once a village there, and there are two or three deep wells whose mouths are entirely overgrown by bushes and weeds; and the Major Sahib being so short-sighted would be very likely to fall into one of them."

This intelligence naturally increased our apprehensions tenfold, and we lost no time in setting off, taking with us three of the boatmen and a coil of stout rope. As may be imagined, it was not without a shudder that we plunged again into the wood where we had heard those mysterious sounds which we had now so much reason to fear might have been in some inexplicable way intended as warnings to us of a calamity impending, or perhaps even then taking place.

But the conversation turned chiefly on the latest marvel—the appearance and disappearance of what we could hardly help calling the Major's ghost. We carefully compared notes, and ascertained beyond a doubt that all five of us had clearly seen him; we had all observed his hurried manner, we had all noticed that though still wearing the top-boots, he had no hat upon his head and was no longer carrying his gun; we had all seen him descend the stairs on board the boat, and of course we were all perfectly certain that it would have been impossible for him, if a man in the flesh, to escape us unobserved.

Sceptics though some of us had been as to supernatural visitations, I think none of us now ventured to hope that we should find him alive; and perhaps it is no discredit to our prowess as soldiers to confess that we kept very close together as we retraced our steps through those woods, and that we spoke chiefly in whispers, except when at intervals we stopped, let off our pieces, and all shouted together, so that if the Major were lying disabled anywhere in the neighbourhood he would be aware of our approach.

However, we met with nothing unusual on our way, and found

without difficulty the place where we had crossed the ditch, and the tree under which we had left the Major. From this spot the boatmen easily tracked his footsteps for a few hundred yards, till one of them, running forward, picked up the hat and gun of the missing man—"the very articles," whispered Cameron to me, "which he had not when we saw him just now."

We now felt certain that some terrible accident had occurred—probably close to the very spot where we stood; and sure enough the natives pointed out to us only a few yards off the concealed mouth of one of those old wells of which they had warned us. Alas! at its edge there were the unmistakable marks of slipping feet; and from the blackness of the depth into which we looked, we could hardly doubt that our poor friend must have been fatally injured, even if not at once killed, by the fall.

The sun was already setting, and night comes on so rapidly in the tropics that we had but little time to lose; so, as no answer came to our shouts, we hastily passed our rope round the branch of a tree which hung over the mouth of the well, and by its means one of the boatmen descended. Soon from an immense depth a shout came up; the man had reached the bottom, and had discovered a body, but was unable to tell us whether it was the Major's or not. We directed him to attach it to the rope, and with fast beating hearts drew it to the surface of the earth.

Never shall I forget the ghastly sight that met our eyes in the rapidly-fading light; the corpse was indeed the Major's, but it was only by the clothes and the top-boots that we could identify it; scarcely anything of human shape was left in it, and the face was swollen and crushed past all recognition, as Cameron had seen it in his vision: and, horrible to relate, entangled in the rope which had been so hurriedly tied round it was also the mangled, but yet warm and palpitating body of Beauchamp's dog, which had rushed so madly into the jungle but an hour before! Sick with horror, we twined together a rude litter of branches, laid the Major's remains upon it with averted eyes, and bore it silently back to our boat.

So ends my sad story, and few will wonder that a permanent effect was produced upon the life of each one of its witnesses. Since then I have borne my part in many a battle-field, and faced death in its most dreadful forms calmly enough (for familiarity

breeds contempt); but yet there are times when that unearthly bell, that spectral figure, that awful corpse rise once more before my mind, and a great horror falls upon me, and I dread to be alone.

One more fact I ought to mention to make my tale complete. When, on the following evening, we arrived at our destination, and our melancholy deposition had been taken down by the proper authorities, Cameron and I went out for a quiet walk, to endeavour with the assistance of the soothing influence of nature to shake off something of the gloom which paralyzed our spirits. Suddenly he clutched my arm, and, pointing through some rude railings, said in a trembling voice, "Yes, there it is! that is the burial-ground I saw yesterday." And when later on we were introduced to the chaplain of the post, I noticed, though my friends did not, the irrepressible shudder with which Cameron took his hand, and I knew that he had recognized the clergyman of his vision.

As to explanations, I have none to offer. I know the story is incredible, but I also know that it is true. The Indian boatmen told us that according to local tradition the site of the abandoned village had for a long time borne an extremely bad reputation. It was said that the gods, in anger at the sorceries of its inhabitants, had exterminated them by means of a plague, and that the demons invoked by those men of old still haunted the spot, and in their thirst for blood lured men and beasts to their destruction by every means in their power. Such enquiry as we were able to make confirmed the report that the village had been abandoned in consequence of an outbreak of some plague which almost depopulated it; but we can hardly admit the rest of the native theory, convenient though it would be as accounting for much that is otherwise inexplicable.

Such is the old man's story. As for its occult rationale, I presume Cameron's vision to have been a pure case of second-sight, and if so the fact that the two men who were evidently nearest to him (certainly one—probably both—actually touching him) participated in it to the limited extent of hearing the concluding volley, while the others who were not so close did not, would show that the

intensity with which the vision impressed itself upon the seer occasioned vibrations in his mind-body which were communicated to those of the persons in contact with him, as in ordinary thought-transference.

The bell-sounds seem to have been an exceedingly powerful manifestation—probably produced by the Major in the attempt to apprise his friends of the accident which had befallen him.

It is possible that, finding himself unable to speak to them, it may have occurred to him that the tolling of a bell, as commonly associated with the idea of death, would be likely to suggest to them what had happened; but it is more probable that the immense effort of will, called forth by the intensity of his desire to communicate with them in some way, acted blindly in the first instance upon the elemental essence in causing that wonderful sound, which he then repeated again and again because it was the only physical effect that he found himself able to produce.

From what we hear of his extreme punctuality, it is probable that the idea of reaching the boat at the time arranged would have been prominent in his mind immediately before death, and that prominent idea would account for the apparition; while the fact that the officers all saw it, and the boatmen did not, might be attributed to the intense excitement under which the former were labouring, in addition to the fact that they, as constant companions, would be much more *en rapport* with the deceased.

The dog, as often happens, realized the character of the appearance sooner than the men did; but perhaps the most extraordinary point of the whole story is the discovery of its body along with the Major's—a point which distinctly suggests that there may be more in the native theory than the narrator was willing to admit. The only alternative hypothesis which occurs to me is that in an additional attempt to turn the attention of his friends in the right direction, the Major's will-power may have drawn the dog back to the scene of the accident, though he could not draw the men, and that being unable to check itself in its headlong rush, it met with its death as he had done; but I offer this only as a conjecture.

C. W. LEADBEATER.

THE DESIRE FOR PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

ONE of the most common questions addressed to the older members of the Society by those who have come to take a sufficiently serious interest in Theosophy to desire to apply it in their lives is in substance as follows: How shall I develope my astral senses? The answer given will naturally largely depend upon the knowledge and experience of the person addressed, but broadly speaking it will probably run along one or other of two divergent lines. If the answer is given by an old and experienced student, who has really assimilated theosophical teachings and grasped the true relation of human growth and progress to the possession of such more extended faculties and their wider responsibilities, it will be broadly as follows: Devote yourself to the accomplishment of your own higher evolution; make the perfecting and unfolding of your nature into the full ideal of human perfection in Wisdom, Power and Love, the *one* object of your life. In short, set yourself to qualify for entry upon and ultimately for the treading of those stages of more rapid evolution which are called the "Steps of the Path," and in due course of time, when you are fitted and ready to use them, you will find yourself in possession of all these higher faculties and powers.

On the other hand, if the answer is given by one less thoroughly attuned to Theosophy, more especially if by one whose mind has become entangled in some of the semi- or pseudo-occult arts and practices which figure so largely in the modern non-theosophic literature of psychism in its many and varied forms, then very likely that answer will contain elaborate recommendations as to crystal gazing, self-hypnotization, staring at a spot, breathing practices, *et hoc genus omne*, which are said to be conducive to the artificial stimulation of psychic vision.

Both answers will generally leave the inquirer discontented. If he gets a reply of the second kind, he will perhaps set himself with great ardour to carry out the practices recommended, only to find in

ninety-nine cases out of a hundred at the end of a few months that the only results he has obtained are physical disturbance of his health, and an occasional flash of coloured light or black spots before his eyes, which are probably due to indigestion. At best he may get a few sporadic glimpses of etheric or lower astral conditions, but he soon finds that he is no nearer to seeing at will than he was, and that he is totally unable to make any practical use of these incoherent and spasmodic manifestations of psychic sensitiveness.

But let us leave this case on one side, since fortunately it is well-nigh certain that the majority of our older members at least are too well read in theosophic literature to give such an answer at all. Taking up then the lines of the first answer suggested above, it still remains true that in many cases such a reply arouses a feeling of dissatisfaction, more especially when after two or three years of really strenuous effort the aspirant begins to realize by experience the magnitude and difficulty of the task he has undertaken. And it seems worth while to consider the situation in some detail with reference to the various attitudes of mind in which such efforts may be approached, so that we may see how far this feeling of discontent has any reasonable foundation and whether the demand (which very often arises from it) for more direct and "practical" instruction in the development of the higher senses is one that can rightly or rationally be addressed to the leaders and teachers in our movement.

Consider first the most favourable case. A man has thoroughly convinced himself *intellectually* of the truth of reincarnation, karma, and the other fundamental teachings of Theosophy. He feels much the same certainty of conviction in these matters as he does with regard to the heliocentric system, the law of gravitation, etc., and probably upon much the same grounds, namely, that they afford the best and most satisfactory explanation of the known facts. In the course of his studies he finds that the ideal constantly held before his eyes is that of helping on the evolution of his fellow-men in every possible way. Work for others, thought for others, the sacrifice of self for the sake of others, the gaining of knowledge, of power, the acquisition of faculties, all are to be striven after for the one purpose of fitting oneself for the work of helping others. And then he finds in books like *The Astral Plane*, in articles such as

"Invisible Helpers," descriptions of the far wider and more efficient usefulness to which man attains when he learns to function and work on these higher planes. Thus just in proportion as the sincerity and earnestness of his desire to help, to live out the theosophic ideal, grows stronger, so does his longing for these wider capacities of usefulness increase and intensify. And so when year follows year of unrelaxing effort, and yet the door into the higher world still seems to remain closed against him, it is not unnatural that he should feel some dissatisfaction. Now just at this point there often exists a misunderstanding, the clearing away of which sometimes removes the whole trouble.

It is not the case that the power of functioning and working for others on the astral plane is in any degree dependent upon or affected by the fact of whether or not one remembers or knows anything about it down here in the waking consciousness. A man may well be leading a very active and most useful life in the astral world during all the hours that his body lies asleep, and yet not have the very smallest knowledge or recollection thereof upon awakening. Nor does this in the least diminish his usefulness or capacity upon the astral plane; though it is the case that upon the *physical* plane he might sometimes be able to act more effectively and wisely if he did bring back the recollection of his nightly work. But even this drawback is in reality of much less importance than it seems, because such a man's speech and action will be very largely guided from the higher plane, even though he may remain physically unconscious of that guidance, and unaware of the circumstances and facts the knowledge of which is actually directing his inner self in what it makes the waking personality say and do.

Now, the very moment anyone has made himself fit to be a helper and worker on the astral plane, and is likewise really inspired and dominated by the unselfish desire to be of use—just so soon as that is the case he will be awakened and taught to work there, whether or not he remembers it in his waking state. Now as soon as this is realized, it is seen that each one of us is utilized for the work to be done to the full extent of our *fitness* and that our knowing and recollecting that other life down here, however great a satisfaction it might be to ourselves, has very little bearing upon the work itself. And this being so, if our desire is truly the pure and

unselfish wish to give help in the great work, then we have no good reason for discontent because we have not "astral vision" in the sense of the knowledge and perception of astral things down here.

But many know all this and are still discontented; why? Because they are *not* animated purely by the unselfish desire to help; but their sincere and honest desire to do so is mingled with other motives, such as the craving for new sensations and experiences, an almost sub-conscious lurking doubt and uncertainty, while it may be even that still lower elements enter all unknown to them, such as the wish to stand out from among their fellows, the desire of power, or even curiosity pure and simple. It is because there is so much of the selfish and the personal sub-consciously present in us that the Path is so hard and long-drawn out; for only under the pressure of disappointed expectation, of long waiting, of apparently fruitless endeavour and sacrifice, does our real deep-down nature become revealed and brought before ourselves for conquest and purification. Thus it is only by long-continued and patient effort that slowly our real motives and actuating impulses become known to us, submitted to searching analysis, and finally cleansed from the taint of selfishness. And he who believes himself to be really and truly drawn into the stream by the one right motive, the desire to help, soon learns to be thankful for the slowness with which extended powers come to him, for he learns to realize his own unfitness for such far-reaching responsibility.

Such then, it seems to me, is the reply one would make to the ideal aspirant—to one in whom the inner conviction was strong and vivid, to whom the sublime ideal of the Masters appealed as the only goal worth striving towards, to whom the fitting himself for the Path seemed the one thing worth living for. And such an one will surely see and feel its reasonableness, so that though restlessness and discontent may still often arise within him, he will yet be able to realize that they spring from his own imperfections and weaknesses, and so utilize them as pointers indicating the directions along which he must strive towards the uplifting and strengthening of his own nature. Indeed, such an aspirant to-day is far better off than were those of ten or fifteen years ago; for he now has older students to put before him explanations of his difficulties and advice as to how to meet them, while in those old days each

had to find out for himself, and learn the "why" of many a painful experience, many a delay, many a disappointment, by slow and patient study and analysis of himself, sustained only by the strength of an inward conviction which had to uphold him and give him courage amid apparent contradictions, blunders, half hints, will-o'-the-wisp illuminations, and all sorts of uncertainties and incoherences.

But such ideal aspirants to Theosophy are naturally few and far between, seeing that so intense a conviction as this implies the work and the building of one or more previous lives directed to these studies and efforts. However, practically much the same reply must be given to the ordinary student of Theosophy who has definitely accepted its teachings and who therefore, professedly at least, admits the doctrine that power and faculty should only be desired as means to help others, and that the greater Teachers cannot be expected to put knowledge, and the power which knowledge gives, into the hands of any who have not proved their fitness as well as their capacity to use it well, by entirely conquering and purifying their lower natures. If he has not the intensity of conviction and deep earnestness needed to make his whole life an effort thus to fit himself, he cannot logically or reasonably complain that he is not taught how to do things for which he is unfit, nor given lessons in the work of the astral plane before he has learnt to deal intelligently and wisely with that of the physical.

But there is another class of people among those attracted by theosophical teachings who take up an altogether different position, and about whom a word must also be said. I mean especially those of a scientific and logical turn of mind, who have become more or less sceptical about all religious matters as ordinarily understood, who are uncertain whether or not man has a soul which survives the death of the body, but who are yet quite free from the dogmatic attitude on these points which characterizes the negations of the materialist quite as often as the assertions of the churchman. To such minds as these the teachings of Theosophy appeal mainly in virtue of the claim that they are actually verifiable and experimentally ascertainable by living men who have become specialists in such studies. Admitting freely that the great teachings of reincarnation and karma are by far the most logical and coherent

theories in the field, and that viewed as hypotheses they give by far the best and most adequate explanation of the facts of evolution and human life, as well as render intelligible a very large number of rare and curious or abnormal but constantly recurrent phenomena, these people find themselves still uncertain at heart. Intellectually they admit these doctrines to be satisfying and in the highest degree probable, but they are unable to pass from the mental attitude which regards them as highly probable and most reasonable hypotheses to a sense of conviction that they are actual facts in nature. And taking up as their text the statement that some of these most important teachings have been and daily are being verified by members of our Society, they want to know how this is done, and then as soon as they realize that such verification is only possible by at least carrying through recollection from the astral plane into the full waking consciousness, they at once turn upon us with the old question, How is this conscious memory of the astral to be developed? And when they find that the only advice they get is that given above, and that they are almost certain to spend years, if not lives in the undertaking ere they can expect to verify the teachings for themselves, they often feel dissatisfied and disappointed, whether they give expression to what they feel or not. Let us see what can be said from their point of view.

You claim, they may justly urge, that the teachings of Theosophy are verified and verifiable facts in nature, ascertainable and demonstrable according to the canons of scientific research. True, the Theosophist will answer, but since these facts belong to regions of nature not coming within the range of the physical senses, other powers of perception must be employed for their investigation; and there is ample evidence on quite ordinary lines that such powers and faculties do exist in us, though generally in a latent condition. But—the objector may continue—even granting all this, your statements as to facts no less than your explanations of them differ very materially from the records of other observers and investigators who have also given proof—more or less adequate—that they too are in possession of these wider faculties. And though your position is that your teachings as to the main facts rest upon a basis of experiment and observation resulting from the labours of untold generations of specially trained workers, yet this claim of yours has not

yet been proved to my satisfaction; and hence to me the only satisfactory proof still remains my own direct experience and verification of at least the main facts of your teaching, such as the survival of the soul, its *post-mortem* history, its rebirth on earth, and especially the fact of the existence of such a school of workers and investigators as you speak of. Now you practically demand of me to shape and mould my whole life upon faith in the theories you propound, not merely for a few years but very probably for life, without even any very strong hope that before I die I shall be able to get the verification I seek. How then does your position differ from that of the religionist who says: "Live the life and ye shall know of the doctrine whether it be true?" For that is exactly what each of these other schools, who differ from you more or less radically, say of their own claims and statements.

In answer to an argument of this kind, the Theosophist may reply by pointing out that a sound, scientific conviction as to the existence and survival of the soul as a fact in nature may be reached by an adequate study of the evidence and the arguments in the case, apart altogether from personal verification. This conviction being once reached, the probability on purely evidential grounds of reincarnation becomes so great as practically to amount to certainty. And when once a real conviction on these fundamental issues is formed, it will no longer seem so unreasonable to demand that a whole life or more should be devoted to the reaching of that higher development which enables one to know at first hand the superphysical worlds. And it may be politely pointed out in addition that the study of every science demands years of work and patience, and that of all sciences this is obviously the greatest and most practically important.

It might also be explained that strictly speaking we Theosophists do not "demand" anything at all, neither belief in our teachings nor that people shall live according to any special *régime*. What we really do—or rather aim to do, since all human nature is imperfect and we make many mistakes—what we aim to do, then, is to put the facts as we know them, and the teachings as we have received them, as clearly and plainly as we can before people, leaving them to accept or reject what is offered according as it appeals to them or not. And though we undoubtedly are anxious that people

should realize these facts and laws of life, for their benefit, not ours, and though we feel confident in the general correctness of our knowledge as far as it goes, yet we do not ask people to *believe* our teaching, for mere "belief" is of small value. What we do desire is that people shall see and feel the truth of these things for themselves, by the awakening of the inner sense or perception of truth as truth, which gives the only living and forceful conviction. This is very different, or so it seems to me, from *demanding* that people shall believe, or that they shall follow some special mode of life, under pain of hell fire, damnation, or some other threat.

Perhaps it will be urged that, since some writers and lecturers amongst us often speak of "knowing" at first hand, and assure us that what they say they have themselves seen and experienced, this amounts to a "claim" to be believed. There may be some force in the argument when used about a question not of fact, but of logic, law, generalization or principle. But it does not apply in the general way in which it is here sought to be used. For as regards matters of fact—the survival and *post-mortem* states of the soul, rebirth, etc., in relation to which the phrase is almost exclusively used —it is a mere statement that the speaker has personally observed such and such a thing; a statement exactly parallel to those which every scientist is continually making. It is thus no "claim" at all, even by implication, and the utmost that can be said is that there is a tacit claim to *bonâ fides* made by the speaker. But that we all make, all our lives through, and the Theosophist has quite as much right to assert and maintain his own *bonâ fides* and truthfulness as has anybody else.

One might, too, reiterate what has been said often enough, and point out very emphatically that we Theosophists don't ask people for anything. We don't ask them for money, nor social consideration, nor anything else. It is we who give, who offer freely and fully the best we have, the fruits of years of hard work and effort, to all who care to profit by them. It is no benefit to any of us when people join the Theosophical Society or read our books and magazines. We should one and all be only too pleased to remain quiet, and neither draw the notice of the world nor endeavour to call attention in any special direction. Of all men the real Theosophist most keenly desires retirement and silence, not noise and

publicity. But recognizing as our basic principle the fact of human solidarity and unity, we cannot shirk the duty which has fallen to us of trying to help all who are seeking for light to the best of our power, and hence the teachings of Theosophy must be put forward as plainly and as widely as possible, thereby bringing into publicity more than one who suffers not a little thereby. It is thus not unnatural that they should object to the assertion that they make "claims," and are therefore bound to prove this and that, to provide a short cut by which the doubtful or sceptical may "satisfy" themselves without undergoing the laborious self-discipline which others have had to go through.

Still it is not very likely that our questioner will be satisfied, and the only thing one can then say is this: From the Theosophical standpoint the road that has been pointed out is the only one along which these wider faculties can be developed wisely and safely. There are other methods, but the results obtained by their use are unsatisfactory; unsatisfactory first in point of accuracy and reliability in the results, as well as because great dangers to both mind and body attend their use; secondly, because the faculties when so acquired are not permanent, but end with the present body, and in most cases cause deterioration rather than real progress to the permanent individuality. Hence we must entirely decline to have anything to do with them, still less to put anyone in the way of discovering and applying them. Our questioner will probably remain discontented; but if he is *really* in earnest and follows even the mere study of these subjects with any earnestness, he will almost certainly come to feel and appreciate the rightness of the position taken up in the course of quite a moderate time.

Now let us leave for a moment anything like a logical or thought-out position and consider the great mass of people whose dissatisfaction is vaguely felt rather than clearly formulated. If put into words their feelings would sometimes run thus: Here am I after ten or twelve years in the Theosophical Society; I've read all the books, attended lectures regularly, been a strict vegetarian (perhaps), led a good and moral life, done all I can to help others, and still I have no powers, no astral perception, not even an occasional clear memory of an astral experience at night. And yet there is X, who joined long after I did, who has

reached the Buddhic plane in full consciousness; Y, who has only been at the thing for three or four years, and has the full use of his astral faculties when awake; Z, who is quite unbrotherly and says hard things about people, but constantly has recollections of nightly journeyings in the astral; surely it is not just or fair! And so on: only it is more often someone who has been in the Society a short three or four years, and whose knowledge even of the books is hardly more than rudimentary, who feels thus, than one who has really borne the burden and heat of the lean years. The fact is that we most of us possess an astounding fund of self-complacency and self-satisfaction; we have not begun to realize our own imperfections, not even enough to enable us to appreciate the good points in others; we have not begun to take ourselves really in hand and strive to mould ourselves after a noble ideal. But we all think we could make good use of astral powers and faculties, that we are quite fit to be entrusted with them, and we are discontented—not as we should be, with ourselves and our own lack of all the qualities we ought to have developed—but vaguely with the Society and its teachers, because they do not give us what we think our due. And such a state of feeling is by no means uncommon; indeed, its partial absence is a rarity, its complete absence—— (?). All I know is that, to speak personally, the last fourteen years have been one long continued finding out of the most purblind self-complacency in my own case, and I see no reason whatever to flatter myself that I am anywhere near the end. But this at least experience has taught me—that this self-satisfied egotism is *there* all the time, ever lurking unseen and unsuspected somewhere or other, most usually astoundingly visible to everyone else, but perfectly imperceptible to myself. And having learnt this much, it has at least taught me to be discontented with myself and to realize that, very far from having any deserts or merits or rights, nine people at least out of every ten are probably ever so much better in most respects than I can hope to be in many a year. And, if I may say it without offence, I venture to think that the sooner all the members of the Theosophical Society make the same discovery and *realize* what it means, the sooner are they likely to be of some use in the world.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

ECKHARTSHAUSEN'S CATECHISM.

Translated from the German by MADAME DE STEIGER.

(*Concluded from p.* 426.)

FOURTH PRINCIPLE.

Q. What is the fourth principle of the inner Light-Community, the true Understanders of nature?

A. It is the knowledge of the analogy of the Communion and link with our holy Father, and the holy Angelic Salutation, the Ave, with the purest nature-force and natural form.

Q. What analogy is this?

A. Highest Light-power, which Thou, the God-like in nature, art, and who dwellest in the inmost part of the same, as in Heaven, hallowed be Thy qualities and Thy laws.

2. Where Thou art all is perfect; may the kingdom of Thy knowledge come into Thine own.

3. May our will in all our work be Thou, the only self-working Life-force; and Thou performest all things in all nature, so likewise work with us.

4. Give us of the dew of heaven and of the fat of the earth, the fruit of the sun and moon from the Tree of Life.

5. And forgive us all our errors, which we, without Thy knowledge, have committed in our work, as we would persuade those from error, who have, from error, offended against our rules; leave us not to our self-conceit, and to our own knowledge, but deliver us from all evil through the accomplishment of Thy work. Amen.

ANALOGY OF THE AVE.

Welcome, Thou pure Source of Self Movement, pure Form, capable of the reception of Light-force! with Thee alone the Light-force of all things is united.

Thou art the most blessed of all susceptible Forms, and holy is the Fruit which Thou conceivedst, the essence of the united Light and warmth-matter.

Pure Form, Thou, mother of the most perfect being, rise to the Light-force for us, now, while we work, and in the hour when we accomplish the work!

Q. What is the main tenor of the Lord's Prayer of the Light children, and its analogy in nature?

A. They pray for the sum of all spiritual and temporal benefits, for the well-being of the soul and of life—through that, which is the highest Light-force—the Godlike in nature, to receive the great work of nature; they pray that God shall lead them to wisdom, protect them from errors in their works, and teach them to be charitable to men, their brothers, so that what God promised to the descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, be attained, and God's alliance with men be fulfilled.

Q. Why have the Light children also an analogy with the Angelic Greeting?

A. For this reason, that they admire the greatness of God not only in the all-causing force of nature (having analogy with the Christus), but also that they recognize the glory of the purest virginal form, of which Mary is the analogy, and with which the higher force has united itself for the production of the highest perfection. For as the Holy Ghost united with Mary to produce the most perfect spiritual man, so the pure nature-spirit unites with the purest matter to produce the most perfect physical form, the physical nature-Saviour, who brings all other physical things to perfection; which secret is the secret of the wise.

Therefore he only can understand this art, who follows Christ, and the analogies of religion alone lead us to the fullest perfection, as the operations, which the Light children perform, likewise lead them by analogy to the highest mysteries of Faith.

Q. Is it not enough, if a Light child knows and perceives all the rules?

A. No! It is not enough; he must also bring them into practice and show his knowledge by works; on this depends the art of analysis of the Light children, which stands in analogy with Christian righteousness.

Fifth Principle.

Q. What is the fifth principle of the children of Light?

A. It consists of two parts, namely, that a follower of Light everywhere purifies the impure, with good results through the grace from above, which is our Dew. It is also our ☥*, because perception must accord with execution; that is to say, that theory must accord with practice; for it is not enough for a knower of Light to perceive the art, he must also put it into practice; knowledge alone effects nothing, practice also is required.

Q. What is the sin which, in our Light science, is most to be avoided?

A. That which can destroy in men this highest natural good, which is the highest perfection of nature.

Q. What are the chief faults or sins in working?

A. Those which during the course of the operation, as well as in the application of this treasure, are *after* the operation, against the design of God; they are the following:—

Too great elevation through fire.

Too intense concentration.

Profusion.

Excessive economy of matter.

Overloading.

Inflammation.

Chilling.

It is written of these chief and deadly sins which kill the spirit: He who does such things, will not attain the highest perfection in physical nature.

Q. How many faults, or chemical sins, are there against the nature spirit?

A. 1. Building anything presumptuously on this spirit without inspection and reason, sinning through its mercy.

2. Doubting immediately if one does not directly see its working.

3. Opposing the perception of chemical truths.

4. Grudging favours to a Brother.

5. Having a hardened heart to salutary exhortations.

* The Egyptian cross and the Hebrew letter Tau ת. (Translator's note.)

6. Persisting in ignorance.

These faults are unpardonable because they can never be restored to the work.

Q. What faults cause Heaven to weep?

A. 1. Wilfully destroying the Work.

2. Profaning the Work.

3. Misusing it for the oppression of the people.

4. Depriving a fellow-labourer of his reward.

Q. Which are the extra-chemical sins?

A. 1. Advising another in a chemical error.

2. Influencing another to sin.

3. Agreeing with the errors of others.

4. Praising the errors of others.

5. Being silent about the errors of others.

6. Overlooking them.

7. Participating in them.

8. Defending them.

Thus we become participators in errors, as if we had committed them ourselves.

Q. Is it enough, if one is in possession of the Work, to forsake wickedness and avoid sin?

A. No, we must do good, for God only bestows this grace, that the favoured mortal may bring forth the ripe fruit to perfection.

We should also live righteously and piously before God and men, adorning our high calling with good works.

Q. How many good works are there?

A. Three.

1. The wise man should have his mind always turned towards God and wisdom.

2. He should abstain from all which is not Godlike and wise.

3. He should always relieve the wants of men, his brethren.

Q. Of what use are good works?

A. Good works are for this reason, that individuals as well as the whole world may become happy.

Q. What bodily works of mercy can the wise man perform when he has attained the highest perfection of physical nature?

A. 1. He can feed the hungry.

2. Give drink to the thirsty.

3. Clothe the naked.
4. Shelter strangers.
5. Heal the sick.
6. Revivify dead matter.

Q. What spiritual works can the same wise man perform ?

A. 1. He can punish sins.
2. Teach the ignorant.
3. Counsel the doubtful.
4. Comfort the afflicted.
5. Bear wrong patiently.

Q. What are the eight chemical Beatitudes?

A. They are those, which are received through the enjoyment and possession of the highest perfection as the highest Nature-good, and which John taught in the Apocalypse according to the Revelation of the Lord.

1. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." Rev. ii. 7.

2. "He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death." Rev. ii. 11.

3. "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." Rev. ii. 17.

4. "And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations:

"And he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father.

"And I will give him the morning star." Rev. ii. 26, 27, 28.

5. "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels." Rev. iii. 5.

6. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name." Rev. iii. 12.

7. "To him that overcometh, will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Rev. iii. 21.

8. He who overcometh will receive all that he desires and wishes from me, by the right of heritage. I will be his God, and he shall be my son.*

Q. Which are the evangelical or heavenly counsels in this art?

A. There are three.

1. To be poor amidst all riches.

2. Abstemious because we can enjoy all.

3. Obedient because we command.

Q. What are the four last things?

A. 1. Death, as the destruction of matter.

2. Judgment or separation of (3) the heavenly living, (4) from the earthly dead.

Meditate, O Man! in all thy work on the four last things, and thou wilt not fail in thy work.

Concluding Remarks.

The most subtle power is united with the grossest matter in the magnet.

Divisible force is united with the indivisible points.

Practice

Though the magnet may be divided into as many points as one likes, the pieces keep the same points and poles.

What is manifested in the magnet in the exterior parts, appears to lie unnoticed in all bodies. Doubtless all have their points and poles of force, by which they are attracted and repulsed. According to the principle, *principio infinitorum similium*, the structure of the whole world appears to hang together in the greatest and smallest things according to magnetic conditions, the most subtle with the most gross, and the most gross with the most subtle—all according to arrangement. Both, equality and inequality, arise from a single source, which is force.

* The reference cannot be found (Translator).

PROBLEMS.

1. How can a large thing be divided into innumerable others, so that the smallest always remains in a similar condition to the whole?

OR:

How do innumerable potencies and acts follow in proportionate continual dependence on each other, so that the innumerable remain in a similar condition?

OR:

How is the interior force to be united with the exterior, so that the hidden form may be revealed?

Since in parabolical mirrors, the focus lies between the tangent and the secant, ought not one to combine the tangent with the secant if one wishes to attain the interior point with the exterior form according to like angles?

Would it not be possible to unite the *puncta harmonica* in the air at a certain place?

What does it mean to "square the circle"?

Does it not appear to be against the nature of things if one believes that "to square" means to express a circle by a square?

Does not to "square the circle" mean much more; to make a cyclic space with rational numbers, so that there is a regularly ascending connection from the smallest to the largest?

How can one find the root and area of each irrational square?

How find the true proportion of the lateral and perpendicular lines?

How can one show with the rational contents of the equilateral triangle (without knowing its square lines beforehand), how many feet or fragments the square of the triangle contains?

What did the ancients understand generally about quadrature, and about the *arithmetica novenaria* and what discovery was made to the world when the *arithmetica novenaria* was united with quadrature?

Does not the *principium infinitorum similium* rule in physics as the *principium cognitionis*, and cannot the *principium unitatis* in metaphysics and theology be the *principium conscientiæ* (self-consciousness)? Could not the destructible and fleeting be made firm and abiding by these two principles?

Is it not an eternal law, that the spiritual has its subsistence in the bodily, and that the spiritual is enclosed in a bodily space? Is this bodiliness (or that in which nothing could be expressed by the word space) a bodily form, in which the spiritual works?

Are there not three foundation principles, and do not they work in seven forces?

Are not these three foundation principles three self-moving sources, which bring the seven forms into one concept, of which the first three forms decide the first principle, the fourth and fifth forms the second principle, and the sixth and seventh, the third? From the appearance of the world, which is held so immutably together, should reason conclude that there is an eternal, indissoluble bond of Divinity, by which all is held together?

For in the material world is seen the indestructible, and in the perishable, the imperishable.

Man can perceive this; but for this perception he requires Something, which makes the subjective perceptible to him. This Something is the inner Light, or that soul power bringing sight as the outer light entails visibility to the outer eye.

This soul power is unknown as Light to man, so long as he is not born of God, that is, so long as he regards things in his own mind and that of nature, and not in the Divine. If he begins to regard God in his spirit he perceives that God is outside all space and time, place and movement, and that nevertheless something must be in God, which moves and arranges space, time, place and all; this something is the Word, the Wisdom and Glory of God, and this Word is no ideal being, but something real, in which the Divine united with the human in the purest form, the transcendental united with the carnal, the spiritual united with the bodily, bringing about:

The receptibility of the Divine in the human;

The capability of the elevation of the carnal man to the transcendental;

The capability of the material to glorify itself in the spiritual.

A SINGULAR DREAM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY MRS. HAIG.

Taken from "Reminiscences of Wisby," by Professor Bergman.

ON a warm and lovely Sunday afternoon, of twenty years ago, I was invited to be present at a christening, which took place in the house of a highly respected family in the ancient town of Wisby. After the baptismal rites had with all due solemnity been performed, the guests wandered aimlessly through the capacious rooms, and endeavoured to while away the time in the usual manner with conversation and coffee-drinking. Many, however, found this kind of entertainment exceedingly uninteresting, and it certainly seemed almost too trying that the whole of such a beautiful summer afternoon should be passed within doors in warm and crowded rooms.

In one of the window recesses, where I had seated myself, I found Madame X., a pleasant, elderly lady. We tried to keep up a conversation, but somehow or other it seemed to flag, and for the greater part of the time we sat silent, looking out of the window, envying the passers-by, who, free and untroubled, were enjoying the balmy air and the sunshine.

"Yes, it certainly seems a pity," said Madame X., "to sit indoors on a day like this."

I agreed with her. There was another pause. Presently my neighbour began as if she had just remembered something.

"By the way, Professor, I know that you have a wonderful amount of knowledge concerning these old ruined churches in which our town abounds, and you can no doubt tell me the name of that particular church which is situated close to the yard of Vendt the dyer, and also if there is more than one entrance into it?"

"It is St. Lars," I replied, "and according to an ancient saga

it is also called the Southern Sister Church. You can enter it from Vendt's yard through the choir-door, as the big west doors are at present barred by gratings. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I am almost ashamed to confess that I have never been there; I have no time to examine these old ruins which visitors find so interesting."

"But why in the world do you enquire so especially about St. Lars?"

"It came accidentally into my thoughts," she said hesitatingly and with some embarrassment, which she sought to hide by hastily thrusting into her hand-bag a saffron cake and a couple of small biscuits which she had not eaten with her coffee.

"Have you heard, Professor, that Herr A. and Mademoiselle B. are engaged?" she enquired, evidently with the purpose of completely changing the subject.

"Be so good as to tell me," I persistently continued, "why you so recently questioned me concerning St. Lars? In some way it must have particularly interested you, I imagine. I am well acquainted with all its nooks and corners, and any information I can give on the subject is completely at your service. Be candid and tell me what has happened to direct your thoughts so particularly to that ruin."

I observed instantly that she was most reluctant to continue the subject, but I became all the more curious, and urgently repeated my question. At last she said: "If you will promise to be silent, Professor, I will relate to you something very strange concerning that church."

"I will be as silent as a stone, I promise you, since you desire it."

Then Madame X. drew her chair nearer to mine, and in a low voice she began: "Last night it happened that I dreamed of that church, which, as I have told you, I have never entered. From Vendt's yard I came into it, through a curious little door. Everything around me seemed gloomy and awful. I stood for awhile and looked about, when suddenly a monk attired in a black gown came towards me and took me by the hand. I was not in the least afraid. He led me forward between two pillars, and then turning to the right we went through a doorway, and mounted some steps in the

wall. In the corner of the stairway the monk stopped, and with a glance which I can never forget, he laid his hand upon a stone in the wall. And this stone was cut differently from the others. Just as I was about to ask him the meaning of this, he vanished up the stairway which curved to the left—and I awoke. Now, was it not a curious dream? Professor, do you think it can mean anything? Could there possibly be some treasure lying concealed in the wall?"

"I have very little belief in either visions or dreams," I answered, "but I cannot deny that what you have just related seems peculiarly strange. Madame, you observed previously that it was a pity to sit indoors during such a lovely evening. Now, I suggest that we instantly go to St. Lars; it is close at hand—we can be back again in a quarter of an hour. The tea is just being served, so no one will remark that we are away."

Madame X. seemed altogether charmed with my suggestion, so we wandered off to St. Lars' Church.

This church, which is erected in the Romanesque style, is in the form of a cross, and is now considered one of the most venerable ruins the town possesses. The very unusual arrangement with broad and spacious passages in nearly all the side walls, which have wide openings into the church itself, invests this ruined temple with a particular adaptability which has caused it upon several solemn and festive occasions to become the scene of beautiful and interesting dramatic and musical representations. From Vendt's yard, or garden, we entered the church through the formerly exquisite little choir-door, and I then began to observe closely and with great attention the countenance and the actions of my companion.

"Yes, yes," she cried, with unfeigned astonishment. "It looked precisely like this. The same small windows, and open arches, and the same mysterious duskiness, and here—*here* it was that the monk came towards me, and then we went forward. I recognize these pillars, then to the right—see here! The entrance to the stairway up which we went—precisely as it was in my dream!"

She hurried eagerly up the flight of steps in the eastern side wall of the right arm of the cross and I followed closely behind her. In the corner where the stairway curved to the left she stopped, and exclaimed with unconcealed delight: "Here, here is the stone upon which the monk laid his hand. Yes! it is the same stone—

and there, further up the steps, he vanished. Oh! what am I to think of all this?"

What she really did think in the matter was only too apparent, for her eyes were glistening like fire in the darkness of that narrow stairway. She seemed already to see in anticipation the wall open and disclose to view the shining and costly hidden treasure of the ancient sanctuary. The stone to which she pointed was completely unlike the other roughly-cut blocks of freestone of which the wall was built, by its regular rectangular form, and its obliquely cut corners.

"Yes, in truth," I observed, "this begins to look serious and requires investigation. As I said before, I have but little faith in dreams, but neither is it possible totally to disregard them and their probable prophetic meaning. Listen to me, Madame X.," I continued when we were again in the church, "something ought to be done. This is my advice. You and I must get hold of a reliable mason, who must come here with us at a fitting time, bringing with him the tools necessary to move out that stone. Anything that may possibly lie hidden beneath or behind it, will belong to you—to you—and to no one else. If you find anything valuable, you shall pay the mason; if you do not find anything, then I will defray the expense. But one positive condition I must insist upon, that the possible treasure, in case it should possess any rare value, and of whatever metal or stuff it may be composed, must by you be handed over to the crown, so that it may be purchased for the State collection. It will certainly in this way be better paid for than if you take it to a goldsmith. You will receive the whole of the prize-money, and I shall most probably have the pleasure of seeing rare and curious antiques, and be privileged to rescue them from being destroyed in crucibles and melting-pans."

Madame X. received my advice with much gratitude. She could not sufficiently value my good-will and sympathy. She would soon send me a message fixing the time when together we should undertake the mysterious task of searching for the possible treasure.

"But the whole of the prize-money will be mine?" she repeated questioningly, as if further to be perfectly certain of my meaning, and her voice at the same time was trembling with hope and joy.

"The whole, the whole of it will naturally be yours," I sincerely

and solemnly assured her. After this we silently shook hands, thus sealing our compact.

We quickly made our way back again to the house where we were guests. The tea was still going on, and no one had remarked our absence. When the company dispersed after supper, and bade one another farewell, Madame X. came over to me, and curtseying said meaningly, "Thanks, Professor, for good companionship."

"Remember your promise," I whispered in answer, "and send me word when it is convenient, but on that occasion you must take with you something rather more capacious than that little hand-bag, for indeed you may have something much more weighty to take home with you than saffron cake and sweet biscuits."

Without being annoyed at my nonsense, she nodded with a pleased familiarity, heartily squeezed my hand, and we both went our way.

. . . .

Owing to the many pleasant diversions which occupied the summer visitors to our town of Wisby, and in which I had often the pleasure of sharing, I altogether forgot during the following days all about Madame X. and her dream.

But very shortly afterwards I had occasion one day to take some visitors to see St. Lars, and when making the usual tour through its extraordinary passages, on coming to the before-mentioned corner on the stairway—what did I see?—the mysterious stone had vanished, and in the wall appeared an opening so large that a considerable amount of substantial treasure might very well have been concealed there. I must confess that I felt tremendously staggered as I stood and peeped into the opening, around all the sides of which I could easily pass my arm.

In my indignation I sought to ascertain if by any possibility some trace might have been left behind of the dreamed-of treasure. But nothing remained—it was quite empty.

The same afternoon I took the opportunity of calling upon Madame X., and prepared myself to take her soundly to task about her broken promise. When I entered she appeared much embarrassed; she guessed my errand.

"So," I began, "Madame has nicely kept her word! You have been to St. Lars, and you have had that stone removed without in

any way informing me. Perhaps you will be so good as to tell me what you have found, and permit me to see it."

"You must not be offended with me, Professor," she began in an almost beseeching tone, "but I could not possibly keep myself from relating the dream to my husband, who returned home from a journey in the country the day after you and I had met at the christening. He thought in this way—that my dream concerned no one else but ourselves. We went together, and a workman accompanied us; he had a great deal of trouble in moving the stone, but before Heaven I assure you," and then she continued in a rather faltering voice, "that as true as I am a sinful creature, there was not anything to be found there, except some old rags and ropes. May I die on the spot if every word is not as true as the day. You must believe me, Professor, there was hardly as much as—*that*," and she swept her long thin hands past each other with such force, that a gold ring from her left hand fell with an ominous clatter on the floor.

"And that means," I hastily replied, "that there was gold in the treasure trove—if I am to take you at your word, and understand aright the significance of that gold ring. But why cannot you place confidence in me? I will not deprive you of any part of your treasure."

But she only continued her protestations of denial, in still stronger terms. Her extreme vehemence appeared to me, however, to be somewhat strained and unreal, and my suspicions were awakened thereby, but there was no possible evidence or proof. Before I left I gave her to understand that as she had broken her promise to me, I no longer considered myself bound to keep silence on the subject. If, in consequence of this remarkable dream, she really found any treasure or not, I am not able to state, but it is to be observed that a short time after this Monsieur and Madame X. commenced a great alteration and restoration of their house, and a certain amount of affluence began to reveal itself more and more in their way of living. But the money for all this might certainly have come from some other source. The only facts, therefore, which are absolutely certain and true in this little story are—its leading characteristics, the description of the dream, and the unquestionable confirmation of its meaning proved by our visit to this romantic and mysterious ruin.

REALITY IN THEOSOPHY.

IT has often been observed that this is an age of shams. Through all the sections into which life is subdivided there appears an element of unreality, a trace of pervading tendency to gloss or plate or conceal. Society seems artificial, not in the sense merely that it is far removed from natural promptings and ways, but in the sense that it is constructed on fictitious lines and sounds hollow when sharply tapped by the statesman or the philosopher. We note this everywhere.

Business rests on a credit system which is insecure and which crumbles rapidly when even a small part gives way; and business methods are supposed impracticable unless made plausible with some outlay of allurement or misrepresentation. All through the operations of commerce runs a practice of adulteration, inaccuracy, trickery, even fraud. That a merchant should be successful only from honesty and thrift seems to a large part of the community an antiquated idea, quite impossible of realization in existing times.

Journalism reeks with humbug. Anything is held legitimate which will increase circulation and income. Facts are believed valueless unless flavoured to whet the palate of the populace, and, when facts are wanting, inventions fill their place. To apologize for an error committed is to a journalist a weakness, one which would impair his reputation for consistency and any future confidence in his assertions. Papers are made to sell, and must be pleasing to those who buy; and so, the popular taste being for the striking and the minute, vigorous imaginations dispense with conscience, and the interviewer who has intruded into family affairs is aided by the engraver who draws solely upon his fancy.

Politics are almost avowedly insincere. Platforms are framed to catch votes, not to express policies, and he who is most adroit in popularizing himself has most chance for the office he desires. A contest of principles has degenerated into a game of skill.

The professions, too, follow steadily the prevailing mode. Medicine has long caused suspicion by its professed knowledge and its actual empiricism, for even the gullible public have seen that there is much more of experiment and guess-work than of wisdom in its professors.

Law has become a by-word for uncertainty. Not only do judges rival each other in frivolous distinctions which discard all right and justice, but counsel undertake cases which they know to be wrong, and consider only the professional *éclat* which will follow the rescue of a scoundrel from his deserts or the acquisition of a property from its owners.

In the general decadence of the moral sense so deplored by the loftier spirits of the age, a decadence which so greatly exhibits itself in habituation to unreality and sham as if normal instead of aberrant, it is inevitable that the clerical order should share. Priests, like laymen, are the product of their time, born, trained, surrounded by the same social atmosphere and thought, hearing the same ideas, influenced by the same environment, stimulated by the same forces. From childhood accustomed to certain universally-held axioms, these sway them alike with their parishioners, for the views of life which pervade the schoolroom and the parlour and the college, pervade also the theological seminary, and ordination does not dislodge or change them.

Of course the influence of books and professors impresses a certain conventional tone, and the unquestionable sincerity of most men who enter the ministry ensures a generally higher grade of conscience and a more earnest purpose to adhere to it; but these facts are to some extent offset by two others, the artificial relation held to laymen by the members of the clerical caste, and the temptation to duplicity arising from the growth of new thought conflicting either with an inflexible creed or with the prejudices of the flock who maintain the shepherd. Thus finer aspirations become dulled under the pressure of society and the pews, and current maxims assert themselves in the parsonage as in the counting-house.

It is no utterance of a cynic or an infidel to assert that the convictions of the average clergyman are in striking antithesis to those recorded of the Founder of his religion. The latter were incisive if

they were anything. They went straight down to the root of all thought and all life, waived glosses and surface indications aside as of absolutely no worth, made reality the final test in every case, upheld genuineness as the *sine quâ non* to any identification with true religion.

No matter how orthodox the views or how full the purse, no matter how copious the benefactions or how public the prayers, if the life did not comport with the professions, and if claim and fact did not correspond, all was valueless. Men might call him Lord, Lord, with effusive homage; it was of no consequence so long as they did not do what He said.

But surely this is not the attitude of the pulpit as we know it. Sinners who contribute largely to missions or generously maintain the denominational apparatus have ever the kindly eye of their pastor; sermons are toned down if sure to hit some conspicuous parishioner; friends are readily made with the mammon of unrighteousness. If the Sermon on the Mount was preached instead of read, how many incumbents would retain their cures!

And so it has come to pass that the flavour of unreality which is so noticeable in the markets and counting-rooms and the professional offices pervades the churches no less, and that everywhere in society reform must come if men are to awake to truth and give it efficacy in their lives. Transformation is needed in each department of the social system, a transformation which shall turn sham into genuineness, pretence into actuality, which shall give solidity and soundness and endurance where has been a weak imitation or a beguiling fraud.

There are two respects in which Theosophy, as the avowed regenerator of individuals and society, manifests the requisites exacted for such a mission. The first is in the truths it enforces. Nothing of reform can possibly be effected in any region unless all the facts contained in it are known, the principles and laws thoroughly perceived, the actual problems precisely grasped. Mere theorizing will almost certainly divert into fantasy, and so ensure loss of strength, as also an increase of the very difficulties already so vast. To attain a workable prescription the real nature of the undertaking must be ascertained, and every fact given its value in the whole.

Theosophy looks over the entire field of human activity, and then propounds the treatment which alone can be effectual because it alone recognizes all the items in the case. First of all it seizes the great truth that the whole universe is one vast organism, no one part isolated or managed on different principles from the rest, but all connected and inter-related, all under common law and responding equally to like impressions.

It never for a moment supposes that this earth is a domain walled-off from the remainder of the cosmos, or that man is a unique being who has a distinct set of rules and experiences imposed as an arbitrary whim, or that human life and character are to be handled without reference to the universal scheme; but unifies the whole cosmic order, relegates earth to its place therein, treats humanity as an inherent and necessary factor in the entire equation. All regions and spheres and forces and laws contribute to man's make-up and maintain his connection, and there is no content of the universe with which he is not in touch and influence.

Of course this different handling makes short work of the theologies and philosophies which separate the world and its inhabitants from the rest of space, and which concoct strange theories and stranger destinies for both. Fictitious, arbitrary inventions drop away when once is seen the essential unity of all that is, for then becomes apparent a harmony of design and purpose and operation, humanity fitting into its place and Divinity manifesting throughout. Order supplants caprice, union succeeds to dislocation, fancy gives way to fact.

When Theosophy has thus restored universal connection to all the planes of being, it proceeds to exhibit the common laws which everywhere prevail. Evolution, not in the restricted sense accepted by the science of the day, is displayed as the grand process of the whole cosmos. The idea germinal in the Divine mind works itself out by the Divine power, beginnings of manifestation being crude and elementary, their onward development slow to inconceivability, yet steadily advancing through centuries and ages and æons.

Very gradually thought-forms take visible shape, primeval matter becomes more dense and plastic, worlds and beings come slowly into existence. Each is adapted to the other, for a common

impulse pushes forward their advance. All, too, proceed under laws which rule steadily, inflexibly throughout. There is not one regulation for the solar system and another for a system beyond, not one rule for this earth and a different one for Venus or Saturn, not one administration for us men and a second for planetary beings. The method of evolution is all-pervading, and stages in the process both exhibit and demonstrate its unity.

Two of those laws are that no stage can be passed until its possibilities are thoroughly worked up, and that no force disappears till it has exhausted its energy. These two laws explain why the evolutionary process is so exceedingly prolonged in its operations, and also why the complications are so intricate and far-reaching. Focussing them upon human life, Theosophy shows them as epitomizing its philosophy. For the fact that no stage can be left till the working-up of its contents is completed necessitates the appearance over and over again in earth-life of everyone who has once begun a career in matter; and the fact that force continues till it is spent necessitates all the physical and moral experiences which such a pilgrim undergoes while he is creating force and returning here to receive its consequences.

Thus two of the laws most conspicuous in the cosmic order take visible shape in human affairs as reincarnation and karma. Reincarnation expresses the truth that we cannot advance to a mode of existence apart from flesh till we have used up all the multiform lessons which a fleshly embodiment ensures, but must continue on and on in a succession of incarnations upon earth until the soul has extracted therefrom every element of value.

Karma expresses the truth that the forces we have aroused by thought, word and deed cannot die without result, but of necessity give birth to their effects, which effects fall upon us through incarnations until their vitality is expended and ends. Thus Theosophy applies to our career the principles which inhere in the universe at large, and shows our essential identification with all being by our absolute identification with the process everywhere else so clear.

But there are further truths which this great philosophy elucidates. We men are not mere machines, puppets through which the forces of Nature resistlessly work. We are endowed with free-will,

the prerogative of choice, and the character of the evolution each makes is determined by himself alone. True, the operation of all these forces is towards establishment of good, for they ceaselessly tend to moral results, their pressure upon each individual being to incline him to the true way.

The one great lesson blazoned on every experience of happiness through right, and sorrow through wrong, is that it is to one's interest not less than one's duty to adhere to right, and this lesson, iterated and reiterated countless times in incarnation after incarnation, naturally may impress itself on that permanent part of our being which reincarnates.

It is ingrained in the constitution of things that the evolutionary trend should be upwards. Yet by no means does this trend override individual preference, and force to a spirituality which is not desired. That would indeed be a strange moral system which constrained people to be good whether they wished to be or not, and with iron hand twisted tastes and preferences into conformity with one type. Nothing of the kind exists, as we know full well.

We ourselves are conscious that it is possible either to harmonize with the sweet influences inciting us to elevating purpose, or to waive them aside that we may indulge the fancies which at the moment are more congenial. In fact, the very existence around us of characters with every shade of colour and degree of strength proves that each has unfolded as it chose.

Now the truth upheld by Theosophy is this double one of entire freedom of action coupled with a pressure from experiences of life to make that action right. And so Theosophy comes to men with a very clear utterance on the most vital question of existence. It says that the thousand incidents of every day are not accidental, nor are they meaningless. They have not come about without causes, as if they were mere fortuitous events which had no antecedents and may have no results, but are the consequents of forces we ourselves set in motion. And they are not meaningless, for each contains the spur to a higher quality of action which shall impel both the character and its experience to a loftier plane.

Thus Theosophy says to us, "You are and you shall be what you make yourselves. But it is better for your well-being and your happiness that you make of yourselves the finest possible future, and

this you can do if you honestly take to heart the lesson of each event befalling you in life, conforming your thought and motive thereto. Moreover, the constitution of things being as it is, and the purport of all these events being towards right, you are sure that your conformity brings you more and more into harmony with the universe of which you are part, ensures safety, confidence, joy, dispels misgivings and annuls risks. Incline your free-will to prefer what all reason and all experience commend, and then you will surmount not only doubt, but disaster and suffering as well."

And still further. Theosophy is not a juiceless array of ethical texts. It does not provide a dry moral code or an unillustrated chart of progress. Such would be all very well, but would lack the vivid interest of distinct illustration. In fact, however, Theosophy shows just what a code of ethics can produce when fully carried out, just what is the result of a true system of manly development perfectly effectuated.

For it displays to us the Masters, those highly evolved men who have harmonized themselves with the whole Divine plan, and have steadily emerged, incarnation after incarnation, from the weaknesses and evils of ordinary humanity. In a long, orderly process, each stage expressing some advance in self-control or added power, every incident of life receiving its just interpretation and bearing its proper fruit, the Master was formed. The very essence of him was utter identification with nature and her designs.

In no respect did he resemble those strangely distorted beings, the canonized saints of later Christendom. These saints are unpleasant to contemplate. Their pose is artificial, there is a cadaverous odour, even their virtues repel, the whole of human instinct rises in protest against imitation. Even if their powers can be verified, they seem to have been unaccompanied by wisdom, for the devotional and emotional side of human constitution had absorbed all care, and none was left for study of fact or evolution of judgment. There was no wisdom in throwing away all one's property indiscriminately among the poor, for that use of it only stimulated idleness and pauperism; none in the multiplication of self-torments and tedious prayers, for they neither sweetened the spirit nor strengthened it for service; none in an asceticism, solitude, disci-

pline which was altogether arbitrary, had no scientific reason or method, and was undergone merely because it was disagreeable. Knowledge came through none of the practices which covered the life—not even self-knowledge, for true knowledge of self must include the possibilities within, not merely a partial cognizance of its actualities.

And so the mediæval saint is neither a loveable being nor a wise one. He may have a zeal for Divine and spiritual things but only on one line. All the universe exhibits God, displays His nature in its many aspects; and he who would have any rounded conception of the Divine, must understand the material world and the social world and the psychic world and the spiritual world. This is not done by starving the body and repeating prayers, nor can it be accomplished save through earnest study and a nature pervious at every point to truth.

With these cramped and artificial saints, so unwholesome in mind and body, the Masters of Theosophy have little more in common than earnestness and devotion. For they have expended energy not only on aspiration, but on direct study of every section of the accessible universe. To knowledge of facts they added wisdom in their use.

The subjugation of the body was, indeed, a necessity, and so a certain well-directed asceticism was undergone; yet this was not as a self-torment pleasing to God, but as a freeing from carnalities binding down the soul. Nor were self and its achievements ever the stimulus to the course, for the whole purport of the disciple's struggle was emancipation from that separate interest which is the curse of humanity and the bar to its advance. At every stage that was to be wrestled with and put beneath, and only as larger thought emerged did the ideal become distinct.

To copious study of the seven-planed cosmos whereof man is the epitome they added as copious study of man himself, thus learning all the relations and interactions of the two. Germinal faculties were slowly developed, a systematic unfoldment of all latent power went on, constant work for others broadened both the sympathies and the means to utilize them. Thus in every section of his nature the incipient Master brought about a realization of the Divine plan, and when the issue was far enough advanced he took his place

among the Elder Brothers of humanity, those who are its leaders and friends and aids. The chart is not unillustrated, for Masters are the living evidence of how to progress and what the outcome is.

I said that there are two respects in which Theosophy, as the avowed regenerator of individuals and society, manifests the requisites exacted for such a mission; and that the first is in the truths it enforces. Now the second is in the spirit it enjoins. This spirit is one eminently of reality. Theosophy probes down to the very centre of the being, and insists that any unsoundness there shall be utterly corrected, for only as the motive is pure can right consequences follow.

This central motive, that which is to determine all the quality of the career, has a two-fold aspect. Behind it lies an assured conviction that the evolutionary scheme decreed by the Supreme is wise and should be conformed to. From this conviction, accepted alike by the intellect and the moral sense, springs the double motive. One is that the man himself shall earnestly strive that his whole nature, in each of its departments, may adjust itself to the law and in accordance therewith be developed onward to perfection. The other is that the end of such development is not personal gratification, or even the attainment of personal success, but ability to co-operate the better in the great purpose of enlightening and saving humanity. In short, the spirit which Theosophy dictates is an intense desire to become precisely what Divine Wisdom has decreed, and to become it that the race too may be upborne.

This may seem in part a little unreal. It is quite conceivable that anyone may wish conformity to a sanctioned ideal, for certainly no better outcome can be surmised than that which expresses the thought of the Divine Mind. No one would have the folly, not to say temerity, to suppose that he has a finer conception of evolutionary possibilities than had Almighty God. So there is no great strain upon anyone in admitting that the progressive course of a human being up to Divinity itself is entirely worthy; and when that fact is clearly perceived, the further step of honestly desiring it for oneself may well be near. But to desire it less for oneself than as a means to aid the race sounds as an exaggeration of unselfishness, rather an altruistic affectation than a sober choice.

Yet is it? We know, of course, that ordinary human activities are spurred by the principle of emulation. Men strive for money or conspicuity, because of the wish to surpass others, and behind all the commercial and social and political machinery is the hope of each participant that he may succeed because it is nice to succeed. Indeed, economical science holds that without this impulsion of the individual to struggle for his own advantage there would be no advance of the community, no increase of commerce and wealth and general good.

Doubtless this is true, for in nations destitute of tense, wide-awake energy in each citizen, there is a common torpor upon business and society, generation succeeds generation without progress being made, national life and public spirit sleep. The competitive principle has its evils, but it certainly arouses all powers to their fullest vitality, makes possible the enormous growth of business enterprises distinguishing the era, and indirectly sends comfort and conveniences to the dwellings of the poorest. We often read undiscriminating tirades against this principle, and yet but for it how could individual genius blossom, capacity and industry receive their due reward, communities rise in mental and social quality, human power over nature be extended? Surely it is not upon a wise and indispensable impulse that we should frown, but upon that misuse of it which destroys sympathy and co-operation, sacrifices all else to itself, and multiplies sorrow everywhere around its seat.

Then there is the restless search for pleasure. It has all forms and all varieties, physical and mental, and is of every grade of delicacy and refinement. Yet the instinct for happiness is natural, and the wish to be happy is not unworthy. Happiness is a beautiful thing, salutary, uplifting; and to be in harmony with the sunlight of nature rather than with its clouds and gloom is truly human. Men have erred, not in desire for happiness, but in the sources where they sought it. The Ego within, the real individuality where peace abides, cannot be satisfied with pleasures proffered by the senses or the emotions, but demands food consonant with its own nature, that which shall be healthful and fine and permanent. And as it is a spark from the central fire, an emanation from the great centre of all life, it is a part of the universal organism, no isolated entity to be sustained and kept aloof by separate joys, but only in

true harmony and health when in union with all else that lives. Hence search for its sole benefit must ever fail; the soul which aims and struggles and competes simply that it may have its fill, loses of necessity its hold on the common good which alone can meet the wants of each integer of the whole. Selfishness is self-destructive; happiness sought simply for oneself ever eludes the grasp.

Moreover, there is another fact. Aside from the solidarity of humanity which forbids separation from it to result in joy, there is that beautiful ordinance of nature that the finest satisfactions come from altruistic effort. We all know, for perhaps there is no one who has not in his best moments experienced it, that there is a sweet serenity, a broad and generous glow, when we have handed over to another something we well prized ourselves, and have seen the pleasure it has brought. That was a fuller sensation, a deeper thrill, than the joy of self-indulgence. But if a single experience illustrated the fact, it also demonstrated it. That one case in the history of any life made certain the truth of richer pleasure from altruism than from selfishness, and established the broad generalization that men attain the highest happiness as they confer happiness on others.

What, then, would seem to be the ideal of a rational, scientific, devotional ambition? In other words, what is that motive which is in accord with all the facts of human nature and of philosophy, and which is therefore the commended of Theosophy? Simply this: that the individual shall make of himself all that can be made, that he shall struggle to attain the highest evolutionary possibilities, that he shall do this in order that he may co-operate fully in the grand general scheme, and thus, through the generosity of a widened sympathy, find the perfection of a thorough happiness. "He that loseth his life shall save it": how true is the philosophy of this axiom!

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

THE CONFESSION OF TRITHEMIUS.

From "Traité des Causes Secondes."

TRANSLATED BY A. A. WELLS.

GOD is an essential and hidden fire, which dwells in all things and chiefly in Man. From this fire is everything engendered. It engenders them and will for ever engender them; and what is engendered is the true Divine Light which exists from all eternity. God is a Fire; but no Fire can burn, no Light can manifest itself in Nature without the presence of Air to maintain the combustion; thus the Holy Spirit should act within us as a Divine Air or Breath, causing a breath to spring from the Divine Fire upon the interior Fire of the heart so that the Light may appear, for the Light must be fed by the fire, and this Light is love, bliss and joy in the eternal Divinity. This Light is JESUS, who emanates for all eternity from JEHOVAH. Whoever does not possess this Light within him is plunged into a fire without light; but if this Light is within him, then the CHRIST is in him, is incarnate within him, and he will know the Light as it exists in Nature.

All things we behold are interiorly fire and light, in which is hidden the essence of the Spirit. All things are a Trinity of fire, light and air. In other words the Spirit (the Father) is a super-essential light; the Son is the Light manifested; the Holy Spirit is a moving Breath, divine and superessential. This Fire dwells in the heart and sends out its rays all through the body, and thus maintains its life. But no Light arises from the Fire without the presence of the spirit of sanctity.

. . . . .

All things have been made by the power of the Divine Word, which is the Spirit or Divine Breath emanated from the beginning from the Divine fountain. This Breath is the Spirit or Soul of the World, and is called *Spiritus Mundi*. It was at first like air, then

condensed into a nebulous substance or fog, and finally transmuted itself into water. (Fr. trans. "the Âkâsha of the Hindoos.") This water was at first spirit and life, because it was impregnated and vivified by the Spirit. Darkness filled the abyss, but by the emission of the Word the Light was engendered, the darkness was illuminated by the Light and the Soul of the World (Fr. trans. "The Astral Light") was born. This spiritual Light which we call Nature or Soul of the World is a spiritual body which may be rendered visible and tangible by alchemical processes; but as it is naturally invisible it is called Spirit.

It is a living universal fluid, diffused throughout Nature, and which penetrates everything. It is the most subtle of all substances; the most powerful, by reason of its inherent qualities; it penetrates every body, and determines the forms in which it displays its activity. By its action it frees the forms from all imperfection; it makes the impure pure, the imperfect perfect, the mortal immortal, by its indwelling.

This essence or Spirit emanated from the beginning from the Centre, and incorporated itself with the substance of which the Universe is formed. It is the "*Salt of the Earth*," and without its presence the plant would not grow, nor the field become green, and the more this essence is condensed, concentrated and coagulated in the forms the more stable they become. It is the most subtle of all substances; incorruptible and immoveable in its essence, it fills the infinities of space. The sun and planets are but coagulations of this universal principle; from their beating heart they distribute the abundance of their life, and send it forth into the forms of the inferior world, and into all creatures, acting about their own centre and raising the forms on the way of perfection. The forms in which this living principle establishes itself become perfect and durable, so that they no longer decay nor deteriorate nor change in contact with the air; water can no longer dissolve them, nor fire destroy them, nor the terrestrial elements devour them.

This Spirit is obtained in the same way as it is communicated to the earth by the stars; and this is performed by means of the Water, which serves as vehicle to it. It is not the Philosopher's Stone, but this may be prepared from it by fixing the volatile.

I advise you to pay great attention to the boiling of the Water;

do not let your spirit be troubled about things of less importance. Make it boil slowly, then let it putrefy till it has attained the fitting colour, for the Water of Life contains the germ of wisdom. In boiling, the water will transform itself into earth. This earth will change into a pure crystalline fluid which will produce a fine red Fire; and this Water and this Fire, reduced to a single Essence, produce the great Panacea composed of sweetness and strength—the Lamb and the Lion united.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

European Section.

The activities of this Section are usually not many at this period of the year, and several of the most prominent workers are absent, Mr. Mead in Holland and Miss Cooper in Sweden. Mr. Leadbeater is in the North of England visiting the Branches there and attending the Confederation.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley will leave for Germany and Russia towards the end of August, after the return of Mr. Mead, and will visit a number of places, paying especial attention to the libraries, in which she will spend much of her time.

The Blavatsky Lodge is closed during August, and a large proportion of the other English Branches has adopted the same course.

American Section: Mrs. Besant's Tour.

Chicago, July 14th.—A run of over twenty hours from Sheridan brought us early on Saturday morning, June 19th, to Grand Island, Nebraska. Mrs. Besant lectured that evening and the next day passed on to Lincoln, whilst the Countess went direct to Chicago. In spite of the want of air in the Lincoln Universalist Church it was packed both on Sunday and Monday, and the drawing-room meetings at Mrs. Holmes' were also crowded. Some people joined the Society, and a class was forming when we left on Tuesday for Omaha, where Dr. and Mrs. Jensen made their hospitable house our home, and in many ways proved their strong interest in the Theosophical Society. A reception was held for Mrs. Besant by a prominent Woman's Club in Omaha the same afternoon, and that evening and the evening following, lectures on "Man, the Master of his Destiny" and "Theosophy and its Teach-

ings" were delivered in the Opera House to a fair audience, thinned by the heat, which had driven all who could go from the town to the country.

On Friday evening, after an afternoon parlour talk, Mrs. Besant crossed the Missouri river on the electric car line and lectured in Council Bluffs, returning with Dr. and Mrs. Jensen to Omaha for the night; the next afternoon we left for Chicago, feeling sure that before long the small Lodge she had formed in Omaha would attract to itself some of the more thoughtful people of the town, and become a strong and useful centre of work.

On Saturday, June 26th, we reached the goal of the first half of our journey—Chicago—and were conducted to the rooms of the Theosophical Society in Van Buren Street, where a reception was given in the evening to Mrs. Besant and the Countess. The next morning, Sunday, June 27th, the American Section held its annual Convention. Many delegates and members were present, and the other Sections were represented either by delegates, or letters and telegrams of greeting. Mr. Fullerton called the Convention to order shortly after ten o'clock and Mr. George Wright was elected its chairman.

Mr. Chidester extended a warm welcome to the foreign delegates, and Mrs. Besant, after a sketch of the work in India and Europe, spoke of the new literature, which is of such value to the usefulness of the Society, and laid stress upon the duty of members to perfect themselves in a knowledge of the fundamental teachings of Theosophy, that they may be ready to give help to those who enquire. "No movement that is ignorant *can* live," she said, "and no movement that is ignorant *ought* to live. The Masters are the Masters of Compassion, but they are Masters of Wisdom as well."

The General Secretary's report showed great increase in the Society, and in the discussion which followed it was remarked that much of the new membership was due to the long travels of the Countess Wachtmeister and to the present tour of Mrs. Besant. The Countess pointed out that this propaganda work was of great importance, and ways and means were discussed whereby lecturers could be found to go round to help the young Lodges in their studies, and to interest the public at large. One hundred dollars were voted from the treasury, the nucleus of a fund to be devoted to this purpose, and committees of propaganda will be formed in the various districts.

A committee likely to be productive of much good was one formed to draw up plans of study for the use of lodges, and to advise upon methods of work. Mrs. Besant was asked to give her

aid in drawing up the plan, which considers the needs of young Lodges and also of more advanced students.

The necessity for a list of the names of people interested in Theosophy in the various towns of America was recognized, and volunteers were deputed to make it. Much time will be saved by such an arrangement, and all members are requested to help by sending in names.

Various other schemes to forward the movement were mooted, and some adopted, and others referred to committees for consideration. The support required to keep up *Mercury* was stated by the Count Axel Wachtmeister, who had acted for some time as editor, and could speak from personal knowledge of the financial strain upon Mr. Walters involved in the printing of the helpful little journal. It was pointed out by one member that a magazine which receives the support of the Section should be of first-rate ability and contain articles by the leading writers in the movement, so that the members would naturally subscribe to it to keep themselves in touch with the life of the Section.

After a busy day the Convention adjourned until the evening, when a public meeting was held in Steinway Hall, and addresses were given by Mr. George Wright, Mr. Fullerton, the Countess Wachtmeister, Mrs. Besant and others. The hall was tightly packed with people, who listened to the speakers with the greatest attention. When all was over the members congratulated each other on the great success of the Convention, and parted with the brightest hopes for the future of the American Section—hopes justified by the interest of the public, and by the presence in the chief cities throughout the land of earnest and devoted people whose one object is to help forward the great movement.

The following fortnight was one of incessant work, and it speaks well for the interest of the people that all classes, receptions, etc., were crowded, in spite of the fact that Chicago was suffering from a heat wave and the thermometer between 90° and 100° in the shade did not render close rooms attractive.

Mrs. Besant held morning classes for the instruction of members, and afternoon and evening receptions and lectures for the public, besides very many private interviews. The lectures were given in different parts of the town that all might have an opportunity to hear.

The attention shown was most encouraging and a great many new members joined one or other of the four Lodges already existing there; the Chicago Lodge, the Englewood White Lodge, the Shila, and the Eastern Psychology. There is much to be hoped for in the work of the next few years in Chicago. A. J. W.

Dutch Section.

The first Annual Convention of the Dutch Section was held at Amsterdam on Sunday, July 18th. On the Saturday evening a reception was held at the Headquarters, the rooms at 76, Amsteldijk being crowded. Mr. Mead, who had gone over to inaugurate the proceedings and represent the European Section, answered a number of questions on various subjects during the evening.

On Sunday the Convention was called to order in the Hall of the Werkenden Stand at 10 a.m. Mr. Mead, after conveying the greetings and congratulations of the European Section to the new Section, referred to the past history of the Society and its present strength and prosperity; he insisted that the real bond of the Society was one of mutual help in theosophical life and study, and not of legislature, and wound up by referring to the grand pioneer work of H. P. Blavatsky, its nature and character, on the lines of the remarks in our last "On the Watch-Tower." Mynheer W. B. Fricke was then chosen chairman of the Convention and Mynheer Wierts van Coehoorn read a report embodying a history of the Society in Holland. The officers of the new Section were all unanimously elected and were as follows:

General Secretary—W. B. Fricke; Treasurer—H. Wierts van Coehoorn; Executive Committee—the General Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs. J. L. M. Lauweriks, F. J. B. van der Beek, S. Gazan, and Mevrouw Meuleman van Ginkel; Auditors—Messrs. A. Noteboom and Grundtke.

The main work of the Convention was the adoption of a constitution and rules; this occupied the major part of the morning and afternoon sessions, the recently revised rules of the European Section being finally adopted with hardly any alterations. The rest of the afternoon session was occupied with reports and suggestions. The two business meetings were very well attended and the proceedings followed with intelligence and interest. The evening meeting was packed; it was entirely devoted to speeches, the lecturers being Mr. Mead, Mrs. Windust, Mevrouw Meuleman and Mynheer Fricke. Monday afternoon and evening were also devoted to receptions and there was much conversation and answering of questions. The whole Convention was a decided success.

REVIEWS.

Sayings of Our Lord.

Discovered and Edited by Bernard P. Grenfell, M.A., and Arthur S. Hunt, M.A. [London: Henry Frowde; 1887. Price, boards, 2*s.* net.; paper, 6*d.* net.]

One single battered leaf of papyrus, and that is all. Yet how precious to the Western world, and how important for the history of the Gospel tradition! Some 120 miles south of Cairo is a small hamlet called Behnesa; there a series of low mounds marks the site of what was once the capital of the Oxyrhynchite nome, a flourishing city once when Rome held sway over the ancient land of Khem, and one of the chief centres of early Christianity in Egypt. Under the auspices of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt have unearthed in the rubbish heaps of the town large quantities of papyrus, mostly Greek, embracing every variety of subject, and extending in date from the first to the eighth centuries. We hear of papyri of Homer, Æschylus, Thucydides, of some stanzas of Sappho, and much else of interest to the classical student, all of which will require much labour to edit, and the earliest specimens of uncial texts thus discovered will be of the first importance to palæography, and may perhaps decide several important points in the dating of the MSS. fragments of the first three centuries. But the most precious treasure in what is perhaps the richest deposit of papyri ever discovered, is a torn, tattered and defaced leaf, barely six inches by four. The importance of this, the earliest relic of Christian scripture, is so great that the discoverers have at once hastened to place it before the public. It is no less than a leaf of the Logia, or Sayings of the Lord, a copy of the Gospel-deposit of early Christendom, unadulterated with the later pseudo-historical settings.

All New Testament students are aware that the "starting-point in any discussion of the synoptic problem" is a single phrase in the Church History of Eusebius, quoted from the ancient worthy Papias (c. 150), namely, "Matthew wrote down the Logia in Hebrew, and

everyone interpreted them as he was able." Most scholars have taken the word Logia to mean Sayings or Oracles, but a number of apologists of the canonical Gospels have denied this.

Our precious leaf of papyrus sets the question at rest for ever. The Logia are the Sayings of Jesus, and were so called quite naturally from the introductory formula before each Logion, "Jesus says." As we pore over the new treasure and scan every letter that can be deciphered, how simple and pure, how virgin of offensive exaggeration and symbolic mythology, seems this straightforward collection of Sayings; how easy is it to believe that such words were spoken by the Christ through the mouth of Jesus! And yet we have not the words themselves; they were spoken in Hebrew. Who translated them into Greek; or rather, when were they translated? We may with some certainty believe that this was not attempted until the time of Paul's fiery propaganda among the Gentiles. Prior to that the sacred deposit of Christianity was in the hands of the Hebrew nation alone. But for how long? As to this, history has as yet no word to offer. The present mythical dates are far from the truth.

The Sayings, then, which Jesus spake to the people during the short months of his public ministry, were collected first of all in Hebrew, apparently without order, and certainly with no admixture of narrative. Later they were translated into Greek; far later still, they were edited and re-edited by many hands with various and contradictory settings of legends; and finally, out of these numerous versions, the four canonical Gospels were chosen.

The fragment of the Greek Logia which has so strangely been preserved to us is of course a copy; but even so, it is, compared to the existing texts of the various books of the New Testament, of a very early date. The editors have of course to be exceedingly cautious for fear of bringing the whole swarm of orthodox critics about their ears. It cannot be later than 300 A.D., in fact it belongs to one of the earliest types of uncials used before this date. The editors are inclined to place it about 200 A.D., but there is nothing to show that it is not a century earlier. The papyri found near it belonged to the second and third centuries.

Our fragment originally contained eight Logia, four on the verso and four on the recto side, but the fourth and eighth are so damaged as to be entirely illegible.

Logion 1: ". . . and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

This is exactly the same wording as in Luke vi. 42. The variant in

Matthew vii. 5, is easily accounted for by translation from the Hebrew.

Logion 2: "Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the Kingdom of God; and except ye keep the sabbath, ye shall not see the Father."

This is entirely new to the present Christian world. More important still, it is filled with the spirit of the great teacher who would have his hearers wean themselves from the letter of the Law which taught men to abstain from physical food and observe a certain day of the week, and turn them to the Wisdom of God.

"Moses taught you to fast and keep the sabbath, but *I* say unto you, Except ye fast *to the world.* . . . . " The Christ gives the higher Law of Wisdom. Here is one of those "dark sayings" which the "people" could not understand, but which the "disciples" could comprehend. Needless to say that such "fasting" formed the burden of all the best Gnostic teaching, and the same terminology is found in the letters of Paul and in the fourth Gospel. The "eternal sabbath" is also an idea easy enough for the theosophical student to grasp.

Logion 3: "Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunkards, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the souls of men, because they are blind in heart."

This is also entirely new. Yet another "dark saying," but how luxurious with inner light! The men of the world are those who are plunged in the life of the senses, drunken with the intoxication of the delights of the world; none were athirst for the living God, not even when Jesus was there in person, "Jesus, the living one," he in whom the "Living Æon," the Logos, tabernacled for a space. Thus at any rate would a Gnostic have interpreted the saying.

Logion 5: "Jesus saith, wherever there are . . . and there is one . . . alone, I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I!"

This is also entirely new. The first part is mostly illegible; though it recalls the familiar text in Matt. xviii. 20, "For where two or three are gathered together," etc.; it is a further statement of the truth, namely, that the Christ is present even with the solitary believer. But the gem of the whole six Logia is indubitably the concluding paragraph, "Raise the stone and there thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I." How simple and yet how graphic a way to instruct the simple minded in the marvellous truth that the Logos is everywhere, in all things, at all times! We wonder what the Shepherds of

the Little Bethels of Christendom will have to say to this grand truth of universal religion. But what care they for the Logia! Even the scholarly editors have shied at the obvious meaning; the fear of the Lord of theology is evidently upon them.

Logion 6: "Jesus saith, a prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

It is to be remarked that in Logion 1 and Logion 6, the readings confirm Luke and not the other synoptics. This is a not unimportant fact, and should be borne in mind by those who remember that the text of Luke was very like that of the Gospel which Marcion said he had received from Paul, who, he declared, alone understood Jesus. The second half of the Logion is new, and seems to imply that the physician of those days used other means than drugs for the cure of his patients, in which means the faculty of belief entered largely.

Logion 7: "Jesus saith, a city built upon the top of a high hill, and stablished, can neither fall nor be hid."

This is an expanded form of one of the verses in the collection of Sayings in the first synoptic, called "The Sermon on the Mount."

So many and of such a nature then are the few sayings preserved on our scrap of papyrus, the most precious document of Christendom.

The unearthing of this fragment permits us to hope that, even at this late date, some real historical light may be shed on the origins of the great religion of the Western world. It proves once more that the nearer we get to those origins, the easier we find the burden placed upon our reason and intuition, and the more we find the truths enunciated to pertain to universal religion.

G. R. S. M.

Traité des Causes Secondes.

Bibliotheque Rosicrucienne, No I., by Jean Trithéme. [Paris: Chamuel; 1897.]

Wurzburg—Trithemius! It is not possible for any one who has known and loved Robert Browning's "Paracelsus" to hear these words without a pleasant recollection of Wurzburg,

> Which the Mayne
> Forsakes her course to fold as with an arm;

and of the class to which "Trithemius deigned to teach a portion of his lore." We are grateful to the editor of this little book for bringing

them before us somewhat more clearly out of the mist of time, and hardly need the assurance of Éliphas Lévi, that Trithemius was the greatest dogmatic magician of the Middle Ages to add interest to it.

The biography prefixed presents him in the character so dear to mediæval times—the marvellous genius under the rule of the wicked relation (in this case the stepfather), breaking forth in spite of neglect and cruelty from childhood up; and when he has attained his ideal life —the headship of a monastery where he can surround himself with his beloved books—a reminiscence of Abelard and *his* monks intrudes itself. We do not hint a doubt of the *fact*—it must have happened many times over; but we cannot help a smile when we read that the German peasants whom he ruled found his efforts to civilize them very trying to *their* flesh and blood, and at last took the opportunity of his temporary absence to send him formal notice that their gates would not be opened for his return. After remonstrating in vain, the gentle scholar submitted to the inevitable, and thus we find him transferred to Wurzburg, where the last ten years of his life were spent.

Still more interesting than the biography is the fragment given by the editor on p. 24, and characterized by him as a kind of profession of faith. It commences thus:

"God is an essential and hidden fire which dwells in all things, and specially in man. From this fire everything is engendered. . . . That which is engendered is the true divine Light which exists from all eternity. God is a fire; but no fire can burn, no light can manifest itself in nature without air . . . and thus the Holy Spirit must act in us as a . . . Divine breath which breathes from the Divine fire upon the inner fire of the soul, so that the Light may appear. . . . This light is Jesus, who emanates from all eternity from Jehovah. . . ."

The whole passage is worthy of very careful study, and seems to form a commentary upon the curious catechism which Mme. de Steiger has just published in these pages.

After an elaborate bibliography we come to the work itself. The "Secondary Causes" are the seven Rulers of the Planets. Trithemius takes them as the Rulers of successive world-periods, each of 354 years and four months, and gives us a summary History of the World from this point of view, adapting each period to the special character of its Ruler. Even to the vulgar reader, whose hardened soul gives no responsive thrill to the editor's assurance that "the book contains great mysteries, carefully enveloped by the author in a Latin altogether hieroglyphic and Qabbalistic, impenetrable to the eye of the profane,"

the book is not unreadable. There are every here and there touches which, under the hand of the French translator, are distinctly delightful. Thus under the reign of the Angel of Venus we are told that numberless heresies arose, which were only stifled, after much time and trouble, "in the blood of virtuous men!" Again, under Zachariel, "Dagobert, King of France, vanquished and exterminated the English, at that time called Saxons." And here is a hint our Socialists would do well to ponder. Under Samael, the Angel of Mars, "a troop of shepherds, coming from Spain, approached Paris, appropriating the possessions of the clergy, to the great joy of the common people; but when they began to lay hands on those of the laity, they were massacred!"

In conclusion, our author makes a prophecy which seems to have been fairly well fulfilled, that in the year 1525 the moon will take up the government of the world until the year 1879; and it somewhat adds to our respect for his powers that he does not in so many words assert that her rule will cease even then. But, as he still more wisely adds, "I do not guarantee all that I write, most respected Cæsar, to be correct; but one may reasonably believe it without prejudice to the orthodox Faith—everything contrary to which I reject as vain and superstitious fiction."

The chief importance, however, of this translation lies of course in the introduction and notes; in which the Editor undertakes "to raise a little corner of the veil, as far as is permissible." On this we can only speak as one of the profane, and give a brief summary, without presuming to judge. The author's school is shown by his reference to the "centres initiatiques" of the G. D. "which claims descent from the Rosicrucians," and of the Martinists, "continued to our own day by Dr. Papus." His French extraction and his private sentiments come out in his identification of the reign of Louis XI. as that of Saturn, of Louis XIV. as Jupiter, and Napoleon as Mars ("Even to-day," says he, "our soldiers are the only ones in Europe whose red trousers reveal their fiery and Martian nature") and his old prophecy that "under the influence of the strong Michael, a young man with golden hair shall come from Brittany and bring back peace to France."

The "secrets displayed by the raising the corner of the veil" are fairly summed up in the note on p. 89.

"This little treatise is divided into twenty-one periods, of which Trithemius only describes twenty, corresponding to the first twenty cards of the Tarot and to the twenty letters of the Hebrew alphabet. It is constructed like various analogous works, as the Gospel and

Apocalypse of St. John, the *Tableau Naturel* of Saint Martin, *Light on the Path*, etc. . . . The triple septenary of the Treatise of Second Causes describes the evolution of consciousness through the three worlds."

The requisite delicate "suspicion" of the flesh without which no work of art could gain attention in Paris is supplied by a set of notes of which the first runs:

"In the physiological life, this period is the act of love which unites the Father and the Mother—the third side of the triangle which joins the two others."

But this is simply the rubbing the dish with garlic which is similarly obligatory and natural in Parisian cookery, and means no harm.

The book is an interesting, and as far as we can judge, a valuable one. If our notice has conveyed the impression that, notwithstanding our respect for the editor's learning, we feel a certain shrinking (we might use a stronger word) from the perpetual boasting of the "secrets" possessed which is characteristic of many other writers on the subject, we think that the feeling will be shared by many of our readers, who have been taught (like ourselves) that the true Adept in mixing with the world will conceal his *possession* of secrets as anxiously as the secrets themselves. This much at least we outsiders may claim; that when secrets are thus brought to market and a "corner of the veil" lifted for us to peep, we have a certain right to express an opinion upon what is shown; and for our own part we doubt exceedingly whether any deliverance is likely to come for the world from any kind of shuffling of the cards of the Tarot or the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Our friends will doubtless assure us that the bulk is far better than the sample. Be it so; but why give us such a sample at all?

A. A. W.

The Works of Dionysius the Areopagite.

Translated by the Rev. John Parker, M.A. [Oxford: James Parker and Co.]

We presume that by entitling his volume *The Works of Dionysius* the translator intends to promise another volume, as the present contains only the treatise on the Divine Names, the little tract on Mystic Theology, and the letters.

The belief that these writings actually came from the pen of St. Paul's convert and pupil was of vast importance during the Middle

Ages. They thus formed a sort of Magna Charta for those whose love of the mystical might otherwise have brought them into collision with established authority, then, as now, inclined to be suspicious of everything metaphysical. The palmary quotation, familiar to every spiritual-minded man and woman for many centuries, contained in the first chapter of the "Mystic Theology," is thus given by Mr. Parker:

"But thou, O dear Timothy, by thy persistent commerce with the mystic visions, leave behind both sensible perceptions and intellectual efforts, and all objects of sense and intelligence, and all things not being and being, and be raised aloft unknowingly to the union as far as attainable, with Him who is above every essence and knowledge. For by the resistless and absolute ecstasy in all purity, from thyself and all, thou wilt be carried on high, to the super-essential ray of the Divine darkness, when thou hast cast away all, and become free from all."

We were not, however, prepared to find any one who would seriously defend this thesis at this time of day. It needs only a glance at what is translated in this volume to recognize in the endless flow of words and the luxuriance of superlatives the unmistakable style of a far later period. Nor can we take the Rev. John Parker *quite* gravely when he assures us that "John has followed Dionysius step by step, for the purpose of exploding the puerile supposition that such complex writings as these could have been evolved from the elementary treatises of Proclus and Plotinus"! And again when he asks, looking up mildly through his spectacles, Can we reasonably doubt that Pantænus took the writings of Dionysius and the more abstract works of Hierotheus to India? Have we not here an explanation, says he, of the remarkable similarity between the Hindu philosophy as expressed by Shankara in the eighth and Ramanuja in the thirteenth century, and the "Divine Names"? I cannot but believe, he adds, that many of the beautiful expressions about Vishnu the Redeemer, in the Râmâyana of Tulsi-das, are Christian truths under a Hindu dress!

All this is very delicious to read, in the year 1897; but, my dear Mr. John Parker, we *can* reasonably doubt it; nay, such things belong to the class which (according to Sidney Smith's profane joke) nobody *can* believe, unless it were the Examining Chaplain to an Anglican Bishop. But the similarity *is* remarkable enough; and if some of us who are apt to think and speak somewhat slightingly of Christian Mysticism would carefully study the small volume which forms the foundation upon which the whole of that science is built, I think they could hardly fail to rise from its perusal with increased respect for the Masters of such a school. It has not been left for the nineteenth

century to introduce the Indian philosophy to the West; we are but renewing in our time what Dionysius and his fellows did in their long-past centuries, and the spiritual life of the West up to our own day is the fruit of their labours.

A. A. W.

Ye Book of Ye Cards.

By Zuresta. [London: The Roxburghe Press, 1897.]

The book before us contains absolutely nothing new or original concerning the Tarot cards or their degenerate descendants the modern pack. Zuresta seems to be ignorant even of the well-known fact that the cards so long in use with us were adapted and altered from the ancient Tarot by a Court astrologer as an amusement for the imbecile Charles VI. of France, and her book, while possibly it may prove useful as a guide to the efforts of the embryo professional fortune-teller, is from any other point of view entirely worthless. It is a collection of various methods of card "divination" copied, in one or two instances, from forgotten chap-books, but chiefly from Raphael's well-known *Book of Fate*, and as they all more or less contradict each other, the aspiring sibyl who seeks guidance from them will find herself greatly exercised as to which of the many confusing "modes" is "the only genuine or reliable."

Indeed the only feature of the book worthy of remark is the concluding chapter on the Tarot. This is a literal though unacknowledged copy from a small and learned book on the subject, written by S. L. Macgregor Mathers, and published in 1886 by Mr. G. Redway. Such literary "conveying" is of course a great economy of time and trouble, but the copyist might have made her transcription with a little more intelligence.

In describing the 22 Keys Mr. Mathers in one instance makes use of the Latin term *Vesica Piscis*. This is copied by Zuresta as "*Pescia Pescis*." Further on "six Hebrew jods" reappear as "six Hebrew *gods*."

As a specimen of the Roxburghe "Occult" series Zuresta's *Book of Ye Cards* is neither of occult nor literary value; it might have been otherwise if she had cared to make some original research concerning her subject. The Tarot symbols in their origin are as old as Egypt. Tradition says that they were engraven on tablets of stone or plates of metal, and used in the temples as means of divination; also that a knowledge of the 22 Atouts was one of the first secrets made known to the neophyte in the mysteries. Be this as it may, the words Tarot and

Atout are known to be ancient Egyptian, and according to Count de Gebelin the Tarot should be regarded as an Egyptian book based on the sequence of "sevens."

Whether the origin of the mediæval Tarochi can be traced to the Pyramids or no, undoubtedly they contain traces of Egyptian symbolism, sadly marred and debased through the ages by the successive generations of card makers ignorant of their hidden meanings. Note something of this in the Seventh Key, the Conqueror, so splendidly restored by Éliphaz Lévi in his *Dogme et Rituel*. In another of his works Levi says concerning Tarot divination: "It (the Tarot) is in its various combinations a revelation of the harmonies pre-existing among its signs, letter and numbers, and is therefore capable of truly marvellous application. But we cannot with impunity thus wrest, solely for ourselves, the secrets of our intimate communication with the astral light. The consultation of cards or of Tarots is a veritable conjuration which cannot be prosecuted without danger. In all evocation we compel our astral body to appear before us and hold converse in the divination which results." This, however, is Lévi's own opinion. Other writers on the subject ascribe such results as may be obtained by diviners to the influence of the nature spirits. We recommend this view of the subject to the compiler of *Ye Book of Ye Cards*.

T. O.

The Mind of the Master.

By John Watson, D.D. [London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1896.]

In looking back over the history of the Christian Church, we perceive every now and then a sense arising that religion was falling too much into mere dry Theology, and an attempt, more or less successful, to put life and warmth upon the dry bones. The formation of the Society of Jesus was one of these efforts; and the rise of the Evangelical School in England nearly a century ago—the Protestant Jesuits, as they may be very fairly entitled, was another. Not that there was conscious imitation; similar circumstances produced marvellously similar results. Not only the exclusiveness, as of the sole possessors of "the Gospel," was common and unpopular in both; both were characterized by a certain unscrupulous use of means for a good end, in which the Evangelicals have come noways short of their prototypes; and even the painfully edifying children and the "good young man who died" were exploited by the Jesuits centuries before Newton and Romaine.

But by throwing aside Theology altogether, the Evangelical party

gained a temporary success at the expense of rendering their future impossible. The memorial lately presented to Parliament, showing pitifully how they have been neglected in the distribution of Church patronage, might have been answered, and probably will be, by the simple question, "Where are the Evangelical clergy fit to be promoted?" Now that the vulgar notion of the Atonement which formed their whole religious outfit has been hopelessly discredited by modern research, it is growing yearly more and more impossible for a young man educated at our universities to speak their Shibboleth. But the need remains the same; men's hearts are crying out for a light and warmth which popular religion does not furnish; and the fact that such men as Dr. Pulsford and Dr. Watson have arisen in Scotland, and that even there, in the last stronghold of Protestant obscurantism, the recent attempt to silence the latter has failed, is one of vast interest to the student of religious thought.

What then is this new Evangelicalism which in the hands of such men as Dr. Watson seems likely to supersede the old? In Scotland more decidedly than in England, the Reformation was the rehabilitation of the Old Testament. Of the New Testament certain portions of St. Paul's Epistles were all which in practice survived. To the ordinary Scotchman of less than fifty years ago, St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans contained the whole system of the Gospel; and it is a bold thing even now when Dr. Watson comes forward, as Count Tolstoi in Russia, to remind men that it is Jesus, not Paul, to whom men should look as their Master. In his first lecture, "Jesus our Supreme Teacher," he says:

"If Jesus' delicate poetry be reduced to prose, and the fair carved work of His parables be used for the building of prisons, and His lovely portrait of God be 'restored' with grotesque colouring, and His lucid principles of life be twisted into harassing regulations, then Jesus has been much wronged, and the world has suffered irreparable loss. This is the disaster Jesus dreaded, and no one will deny that it has, in some degree at least, come to pass. . . . The pragmatical seventeenth century forged a yoke of doctrines so minute, tedious and unreasonable that it became too irksome even for our more patient fathers. Every side of truth and every rite of Jesus was turned into a test by which honest-minded and simple-hearted disciples of Jesus were tried, condemned, cast out, burnt. . . . The Scottish Church seems to suppose that Christianity was only once thoroughly understood when an assembly of English divines met at Westminster. . . It comes as a shock on one to attend some heresy trial, and hear the

prosecution quoting a foreign divine of almost miraculous woodenness, and the defendant taking refuge in a second-rate commentator. . . . But is not the only vital question, What saith the Master?"

No wonder that the orthodox were alarmed at such teaching, and that Dr. Watson was soon the defendant in a heresy trial of his own. But that the prosecution should be allowed, by general consent apparently, to fail *is* a wonder: and a most encouraging sign that the World Religion is making progress in unexpected places. Take a few lines more of what is *not* condemned by Scotch Presbyterianism of this day:

"We are living in a second Reformation, and it were an immense blunder for us to go back on the principle of all Reformation, and insist directly or indirectly that Protestant councils should come in between Christians and Christ . . . What must strike every person about the Sermon on the Mount is that it is not metaphysical but ethical. . . . Upon the man who desired to be His disciple and a member of God's Kingdom were laid the conditions of a pure heart, of a forgiving spirit, of a helpful hand, of a heavenly purpose, of an unworldly mind. Christ did not ground his Christianity in thinking, or in doing, but first of all in being. It consisted in a certain type of soul—a spiritual shape of the inner self. Was a man satisfied with this type, and would he aim at it in his own life? Would he put his name to the Sermon on the Mount, and place himself under Jesus' charge for its accomplishment? Then he was a Christian, according to the conditions laid down by Jesus in the fresh daybreak of His religion."

Shades of Calvin and John Knox! Works—mere *legality*, instead of Faith! That all Jesus wanted was to make Theosophists of his people—for this is what it comes to! Take once more his treatment of the Atonement.

"The Cross . . . . has been lifted out of the ethical setting of the Gospels, and planted in an environment of doctrine. The Cross has been too laboriously traced back to decrees and inserted into covenants; it has been too exclusively stated in terms of Justification and Propitiation. This is a misappropriation of the Cross; it is a violation of its purpose. . . . Jesus did not describe His Cross as a satisfaction to God, else He had hardly asked His disciples to share it. He always spoke of it as a Regeneration of man. . . . The Cross may be made into a doctrine; it was prepared by Jesus as a discipline."

Of course there are many things in Dr. Watson's eloquent paper to which we should demur, or which we ourselves should express differently, but the whole atmosphere of the book is fresh, open, and unprejudiced to a degree which we can hardly match in our English religious

literature. One might, indeed, be encouraged to think that the second Reformation of which he speaks so boldly, without quite understanding its full scope, may actually first take shape amongst a people warm-hearted and open-minded enough to relish such teaching as *The Mind of the Master*. There could not be a better book to bring a Christian friend to the level of our own wider and higher doctrine; and the large number of our own people who prefer to retain the Christian form as the mould into which to cast their devotion to the Higher Self will find in it a Christianity which has very little indeed to jar upon their Theosophical principles. When Christianity has completely "reformed" itself upon the lines laid down by Dr. Watson, it will not be hard to add our own doctrine to it.

A. A. W.

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS.

The Theosophist opens as usual with its editor's history, in which is an account of a visit from the Master K. H. who came, apparently in the physical body, to see both Damodar and the Colonel. Following this the Colonel describes in a vivid manner the visit to a Mahârâjah, and gives us an admirable picture of Eastern life in his story. "Theosophy in the Sixteenth Century," treats of various mystics of that period, among them Sebastian Franck, Paracelsus, and Cornelius Agrippa. C. G. K. contributes some notes on the first fragment of *The Voice of the Silence*, and Mr. Marques concludes his paper on "The Days of the Week, and their occult Correspondences." "Hawaiian Folk Lore" is a most interesting contribution, containing a number of quaint tales which have an individuality of their own. Captain Banon writes on modern prophecies, translating a portion of Eugene Bareste's *Nostradamus*. The predictions and their fulfilment are of much greater interest than most of such things, but it would be well to have the evidence critically examined. "Madame Blavatsky among the Spiritualists," and "Manifestations of Shiva and His Spouse," with Activities and Reviews conclude a more than usually interesting number.

The Prashnottara contains a short but excellent answer on the caste system, in which its present condition is criticized strongly. It is pointed out that the necessary reform must come from the natural growth of inner feeling or public opinion and not from any outside interference. The *Ârya Bâla Bodhini* contains an account of one of the innumerable Hindu saints, set forth for the benefit of the youthful reader. This is followed by a story of an Anglo-Indian girl and a dialogue on the subject of food. In *The Thinker* "A Student" propounds a large number of technical questions dealing with astronomy and comparing the Hindu calculations and those given in *The Secret Doctrine*, with the modern scientific

ones. No answers have as yet appeared. "Prayâschittendu Sekharam" contains a formidable list of acts which are ceremonial sins, a list which would put to shame the makers of the old Judaic statutes; as however, most of the penalties lie in the direction of fasting and of greater cleanliness, some utility may be claimed for them, but it seems a pity to bind up such excellent things with such trivial offences as are some of those given. Some of the other papers in these issues are of considerable merit.

The Journal of the Mahâ Bodhi Society for July and August forms more entertaining reading than is usually the case. The account of the travels of Hiuen Tsiang makes an interesting story, and this is followed by the tale of the building of a monastery by Asoka, the famous Buddhist monarch. The first part of the report by P. C. Mookerjee, on the finding of Buddha's place of death, is given. Mr. Mookerjee was officially instructed to search for the place, and after an extensive survey found what he considered to be the spot, on which there is an old monument erected by Asoka about 260 B.C. *Chromopathy* is a small pamphlet by an Indian writer, dealing with the cure of diseases by colours. The cause of disease according to this science is the want of a certain colour in the system. The lacking colour is decided by that of the eye-balls, nails, etc. The treatment consists of doses of pure water, the water having been charged with some alleged power by exposing it to sunlight in coloured bottles. Coloured glasses or windows are also used, behind which the patient sits in order to absorb the necessary colour. Practically there seems to be some evidence for the curative effect of light, but on the theory it is not easy to see why the man should not be cured by eating the contents of a box of colours or applying the same to his person! *The Theosophical Gleaner* contains its usual Zoroastrian contribution, the subject this time being "The Sun as a Symbol of Ahura-Mazda." This little magazine will prove a useful reference for any who wish to study one of the least known of the great religions. The other articles are mainly reprints, but the notes at the end contain an amusing criticism of the members of the Bombay Branch, which publishes the journal. *The Dawn* and *Rays of Light* are acknowledged from India and Ceylon.

The first number of Vol. VII. of *The Vâhan* contains a formidable list of German works which have lately been given to the library of the European Section by an anonymous donor. C. W. L. opens the "Enquirer" with some further information on lunar influence on vegetation, confining himself, however, to the purely scientific investigations pursued by the Trinidad Committee, which seems to have succeeded in avoiding the discovery of any remarkable facts. Four answers are given on a question dealing with the "auric shell," and suggesting that it might tend towards selfish isolation. S. M. S. and A. A. W. are particularly good. B. K. discusses the astral bodies of embodied and disembodied persons and the so-called "occult sciences," giving very sensible answers, and A. P. S. replies to a question based on *The Growth of the Soul*, the remaining answers dealing with mediumship and its effect on health.

In *Mercury* for July Mrs. Besant writes on "The Law of Sacrifice." The paper is to form a chapter in the promised work, *The Ancient Wisdom*. Mrs. Besant has, of course, written on this subject before, but now takes more pains to avoid giving rise to some misconceptions which she had previously noted, such as the idea that the self-sacrifice of the Logos is essentially painful. Mr. Marques gives some "Scientific Corroborations of Theosophy," and the subject of killing out desire is ably treated by A. F. in "The Forum Department."

Le Lotus Bleu publishes a remarkably interesting account of psychic experiments by Col. de Rochas. The experiments were made with a mesmerized subject, but unfortunately a great deal of the information has to be based on the observations of the subject herself. Arti-

cles appeared some time ago in *Le Lotus Bleu* dealing with the same kind of experiments, and the present paper gives us some further investigations. The peculiar feature is that the double of the subject appeared to be divided, coming from the body in two layers, one double emerging at the side and the other at the front. Only one of these, however, was sensitive. Both merged together when the experimenter desired. The first and sensitive double was of a brilliant blue and transparent, and the other red and thick. How much of all this may be verified by future observers we cannot yet say, but the notes form a valuable record.

L'Hyperchimie for July contains an illustrated biographical sketch of M. Poisson, and several alchemical papers.

Theosophy in Australasia keeps up its greatly improved form and matter, the "Outlook" supplying quite a quantity of information on subjects appealing to the Theosophical reader. An astonishing sketch of a boy who remembers four of his past incarnations is taken from an American paper, but it wants a good deal of corroborative evidence. P. writes on dreams and their value when properly studied and appreciated. If the writer refers to the ordinary dream his assumption that the man when dreaming is awake to the scenery of the astral plane, is somewhat unfounded.

In *Theosophia* the opening paper is on the Druses, by Afra, and besides the continued translations, a new article is begun on "Theosophy and Occultism." The same writer, Afra, has also just issued a useful elementary book on Theosophy, *Eenvondige schets van de Theosophie. The Teosofisk Tidkrift* is filled by business matter, and reports in connection with the recent Convention of the Scandinavian Section.

From Sweden we have received the first number of a new publication, *Questions of the Day* which is to consist of a collection of essays, edited by Mr. Sydney Alrutz, with the collaboration of several Professors and Lecturers of the Universities of Upsala in Sweden, and of Helsingfors in Finland. The purpose of this series of papers is to throw light upon the religious and ethical questions of the day. The reasoning and results arrived at by the psychologist and the idealistic philosopher with regard to certain of these questions, will be brought forward as far as may be possible, in a popular scientific form. The first number contains a lecture on the promises made at Confirmation.

Sophia for July is noticeable for an article by Señor Soria y Mata, of whom the readers of LUCIFER have recently heard. A series of these articles will appear, entitled "Génesis" and the list of matters at the beginning shows that a very wide range will be covered. The basis of the whole will be of course the investigations of the author into geometry, and the first section is devoted to the "Secret Doctrine of the Pythagoreans." Señor Soria believes that he has discovered or rediscovered the old mathematical teachings of Pythagoras and some of the secret wisdom that we are told Pythagoras gave to his disciples. Be that as it may, whether new or old, the writer has something of interest to tell us. *Sophia* will be no loser in devoting some of its pages to the subject. "Filadelfo" writes a historical sketch of the times of Jesus.

German Theosophical literature has had some valuable additions made to it by the translations of Mr. Leadbeater's "Invisible Helpers" and Mrs. Besant's *The Future that awaits us*. A lecture on Böhme also has just been published. The author is Dr. C. Kawerau. The *Metaphysische Rundschau* is filled with somewhat heavy material, including articles on electrohomeopathy, phrenology and the freedom of the will.

The new *Borderland* is as interesting as ever, and contains as usual the largest quantity of information relating to matters psychic and mystic, of any magazine which comes before our notice. Julia's sermonette is on the finding of the soul. There can be no doubt but that of all the communicating spirits which revisit this earth of ours and publish their ideas through another's

body, Julia is one of the most interesting. She has always something really good to say, and although it may be nothing new, it is vigorously expressed and in a distinctly individual style. "On the Trail of a Ghost" enlivens the pages by a series of personalities and generally quarrelsome matter referring to the now famous, or notorious, case of the Society of Psychical Research made public by *The Times*. The correspondence on the subject introduces a little human interest into the usually rather dreary enquiries of more or less scientific occult investigators. Theosophy as usual is well represented, Colonel Olcott and Mr. Leadbeater supplying the substance.

Nova Lux continues Signor Calvari's article on "The Ego and its Vehicles," the astral body forming the subject of the chapter. The whole of the remainder of the number is occupied by a letter to Signor Calvari, the author of which is Fulgenzio Bruni. The letter is entitled "The Two Traditions: Martinism and Theosophy," and appears to be aroused by some disputes as to the Congress of Humanity proposed to be held in Paris in 1900.

Modern Astrology prints a portrait of its editor, Mr. Alan Leo, as a frontispiece to its new volume, and also appears in an enlarged form. The horoscope of Mr. Barnato is given. *Star Lore*, a small magazine, also devoted to the culture of astrology, appears to have fallen foul of its larger companion, and makes unkind remarks about its name and its methods.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of *The Rationale of Reincarnation*, a small pamphlet published in Canada, intended to present Theosophical ideas in an elementary form; *Light*; *The Agnostic Journal*; *Ourselves*; *The Literary Digest*; *Notes and Queries*, with more mathematical curiosities; *Intelligence*, containing papers on "The Unseen World," astrology and mysticism; *The Vegetarian*; *The Irish Theosophist*; *The Temple*, the first issue of a new mystical journal, admirably printed, but of the familiar type, the chief article being by Rosicriæ, "By Order of Her who is Nameless," which is quite sufficient to stamp the mark of charlatanry upon the undertaking; *The Vegetarian Review*; *Food, Home and Garden*; *La Paix Universelle*; *Theosophia*; *The Pacific Theosophist*; *Reformador*; *The Sanmarga Bodhini*.

A.

NOTICE.

The Editors beg to give Notice that with the next Issue of this Magazine (the first Number of Volume XXI.), the Title will be changed to THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW. The Price will remain unaltered; the Form, Type and Paper will be improved, and the Size of the Magazine enlarged to 96 Pages.

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