

# LUCIFER

A Theosophical Magazine,

DESIGNED TO "BRING TO LIGHT THE HIDDEN THINGS OF  
DARKNESS."

EDITED BY

H. P. BLAVATSKY & ANNIE BESANT.

THE LIGHT-BEARER IS THE MORNING STAR OR LUCIFER, AND "LUCIFER  
IS NO PROFANE OR SATANIC TITLE. IT IS THE LATIN LUCIFERUS  
THE LIGHT-BRINGER, THE MORNING STAR, EQUIVALENT TO THE GREEK  
*φωσφόρος* . . . . . THE NAME OF THE PURE, PALE HERALD OF  
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# LUCIFER

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## OUR THREE OBJECTS.

"All the performances of human heart at which we look with praise or wonder are instances of the resistless force of PERSEVERANCE. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. . . . Operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings."

—JOHNSON.

"SO it is, and must be always, my dear boys. If the Angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven and head a successful rise against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest which the poor old world groans under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with upholders of the said vested interest, but with the respectable mass of people he had delivered."

—HUGHES.

*Post nubila Phœbus.*—After the clouds, sunshine. With this, LUCIFER enters upon its fifth volume; and having borne her share of the battle of personalities which has been raging throughout the last volume, the editor feels as though she has earned the right to a period of peace. In deciding to enjoy that, at all costs, hereafter, she is moved as much by a feeling of contempt for the narrow-mindedness, ignorance and bigotry of her adversaries as by a feeling of fatigue with such wearisome inanities. So far, then, as she can manage to control her indignation and not too placid temperament, she will henceforth treat with disdain the calumnious misrepresentations of which she seems to be the chronic victim.

The beginning of a volume is the fittest time for a retrospect; and to such we now invite the reader's attention.

If the outside public know Theosophy only as one half sees a dim shape through the dust of battle, the members of our Society at least ought to keep in mind what it is doing on the lines of its declared objects. It is to be feared that they overlook this, amid the din of this

sensational discussion of its principles, and the calumnies levelled at its officers. While the narrower-minded of the Secularists, Christians and Spiritualists vie with each other in attempts to cover with opprobrium one of the leaders of Theosophy, and to belittle its claims to public regard, the Theosophical Society is moving on in dignity towards the goal it set up for itself at the beginning.

Silently, but irresistibly, it is widening its circle of usefulness and endearing its name to various nations. While its traducers are busy at their ignoble work, it is creating the facts for its future historiographer. It is not in polemical pamphlets or sensational newspaper articles that its permanent record will be made, but in the visible realisation of its original scheme of making a nucleus of universal brotherhood, reviving Oriental literature and philosophies, and aiding in the study of occult problems in physical and psychological science. The Society is barely fourteen years old, yet how much has it not accomplished! And how much that involves work of the highest quality. Our opponents may not be inclined to do us justice, but our vindication is sure to come later on. Meanwhile, let the plain facts be put on record without varnish or exaggeration. Classifying them under the appropriate headings, they are as follows:

#### I. BROTHERHOOD.

When we arrived in India, in February 1879, there was no unity between the races and sects of the Peninsula, no sense of a common public interest, no disposition to find the mutual relation between the several sects of ancient Hinduism, or that between them and the creeds of Islam, Jainism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism. Between the Brahmanical Hindus of India and their kinsmen, the modern Sinhalese Buddhists, there had been no religious intercourse since some remote epoch. And again, between the several castes of the Sinhalese—for, true to their archaic Hindu parentage, the Sinhalese do still cling to caste despite the letter and spirit of their Buddhist religion—there was a complete disunity, no intermarriages, no spirit of patriotic homogeneity, but a rancorous sectarian and caste ill-feeling. As for any international reciprocity, in either social or religious affairs, between the Sinhalese and the Northern Buddhistic nations, such a thing had never existed. Each was absolutely ignorant of and indifferent about the other's views, wants or aspirations. Finally, between the races of Asia and those of Europe and America there was the most complete absence of sympathy as to religious and philosophical questions. The labours of the Orientalists from Sir William Jones and Burnouf down to Prof. Max Müller, had created among the learned a philosophical interest, but among the masses not even that. If to the above we add that all the Oriental religions, without exception, were being asphyxiated to death by the poisonous gas of Western official science, through the medium of the educational agencies of European administrations and Missionary propagandists, and that the Native graduates and undergraduates of India, Ceylon and

Japan had largely turned agnostics and revilers of the old religions, it will be seen how difficult a task it must have been to bring something like harmony out of this chaos, and make a tolerant if not a friendly feeling spring up and banish these hatreds, evil suspicions, ill feelings, and mutual ignorance.

Ten years have passed and what do we see? Taking the points *seriatim* we find—that throughout India unity and brotherhood have replaced the old disunity, one hundred and twenty-five Branches of our Society have sprung up in India alone, each a nucleus of our idea of fraternity, a centre of religious and social unity. Their membership embraces representatives of all the better castes and all Hindu sects, and a majority are of that class of hereditary savants and philosophers, the Brahmans, to pervert whom to Christianity has been the futile struggle of the Missionary and the self-appointed task of that high-class forlorn hope, the Oxford and Cambridge Missions. The President of our Society, Col. Olcott, has traversed the whole of India several times, upon invitation, addressing vast crowds upon theosophic themes and sowing the seed from which, in time, will be garnered the full harvest of our evangel of brotherhood and mutual dependence. The growth of this kindly feeling has been proven in a variety of ways: first, in the unprecedented gathering of races, castes and sects in the annual Conventions of the Theosophical Society: second, in the rapid growth of a theosophical literature advocating our altruistic views, in the founding of various journals and magazines in several languages, and in the rapid cessation of sectarian controversies; third, in the sudden birth and phenomenally rapid growth of the patriotic movement which is centralized in the organisation called the Indian National Congress. This remarkable political body was planned by certain of our Anglo-Indian and Hindu members after the model and on the lines of the Theosophical Society, and has from the first been directed by our own colleagues; men among the most influential in the Indian Empire. At the same time, there is no connection whatever, barring that through the personalities of individuals, between the Congress and its mother body, our Society. It would never have come into existence, in all probability, if Col. Olcott had suffered himself to be tempted into the side paths of human brotherhood, politics, social reforms, etc., as many have wanted him to do. We aroused the dormant spirit and warmed the Aryan blood of the Hindus, and one vent the new life made for itself was this Congress. All this is simple history and passes unchallenged.

Crossing over to Ceylon, behold the miracles our Society has wrought, upon the evidence of many addresses, reports, and other official documents heretofore brought under the notice of our readers and the general public. The castemen affiliating; the sectarian ill-feeling almost obliterated; sixteen Branches of the Society formed in the Island, the entire Sinhalese community, one may almost say, looking to us for counsel, example and leadership; a committee of Buddhists going over to India with Col.

Olcott to plant a cocoanut—ancient symbol of affection and good-will—in the compound of the Hindu Temple in Tinnevely, and Kandyan nobles, until now holding aloof from the low-country people with the haughty disdain of their feudal traditions, becoming Presidents of our Branches, and even travelling as Buddhist lecturers.

Ceylon was the *foyer* from which the religion of Gautama streamed out to Cambodia, Siam and Burma; what then, could be more appropriate than that there should be borne from this Holy Land a message of Brotherhood to Japan! How this message was taken, how delivered by our President, and with what magnificent results, is too well known to the whole Western World to need reiteration of the story in the present connection. Suffice it to say, it ranks among the most dramatic events in history, and is the all sufficient, unanswerable and crowning proof of the vital reality of our scheme to beget the feeling of Universal Brotherhood among all peoples, races, kindreds, castes and colours.

One evidence of the practical good sense shown in our management is the creation of the "Buddhist Flag" as a conventional symbol of the religion apart from all sectarian questions. Until now the Buddhists have had no such symbol as the cross affords to the Christians, and consequently have lacked that essential sign of their common relation to each other, which is the crystallizing point, so to say, of the fraternal force our Society is trying to evoke. The Buddhist flag effectually supplies this want. It is made in the usual proportions of national Ensigns, as to length and width, and composed of six vertical bars of colours in the following order: Sapphire blue, golden yellow, crimson, white, scarlet and a bar combining all the other colours. This is no arbitrary selection of hues, but the application to this present purpose of the tints described in the old Pali and Sanskrit works as visible in the *psychosphere* or aura, around Buddha's person and conventionally depicted as chromatic vibrations around his images in Ceylon and other countries. *Esoterically*, they are very suggestive in their combination. The new flag was first hoisted on our Colombo Headquarters, then adopted with acclaim throughout Ceylon; and being introduced by Colonel Olcott into Japan, spread throughout that Empire even within the brief term of his recent visit.

Calumny cannot obliterate or even belittle the least of these facts. They have passed through the fog of to-day's hatred into the sunshine which lights up all events for the eye of the historian.

## II. ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE, ETC.

No one unacquainted with India and the Hindus can form a conception of the state of feeling among the younger generation of college and school-bred Hindus towards their ancestral religion, that prevailed at the time of our advent there, ten years ago. The materialistic and agnostic attitude of mind towards religion in the abstract, which prevails in Western Universities, had been conveyed to the Indian colleges and

schools by their graduates, the European Professors who occupied the several chairs in the latter institutions of learning. The text books fed this spirit, and the educated Hindus, as a class, were thoroughly sceptical in religious matters, and only followed the rites and observances of the national cult from considerations of social necessity. As for the Missionary colleges and schools, their effect was only to create doubt and prejudice against Hinduism and all religions, without in the least winning regard for Christianity or making converts. The cure for all this was, of course, to attack the citadel of scepticism, scientific sciolism, and prove the scientific basis of religion in general and of Hinduism in particular. This task was undertaken from the first and pursued to the point of victory; a result evident to every traveller who enquires into the present state of Indian opinion. The change has been noted by Sir Richard Temple, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Caine, M.P., Lady Jersey, Sir Monier Williams, the Primate of India, the Bishops and Archdeacons of all the Presidencies, the organs of the several Missionary societies, the Principals and Professors of their colleges, the correspondents of European journals, a host of Indian authors and editors, congresses of Sanskrit pandits, and has been admitted in terms of fervent gratitude in multitudes of addresses read to Col. Olcott in the course of his extended journeys. Without exaggeration or danger of contradiction, it may be affirmed that the labours of the Theosophical Society in India have infused a fresh and vigorous life into Hindu Philosophy; revived the Hindu Religion; won back the allegiance of the graduate class to the ancestral beliefs; created an enthusiasm for Sanskrit Literature that shows itself in the republication of old Encyclopædias, scriptures and commentaries, the foundation of many Sanskrit schools, the patronage of Sanskrit by Native Princes, and in other ways. Moreover, through its various literary and corporate agencies, the Society has disseminated throughout the whole world a knowledge of and taste for Aryan Philosophy.

The reflex action of this work is seen in the popular demand for theosophical literature, and novels and magazine tales embodying Oriental ideas. Another important effect is the modification by Eastern Philosophy of the views of the Spiritualists, which has fairly begun, with respect to the source of some of the intelligence behind mediumistic phenomena. Still another is the adhesion of Mrs. Annie Besant—brought about by the study of Esoteric Doctrine—from the Secularist party, an event fraught with most important consequences, both to our Society, to Secularism and the general public. Sanskrit names never previously heard in the West have become familiar to the reading public, and works like the *Bhagavad Gita* are now to be found in the book-shops of Europe, America and Australasia.

Ceylon has seen a revival of Buddhism, the circulation of religious books by tens of thousands, the translation of the *Buddhist Catechism* into many languages of the East, West and North, the founding of

theosophical High Schools at Colombo, Kandy and Ratnapura, the opening of nearly fifty schools for Buddhist children under the supervision of our Society, the granting of a national Buddhist Holiday by Government, and of other important privileges, the establishment of a vernacular semi-weekly Buddhist journal in Colombo, and one in English, both composed, printed and published from the Society's own printing-office. And it has also seen us bring from Japan seven clever young Buddhist priests to learn Pali under the venerated High Priest Sumangala, so as to be able to expound to their own countrymen the Buddhistic canon as it exists in the Southern Church twenty-five centuries after the nirvana of Buddha.

Thus, it is not to be doubted or denied that, within its first fourteen years of existence, the Theosophical Society has succeeded to an extent beyond all expectation in realising the first two of its three declared objects. It has proved that neither race, nor creed, neither colour, nor old antipathies are irremovable obstacles to the spread of the idea of altruism and human brotherhood, Utopian dream as it may have been considered by theorists who view man as a mere physical problem, ignoring the inner, greater, higher self.

### III.—OCCULTISM.

Though but a minority of our members are mystically inclined, yet, in point of fact, the key to all our successes as above enumerated is in our recognition of the fact of the Higher Self—colourless, cosmopolitan, unsectarian, sexless, unworldly, altruistic—and the doing of our work on that basis. To the Secularist, the Agnostic, the Sciolistic Scientist, such results would have been unattainable, nay, would have been unthinkable. Peace Societies are Utopian, because no amount of argument based upon exoteric considerations of social morals or expediency, can turn the hearts of the rulers of nations away from selfish war and schemes of conquest.

Social differentiations, the result of physical evolutions and material environment, breed race hatreds and sectarian and social antipathies that are insurmountable if attacked from the outside. But, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which centre upon the human "heart," and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research of and dissemination of that basic Truth. We know that a comprehensive term for that Eternal Verity is the "Secret Doctrine"; we have preached it, have won a hearing, have, to some extent, swept away the old barriers, formed our fraternal nucleus, and, by reviving the Aryan Literature, caused its precious religious, philosophical and scientific teachings to spread among the most distant nations.

If we have not opened regular schools of adeptship in the Society, we

have at least brought forward a certain body of proof that adepts exist and that adeptship is a logical necessity in the natural order of human development. We have thus helped the West to a worthier ideal of man's potentialities than it before possessed. The study of Eastern psychology has given the West a clue to certain mysteries previously baffling as, for example, in the department of mesmerism and hypnotism, and in that of the supposed posthumous relations of the disincarnate entity with the living. It has also furnished a theory of the nature and relations of Force and Matter capable of practical verification by whomsoever may learn and follow out the experimental methods of the Oriental schools of Occult science. Our own experience leads us to say that this science and its complementary philosophy throw light upon some of the deepest problems of man and nature: in science, bridging the "Impassable Chasm," in philosophy, making it possible to formulate a consistent theory of the origin and destiny of the heavenly orbs and their progeny of kingdoms and various planes. Where Mr. Crookes stops in his quest after the meta-elements, and finds himself at a loss to trace the missing atoms in his hypothetical series of seven, Adwaita Philosophy steps in with its perfected theory of the evolution of differentiated out of undifferentiated matter, Prakriti out of Mulaprakriti—the "rootless root."

With the present publication of the "Key to Theosophy," a new work that explains clearly and in plain language what our Esoteric Theosophy believes in and what it disbelieves and *positively rejects*, there will remain no more pretexts for flinging at our heads fantastic accusations. Now the "correspondents" of Spiritualistic and other *Weeklies*, as well as those who afflict respectable daily papers with denunciations of the *alleged* "dogmas of the Theosophists" that never had any existence outside our traducers' heads, will have to prove what they father upon us, by showing chapter and verse for it in our Theosophical publications, and especially in the "Key to Theosophy." \*

They can plead ignorance no longer; and if they would still denounce, they must do so on the authority of what is stated therein, as every one has now an easy opportunity offered him of learning our philosophy.

To close, our Society has done more within its fourteen years of life to familiarize Western thinkers with great Aryan thought and discovery than any other agency within the past nineteen centuries. What it is likely to do in the future cannot be forecast; but experience warrants the hope that it may be very much, and that it will enlarge its already wide field of useful activity.

\* By H. P. Blavatsky. The Theosophical Publishing Company Limited, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. Price 5s.



### “AN OVER-SHOT MARK.”

“He who has made a beginning has half of his work done : have the courage to be wise ; begin : he who puts off the time of living rightly, waits, like the rustic, till the river may flow by, but it flows on, and will flow on, with rapid course, for all eternity.”

“Unless the vessel be pure, whatsoever you pour into it grows sour.”—*Epistles of Horace.*

**D**URING the last four years, and, perhaps, during the ten which preceded them, the Theosophical Society has had to fight against, and work in the face of repeated attacks from its avowed enemies, and it has also had to suffer, time after time, by the desertion from its ranks of some who were for a while its active friends and supporters. These last have done, indeed, some little damage to their whilom Society ; but the injury brought about through them to the outside world has been far more serious ; within the ranks their dissentient voices have been appraised at their true value. But the number and variety of their charges must be bewildering, to say the least, to even impartial observers. For this reason it seems well that those who have received benefits, great or small, from the T. S. (their capacity alone forming the limit to these) should endeavour to give to the world some of the reasons why numbers of our F.T.S.'s drift away, and, after a few years, the place thereof knows them no more.

If the charges brought against the T. S. and Theosophy in general were uniform, then, indeed, the case would call for serious investigation from all who have the welfare of their fellow-men really at heart. As it stands, however, the reports of treachery in the camp are so varied that we may reasonably look for some other explanation than that of a “Great Hoax.”

If, during a famine, a Society were formed to provide food for those perishing from hunger, and the viands provided were repeatedly declared by numbers of the people to be unsatisfactory, nay, even an immediate cause of illness and death, our first thought would be, naturally, that the food must be unwholesome ; if, however, on interrogating the various grumblers it were found that, while some of them said, “The food is good, but the cuisine abominable,” others complained of the want of cleanliness, declaring the food “most skilfully dressed,” and yet others maintained the “*chef* to be an adept, the tables invitingly spread, but the food itself so poisonous as to produce deadly sickness



sooner or later," we would begin to suspect that with the guests themselves the real fault lay ; and at once two probable solutions of the difficulty would present themselves : either that the debilitated condition of their digestive organs prevented the famished crowd from assimilating pure food, or owing to their greedy habits they had brought on a surfeit, with its attendant unpleasantness. If it is allowable to alter slightly one of the sayings of the proverbial "Wise Man," we may write, "Truly all is vanity, and the *suppression* of spirit."

For more than 14 years the founders of the T. S. have worked to provide—from the stores to which they had access—moral and intellectual food for the starving crowds who are daily deserting the threshed-out beliefs of earlier ages, no longer content to be fed with chaff. They offer, and have offered, to all comers as much as they can take ; asking for themselves in return—nothing. Yet, these facts notwithstanding, every few months we hear of this or that more or less prominent fellow of the T. S. having unfrocked himself, as it were, and not content with this, spending much of his time and energy in vilifying his late leaders and comrades to the best of his ability. Why this sudden and complete change of front ? Is the T. S. one gigantic fraud ? "Vanity of vanities, *all* is vanity," saith the preacher ; we do not like to confess ourselves in fault, therefore a scapegoat must be found ; as of old, we say, "The woman gave to me" or "the serpent beguiled me and I did eat." But this is not worthy of our humanity ; it is base ingratitude to a society through which our lives have been enriched, our chains broken, our freedom from conventionality and dogmatism, both scientific and theological, assured, which has opened out to our view nobler ends and loftier heights—possible of attainment to perfected humanity—than even our most idealistic dreams shadowed forth. It is unjust to our fellow workers who remain firm, because not alone is our neglected work laid on their shoulders, but they have constantly to combat the prejudices and mistaken beliefs, largely increased by the news that another F. T. S. has given up the whole affair. And yet this is not the worst evil of which many of us have been guilty. We have placed a stumbling block in the way, over which many blind and lame among our brothers and sisters must inevitably fall, some of whom, perhaps, will rise and struggle on, whilst others may give up trying to realise for themselves a purer religion, a more altruistic life. And to the debit side of our account much of their failure ought to be added.

And all this evil results from our *Personal Vanity*. We cannot find courage to confess *ourselves* at fault. It may be that we, having perhaps joined the Society with the object of acquiring powers and knowledge beyond those of our fellow-men, find that at the end of a few months, or years, we have not learnt *all* the wisdom of the Egyptians, that we cannot raise the dead or perform other mighty works ; that, in fact, we have not found *in* the T. S. any more than out of it, the secret of pro-

ducing good harvests from badly tilled lands. And in a fit of temper we leave the Society. At once we are assailed with a volley of *whys*? Can we stand up and confess that *we*, the would-be Adepts, Saviours, Philosophers, have failed *because* we were made not of gold, but of common clay which cracked when fired? Certainly not! We will swear rather that the whole T. S. is humbug, Divine Wisdom a lie, our quondam teachers, dupes or cheats, and we, unusually clever and virtuous for discovering the fraud, and courageous for throwing dirt at our late companions in arms.

This ought not to be. Let blame fall on him who is guilty, *we* will stand before the world and confess—that if we cannot become chelas, it is not because Mahatmas are a figment of H. P. Blavatsky's prolific imagination, but because the passions of animal man cling to us so firmly that if we tore them out we should bleed to death. If we are not living up to the higher life of which we read in Theosophic writings, it is not because this higher life is a myth, nor because we do not consider it far better than any other manner of life could be—this pure, impersonal altruism—but because that we, in spite of all that we could do in order to live at all or do any work for the race of which we form a part, have had to begin, it may well be with shame, to take the "lower room" of the parable. Truly, some of those who have found books published by the T. S. unpalatable, might, with profit to themselves, devote some time to studying the teachings of the Adept of Galilee.

Besides this constitutional unfitness to assimilate Occult and Oriental lore, there is yet another potent cause of failure, namely, mental gluttony. Instead of reading and studying in order to live, in order to help our fellow men to be better, wiser, and consequently happier, we have *lived* to study; our ordinary work, our less interesting duties, have been slurred over or altogether neglected, in order that our intellectual greed might be indulged the more fully. At first wisdom was pursued that our whereabouts might be learned, our daily life set right, and our fellow men benefited; we were content to sacrifice in the Temple of Isis our own follies and our own leisure; but later, forgetting why knowledge ought to be sought, we have offered up the comfort, happiness, leisure, perhaps even the moral health of those around us, to satisfy our selfish craving to *know*. Making of ourselves the vanity-flattering objects called scarecrows, as a warning against the dire results obtainable if the god-given fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is sought not for its own sake nor to benefit others, by making us better able to help them, but merely because the sensation of learning, to us a new thing, soothes our self love and flatters our vanity. And so, like a plant which being forced has shot up unduly, we are bent or uprooted by the first storm which touches us, Altruism alone being able to stand firm in spite of the pain and trouble, which naturally result from attempting life

under new conditions. What then is to be done? Are we—having declared that we alone are to blame, that Theosophy is to us a beautiful star beyond the hilltops—are we to sink back into the old, selfish materialistic ways of living, and wait, in the hope that some future incarnation will find us endowed with more strength and courage? Surely not! those who are unpledged fellows have still work enough for a life time in trying to form the nucleus of a sometime-to-be universal brotherhood; in working in any, or all, of the ways possible to them, so that in some small measure evil may be driven out from the hearts of men peace, health, purity, and happiness gradually taking her place; they can also study during quiet intervals the beautiful, wise, Eastern books, with their moral and philosophic teachings, even a tenth of which brought into men's minds, hearts, and lives would banish anger, fear, and sorrow to the far corners of the earth.

And those who have taken the pledge which appeared in last November's number of LUCIFER? There is nothing in it which cannot be fulfilled by a man, or woman, living and working amongst men and women; the very terms of the pledge itself prove this—"So *help* me my Higher *Self*." This expression reminds us that whilst we live the ordinary life of humanity, yet we have felt an assurance that an inner life is possible; that it is this inner life—this "quiet wise perception," which is the only asceticism possible for us while we are such as we are. We have tried honestly and earnestly to attain detachment, and have learnt that though it is possible for us to kill out our love for individuals, the *universal love* does not take its place, but only a cold selfishness, which says to our fellow men, "do not come close to me, lest my purity be soiled;" our passions, our human nature have not yet been destroyed or surmounted, but only suppressed, and we are afraid to mingle with others lest a chance word or look may arouse our lower self to a state of ungovernable fury. And this is *Folly*; if we cannot restrain our desires, if we cannot help a longing to live among our race and share the joys and sorrows of the ordinary life of humanity, does not this prove to us that we are still unfit for anything higher? We are assured that "he who is not prepared to share his last morsel—is no Theosophist." Does this apply to bread alone? Are not we who possess any intellectual or moral quality of worth or value seriously to blame if we do not endeavour to share what we have with others less well endowed? It is well if we do not directly increase the evil in the world, either by a parade of austerity and an absence of the virtues of humanity—without the Living Divinity which ought to replace them; thus by our hypocrisy slandering the Society to which we in name adhere, or by causing our desires to find their outlet in the thought world, sowing seeds of ragwort and thistles, which may bear a plentiful harvest in the minds and actions of those less strong ones with whom we come in contact.

"If he should ask what I may be doing, tell him that I, projecting many

and fine *schemes*, live neither rationally nor agreeably: because less strong in my mind than in my whole body, I am willing to hear nothing, to learn nothing which may alleviate my melancholy; *because* I am displeased with my faithful physicians; *because* I am angry with my friends, that they should use expeditious means to repel me from the baneful lethargy; *because* I follow after the things which have been injurious; and avoid *those* which I may conceive to prove beneficial; *because* when at Rome, fickle as the wind, I am in love with Tibur, when at Tibur with Rome." *Epistles of Horace*, Book I., viii.

G. A. H. JOHNSTON, F.T.S.



#### WHY BU(D)DHISM ? \*

BECAUSE it does not try to define the indefinable.

Because it does not make itself ridiculous by projecting its own image and calling this the Creator.

Because it does not deny the brotherhood of man by making a distinction between rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak, learned and unlearned.

Because it does not lower woman by teaching her submission to man and his motherless, wifeless deity.

Because it does not propagate itself by cheat, torture, sword and fire.

Because it does not insult the mind by demanding its submission to "god-made" dogmas.

Because it does not incite to tyranny, greed and sensuality, by the promise of power, riches and glory.

Because it does not paralyze the mind by picturing before it an endless hell.

Because it does not brutalize the mind by holding forth an endless, corporeal heaven founded on an endless, corporeal hell.

Because it does not deny justice to any living creature by slaying it.

Because it does not insult the human soul by placing mediators and priests between it and the divine Spirit.

Because it does not take away Reason by the prescription of stupefactive drugs and intoxicating liquors for sacred purposes.

Because it does not affront Reason by teaching that the mystery of life can be solved by one incarnation.

Because it does not abet corporealisms by denying the involutions and evolutions of the Soul and its final absorption in the divine Spirit.

\* From the first number of *the Buddhist Ray*.

"LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES."

"While the child was yet alive I fasted  
and wept, for I said: 'Who can tell  
whether God will be gracious to me that  
the child may live?'"

—II. SAMUEL, xiith ch., 22 verse.

**I**N another planet of which earth-folks can see nothing even at night-time except by means of strong telescopic lenses, a species of creature much resembling man makes his dwelling-place, and to him other attributes of body are given than man possesses. He can live under water and mount into air without artificial appliances, therefore his environment is wider and less circumscribed. His face more resembles a hawk's in shape than yours, and his skin is finer and whiter by several degrees. Yet he has many things in common with you—speech, the power of walking, wrestling, running, and lying asleep.

And as one of these creatures, not unworthy the name of man, was walking through the spacious precincts of his highly cultivated domain, he chanced upon a certain weed which was unknown to him in name and shape; therefore he called his servants, saying:

"Know ye the habits of this plant which hath bewildered me? for the flowers of our planet always turn their heads towards the East; but this hath its stamen set due West. Yea, and of so strange a shape and colour is it that I know not by what name to classify it." And the servants kneeled and peered into the flower with wonder in their eyes, for never so strange a phenomenon of Nature had appeared to them. And one said: "Perchance, my Lord, it is a plant which groweth in darkness beneath the river, for then it would most likely turn its head Westward, because the Eastern Sun could not be observed from the deep bed thereof."

And another said: "Perchance it is a plant which groweth in some other world which holdeth westward—for none of like dimensions have I seen since I was born."

Then said the Master to him who had first spoken: "He who seeks shall find. Go thou beneath the rivers and bring me from their beds specimens of what flowers are blossoming there"—and likewise to the other servant said he, "Go thou to the planet which lieth westward and ask their wise men for account of all the plants which bloom at this season."

Therefore the servants left their lord, and went faithfully upon their errands. And he sat down beneath the shadow of the flower which caused him such concern.

And as he sat pondering, he became aware that One stood by him who was not of like proportions as himself, but nobler and of finer building.

Then said he : " Behold my lord is welcome—wherefore cometh he to hold converse with his servant ? "

And the Spirit answered : " A messenger of thine crossed my path as I came hither, else had he been spared the journey westward ; but as *thy* word to him admitted not of his return I even let him take his way unchecked.

" The plant at which thou wonderest is no rare exotic, but a fair specimen of those which at this planet's launching into space was ancestor of all the present vegetation thou beholdest."

Then said the man : " Thou speakest marvels, for not in any flower can I perceive the faintest resemblance to this curious plant."

And the Spirit answered : " Have not thy plants *roots*, then ? "

And the man said : " Yea, long delving roots dividing into many queer-shaped suckers, and spreading like the points of several arrows in all directions whithersoever they will."

Then said the Spirit : " Thou shalt see this also hath the queer-shaped suckers," and with these words he wrenched the plant out of the soil.

Then said the man : " Thou hast done evilly by me, for behold, the plant shall wither now that thou has wrenched it from its nourishment. Yea, and the blossoms that were so gracious to look at already begin to droop upon their stems. It grieveth me to see how wantonly thine hand has slain it."

Then the Spirit answered, not heeding his reproof, " Of what colours are the flowers of your land ? "

And he answered : " Crimson, golden and azure."

Then said the Spirit as he plucked a blossom, " Behold !"—and there-with he passed his hand over its petals and they were azure—and he said, " What seest thou now ? "

And the man answered, " The brightest, *most* celestial blue that ever flower possessed. Behold, this plant is rarer than I thought. Thou hast done ill to pluck it by the roots."

Then said the Spirit, as he passed his hand from left to right over it : " How seest thou now ? "

And the man answered : " Even the purest golden yellow—like the sunset clouds dying in glory. Verily it irks me sorely that thou hast slain the life thereof."

Then said the Spirit, as he passed his hand from right to left over it : " What seest thou now ? "

And he said : " The richest, purest crimson—like the blood that floweth in the veins of an infant. But I give thee no thanks for all thou hast shown me—for if thou hadst not come hither, then had my flower been preserved to me—whereas now—Thou hast revealed its beauties only to rob me of them."

Then the Spirit answered : " Of what shapes are the flowers of your land ? For though thy nature is too miserly to pay for truth when it

shall cost thee loss of material value, yet is my heart turned straight towards thee because thou art ignorant."

And the man answered: "Thou tradest on mine ignorance and makest believe it is for *love* of me. Yet that I may get somewhat for my flower seeing that thou hast slain it, I'll take it out in knowledge, so please thee. The blossoms of our land are star-shaped, cup-shaped and pitcher-shaped and three-corner shaped. There may be others, but I know them not."

Then said the Spirit, pulling apart the petals of the flower: "Here is thy star—seven-pointed like the brilliant disc of Mercury; and here is thy cup—like the flagon of Jupiter; and here the pitcher, which lieth like a mask over the ball of Saturn; and here the triangle, through which Uranus sends his ten-yoked oxen with their plough. Art thou satisfied that *this* is the progenitor of all thy flowers?"

And the man answered: "Yea. Yet because thou hast killed my plant for my better instruction, am I more sore at heart than if thou hadst left it still living beside me, ignorant of its secret excellence."

Then said the Spirit: "Yet behold, I have more to teach thee. Of what perfume are the flowers of thy land?"

And he answered: "There are many essences of so subtle distinction that I cannot name them, yet so far as may be I will try and make myself understood. There is a pernicious smell which makes him sick who comes within its effluence. There is another which makes one faint, for its odour is poisonous; and there is one which makes people sad, and another exhilarates. All these I know rather by their effect than by their names."

Said the Spirit, as he held the flower towards the man: "What is this?"

And he answered: "The sickness hath seized on me. Would'st thou slay me also as well as the flower? Behold thou art evilly inclined towards me."

And the Spirit removed the flower one hand's breadth from him, and asked: "How dost thou now?"

And he cried: "Faint—faint as the dying petals of the flower thou hast slain."

Then the Spirit removed the flower one other hand's breadth from him and said: "What now?"

And he answered: "My heart is like to break within me for sorrow that I knew not the virtues which were hidden in this plant, then had I kept thy hand from slaying it—now, there is no hope. My treasure is lost."

Then said the Spirit, holding it yet another hand's breadth farther from him: "How art thou now?"

And he answered: "Is there therefore no hope because the leaves hang flaccid, peradventure if my *lord* place the plant again in earth, it shall derive nourishment and its healthy ducts be opened once more to receive heaven-sent moisture. Behold, my heart rejoiceth exceedingly,

that so great wisdom has made itself perceived by my dull brain through thy excellent teaching. Therefore, I pray thee, Let thy breath renew the vigour of my flower—then will I bless thee for thy treble grace ; first, for condescending to appear before me, who am so small and of such mean account, and second, for the wisdom thou hast brought to me, and third, that thou hast given back to me a thrice blessed life in this, by which thou hast instructed me.

And the Spirit answered : “ Thy prayer is granted,” and breathing on the plant he thrust its flaccid roots once more in earth, and behold—it held its blossoms westward, with a fairer show of vitality than before.

Therefore was the man glad, and asked the Spirit, that he would bestow a parting blessing on him.

And the Spirit said, “ What wilt thou ? ”

And he answered, “ Further knowledge, for it hath come to me to see that thy words and acting are but the outer vision of an inner glory.”

Then said the Spirit, “ The flower is a symbol of thy lives. Its root, thy body, with its underground delvings of intelligence, searching for nourishment, and each succeeding state growing up as from the root, come up stem, leaf and bud. At last the flower or soul spreadeth its petals of three attributes, and four distinctive shapes or conditions which are subject to the influences contained within, mingling with those outside, and thereby producing two good and two evil systems or circles of evolution, one removed from the other but a little space, and these are typical of the astral planes and the planes of Higher Vitality in which Spirits exist.”

And as he said these words, the light gathered on his face and shaded his limbs so that the man was dazzled by the swift motion caused in the air, and closed his eyes. And when he opened them again, he was alone. And the plant turned its petals westward and seemed not aught the worse for its uplifting.

Presently the messengers returned, each with four flowers. One pitcher-shaped, one star-shaped, one triangular and one cup-shaped ; but none of these resembled that which their master had found in his garden. Therefore were they sorrowful, that their labour brought no profit unto him they desired to serve.

Then, said he, “ Verily ye have done well, for hereby see I that wisdom hath filled the empty coffer of my mind. Behold a new thing hath happened to us, for the Gods talk soul to soul with men, and I wil' even teach you that which hath been known unto me.

Therefore he set down his conversation with the Spirit in words such as all might understand.

EMILY C. READER.





# Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

## PART II.

### PYTHAGOREAN VIEWS ON NUMBERS.

**T**HE foundation of Pythagorean Mathematics was as follows :

The first natural division of Numbers is into EVEN and ODD.

An EVEN number being one which is divisible into two equal parts, without leaving a monad between them. The ODD number when divided into two equal parts leaves the monad in the middle between the parts.

All even numbers also (except the duad—two—which is simply two unities), may be divided into two equal parts, and also into two unequal parts, yet so that in neither division will either parity be mingled with imparity, nor imparity with parity : the binary number two cannot be divided into two unequal parts.

Thus 10 divides into 5 and 5, equal parts, also into 3 and 7, both imparities, and into 6 and 4 both parities ; and 8 divides into 4 and 4 equals and parities, and into 5 and 3 both imparities.

But the ODD number is only divisible into uneven parts and one part is also a parity and the other part an imparity, thus 7 into 4 and 3, or 5 and 2 ; in both cases, unequal, and odd and even.

The ancients also remarked the monad to be "odd" and to be the *first* "odd number," because it cannot be divided into two equal numbers. Another reason they saw was that the monad added to an even number, became an odd number, but if evens are added to evens the result is an even number.

Aristotle in his Pythagoric treatise remarks that the monad partakes also of the nature of the even number, because when added to the odd it makes the even, and added to the even, the odd is formed.

Hence it is called "evenly odd." Archytas of Tarentum was of the same opinion.

The Monad then is the first idea of the odd number ; and so the Pythagoreans speak of the "two" as the "first idea of the indefinite duad," and attribute the number 2 to that which is indefinite, unknown, and inordinate in the world ; just as they adapt the monad to all that is definite and orderly. They noted also that in the series of numbers from unity, the terms are increased each by the monad once added and so their ratios to each other are lessened, thus 2 is  $1 + 1$ , or double its predecessor ; 3 is not double 2, but 2 and the monad, sesquialter ; 4 to 3 is 3 and the monad, and the ratio is sesquitertian ; the sesquiquintan 6 to 5 is less also than its forerunner, the sesquiquartan 5 and 4, and so on through the series.

They also noted that every number is one half of the total of the numbers about it, in the natural series ; thus 5 is half of 6 and 4. And

also of the sum of the numbers again above and below this pair, thus 5 is also half of 7 and 3, and so on till unity is reached ; for the Monad alone has not two terms, one below and one above, it has one above it only, and hence is said to be the "source of all multitude."

"Evenly even" is another term applied anciently to one sort of even numbers, such are those which divide into two equal parts, and each part divides evenly, and the even division is continued until unity is reached, such a number is 64. These numbers form a series, in a duple ratio from unity : thus 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32. "Evenly odd" applied to an even number, points out that like 6, 10, 14, and 28, when divided into two equal parts, these are found to be indivisible into equal parts. A series of these numbers is formed by doubling the items of a series of odd numbers, thus :

1, 3, 5, 7, 9, produce 2, 6, 10, 14, 18.

Unevenly even numbers may be parted into two equal divisions, and these parts again equally divided, but the process does not proceed until unity is reached ; such numbers are 24 and 28.

Odd numbers also are susceptible of being looked upon from three points of view, thus :

"First and incomposite," such are 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 19, 23, 29, 31, no other number measures them but unity, they are not composed of other numbers, but are generated from unity alone.

"Second and composite" are indeed "odd," but contain and are composed from other numbers, such are 9, 15, 21, 25, 27, 33, and 39 ; these have parts which are denominated from a foreign number, or word, as well as proper unity, thus 9 has a third part which is 3 ; 15 has a third part which is 5 ; and a fifth part 3 ; hence as containing a foreign part, it is called second, and as containing a divisibility, it is composite.

The Third Variety of odd numbers is more complex and is of itself second and composite, but with reference to another is first and incomposite : such are 9 and 25 ; these are divisible, each of them that is second and composite, yet have no common measure ; thus 3 which divides the 9 does not divide the 25.

Odd numbers are sorted out into these three classes by a device, called the "Sieve of Eratosthenes" which is of too complex a nature to form part of a monograph, so discursive as this must be.

Even numbers have also been divided by the ancient sages into Perfect, Deficient and Superabundant.

Superperfect or Superabundant are such as 12 and 24.

Deficient are such as 8 and 14.

Perfect are such as 6 and 28 ; equal to the number of their parts ; as 28—half is 14, a fourth is 7, a seventh is 4, a fourteenth part is 2 : and the twenty-eighth is 1 ; which quotients added together are 28.

In Deficient numbers such as 14, the parts are surpassed by the

whole; one seventh is 2, a half is 7, a fourteenth is 1; the aggregate is 10, or less than 14.

In Superabundant as 12, the whole surpasses the aggregate of its parts; thus the sixth is 2, a fourth is 3, a third is 4, a half is 6, and a twelfth is 1; and the aggregate is 16, or more than 12.

Superperfect numbers they looked on as similar to Briareus the hundred-handed giant, his parts were too numerous; the deficient numbers resembled Cyclops who had but one eye; whilst the perfect numbers have the temperament of a middle limit and are the emulators of Virtue, a medium between excess and defect, not the summit as some ancients falsely thought.

Evil is indeed opposed to evil, but both to one good. Good, however, is never opposed to good, but to two evils.

The Perfect numbers are also like the virtues, few in number; whilst the other two classes are like the vices, numerous, inordinate and indefinite.

There is but one perfect number between 1 and 10, that is 6; only one between 10 and 100, that is 28; only one between 100 and 1,000, that is 496; and between 1,000 and 10,000 only one, that is 8,128.

Odd numbers they called Gnomons, because being added to squares, they keep the same figures as in Geometry: see Simplicius, liber 3.

A number which is formed by the multiplication of an odd and an even number together he called Hermaphrodite or "arrenothelus."

In connection with these notes on parity and imparity, definite and indefinite numbers, it is to be noted that the old philosophers were deeply imbued with the union of numerical ideas with Nature—in its common acceptation, and also to the natures, essences or substrata of things.

The nature of good to them was definite, that of evil indefinite; and the more indefinite the nature of the evil the worse it was. Goodness alone can define or bound the indefinite. In the human soul exists a certain vestige of divine goodness (Buddhi), this bounds and moderates the indefiniteness and inequality of its desires.

It may be demonstrated that all inequality arises from equality, so that obtaining as it were the power of a mother and a root, she pours forth with exuberant fertility all the sorts of inequality; and did space and time allow it could be also shown that all inequality may be reduced to equality.

Iamblichus in his treatise on the Arithmetic of Nicomachus throws another light on numbers; he says some are like friends, they are Amicable numbers, as 284 and 220.

Pythagoras, being asked what a friend was, said *ἑτερος ἐγώ* = "another I." Now this is demonstrated to be the case in these numbers, the parts of each are generative of each other according to the nature of friendship.

Ozanam, a French mathematician, A.D. 1710, gives examples in his "Mathematical Recreations" of such Amicable Numbers. He remarks

that 220 is equal to the sum of the aliquot parts of 284, thus  $1 + 2 + 4 + 71 + 142 = 220$ ; and 284 is equal to the sum of the aliquot parts of 220, thus  $1 + 2 + 4 + 5 + 10 + 11 + 20 + 22 + 44 + 55 + 110 = 284$ .

Another such pair of numbers are 17,296 and 18,416.

Very curious speculations as to the relation between Numbers, and marriage and the character of offspring from it, are to be found scattered through the writings of the Philosophers. Plato in his Republic, has a passage concerning a geometric number which divinely generated will be fortunate or unfortunate. Nicomachus also speaks of this same number, and he calls it the Nuptial number; and he passes from it to state that from two good parents, only good offspring can come: from two bad parents only bad: and from a good and a bad parent only bad: whence he warns the Republic against wedlock in a confused or disorderly manner, from which the progeny being depraved, discord will result. Simplicius in his commentary on the 2nd Book of Aristotle "on the Heavens" remarks that Pythagoras and his followers claimed to have heard the music of the Spheres, to have heard an harmonic sound produced by the motion of the planets, and from the sound to have calculated by numbers the ratio of distance and size of the Sun, Moon, Venus, and Mercury. To this Aristotle objected, but perhaps the difficulty might be solved: in this sublunary sphere all things are not commensurate, nor is everything sensible to every body alike. Animals can be scented, and their presence definitely known by dogs when at great distances from them, and when man is in complete ignorance of their existence. Some of the ancients thought the soul had three vehicles the terrestrial body, an aerial one in which it is punished, and an ethereal one luminous and celestial in which the soul abides when in a state of bliss. It may be that some one by purification of the senses, by hereditary magical power, or by probity, or by the sacred operations of his religion, may perceive, with a terrestrial body laid aside, things imperceptible to us, and hear sounds inaudible to us still in bondage; or with mantle partly unfolded some adept or truth-seeker may perceive, with eyes upraised, sights invisible to mortals, whilst yet his ears are deaf to the sounds beyond us both. For why do we see the stars, while yet we hear not their motion:

Why come not angels from the realms of glory  
To visit earth, as in the days of old?  
Is heaven more distant  
Or has earth grown cold?

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### PART III.

#### THE KABBALAH ON NUMBERS.

Many nations of antiquity made use of the letters of their alphabets as substitutes for any independent signs to typify numerical conceptions. It

is with the Hebrew letters as numerals that we are chiefly concerned, and to a smaller extent with the Greek. Ancient records show that the Greeks used their numbers almost exclusively for every-day purposes; while the Jewish Rabbis added to their practical value special peculiar purposes, and looked to them to furnish deeper views of nature, existence, and doctrine. No doubt can exist that the ancient Egyptians were fully aware of the wondrous mysteries which numbers are able to disclose, so considering that Greece, and neither Judea nor Babylon, succeeded to the empires of ancient Egypt, it is a curious fact, how little knowledge of the dogmas of the Hierophants of Sais, Memphis and Thebes, Greek literature has transmitted to us.

The Jewish Rabbis discovered so much of interest and importance behind the merely superficial value of numbers and of words as their representatives, that they gradually developed a complete science of numerical conceptions apart from mathematics; this took the name of Kabbalah or Qabalah, Cabbala, or even Cabala, words variously misspelt from QBLH—the Received doctrine, from the root QBL meaning to Receive.

The Greeks as aforesaid did not develop nor use their letters as numbers for mental conceptions, yet in the Middle Ages we often find Greek letters used to transliterate Hebrew similars, and so there was formed a bastard Greek Kabbalah on the Hebrew type.

It must be constantly borne in mind that all Hebrew words or numbers are read from right to left, or the reverse of English words; but in their English transliteration, they are here in English order.

The corresponding numerals, Greek and Hebrew letters, are here given with their English names, and the English synonym letters are also added.

A	B	G	D	H	V	Z	CH	TH
Aleph	Beth	Gimel	Daleth	He	Vau	Zain	Heth	Teth
א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alpha	Beta	Gamma	Delta	Epsilon	<i>Episemon</i>	Zeta	Eta	Theta
α	β	γ	δ	ε	ς	ζ	η	θ
Y or I or J	K	L	M	N	S	O	P	
Yod	Kaph	Lamed	Mem	Nun	Samekh	Ayin	Pe	
י	כ	ל	מ	נ	ס	ע	פ	
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	
Iota	Kappa	Lambda	Mu	Nu	Xi	Omicron	Pi	
ι	κ	λ	μ	ν	ξ	ο	π	

Tz	Q	R	SH	T
Tzaddi	Quoph	Resh	Shin	Tau
ז	ק	ר	ש	ת
90	100	200	300	400
<i>Koppa</i>	Rho	Sigma	Tau	Upsilon
כּ	ρ	σ	τ	υ

K	M	N	P	Tz	
Final Kaph	Final Mem	Final Nun	Final Pe	Final Tzaddi	Dotted Aleph
ך	ם	ן	פ	ץ	אִ
500	600	700	800	900	1000
Phi	Chi	Psi	Omega	<i>Sanpi</i>	Alpha dashed
φ	χ	ψ	ω	שׂ	α

Note that there were no proper Greek Letters for 6, 90, and 900, so they used special symbols, *episemon* (vau, or bau, digamma) for 6; *koppa* for 90; and *sanpi* for 900—כּ ה שׂ

At some periods the five finals were not used for the hundreds, but instead Tau was written for 400 and other hundreds added; thus 500 was TQ. Another point of importance is that the Jews never write JH Jah for 15 because it is a Deity title, they use instead 9, 6 thus TV: the Kabbalists did use JH because they desired to call attention to the holy name in the number.

In some cases we find the Greeks to have used their letters in direct order for purposes of numeration, as may be seen in some copies of very old poems (the 24 books of the Homer's Iliad and Odyssey for example) in which the stanzas bear the letters consecutively, in a similar manner to the Hebrew letters heading the portions of the 119th Psalm in our Bibles.

The word Kabbalah includes the Hebrew Doctrines of Cosmogony and Theology as well as the Science of Numbers. The former is specified as the Dogmatic Kabbalah, the latter as the Literal Kabbalah.

By means of associating the ancient doctrines of Numbers with the letters of the alphabet, the Planets, Stars, Zodiacal signs and other Astronomical terms, a form of divination became practised, by which the professors attempted to foretell the future, life and death, good and evil Fortune, detection of theft etc., an ample explanation of which may be studied by the curious in the "Holy Guide" of John Heydon.

With this system is associated the practice of pure Astrology, the divination of Fate by means of the Heavenly bodies, especially the formation of the so-called Horoscopes—schemes of the arrangement of the Planets at the moment of Birth, from which all the important phases of the life can be inferred—by some few persons.

W. W. WESTCOTT, M.D.

(To be continued.)

# TRACES OF INDIA IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

[FROM MANU AND HERODOTUS.]

"Who is the God to whom we shall offer worship?  
He whose shadow is Immortality!"

—*Rig Veda.*

"The Egyptians are the first of mankind who have taught the Immortality of the Soul!"

—*Herodotus.*

**E**GYPT has no Stone Age. Her civilization is as perfect at the dawn of her history as when she ceased to be a nation.

Like Athene, sprung full-armoured from the brow of Zeus, the old race of Egypt appear fully equipped in arts, religions, and sciences.

This ready-made perfection must be the flower of some older nation's growth; and that older nation, says the author of *Isis Unveiled*, is Ancient India; and Menes is the Manu-Vina of Kalluka Bhatta, who was driven from his motherland, and colonized the Valley of the Nile.

Besides the evidence quoted to support this view, there is much in the history of Egypt, deciphered from the *papyri* and collected from the writers of Greece, that may lead to its demonstration.

We shall bring forward from one of these, Herodotus, such facts as may shew a connexion between the Egypt he described, and the laws, religions, and customs of the India of Manu's Code.

The hierarchies of India and Egypt were alike dominant: in both, a hereditary caste, strong, learned, guardians of the sacred books, monuments, and sciences; hierophants of the divine mysteries.

Ceremony and ritual, the inheritance of a still greater antiquity, are all-important to the Brahman of Manu's Code; and in Egypt, Herodotus tells us:

"It would be difficult to enumerate all their religious ceremonies, all of which they practise with superstitious exactness."\*

Many of these ceremonies are described by Herodotus, and many are identical with the Brahmanical ceremonies of the *Mānava Code*.

Both priesthoods are appointed to sacrifice to the Gods; they both slay the sacred animals on certain specified days; and both use as food the flesh of the bulls they have sacrificed. Both study their sacred scriptures, and the lives of their Gods and divine ancestors, both have certain customs on the death of their relations, and for both a system of dress is prescribed.

The Brahman of Manu is to bathe at regular periods, to wear only clean linen, to cut his hair short, to abstain from certain foods, and to avoid impure contacts. He is to purify himself by washing if contami-

\* Herodotus: *Euterpe* 37.

nated, to clean his brass bowl before eating, and to purify it by fire if polluted by an unholy touch.

From Herodotus we learn that :

"The priests of the gods in Egypt wear their hair short." \*

And, as in India :

"One of their customs is to drink out of a brazen goblet, which it is the universal practice among them to cleanse every day." †

In Egypt, as in India, bathing was a religious rite, and the tank and the temple were equally sacred. Herodotus says :

"The priesthood of Egypt wash themselves with cold water twice a day, and as often in the night," ‡ to enter clean into the service of the Gods.

Further, Herodotus tells us :

"The Egyptian priests are so regardful of cleanliness that they wear only one vesture of linen, and that newly washed." §

The picture in these passages is a perfect counterpart of the Brahman of Manu :

"With hair and beard clipt, passions subdued, his mantle white, and his body pure." ||

The religion taught by these sacred castes was not less identical than their raiment. Setting aside their theology, and turning to the mysteries of human life, we find that both had reached the same great solutions.

The greatest and noblest doctrine in the world was common to both, and though Herodotus tells us that :

"The Egyptians were the first of mankind who taught the Immortality of the Soul." ¶

We cannot doubt that this belief was as old, if not older, in India, for it appears in the earliest Veda.

To this doctrine of the Immortal Soul, both nations added a belief in its development through many lives. The Egyptians held that the Soul—

"After three thousand years, enters a second time into a human body." \*\*

And the doctrine in Manu, as in all the Hindu Shastras, is the same ; †† and to complete the parallel, in both countries the pure doctrine of re-incarnation was debased into transmigration through animals, in the popular religion.

In both countries there was a sacred succession of hierophants :

In Egypt,

"Each was a Piromis, the son of a Piromis."

As in India, at Aringiri,

"Each hierophant is a Sankarâcharya, the son of a Sankarâcharya."

For the meaning, and Indian analogies of the Egyptian

\* Her. Eu. 36.

† Her. Eu. 37.

‡ Her. Eu. 37.

§ Her. Eu. 37.

|| Manu, v. 35.

¶ Her. Eu. 123.

\*\* Her. Eu. 123.

†† Manu, xii. 16—22.

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"Twelve great Gods that ruled before Amasis, and the eight from whom they were produced," \*

Readers must refer to the Secret Doctrine.

The processions of Jaganâth are identical with what Herodotus describes :

"The priests attendant upon the statue place it upon a four-wheeled car, and begin to draw it." †

A curious triple parallel may be made out in the reverence paid to the cow, the sacrifice of bulls, and the meat eaten by the priests.

In both countries the cow was sacred and never sacrificed. ‡

In both countries the bull was sacred and used for sacrifice. §

And in both the flesh of the bull, though used in sacrifice, was eaten by the priests. ||

And further, both priesthoods were forbidden to eat the flesh of the hog, and permitted to eat geese.

It is difficult to see how these parallels can be the result of independent growth, especially when taken together with the coincidences already given, and to be given.

The Egyptian who touches a hog is enjoined to plunge at once into the nearest water, and the Brahman whom the touch of any unclean thing has defiled, can only be purified by repeated bathing.

Here a slight digression must be permitted. Isis, says Herodotus, is represented as a woman with horns upon her head, because the cow was a sacred animal ; but Isis more often bears a crescent moon on her brow. Further, certain sacrifices connected with generation were celebrated only on certain days of the moon.

This connexion between Isis, the moon, the sacred cow, and the phallic sacrifices, can only be understood, apparently, by using the triple key, "Diana in heaven, Lucina on earth, Proserpine in hell."

Diana is the moon, whose crescent, the symbol of re-birth, appears on the brow of Isis, the Goddess of wisdom and spiritual re-birth. Lucina is the Goddess of birth, and of the process of gestation, measured by lunar periods. Proserpine, daughter of Ceres, Persephone, daughter of Demeter (Isis) is the Goddess of the under-world, and of the Eleusinian and other mysteries in which the under-world was represented. Demeter-Isis is the Goddess of spiritual birth, as Lucina is of natural birth. ¶ The sacred associations which bound together the ideas of birth and re-birth in spirit, re-appear in the question of Nicodemus,\*\* the representative of the learning of the Rabbis.

In the laws of Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," there are many traces of the influence of the sojourn in Egypt. Amongst these are circumcision, and the classification of clean

\* Her. Eu. 43.

† Her. Eu. 63.

‡ Her. Eu. 41, and Manu, v. 30.

§ Her. Eu. 38, and Manu, v. 41.

|| Her. Eu. 37, and Manu, v. 41.

¶ Her. Eu. 41 and 47.

\*\* St. John, chap. iii.

and unclean animals ; and Herodotus tells a story of Hercules that has a close parallel in the history of the Hebrew Law-giver.\*

"The God Ammon, they say, was long averse to the solicitations of Herakles to see his person ; but in consequence of his importunity, the God used the following plan : he cut the head off a ram, and clothing himself in its skin, shewed himself in that form to Herakles."

The Hebrew and the Egyptian allegories have both doubtless several meanings, the chief being the manifestation of God in nature ; another refers to the initiation of Moses and Hercules—a son of Jupiter—into the wisdom of the Logos—the Shechinah—the visible glory of the hidden God.

Another story of Hercules, who allowed himself to be bound with the sacred fillet, and on being led forth to be sacrificed,

"Exerted his strength and put his enemies to death," †  
is repeated in the history of Samson.

To return to the Egyptian and Indian parallels :

In both countries the crocodile was a sacred animal, and in both the lotus is a type of immortality.

Herodotus tells us that :

"The Egyptians first imagined what month or day was to be consecrated to each deity ; they also, from observing the days of nativity, venture to predict the particular circumstances of a man's life and death."

The antiquity of Indian *Moti-shastras*, calendars, and astrology, can hardly be established with exactness, but cannot be less than 5,000 years, and is very likely much older, so that India may well be the source of the Egyptian sciences.

Having thus traced the similarities in the priesthoods and religions of these two sacred lands, we may turn to their common customs and social life.

"The men have two vestures, the women only one." ‡ Herodotus tells us :

The Hindu women wear only one "vesture," draped most gracefully around the whole form, and covering the head. The Hindu men wear two, the one fastened round the waist, the other over the shoulders.

The Hindu women have an uncleanly practice in collecting the habitual fuel of the country ; the same practice in another race seems to have struck Herodotus, who says :

"The Egyptians do not scruple to use their hands in the removal——" of the substance in question. And yet both nations are religiously clean in other particulars.

"The Egyptians are so regardful of neatness that they wear only linen, and that newly washed," §

As do the Hindus.

"Their laws compel them to cherish animals," says Herodotus,

\* Exodus xxxiii. 20 ; and Her. Eu. 42.

† Her. Eu. 45.

‡ Her. Eu. 37.

§ Her. Eu. 64.

And *Ahingsatâ*, "indestructiveness," or kindness to animals, is continually urged as a virtue in the Hindu *shâstras*.

"The Egyptians are attentive to the memory beyond the rest of mankind."\*

The Brahmins were also "attentive to the memory"; Brahmins learned the Vedas by heart, and the *Sutras* are a regular system of *versus memorialis*.

The high proficiency of both nations in surgery, and their skill in weaving can only be mentioned. Both nations used palm-wine, and planted palm-trees round their temples.

Herodotus heard a story about the sources of the Nile.

"I have only met with one person who pretended to know the sources of the Nile. This was a priest at Sais. He informed me that there were two steep mountains, Crophi and Mophi. He informed me that sources of the Nile, of unfathomable depth, flowed from the centres of these mountains; that one of these streams flowed through Egypt to the north, the other flowed south."

It may be suggested that this story, from the temple of Sais, though not true of the Nile, may be true of another river, and may be a reminiscence of the motherland of the race that colonised Egypt.

For in this motherland, if it be India, there are two sacred mountains, lofty and steep, and from their centres rise two great rivers, the one flowing north, and the other flowing south, and the name of the one is *Nila*, the deep-blue Indus.

But more remarkable than all the coincidences we have cited, is the practical identity of the Caste systems of Chemi and Arya Varrtta † an identity to which it is hardly possible to attach too great importance. In both we have pre-eminent a sacerdotal class, the possessors of all the wisdom, learning, and science, and the mysteries in both lands; two hierarchies the like of which no other land has seen; both hereditary, both holy, and identical in many of the details of their life and ritual.

In Chemi and Arya Varrtta a soldier class stood next to the priests, a hereditary class of nobles and warriors, the administrators and defenders of the State.

In both we have a mercantile and servile caste, or group of castes. And though Manu divides his people into only four classes:

"Priests, Warriors, Traders, Labourers," ‡

While Herodotus mentions seven:

"Priests, Warriors, Traders, Interpreters, Pilots, Herdsmen and Swineherds," §

the two first (and probably the rest) being as strictly hereditary as in India. But, of these seven, the traders, interpreters, and pilots naturally

\* Her. Eu. 77.

† We leave untouched the author's spelling, as it more closely represents the phonetic value of the syllables than the commonly accepted one of our Western Orientalists.—[Ed.]

‡ Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaishya, Shudra.

§ Her. Eu. 164.

fall under one Mercantile class, while the herdsmen and swineherds may well form a servile caste, if the latter be not outcasts.

But in connection with these seven castes it may well be pointed out that another Greek traveller, almost a contemporary of Herodotus, in describing the actual system of castes in India when he visited it, gives these also as seven instead of four :

“Priests, Warriors, Counsellors, Inspectors, Husbandmen, Shepherds, and Artisans.” \*

When we note this and further perceive that in both lands “the priests and warriors were the only classes honourably distinguished,”† the grants of public land given to both classes in India as in Egypt, the duty of warriors to serve in rotation as royal guards in both, and their strict heredity ; we cannot fail to conclude that these two Greeks, Megasthenes and Herodotus, were observing and describing identical systems in the two countries, India and Egypt.

It is hard to leave the Father of History without touching on some of his wonderful stories of Egypt, his golden-winged crimson phoenix, his flying serpents, his “sacred reasons,” his “admirable Egyptians, the most ancient of mankind,” his measure of twelve months and 360 days, a measure used in the Puranas of India, his theories of deltas, of soundings, of raised beaches, and geology, of inundations, his oracles, the two black pigeons of Dodona, his sacred dynasties, his race of black pigmy magicians, his hints of the mysteries, and more, but space forbids.

Herodotus’ picture of Egypt and the evidence of customs, castes, and ritual to be drawn from his history, have far more weight than any modern reconstructions ; for when the Historian visited Chemi twenty-four centuries ago, the old sacerdotal system was still full of life. Piromis still succeeded Piromis, as Hierophant and Priest ; the Worship of Isis, and Ammon-Ra still lingered in their sacred temples ; he saw the holy processions of Horus and Osiris, the midnight ceremony on the sacred island, in the Lake of the Dead. Herodotus had been initiated into those sacred mysteries whose echoes only reach us through Plato and Iamblichus ; he had talked with the scribes of the hieroglyphics, and had listened to the history of their Celestial Rulers. Egypt was then alive, and not as now, only a sacred ruin.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

\* Megasthenes Indika.

† Her. Eu. 168.



A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE HIMALAYAS.  
PART II.

**A**LTHOUGH after what had taken place, had I been differently situated, I should certainly have postponed the projected expedition in order to institute a thorough investigation of the mysterious occurrence which had so aroused my curiosity, still, under the actual circumstances, my great desire to push on now that the goal was almost within my grasp, and the uncertainty of a continuation of the phenomenal weather we were enjoying, decided me not to delay starting at the hour agreed upon.

My time was actively employed during the next day in making the necessary preparations for our start; still my mind kept continually reverting to the strange adventure of the preceding night, and the more I dwelt upon it the more inexplicable did it appear.

There was not shadow of a doubt in my own mind but that the body was lifeless, and although my examination of it had of necessity not been thorough, yet the sunken abdomen, and the apparently pulseless heart, were indications amply sufficient to confirm me in this opinion. Taking, moreover, the surroundings into consideration, death must inevitably have resulted from exposure and starvation.

Several times during the day I spoke to Rimaye about it, and asked for particulars as to what had occurred during my absence. He seemed, however, not to understand my meaning in the least, but muttering compassionately something about fever and the sun, endeavoured to dissuade me from starting for a day or two, saying he would go out alone and complete the preliminary observations of the route we had determined to essay.

Notwithstanding his suggestions and the earnest appeals of my native servant, I insisted that we should be under way an hour after the moon had risen.

Accordingly, at about 11 p.m., we made our start, informing my servant, under whose charge everything was left, that our absence would probably not exceed twenty-four hours, but that possibly we might be detained the following night on the mountain. Wishing to reduce our impedimenta to the smallest amount compatible with safety, in order to be the least possibly embarrassed during the hard work we had before us, we made no preparations for a night out, and merely carried food and drink in addition to the ropes, ice-axes, and aneroid barometer which I had had carefully re-adjusted in Calcutta.

The bright moonlight made it nearly as clear as day, and we found no difficulty in advancing rapidly over the comparatively open ground which sloped up to the ridge of broken crags from which we had made

our observations. To reach the huge glacier we had noticed at our feet from that lofty perch, we were obliged to cross the ridge at its lowest depression, and then descend some twelve or fifteen hundred feet of loose *débris* and moderately steep, dry grass slopes. We accomplished it as easily and rapidly as we had often done the somewhat similar walk from the Riffel Hotel to the Gorner Glacier, and it was still some hours before sunrise when we finally stood on the glacier itself.

Before us stretched the broad ice stream, gently flowing at first, then rising in a series of frozen cataracts and tumbling ice-falls, broken here and there by tremendous black precipices of living rock, until in the distance, far, far above our heads, the final ice-covered cone of the mighty giant curved grandly and glistened in the silver sky.

The huge crevasses were so well defined and clearly visible that Rimaye deemed the use of the rope unnecessary until we had reached the precipitous walls of the first ice-fall. Here we were roped together, allowing sixty feet between us, and began slowly and carefully to ascend the frowning blocks and pinnacles of greenish ice. Even at this early hour ominous cracks and occasional crashes resounded on all sides, giving warning of the death and destruction that would ensue when the warm sun should have melted away the ice supports and caused the huge pyramids to lose their equilibrium. After a couple of hours of this anxious work we held a short consultation and determined to take to the rocks on the left of the ice-fall, which, although exceedingly steep, would present fewer dangers than the region where we were at present climbing. As my hands and feet touched the clean, cold rocks, my strong passion for a steep scramble got the better of me, and looking down at the dizzy depths below, I fairly screamed with joy. Even Rimaye departed from his usual reserve, and rent the dreary solitude with shout after shout, which were echoed back by cliffs which had probably never heard a human voice before.

The eastern sky was glowing with the flush of dawn as we neared the summit of the rocks and made for a ledge of snow-covered glacier separating us from another and higher shoulder of the mountain.

We stood upon the edge of a ridge running down to the glacier far, far below, and as the glorious sun shot up three-fourths of the horizon were visible to us. Mount Everest, the King of Mountains, raising his pure snow-cone nearly thirty thousand feet above the sea, towered in unequalled grandeur to our right, while peak after peak and range upon range of snow and ice, nameless and unknown, stretched on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Of human life no trace was visible; no gleaming church spire, or yellow corn patch in the deep green valleys; no cuttings in the forest which clothed the foot-hills. On all sides Nature, and Nature alone. Our elevation, as registered by my aneroid barometer, read at a fraction under twenty-two thousand feet. The summit of Mont Blanc, that Swiss giant, would have lain seven thousand feet below us!

Neither Rimaye nor I felt seriously inconvenienced by the rarefied atmosphere, although we both noticed a shortness of breath when under exertion. But I anticipated that during the seven thousand and odd feet which remained for us to ascend, our distress would increase in a ratio altogether disproportioned to that we had experienced in climbing to our present altitude.

After breakfast and a short rest we again started forth. The precipice we now began to scale was about the steepest, and the rocks composing it the most difficult I have ever attempted. Anyone who has been on the west face of the Dent Blanche when covered with black ice, will have an idea of our position. Still we laboured bravely on, alternating in leading, and stopping frequently to rest and refresh ourselves. For over six hours we toiled, and crept cautiously along the ledges over hanging the appalling precipices. Only one of us moved at a time, the other meanwhile bracing himself by clinging to the slight inequalities of the rocky face until his companion had secured a foothold. It was slow and anxious work, but we were advancing nevertheless. The distress on making any exertion had certainly increased very perceptibly, but when in repose neither of us had any particular difficulty in filling our lungs, although my barometer indicated twenty-four thousand and three feet the last time I consulted it.

It was while thus creeping steadily upwards (Rimaye leading at the time) that I suddenly heard a sharp crack above us, and glancing up beheld a goodish-sized piece of rock, detached no doubt by the melting of the ice, crashing towards us.

"Lie flat, Rimaye; for God's sake lie flat," I screamed. A rather superfluous admonition, as we were both fairly "spread-eagled" on the rocks.

Hearing my voice, but not having seen his danger, Rimaye turned carefully in his foot-holes, and looked enquiringly down at me. At that moment the rock struck him, and the shock loosening his grip, tumbled him over in such a manner that the whole of his weight fell directly upon me.

In a twinkling I felt myself jerked from my foothold and bounding downwards. A couple of bumps, a thud, a rush and swirl in my ears; and I knew no more.

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### PART III.

THERE was a dull, dazed feeling in my head when I opened my eyes; blood trickled from my face and hands. When after a little I raised myself to a sitting posture, I found my left arm hung limply at my side and that I was powerless to move it. Close beside me lay the torn and lifeless body of Rimaye, to which I was still attached by the rope.

How long I had lain unconscious I can never tell, for my watch was broken in the fall. On examination I found we had fallen on a little ledge of soft snow, but the thick mist which surrounded me prevented any guess as to what the height of our fall had been. Above and below the narrow shelf on which I lay were sheer precipices, their gloomy cliffs gradually fading till lost in the driving mist, and it needed but a glance to convince me that escape, even were I not alone and hampered with a broken arm, was impossible.

Both my own knapsack and that of my poor companion had become unfastened in the fall, and had either remained caught in the rocks above or had bounded to the depths below. A miserable death by starvation stared me in the face, even could I survive the exposure of that fearful height, and as I realised this fact and glanced at the pallid, blood-stained face of my dead friend, I envied him the merciful blow which must have ended his life almost without suffering, if I could judge from my own sensations during that period of our fall while I remained conscious.

In the overwhelming anguish of despair, I bowed my head upon my knees and sobbed aloud.

The sense of my utter loneliness was so absolutely crushing that it seemed to deaden my faculties; I was incapable of analysing my thoughts, but the one intense longing for the companionship of a human being overpowered all else.

I had been in this position some time when, impelled by the force of this longing, I turned my head towards the body of poor Rimaye. Kneeling over it I beheld the form of an old man.

Yes; surely there was no mistaking that noble face, which had remained deeply engraven on my memory, and of which even an instant since I had been confusedly thinking. It was the same I had seen two days ago lying lifeless on the hill-side!

The owner of it raised it slowly till his glance met mine. Oh! the glory of those eyes—the unutterable kindness, sad withal! They held me enthralled.

“Your friend is dead,” he said gently, speaking in Bengali. “His neck is broken, and both legs. It was a terrible fall.”

I was too astounded to find a word in reply, and could merely gaze at him in blank astonishment.

At last the words half-formed themselves upon my lips, and I muttered hoarsely:

“How came you here?”

“By the concentration of will-power,” he answered, smiling kindly. “You thought to perform an act of charity lately when you found what you supposed to be my dead body, and wished to preserve it from the desecrating clutches of the beasts and birds. My knowledge warned me that you were now in great danger, and I have come to help you.”



"Then you are . . . . !"

"What the world calls a Yogi," he interrupted. "My soul was only absent from the body you would have buried : when I returned to it and found your companion guarding it, I was forced to have recourse to magnetic influence, as you would call it, in order to be relieved of his presence. Accordingly by the concentration of a certain will-fluid upon his mind, I caused all memory of what had occurred, from the time of his leaving the mountain till he again met you, to be completely obliterated.

"It seems a supernatural feat to you," he continued, after a pause, during which I gazed in speechless amazement, "yet the latent psychic forces exist in your being as well as in mine, only the material existence you have led, and the lack of esoteric knowledge, have caused them to remain undeveloped. But come, you are hurt, and it is dangerous for you to remain here."

While speaking he had torn a strip from his white raiment and had fashioned a sling for my broken arm.

"How can I go?" I exclaimed impatiently, for I felt I was holding converse with a figment of my fevered brain.

"That power of which I spoke must come to our aid," he gently replied.

So saying he again rivetted his wonderful eyes upon me, and I felt a soothing, dreamy sensation gradually creeping over me. I tried to speak but could only smile, and half form sentences in my over-mastered brain. Then . . . . !

. . . . .

When I again opened my eyes I found myself lying at the road side near the bamboo suspension bridge over the Rungeet river. Above me, in the scudding mist, gleamed the bungalows and green lawns of Darjeeling.

My servant was deftly re-arranging the sling of white linen about my arm.

He assisted me to rise and enter the litter that some coolies were bearing.

As I did so something fell from my pocket ; he stooped and gave it to me. It was the palm-leaf fragment of Sanskrit that I had picked up beside the Mahatma's lifeless body.

REMSSEN WHITEHOUSE, F.T.S.



## The Talking Image of Urur.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### DISCOVERIES.

ON the evening preceding the day of his departure from Africa, Pancho took once more his accustomed walk to the seashore. Again the moonlight played with the frolicking waves and the stars shone in tranquil glory in the sky, quietly and indifferently, as if they knew nothing about blasted hopes and destroyed illusions. They dotted the ethereal dome that covers all nature, filling the air with a soft effulgence of light, causing it to appear as if all this ethereal realm were one grand and universal temple of the Holy Spirit, containing all beings without exception and lovingly embracing them all in spite of their follies, vices and miseries.

It was a night fit for meditation ; a breath of peace, invisible, spiritual but nevertheless substantial seemed to pervade the breeze that came from the ocean, and a spirit of happiness seemed to linger around the shadows of the trees ; while Pancho, by means of some undefinable inner sense felt or believed himself to feel that all this glory in nature was not dead, but living ; that a consciousness of some kind filled all space and it even appeared to him as if he could see ethereal forms of great beauty moving through the shadows and lingering in the light, looking at him and smiling at the inferiority of his material senses, which enabled him to perceive only that which is of a gross and sensual character.

The stories which he had read in the Book of Mystery passed in review before his mind. True, they were childish and silly ; but they seemed after all to contain certain truths. "What," asked Pancho himself, "if Spirit were actually something substantial and real, in spite of our incapacity to see it with our material eyes ? Is not love something invisible and nevertheless we can feel it ; not with our fingers but within the soul. But where can we find the true nature of spirit ? Alas where can we find real Truth ? I have in vain sought for it in our churches and schools and at the feet of the Hierophant. I have heard it described in various ways and still I know nothing about it. Where can I find the power to perceive it myself ?"

Pancho stood still, looking out upon the moonlit waters, seeking for an answer to his question. Suddenly the sky became illuminated with a bluish light, a meteor flashed in the sky and descended into the ocean where it was extinguished in the waves, and then the thought struck Pancho that the light of wisdom might descend in a similar manner within the soul and be extinguished in the carnal mind. It was a new idea to him ; but on considering it he found that it was unscientific and not supported by any recognised authority. He dismissed it as deserving no further attention.

He continued his way. The road led along the beach between clusters of cocoanut palms, swinging creepers and vines. Pancho listened to the sound of

the waves as they rolled over the sandy shore and returned again into the bosom of the deep when they perceived that the earth was not their appropriate element. This reminded him of the days of old when he walked along the beach with his beloved Conchita, but now Conchita was dead. Perhaps her spirit was near. He often thought that he could feel its presence, although he had seen no more her ethereal form nor had she spoken to him since that memorable night when he and Mr. Green practised *yoga*.

Suddenly Pancho stopped, for he heard the sound of a voice. It was a sweet female voice, singing in tones clear and strong an Italian song. The song was suggestive of the power of love and the longing of the soul for the unknown. The words translated into bad English might perhaps be rendered as follows :

“Star of the evening ! Can you not tell  
Where my sweet darling, my lover doth dwell ?  
Why does he linger away from his bride ?  
Why does he not hasten to come to my side ?  
Queen of the sky ! O bid him to come  
To his beloved, his sweetheart, his home.  
Send him a ray of your glorious light ;  
Tell him to come in the hush of the night.”

“Murmuring billows, softly and sweet,  
Tell me when I my dear lover shall meet.  
Roll to his feet and sing him a song ;  
Ask him, I pray, not to tarry so long.  
Speak to him sweetly, lull him to sleep ;  
Kiss him for me, O you waves of the deep !  
Whisper to him a message of love ;  
Greet him you earth and you starlight above.”

“Ah ! now I hear what the wavelets say ;  
‘Your own dear lover is not far away.  
Deep in your heart is his dwelling of bliss ;  
He cannot leave it, earth’s daughter to kiss.  
There he is sleeping, dreaming a dream  
Of the gentle young bride that is coming to him.  
There you must seek him ; there you will find  
Your dearly beloved, your——’ ”

“Ma-a-a-ry !” sounded a shrill voice from the interior of the building ;  
“didn’t I tell you not to stand out in the night air and catch cold ? Come in,  
quick !”

The song suddenly stopped and as Pancho emerged from the grove of trees where he had been listening, he just caught a glance at the singer before she disappeared from the balcony. She was a young girl ; her hands were folded and her long dark hair fell over her shoulders. If he had not been convinced that Conchita was dead, he actually might have believed that this was herself.

"What does this mean?" thought Pancho. "What kind of a lover would that be, whom one could expect to find within one's self? What an absurd idea!" Nevertheless some internal feeling, some intelligence within the soul, such as has not yet been classified or recognised by science seemed to tell him that if a person only knew all the spiritual treasures within one's own self, he would have no desire to seek for their imperfect semblances on the external plane. But again Pancho rejected this thought on account of its being unscientific and not supported by well-known facts.

"Can there be a higher consciousness than that of the mind?" he asked himself. He remembered that there are things which at certain times may be recognized, although the reasoning mind can form no conception of what they are. Beauty, Love, Truth, Justice, Majesty; all these are things which must be existing, else they could not be recognized by something which men call "the soul;" nevertheless they are invisible and intangible and the reasoning mind can form no conception of them. "What is music?" he said.

"According to science it is air in a certain state of vibration, producing a succession of sounds; but what is the harmony that distinguishes music from noise? A noise acts upon the emotions"—he knew that very well, for more than once it had happened that he could hardly restrain himself from flinging a boot jack at the organ grinder at his door—"but in music there is language and thought, although it would be difficult for one who knows nothing about the language of music, to translate the separate sounds into words. Can anyone recognise harmony in the universe, if he has no harmony in his soul? What then is this harmony which exists within oneself? Is it a spiritual power, such as the Alchemists use, and if so, how can there be a power unless there is a substance? Is it merely a state of the material atoms which compose the physical body? Are wisdom, love and intelligence, justice and truth states of polarity of what we call 'matter' without any addition of something higher? If so Captain Bumpkins is right and all men may be magnetized into virtue."

This method of reasoning might have satisfied Pancho's mind; but it did not satisfy his heart and the heart persuaded the mind to continue the investigation. "Is then," said the mind, "harmony not superior to disharmony, and how can anyone raise himself into a higher state, unless there is a higher power in him, to enable him to do so? How can anyone give to himself a thing which he does not possess? We know that man has the power to render his mind harmonious and to control his will and emotions. If so, there must be something in man superior to the mind and superior to the emotions. What, if it were in the power of mortal man to become conscious of the nature of that divine power and to know what it is?"

It seemed to Pancho as if he had made an important discovery. It was a new thought to him and he received it in his heart; and as he did so, a new field of consciousness seemed to spread out before his interior perception, joy filled his heart and all the intellectual powers in his mind seemed to join in one grand anthem of jubilee, such as may have been sung when the Saviour entered Jerusalem riding upon a heretofore untrained ass; a feeling of happiness such as he had not experienced before, pervaded his soul and a flash like that of the meteor illuminated his mind; but immediately Doubt, the destroyer, appeared; he began to reason and persuaded himself that all this was merely the effect of

a morbid imagination, a product of the association of previously received ideas, unauthorised by science and not sufficiently proven by well established facts.

The Italian song to which Pancho had listened awakened in him a desire to go to Italy. Not without some regret did he take leave of his friends at Urur. Mr. Green bore the separation with stoical fortitude, Mrs. Honeycomb wiped an unborn tear from her eye. As to the Hierophant, he had not yet returned from his search after the subterranean hole, leading to Kakadumbola, the city of the Adepts.

We will not worry the reader by describing the voyage to Italy. Nothing remarkable occurred on this occasion, except that Pancho received his first lesson in occultism through the guruship of a monkey. It happened in the following manner :

There were two large-sized apes on board, a male and a female, belonging to the species Ourang-outang. They were quite tame, and allowed the liberty of the deck. They were very fond of each other, and played together all day, to the amusement of the passengers and the crew. One day, however, the male monkey fell sick, and refused to play, and then the female monkey seemed to be in terrible distress. All her efforts to cheer her mate were in vain, the male monkey grew worse and died. His body was thrown overboard. Then the female ape exhibited human emotions. She looked the very picture of grief, and would surely have wept if shedding tears were in the power of monkeys. She refused to eat, and three days afterwards she likewise died, and her body followed that of her mate into the watery grave.

All the passengers felt sorry for the poor animal ; but Pancho asked himself : "What, if monkeys have the same emotions as men, and if they have, likewise, the power to reason ; what, then, is the difference between a man and an ape, except in degree of intelligence, and in the form of his organization ? If there is nothing else save thought and emotion in the bodies of men and of monkeys, and if these things are immortal, then surely a monkey is just as immortal as a man. If the animal consciousness of a man survives after the death of his body, the consciousness of a monkey must likewise survive." Then the solution of the question came to him in some way, such as has not yet been explained by science, and, incredible as it may appear to the sceptic, he saw clearly, and was convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt that there was a power superior to the mind, and superior to the emotions ; the same in men and in monkeys, and capable of producing emotions and thoughts ; but that this power in an average monkey was not as highly and intelligently active as it is in average men. In making this discovery, Pancho knew he had found the way to the solution of the mystery of the divine knowledge of self. It was now clear to him that there is one eternal and universal power, manifesting itself in perishing forms in various ways, according to the conditions which these forms represent, and that while these forms, with all their thoughts and emotions, are passing away, the power which produces them continues to be, as is proved by the fact that it continues to bring new forms into existence.

"What if this divine power could become self-conscious in man ? If man could unite his consciousness with the power that moves the universe ? Would not this be the true Yoga, and the fabled union with God. It was thinkable that such a state could exist, but surely it could not be attained by magnetizing

or hypnotizing oneself, nor by breathing through one nostril and then through the other, nor by feeding on asses'-milk, nor by swallowing a ribbon for the purpose of purification. It surely could be produced by nothing less than by the awakening of the divine consciousness within the secret regions of the soul. He was now sure that God was immortal, and surely the soul could only become immortal through God."

Pancho arrived at Naples. He wandered through the silent streets of ancient Pompeii and the sight of these remnants of the glory of former days awakened in him thoughts about the impermanency of forms. "Where," he asked himself, "are now the gay ladies and gentlemen that thronged these streets and enjoyed the sights of the arena? Their bodies have vanished into dust, their thoughts have faded away, their emotions are for ever at rest; but the spirit that deposited within their forms the germs of life and love and intelligence cannot have perished, for there are other men and women who did not exist in the days of Pompeii. This spirit must be something substantial, else it could not act upon substance, it must be superior to thought, else it could not produce thoughts; it must be superior to all the highest attributes of matter which we know, else it could not produce these attributes in the forms which it calls into existence. It is invisible to us and yet it appears to us in thousands of various forms, and, while the forms which it produces disappear, it seems to remain for ever the same, unchangeable, self-existent and independent of any other conditions except those that exist within its own self."

Thus Pancho loved to take aerial flights into the higher regions of thought, but something happened to draw his attention again to the world of illusions. One day, while reading the *Giornale di Roma*, the following article attracted his attention:

*"An Unexplained Mystery.*

"If in these days of modern enlightenment we dare to present to our readers an account of certain mysterious occurrences, said to have taken place in the vicinity of this city, we feel it our duty to preface our statements with the remark that the fullest right to believe them or not must be reserved to the reader. Our tale is so wonderful that we would not have dared to bring it before the public, if we had not received our information from a number of highly respectable eye-witnesses, whose veracity, sanity of mind, honesty and intelligence cannot be doubted.

"It appears that not long ago a well-known artist, whose residence is in one of the suburbs of Rome and whom we will call Michael, made the acquaintance of some sailors that had just arrived from Africa. They had brought with them a very curious thing, such as has never before been seen in this country. It was a statue representing a woman. The figure was of life size and of beautiful workmanship, but what seemed to be most remarkable about it was that it was fitted out with some very ingeniously constructed mechanism, which enabled it to speak like a living person. Whenever a crank was turned,\* it gave answers to questions; but these answers were not after one pattern, like those of a parrot, but varied and intelligent like those of a being capable of reasoning.

"Michael was delighted with his discovery, and bought the Image for a comparatively small sum. He put it up in his studio and showed it to his friends;

\* This was an editorial mistake.

but soon the trouble began. The statue told Michaela what his visitors thought about him, and to the latter it said what he thought about them and the artist had to fight several duels, in some of which he was wounded. This was, however, not the worst. Michaela had painted a large tableau, his masterpiece, of which he was very proud and which he desired to sell. It represented the temple of Fame, and in the centre was the goddess standing upon a cloud and distributing diplomas to all the celebrated persons that ever existed in the world. These were standing around in appropriate groups, waiting to be diplomated. There were Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras in long white gowns, talking with General Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin, dressed according to the costume of their times, while Napoleon Bonaparte in high boots and spurs was standing near with arms akimbo, listening to their conversation. He was accompanied by Madame Pompadour, Joan of Arc, and Hypatia. In another group were Christ, Moses and Mohammed waiting for their diplomas; Beethoven and Mozart, each of them holding a little toy organ in his hand, while Fulton with a miniature locomotive, and Saint Laurence with the gridiron upon which he was roasted, were watching another group, composed of Sappho, Semiramis, Cleopatra and Messalina, who seemed to be flirting with Bismarck and Garibaldi. Raphael and Michael Angelo had brought their brushes and tools, ready to do a job, and were looking at Noah with a model of the ark in his hands, who was talking with Nero, Caligula and Julius Cæsar; while at a distance were Adam and Eve in their strictly historical costume, gathering apples seemingly to the great amusement of Pope Alexander, Richard Wagner and Nebuchadnezzar, who were attentively watching them. There were Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Columbus, Thomas Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Don Quixote and many other historical persons, whom space forbids us to mention. Michaela prized the picture very highly.

"One day a Russian gentleman came and offered a considerable sum for this picture. Michaela, however, asked for more, and at last they agreed to let the statue decide how much the picture was worth. They asked the statue about it, and it answered:

"'The whole idea represented by that picture is so absurd, that no reasonable person would give a penny for it. He who works for fame works for nothing. Diplomas are playthings for unripe minds, useless for anything except to tickle the vanity of the selfish. Those who love the truth for its own sake ask for no other reward. Those who are in possession of wisdom need no external sign to prove that they are wise. Beauty does not require certificates to show that it is beautiful; but the fool needs a mask so that those who might meet him may be deceived.'

"After hearing this speech, the Russian refused to buy the picture at any price and went away.

"Michaela became very angry and came very near destroying the statue in his rage; but he finally resolved to sell it to one of his friends whose name was Antonio and who kept a tavern at T . . . a place visited by many strangers. Antonio showed it to his guests who were at first very much amused with it. Especially his wife was very pleased and offered many questions which were all answered by the statue. Among other things she asked: 'Tell me, statue, who loves me best?' and the statue answered: 'Signor Giulio; and you know

it well enough, for you have his love letters hidden away in a pot on the top shelf in the kitchen.' The husband became nearly frantic. 'He went to the kitchen and found the letters of Signor Giulio, who is a lieutenant of the Carabinieri. A row was the result, and it is still doubtful how it will end.'

"This can be none else but the Talking Image," exclaimed Pancho after reading the article. He was now certain that some invisible power had guided his steps to Italy, so that he might recover it. He hunted up the editor of the *Giornale di Roma* and asked him to divulge the address of Antonio. This the editor peremptorily refused to do, adding moreover that Antonio had sold the statue and threatened to kill the first man who mentioned that subject to him. It had created—he said—a good many more troubles besides the one with his wife. It had caused a great many quarrels among his guests, who at first enjoyed the fun; but as it told them plainly what they thought about each other, they became very angry and one after another left the hotel in a fury. The matter soon became known and crowds of people came to ask questions. Those who received answers became angry because it told them the truth; those who did not receive any answer said it was a swindle devised by Antonio. The clergy heard of it and said as usual that it was the work of the devil. The Capucines came to exorcise the statue; but did not improve the state of things. They then excommunicated Antonio and nearly ruined his trade. Had he not removed the statue in time, he would have been either killed or would have had to leave the town. It is said that he succeeded in selling it to a German professor. It cost him a great deal of money to become reconciled with the church and to hush up the matter.

Such was the account which Pancho received from the editor, but all his attempts to find out the name and address of that German professor were unsuccessful. The professor was evidently only a traveller in Italy and had probably returned home.

The disappearance of the Image had not only caused a public excitement in Africa, but the newspapers in Europe also took notice of it and gave many garbled accounts of it, not one of which was correct. Thus one of the leading Italian journals contained the following article, translated from a London paper:

*"A daring robbery in a Buddhist temple."*

"Information has been received from Africa that a Buddhist temple at Urur has been robbed of one of its most valuable relics, the statue of a goddess. It appears that a European by the name of"—(here Pancho's name was given in full)—"took up his residence in the vicinity of the temple and entering the Shrine without being observed carried away the idol, said to be of inestimable value, it being made up of one single block of amethyst set with rubies and diamonds. It is reported that he made his escape on a steamer going to Naples. Detectives are on his track."

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be continued.)



## VISIONS IN THE CRYSTAL.

## I.

**A** BEAUTIFUL woman lies dreamily gazing from out an open window. The moonbeams pour through and envelop her in a luminous sulphur flood. Beautiful she is, with that indescribable grace that eclipses beauty, that is inseparable from high breeding and courage. She is the spirit of love, which hides itself deep down in her fathomless eyes, sea-grey, opaline, mystic, like the shimmering moon-stones that encircle her ebon hair. Her delicate features are set and still, like a chiselled cameo, or a Greek head on an ancient coin.

A robe of pale grey velvet imprisons her, held tight by an ancient silver girdle. Like a weird grey mist she lies, the wraith of some stately Egyptian, sphinx-like and mystic. Below, calm as death, stretches the ocean, the moon's reflection, like a silvern serpent, spanning the horizon to the white shore. Faintly green shine the stars, through the languid veil of night. Now and again comes floating a strange and ecie note of music, wild and weird as a sea-bird's cry. The world lies hushed like a dreamy lotus-flower, sleepy with the intoxication of its own perfume. As the woman looks, a dusky hand is laid on the casement, and clasping hers, a gorgeously-dressed Eastern draws himself into the room.

His dark face is of superb beauty, his flashing eyes kindle like live coals, and pierce the semi-gloom. Jewels glitter and flash on his scarlet dress, in his hands he holds the keys which unlock the world's pleasures. His step is subtle and soft as a panther. Around his head hovers an aura of blood-red hue. . . He is "Illusion" "MAYA," the genius of spiritual death, subtle, seductive, enthralling, the embodiment of the descent from the region of spirit to that of matter. Suddenly the heavy silken draperies part, and a girl enters of magnificent physique, with a halo of red gold hair about her earnest, spiritual face. She wears no ornament of any kind, for hers is the radiance of the heavens. Her name is "Truth," and truth is for spirit only.

The flowing transparencies of her draperies disclose the symmetry of the perfect form beneath.

With slow and stately tread she advances to the woman in grey. She throws her strong young arms about her, and the golden aura from her auburn hair blends with the faint grey haze encircling the other. The earnest, fervent gaze, from her blue eyes, pierces deep down into the soul of "Love" and awakens there a tremulous echo which thrills her very being, like a living crystal flame. The clasp of her encircling arms

kindles a fierce magnetic strength, and the slender form of "Love" trembles and sways under the electricity of her powerful magnetism. The silver thread of pure intuition seems magnetically attached to intellect, in the power of true religion, for "there is no religion higher than truth."

The three confront each other, the silence of a sleeping world is without. The heavy Eastern perfumes clog the air within by their overpowering seductiveness. The room is Oriental in its brilliant magnificence, and appears to partake of all worlds. The simple elegancies of Persia blend with the quainter characteristics of Japan. Kaga jars and great creamy Satsuma bowls, gorgeous Eastern plaques, ornaments of gold and silver, and the rude potteries of Burmah, Giant gourds and the coarse ceramics of the savage, the heavy carvings of the Eastern deities, and the barbarisms of the South Seas. Exquisite bronzes, and the enamels of Cloisonné, tables lacquered and inlaid, brasses, and billowy silken divans, all the rich luxuriance of the Orient, blended in a varied maze of dazzling colour.

The Eastern advances into the middle of the room, and raises a rod carved with the three serpents or tempters, who seduce the inward reality to abandon itself to outward appearances, and accept the symbols for the verity. With this he draws the eternal circle, whereon gleam the seven sacred planets.

Suddenly a blind slave, "Sin," the servant of "Illusion," enters, naked, save for a cloth of gold about his loins, unutterable misery stamped upon the darkness of his visage. With a low obeisance, he offers round a dish of gold, whereon lie three "hubble-bubbles," filled with many grains of haschisch.

They each choose one. The girl crosses the room and lies down on a low divan. The woman in grey sinks amongst the pillows of a tawny couch. The Eastern goes round and lights the pipe of each, with the glittering magnetism streaming from his slender, supple fingers. They smoke in silence—the Karma of each sweet life. For a moment the girl sleeps peacefully, whilst "Love" lies with eyes half-closed, in semi half-restless consciousness. For a moment the Eastern stands gazing down upon "Truth," then mutters, "She is safe," and bends down with his arms about the lissom form of the woman in grey. She is but half asleep, but she turns and rests her head upon his breast. And he sees it is the flower of fearless innocence that has blossomed in her beautiful breast, and looking into her eyes, he sees a lily reflected in their opal depths. Fortified by the crystal purity of "Truth," she knows not, fears not, evil, and in anger he throws a bean into the world circle, and, behold! a lamb and a dove appear. And the dove of spiritual intelligence flutters to the shoulder of "Love," where he finds a peaceful

abiding place. And the lamb lays its head upon the breast of "Truth," having no will of his own, but doing the will of the Father. "Love" looks up into the gleaming orbs of "Illusion," and asks, "Show me thy treasures, I long to taste of them." Then vision after vision of exceeding beauty pass before her eyes.

"A paradise of vaulted bowers  
Lit by downward-gazing flowers."

Thickets of flowering trees, and verdant glades. Sparkling streams, vineyards, and rosy bowers. Luxuriant halls, draped in Grecian stuffs, and the shimmer of jewels, silver and gold. And through the halls come singing houris, lovely as those in Mahommed's paradise, seductive, and intoxicating as the sparkling wine in the jewelled goblets. Pleasure and joy breathing from out the soft-stringed lutes and silver-chorded harps. The melodious song of birds, the murmur of living streams.

But "Love" turns away her head, and murmurs "I thirst, give me to drink but the crystal purity of water." And "Illusion" is angered again, and casts yet more grains into the pipe, and a tornado crashes through the temple halls and the voices of singing die away in a long wail of anguish. And clouds of yellow dust arise and the storm breaks and bends the marble pillars like reeds, and great rocks slide roaring and hissing down into the valley. Beautiful pitiless eyes looking out of amber clouds, and the blood-red sun sinks behind the arid desert, where lie the bald bleared skulls of former worlds rotting in the scorching glare. The sands drift over the marble temples, where the "Logos" is hidden and obliterated, but not for ever, and a whirlwind of glittering minerals and ores fall around into the moaning sea, and the divine spark flickers and then goes out. Then the woman crouches low, her hands like pink-lined shells, crossed upon her breast, she bends her slender neck before the fury of the storm. And she says, "It will surely pass and Love can endure," her eyes wandering with unutterable trust and tenderness to where lies "Truth." But she sleeps on, having passed long since the World's allurements. But as "Love" is steadfast and can endure, and does not stretch forth her hands to grasp "Illusion," the Eastern rises and worships her as he would the genius of Wisdom, power, and truth, the Spirit of God. He fastens a necklace of gems about her slender throat, with stones of various colours, wherein mingle the topaz and the sky-coloured sapphire, and disappears before the coming dawn. And the glittering Planets upon the World Circle begin to fade out and leave only Wisdom, Sanctity and Love, which is the sphere of Mind wherein Mercury (Intelligence) and Venus (Love), are united. For God is Love, and Love conquers the World. . . .

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## II.

## THE UNSEEN.

A MOTHER knelt by the bed, on which lay her dying boy. Her face buried in the covering, showed nothing but the crown of the golden head. Now and again her shoulders shook with the anguish of her sobs. All that constituted her earthly happiness lay there, momentarily growing more stiff and stark ; soon to be an empty shell, an illusion, a mask. Around the child hovered a grey, shroud-like ether, a faint blue shadow floated above the head, growing each moment more perfect in shape with each faint, dying sigh. From out the ethereal haze appeared a bright and beautiful face, smooth and fair, like a pictured angel, and as the last gasping sigh echoed through the room, the shadowy astral form was perfected and fluttered softly up into the land of shadows, amid the myriad presences that hovered through the room. In the corners, amongst the carved oak, crouched shapely shadows, a grey obscurity veiling the painted ceiling. The last fires of evening threw gorgeous prisms from the stained windows, where the stately cardinal stood with the uplifted finger of Rome. The cherub faces filling in the corners smiled mournfully, and encircled with an aura of gold the dying head. The castle was wrapped in a solemn hush save when the impatient gusts swirled round the gables, or the hollow voices of the spirits of unrest called plaintively—some singing, some sighing.

The draught filtered through the old oak carvings, mournfully swayed the faded purple velvet of the state bed, whereon in tarnished gold the quarterings were emblazoned.

Outside, the setting sun had slashed the horizon with streaks of blood, and luminous sulphur. Slowly, before the woman's eyes, arose the visions of the past—the vague and lofty aspirations of the soul—the fervid fever of unanswered prayer, the icy chill of her marriage vows, that seemed to peal and vibrate through the oaken roof of the old church at home. The living death of the succeeding years, until this one great star arose from out the dead hearth of her life, shone for a while, and then set for ever. Faces, long dead and forgotten, arose once more in stately resurrection, and smiled or frowned down upon her. Every milestone of the past seemed to have the years written in fire. Before her stretched veiled futurity, pointing out the blood-red plans of life. Hark ! Listen ! Gently from out the gloom steal solemn strains of music, as with a grand, tumultuous swell peals forth the organ from the chapel, in a solemn mass for the dead. The woman raised her set, white face and listened. The room was now in darkness, save where a wan moon lit up a smirking court dame, or a mailed warrior, and drew gleams from the silken hangings upon the walls. But as she gazed a luminous haze seemed to envelope all in a mystic radiance, and she beheld before her a

thousand aerial phantoms, marching in stately tread. The solemn cadence reverberated through the gloom, and the shadowy host moved in perfect accord with the theme. Slowly the solemn chords crashed out and branched into plaintive wailings, and the multitudinous shadowy forms danced eerily in their black, funereal garb. A wild burst of sounding grief floated through the room, dying off in an eerie, sobbing sigh.

Whilst the woman listened to the grandeur of the crashing chords wrung from the organ, she saw her boy hovering above her, only more glorified, more spiritual, more perfect, than she had ever known him. The body lay on the bed, but the spirit stood before her. And her eyes were opened and she beheld that he smiled with ineffable sweetness. And she asked herself as she gazed in rapture, "Can this be purgatory? this wondrous astral world wherein my son now rests?" His soul purified from all its astral dross stood glorified, in glittering, snowy light surrounded by the crystal purity of the spirits that enshrine the innocent as with a halo. Around, and yet apart, hovered shades of every form and kind, some more material, some more ethereal. Empty formless shells of those departed into "Devachan." Restless shadows and electric vapours, all blended in one ever-changing, restless, multicoloured maze. Now they shaped themselves, and again dissolved into ether. For a second a shadowy face appeared, but ere the eye could mark, had vanished. Blood-curdling, horrible, thrilling faces gazing down with intensest craving for earthly re-incarnation. Mournful visages with a horrible fascination, dark with unsatisfied longing, alive in all but the body, generating new "Karma," and panting for the earth life. Streaming on rushed the "elementals" from all worlds, some gross, some spiritual, some radiant, some seraphic, spirits old in this earth life, ready for the future changes, visions of surpassing beauty, God-like, lovely. Children who have known no evil ready for the earth once more. The unspiritual sage with brow knit down, dull, weary, dead to life and hope and joy. Fiends of hideous visage, thrusting themselves from out blood-red vapourous fire-mists, the thoughtless maiden, the careless youth, the ascetic monk, the saintly nun, types of every form and kind, heavenly, grotesque, hellish, satanic. Tongues of ruby fire, and silvern electric flashes. Infant-angel faces, fiends with lovely forms, saintly visages with devil's bodies, writhing in ghastly confusion in the Astral light. And a great fear of the unknown rushed over the woman, as the deep loneliness of earth encompassed her around, and with a low wail of great agony, she stretched forth her arms crying: "Oh blessed Mary! Mother of Christ! I ask thee give me back my child." But a triumphant pæan of aerial voices, floating along the life-wave, drowned her cry. With a smile her angel boy faded into the silver clouds, and as the woman sank down into unconsciousness, a vision of the future now become impossible passed before her.

A small oak wainscotted apartment lit by fluttering candles ; a weird, cold dawn, struggling in through the chinks of the shutters. By the table two forms sit playing, gambling. The one her dead child, grown to man's estate, flushed, haggard of face, and reckless. The other a woman she does not know, with a hectic spot on either cheek and a hard glitter in her eyes. The play goes on, the woman is gaining, her gaze is concentrated upon the cards. She stakes for the last time, and wins. The man rises roughly and dashes the cards upon the table, making the glasses rattle and dance. The woman rises too, with a low laugh of triumph on her beautiful mouth. He sends a warning look as she comes to his side. She looks into his eyes, with a cruel gleam in hers, and in an instant his hand is on her throat. He forces her down, down, whilst around him wildly dance in mad career the demons of crime and lust. Her face grows dark, and ever darker, as his clutch grows ever tight and closer, for a devil is at his elbow. A wild gurgle, a long, low, stifled shriek. The cry awakes the fainting mother, cold and lifeless. The chill day is at hand, and the dawn maidens usher in the light, making pale the candles which are burning at the feet and head of the dead.

VIOLET CHAMBERS, F.T.S.



#### FRATERNITAS.

COUNTRESS WACHTMEISTER, Dr. Pioda, Prof. Thurman, and Dr. Hartmann, have a work in hand which promises well. They are organising a company, with a capital of 50,000 francs in 500 francs shares, to build and maintain a Theosophical House of Retreat, upon a hill overlooking Locarno, in Switzerland, whither students of Theosophy and Occultism may betake themselves to pursue their work, far from all distractions. The shares are to bear no interest, any profits to be used in offering hospitality, gratuitous or on lowered terms, to earnest but impecunious Theosophists. Dr. Pioda has given the land on which the house is to be built, and a beginning will be made as soon as the funds have been subscribed. A fifth of the capital is to be kept in hand for preliminary expenses, and as soon as the house is built and furnished, a shareholders' meeting will be called to receive the report of the interim committee. At this meeting the proposed rules of the Society, to be called "Fraternitas," will be submitted to the shareholders, decisions being taken by vote. Each share carries a vote, and absent shareholders may delegate their powers to any of the shareholders present at the meeting, but no one shareholder must hold more than a fifth of the voting power of the meeting. The share list will close on December 31, 1889, and as soon as a sufficient number of signatures have been received, the secretary will send out the first call. Communications should be addressed to the Hon.-Sec., Dr. (jur.) A. Pioda, F. T. S., Locarno, Switzerland.

We wish the scheme all success, if it can be carried out in the spirit of the Prospectus.

## WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST.

*At the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's lecture on the above subject reported in our August number, the following debate took place.—[ED.]*

**T**HE Chairman having invited questions or speeches which he said must be in opposition and very brief

A gentleman asked why Mrs. Besant as a Theosophist, in spite of the enormous mass of evidence from men like Crookes and others, denied the possibility of the existence of disembodied spirits. On more than one occasion he had seen and been touched by a person he knew to be dead, and there could be no question of imposture at all. Then as to reincarnation, what was the use of it if they did not remember their previous experiences?

MRS. BESANT: The first question is why I do not believe the evidences of what is generally called spiritualism. My reason is, that in my opinion investigation has completely broken down the theory of it being a disembodied spirit of the dead who was attending the séances. I have done a good deal in that way by personal investigation. I have been to a few séances, I made a number of experiments, and in a few cases I got a great many results. I did not find, putting the whole of them together, that they led in the direction of the presence of disembodied souls. Sometimes the things said were absolutely untrue, sometimes the statements when verified did not work out. Sometimes they did. I came to the conclusion, after patient investigation, that the phenomena fell rather under the head of magnetism and thought transference, with probably the working of some forces outside, which I did not understand, but which I was not going to call disembodied spirits of the dead until I had definite proof. The Theosophists explain those occurrences not as being cases of disembodied spirits of the dead, but as being very often projections of some person who has mediumistic capacities. They put the view that it is not likely that spirits shall be at the mercy of everyone who wants to call them back to earth, so that they should be continually in trouble from the interruptions. To the other question asked I say: if you believe it is so, it will clearly be of this use, you would be extremely careful what you do now. Remember you would have to reap your harvest in the future, just as in many cases you do now, although you don't remember the whole of your past; and there is still brain record enough of the forgotten experience to guide you in your present actions. So, the Theosophist would say, you store up those experiences, and although you may have forgotten the exact circumstances, as you have forgotten so many facts, still there is the result of the experience which remains for your guidance; and so it is when the sleep of death takes the place of the sleep of night.

Another gentleman wished to ask whether the lecturer believed that every human being had a distinct separate individualised soul or spirit, or as she said in her lecture, a disembodied soul: and whether those disembodied souls when they went from the body joined all together, or were they kept separate as in some Safe Deposit Company (Laughter).

MRS. BESANT : I am asked whether I believe that a disembodied soul is kept separate or goes into a mass after death. I thought I said very carefully I don't believe in a disembodied soul ; but if the gentleman means do I believe that the individuality persists and is separated from other individualities, yes I do, because otherwise it is not individuality. The word implies separation.

The same gentleman asked what Mrs. Besant called that existence separated from all others when the body was buried and there was still persistence of individuality.

MRS. BESANT : I do not know that I can give it any other name except existence. It is a life under different conditions.

Another enquirer asked whether Theosophy was a system suited and adapted to the needs and requirements of the human race, such as could be attained to and comprehended by the majority of a people ; or was it not one which had been developed among mystics with more time on their hands than they knew what to do with, but where the conditions of the country were such as to develop the latent cunning, as well as the mysticism, which was in every one.

MRS. BESANT : Put shortly, what the gentleman asks is whether Theosophy is a system which can be grasped by the majority of people ; whether it has not been developed in the East where people have more time on their hands than they have here, and where (I think, if I caught him rightly) there is more cunning. It is a system that in its broad outlines can be grasped by the majority. In its more subtle philosophy it will always remain in the hands of the minority. That is the same with every philosophy and every scheme of religion. You may take out certain rules of conduct, but the speculative part which needs careful mental training must of course remain in the hand of those sufficiently educated to follow it. So that I should say it is available for the mass of people in its broad outline, but a large part of the philosophy would not be understood by them.

Another gentleman wished to know where the Ego was between the periods of reincarnation.

MRS. BESANT : In a condition to which the nearest physical analogy would be that of sleep, the sleep with dreams.

MR. KING in a long speech declared himself by profession an Atheist and one who had had a large amount of experience in mesmeric phenomena. As a scientific student he could only accept that of which he had proof, and what proof had Mrs. Besant given of the existence of an Ego ? Because some hysterical women or men happened to see something which did not exist, which was explained in Huxley's *Elementary Physiology*, was that a proof that there was such a thing as an Ego which was only another word for soul ? He honoured Mrs. Besant because she had done for Freethought what no other woman had done ; but being pledged to Freethought himself he was bound to take up the cause of Freethought and Mrs. Besant must go. It would have been better far if the details of the Theosophical Society had been put before them. Where did the Egos come from ? maybe some good woman and some good man joined and afterwards a little human being came into the world and it might be that the spirit of the late Charles Peace had gone into it. Was not such a theory very remarkable, not to say ridiculous. What had Mrs. Besant given them ? Beautiful words, poetry in prose, but no shadow of truth.



MRS. BESANT: The last speaker said he never found among mesmeric experiments anything done which the human being in his normal state could not do. I can only put against his want of knowledge the enormous number of recorded and verified cases, which I certainly did not think it worth while to load my lecture with because they are familiar to everyone who has made a study of the subject at all. But if he has been the least successful, he must at least have found some phenomena very different from those of normal organisms. I have seen a person mesmerised having pins run into various parts of the body and remaining completely unconscious all the time. I don't fancy anybody in the normal condition would remain quiet while that operation was being performed (Laughter). But the gentleman says what proof is there of the existence of the Ego? I gave last week a very large number of cases in which explanation was lacking unless this Ego was supplied; when, in experimenting, you find that you can explain effect after effect by cause after cause, when you find that one effect remains always unexplained and one cause which does not seem to work out, when you have repeated that experiment over and over again, changing every condition except the one, then by the rules of logic you relate that one as cause to the effect. Practically that is the line of argument along which I went; I gave the effects last week for which no cause was apparent amongst the ordinary causes. I supplied this week the lacking cause, and showed that was at least a defensible hypothesis in face of the difficulties which were suggested. Then the gentleman showed he did not quite appreciate the whole argument, by referring to the well-known cases of illusion which are given in Huxley's *Elementary Physiology*. Those were cases of illusion of the eye, or of the ear, of which you may get dozens of cases with very slight bodily disorder. It is disorder of the senses, of the organ, seeing things where nothing existed. That throws no light on the phenomena I was putting to you. I dealt specially and carefully with psychical phenomena, not with physical ones. He answers me: the physical ones are to be found in a certain book and explained, therefore I am to accept an absent explanation of the psychical phenomena. Then I am told the gentleman does not appreciate the difference between a reincarnating Ego and the transmigration of souls. The rough difference is this, although I thought it was pretty well known. In the transmigration of souls the soul is supposed to pass from human beings to animals; with the reincarnating Ego it is taken along a long chain of evolution in which the individual passes from stage to stage. It is taught that having once attained the human he cannot pass backwards out of it, but only onwards and upwards as we find evolution working around us on every side. Then the gentleman complained that I had not given enough details. I told you what I was specially concerned with, and that was about Theosophy rather than the Society into which, as I think you know, any one may pass without becoming a Theosophist at all. I grant I have not given a very large number of details; as it was, I went considerably over my time. One has to take a subject as best one can, and one can only regret if the audience wishes one had gone on a different line. I am told that into a child born now might pass the soul of the late Charles Peace. No Theosophist would say so. An assertion of that sort shows quite naturally that the gentleman is not acquainted with what Theosophists teach on the subject. They always teach there is normally an immense period of time intervening between these different

earth lives, so that no such possibility would arise. Even supposing it might, I do not know that it would have been any more ludicrous or terrible than the effect of the physical inheritance from a murderer or thief, which foredooms a child to a life of shame, as we see every day amongst us in our present civilization (Cheers). Then I am told that the musical genius can write music without a knowledge of harmony. That does not tell me what the musical genius is. We can all use a word, but what we want in science is the explanation of the word. I know genius can do it, and I want to know how it is done; and my special reason for pressing that point was that knowledge of that kind means a certain education from the normal point of view, that is that the brain has received certain impressions and that those impressions come out in the actions of the individual. In this case there can have been no opportunity for the impressions at all, and the whole picture which was drawn about the generation of hydrogen does not help us in the least. I want to know what genius is and how it comes to pass that the child's brain has knowledge which it does not acquire during the present existence. I want to know how it is possible it can have that, inasmuch as ideas cannot be transmitted by the ordinary physical parentage; you can only transmit brain formation by physical parentage, and that does not give knowledge of laws of harmony.

The Chairman announced that an Ex-Indian judge had sent up his card to say he wished to speak, and as we were on an Eastern subject he, the Chairman, thought the audience might perhaps like to hear him. (Hear, hear.)

The Ex-JUDGE said he came from India where the subject of Theosophy had been well discussed, perhaps more so than it had been in this country. He had not the slightest intention of taking part in the discussion at that meeting, but when Mrs. Besant mentioned at the conclusion of her lecture that the whole subject of Theosophy would be thoroughly understood but by a minority, then it appeared to him pertinent to know what the component personages of that minority who undertook to teach them the subject were. In India Madame Blavatsky was supposed to be the high priestess of Theosophy, and through her Mr. Sinnett and Colonel Olcott became leading lights. If Madame Blavatsky was to be one of this minority, it behoved him, as an Indian, to put before the audience a few facts in connection with that lady. When Madame Blavatsky was in the height of her power certain accusations were brought against her by a person intimately associated with her in all the conjuring tricks to which Mrs. Besant had alluded, a lady named Madame Coulomb, an intimate friend of Madame Blavatsky. She was approached by a body of Christian missionaries in India, who knew Madame Coulomb was in possession of certain information regarding Madame Blavatsky which would go to her discredit. They succeeded in their object and Madame Coulomb not only made statements but produced documents and swore they were written by Madame Blavatsky. What did those letters contain? They went to show that there were pre-arrangements between Madame Blavatsky and Madame Coulomb by which certain phenomena which were intended to be brought about at some future time were beforehand arranged. A body of psychical investigators sent over a gentleman to investigate the question, and he decided that certain manipulations had been indulged in by which these phenomena were brought about. Madame Blavatsky was accused in mystic periodicals times without number and was also given an opportunity

to prosecute Madame Coulomb for these letters. (A Voice, "That is a gross mis-statement.") The charges were serious. Madame Blavatsky had the opportunity to prosecute, but did not avail herself of it, and it was thought necessary that an independent body should sift the whole matter. An English gentleman belonging to the judicial service of Madras was appointed to examine the letters, and make his own report to the spiritualist body who had selected him. The sum and substance of his views was that Madame Blavatsky was guilty, so to say, of tricks. The question they had to put to themselves was if this great knowledge which Theosophy professed to disclose was confined in the first instance to a minority of which Madame Blavatsky was one, and to his own knowledge Madame Blavatsky had imparted her knowledge to Mr. Sinnett and others; if all this knowledge had permeated through Madame Blavatsky, against whom such scandalous charges were levelled in India and which she was called upon to meet and disprove in her own way, what did Madame Blavatsky do? She simply left the country "For the benefit of her health." He denounced this conduct as disloyalty to the truth which she professed to follow. He admired Mrs. Besant for her following of the truth through evil and good report; but he only mentioned her as so contrary to Madame Blavatsky. If it was true then that Madame Blavatsky's doctrines were tainted by conjuring could they expect any intelligent being to follow her as long as that grave charge was impending against her. He thought not. The evidence against her was sufficient to go before a grand jury, and certainly much stronger than the evidence was in the case of Mrs. Maybrick. In conclusion he said, "If you skulk from investigation of this sort you surely bring discredit upon the doctrines which you teach."

MRS. BESANT: There is a well known rule of law: "No case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney." The gentleman appears to have entirely followed that rule of law. I shall be compelled of course to follow him, although permit me to say at the outset that were all the lies told about Madame Blavatsky as true as they are false, Theosophy would remain. I do not say she would not be discredited, but Theosophy does not rest alone on her, great and noble as her life has been. It would be a terrible shock to many of us who know her, and who knew these charges, and know them as well as the speaker. But I may give you now the other side. Madame Blavatsky is a Russian lady born of wealthy parents of high rank. She left Russia—having a strong desire to investigate the line of thought I have put to you to-day—giving up all the advantages she might have had, throwing aside all the ordinary enjoyments of life for the great desire to find out truth. Permit me to say to the gentleman who admires me so very much that he ought to extend some of this admiration to this lady who gave up far more than I did (Cheers and slight interruption from the ex-judge). I listened in silence, absolute silence, to words spoken against a woman who is very dear to me, and I will ask the gentleman to listen to me in the same silence. Madame Blavatsky found the truth she sought, and she began to teach it, as honest people do when they believe they have found the truth. Amongst others who came to her near the close of her stay, there were two people, M. and Madame Coulomb. They were destitute and they were starving. She took them in, fed them and sheltered them, placed them in a position of half housekeeper, half friend, in her house. She kept them there for a considerable time. After

a while she was called away from India to Europe. She left the keys of her room with these people. They apparently thought they had got all out of her they could, and some mis-behaviour of theirs had already made their tenure of office doubtful. Christian missionaries approached them and offered them money if they would fabricate charges which would discredit Madame Blavatsky in the eyes of the world. Naturally they hated her, for she worked against the missionaries in India, and they were maddened with the success she had had. What Christian missionaries can do in the way of scoundrelly conduct, bribing servants, &c., you, who have some knowledge about similar people here can imagine. The Coulombs earned their money.\* I do not mind giving the details which the speaker did not appear to like to give. They made up a story about a shrine in the house which had a false back to it. They made up stories about men who went about with bladders on their heads and pretended to be the masters. Rather curious that about the walking bladders, but such stories are told when missionaries' money is wanted. The Psychical Research Society was interested in these phenomena, but it was not that body which examined; it was one young man, Mr. Hodgson, a smart young man but *young*. He went out and investigated these stories, and he found what he was sent to find. I have read his report very carefully, all of it, and weighed it. I found evidence that the back of this cupboard which was supposed to have been there was evidently newly made, and the doors in it moved with such difficulty that it took a man's strength to move them although they were all supposed to be sliding backwards and forwards repeatedly. I found the whole story rests on the unsupported evidence of these two people, purchased by Christian missionaries in order to discredit a Theological antagonist. But then we have got the Indian judge, who gives it as his opinion that the letters were authentic.

The EX-JUDGE: I simply said they were alleged to be hers.

MRS. BESANT: Then I can hardly see what is his reason for bringing forward evidence into which he has not searched. I understand exposing a fraud, but you ought to examine, and you ought not, where you know a woman is unpopular, to take third-rate evidence about letters, give it forth as if it was true, and then come forward and say "I did not say it." What were those letters? Letters that bore forgery on their very face. Letters that no woman of ordinary intelligence could possibly have written to a person in Madame Coulomb's position. Letters that would show Madame Blavatsky to be a fool. The very man who brought the charges against her, says she is the very greatest impostor history has ever known, a woman of marvellous skill. Such a woman does not write perfectly silly letters and send those letters through the post, knowing, that, as she was suspected of being a Russian agent, they might be opened and published to the world. There are some things rather too silly. Then we are asked why didn't she prosecute. It might have been at least fair if this gentleman had told you that it is one of the rules of Theosophy, that you must not use your power merely to defend yourself. (Laughter.) Permit me to say there is nothing laughable in that. You may not have the courage to do it, you

\* The Coulombs "earned their money," well, this is undeniable. But that they *never got it all* is as undeniable; those who had not scrupled to bribe, did not stop at cheating people who had so well served them.—[ED.]

may not have the heroism, but there is nothing greater than those who can stand attack and remain silent under it. (Loud applause.) She believes it to be right and she was bound to follow it, whether it injured her or brought her good. Not only so; but had I been beside her, I should have advised her to treat it with silent contempt, as I have done in similar cases over and over again. The gentleman has been good enough to say he has heard nothing against me. Well, he could not have been much amongst Christian Evidence people (laughter) or amongst the friends of the Christian missionaries who slandered Madame Blavatsky. I have heard much worse things said about me. I have been accused of the vilest life a woman can lead. Have I prosecuted? No. A strong woman and a good woman knows that her life is enough to live down slander. (Loud applause.) Madame Blavatsky would no more prosecute this woman than I would prosecute Tarry or Goodship. There is one other piece of evidence the last speaker did not bring forward, and that was the evidence of the experts about the resemblance of the writing of Madame Blavatsky to that of some of the masters. When the letters were first submitted, they said there was no likeness, and it was only a long time afterwards they said the writings were in the same hand.

Friends, I am almost ashamed to have to deal with a question like this in a debate on a lecture in which I dealt not with personalities, but with a theory of the universe, which, right or wrong, is worthy of consideration; but I could not hear a friend slandered without showing how base the slanders were, and I tell you I read that account very carefully, all that had been said, and gave it the best thought I could, and the day after I read it I went and joined the Theosophical Society. (Cheers.) I wanted to know the worst that had been said against Madame Blavatsky, I wanted to read the strongest attack. You may judge how strong I felt it to be when I joined the Society the day after I read it, and the result of that attack has been on many minds the same. The Society has grown stronger since it was published. From all parts of the world people have shown the Christian missionary people what they thought of it. I say to you, from personal experience, of all the persons I have met I know no life more laborious, more earnest, more self-sacrificing and more devoted than the life of Madame Blavatsky. This gentleman says, why did she leave India? I answer because she was dying. I have seen her, and she is still now weak and feeble, and will be all her life. She has ruined her health in the work she has done. It is a poor cause which cannot enter into argument except by attacking an individual, and there is not much likelihood of finding truth if the few people in the search for it merely take third-hand evidence, and then, before a great audience like this, throw mud broadcast in the hope that some of it may stick.

[The audience, by their applause, seemed to endorse this defence, and then the meeting dispersed].



A proof is better than an argument.

The truth floats on the surface of lies.

He who does not recognise bread and salt is worse than a dog.

(*Turkish Proverbs.*)

## The Astral Plague and Looking-Glass.

HOW SOME PEOPLE THINK THE SHADOWS OF THEMSELVES ARE OTHER FOLKS.

**A** SYSTEM of thought, new to the Western hemisphere, but old as the world itself, embracing in one synthesis religion, science and philosophy, is brought before our notice and claimed by its introducer to have been received from certain sources. It succeeds in arousing wide interest, in creating a new train of ideas, in attracting the attention of men and women of the most diverse nationalities, beliefs, tastes, gifts and attainments in every part of the civilized globe. And this simply in its broad outlines, by its ideas and innate force.

The introducer of the system says: "This is not my invention. I was taught it by others; neither do I know it in its entirety nor its last word. But even if you think me a deceiver, there's the system. Judge it on its own merits. What you have is but a sketch; work out the details for yourselves."

The study is fascinating even for the superficial, and the curiosity of numbers is fiercely aroused. They would give worlds to know all, to work out the ideas in externals. "The key is within you," says the system. That was the great difficulty. Few could understand it. "If we had only a scientific primer with easy experiments!" they cried.

So there was a great demand for primers, and trade became brisk; and some worked it out this way, and some that, and there was a great disputing. And some clever but unscrupulous persons who did not love their brother students, arose and worked it out to their own satisfaction; plausibly enough to all seeming, but cunningly devised to pander to the ambitions and desires of the curious ignorant; and howled that they were greater, wiser, purer, better far than the original teachers, nay were the only true guides.

So these precocious and uninvited pupils set up a school of their own, and in the delirium of the plague which had now obtained firm hold upon them, began to spread abroad the insane charge that their late brother students in the original school were but poor dolts and weak past mentioning, and the teachers iniquitous depraved Satanities.

Perhaps it had not been so totally unpardonable if the system of these pretenders had been new and borne the stamp of essential difference from the school in which these ignoramus had been such sorry outside surface pupils. That, however was beyond their attainments: they could not construct, they could but throw into confusion, destroy. Therefore with subtle ingenuity they stole and plagiarised, heaping together gold and silver, brass and iron and abominations, and threw over it a cloak of specious fascination and decent exterior. And by flattering the race-prejudices, pride, persons and presumptions of their victims, drew an eager crowd of flies around the garbage-bin which they had smeared with the sweet adulterated honey of falsehood and self-deception.

One thing alone they could not hide: abominations, as is their wont, must putrify, and the odour which thus arose, was most unsavoury.

The following is an extract from the New York *Path* of August :

"THE LIGHT OF EGYPT,"

OR THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS.

Some few years ago was started (about 1884) an order called "H. B. of L."—or Hindu, Hermetic, or Hibernian Brotherhood of Luxor, as one may choose—which, under pledge of secrecy, pretended to give occult information and teaching to its members. The "private secretary" of this was Mr. T. H. Burgoyne, of whom a short biography has hitherto been written. The instructions were to be free. In August 1887, a circular was received by the members<sup>s</sup> of the order reading thus :

"TO THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE H. B. OF L.

*Dear and Esteemed—*"

[The first paragraph, for which we have no room, stated that because the order was not sufficiently united the Private Secretary had determined upon a plan of instruction, and then proceeds. ED.]

"Those members who have read and *thought* upon the work just issued to them, *The Mysteries of Eros*, will see that I have therein but briefly outlined a few of the first principles, as it were—the ALPHABET only—of Occultism. I am, therefore, preparing an elaborate course of lessons giving the theoretical and revealing the practical secrets of the science, which I am about to teach in connection with a series of lessons on the *Ancient Chaldean Astrology*. This system of Chaldean Astrology constitutes the basic principles from which ALL doctrines, theories, systems and practices radiate, and cannot be found in published works. I have thoroughly elucidated this science in the lessons, after eighteen years of incessant labour, study and practice.\* Apart also, from this series of lessons, I have in preparation a Special Course upon Egyptian and Chaldean Magic, which will follow as a natural sequence.

"The actual teaching alone, connected with these lessons, will absorb the whole of my time for at least twelve months, hence it is impossible for me to attempt this work without remuneration. I have, therefore, decided to form a Special Class within our Order, for those who desire this sublime knowledge. My terms to each will be \$60 for the complete course, payable quarterly in advance (viz. \$15). Therefore, all wishing to subscribe will do me a special favour by sending their names at once, so as to enable me to make the necessary preparations.

"In conclusion, I desire to impress upon each individual member who desires to attain unto actual imitation [so printed and altered to *initiation* in ink. ED.] the great necessity of subscribing for this Elaborate Course in Occult Instruction, as these teachings are not simply metaphysical speculations, but ACTUAL FACTS, each and all of which have been verified by actual experiences in the great astral soul-world of nature ; further, each fact and theory advanced is issued with the

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\* This guru must have begun then his "incessant labour, study and practice" when ten years of age[?] For, in the "Extract from a report of the proceedings at the Leeds Borough Sessions in the Leeds Mercury of January 10, 1883," before us, we find that one Thomas Henry Dalton, later alias d'Alton, alias Burgoyne, alias Corrini, Stella," etc., etc., grocer, was in that year 27 years old. We have undeniable proofs corroborated by a photograph that the "Burgoyne" of the "H. B. of L.," Dalton the enterprising (grocer) of Leeds, and the author of *The Light of Egypt*—helped of course by several others whom we know—are identical.—[ED.]

knowledge, full consent and approval of our revered Masters, *the Hermetic Adepts* and guardians of '*The Wisdom of the Ages*.'

Fraternally yours,

T. H. BURGOYNE,  
*Private Secretary.*

*Address*, P. O. Box ( ) Monterey, California.

## SYNOPSIS OF THE COMPLETE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION EMBRACED IN THE FOREGOING LETTER.

### PART I.

#### OCCULTISM AND HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY.

"A full and complete course of twelve lessons, embracing the most arcane doctrines of the Hermetic Wisdom. This course is subdivided into *three* principal divisions containing *four* lessons each.

FIRST DIVISION. Containing "*The Genesis*." "*The Alpha*."—viz :

- I. "The Involution of Spirit."
- II. "The Evolution of Matter."
- III. "The Laws of Crystallization—*the production of Forms*."
- IV. "The Origin of Life."

SECOND DIVISION. Containing "The World of Phenomena." "The Transition."

- V. "Reincarnation"—Its truths, its *apparent* truths, and its *delusions*.
- VI. "The Hermetic Constitution of Man." *Apparent contradictions reconciled*.
- VII. "Karma"—Its real truths revealed and its oriental delusions exposed.
- VIII. "Mediumship"—Its nature, laws and mysteries.

THIRD DIVISION. Containing "The World of Realities." "The Omega."

- IX. "The Soul and its Attributes," and *the method of their unfoldment*.
- X. "Mortality and Immortality," and *the processes of its attainment*.
- XI. "The Dark Satellite," and the laws of the soul's annihilation.
- XII. "The Triumph of the Soul." Adeptship—what it *is*, and *how* attainable.

N.B.—In the above lessons all argument or superfluous matter will be strictly omitted, and the laws, teachings and principles briefly and concisely stated. They will therefore contain the real gist and substance of what would otherwise be a very large book. The contents of Part I. contains about 100 pages. Part II, 260 pages. They will be *clear lithographs of the original*, produced by "*the Autocopyist*."

### PART II.

#### THE ASTRO-MASONIC SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

"Embracing a most thorough and complete course of 26 lessons, containing an elaborate exposition of the arcane mysteries of ASTROLOGY, giving also, in



detail, *The Ancient Chaldean System* of reading the stars. Scores of Horoscopes (chiefly those of public and historical characters) will be given as examples to demonstrate the absolute truth of planetary influence, according to the laws and rules contained in these lessons. The student will then *see for himself* how we read the past, *realize* the present, and *anticipate* the future.

#### PROGRAMME.

"The lessons will be issued with strict regularity, as follows, on the first Monday of each month, commencing with October. One lesson of the Occult series will be issued, and all questions thereon answered during the interim.

"Commencing upon the same date, the first lesson of the Astrological series will be issued and continued *fortnightly*. Consequently each student will receive one lesson upon Occult Philosophy and two lessons upon Astrology each month. The whole course occupying exactly one year."

The private secretary signed all his letters to the order with the symbol found on the title page of "The Light of Egypt." An inspection shows that the book is mostly a reprint of the instructions which were "lithographs of the original produced by the Autocopyist."

It will therefore be instructive to quote from the preface and give the table of contents of the "*Light of Egypt*."

"For nearly *twenty years* \* the writer has been deeply engaged investigating the hidden realms of occult force, and, as the results of these mystical labours were considered to be of great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to condense, as far as practicable, the general results of these researches into a *series of lessons for private occult study*. This idea was ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspects of occult lore as seen and realised in the soul and the stars, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of ancient *Egypt and Chaldea* and thus giving a brief epitome of *Hermetic philosophy*.

At the conclusion of the first part, we read—"We have written during the past *twelve months* probably as much as the ordinary human mind will be able to realise."

#### PART I.

##### SECTION I.

##### THE GENESIS OF LIFE.

- I. The Realm of Spirit,  
The Involution of the Divine Idea.
- II. The Realm of Matter,  
Evolution and the Crystallisation of Force.
- III. The Origin of Physical Life,  
Progressive Expressions of Polarity.
- IV. The Mysteries of Sex.  
Differentiations of the Biune Spirit.

##### SECTION II.

##### THE TRANSITION OF LIFE.

- Incarnation and Re-incarnation,  
Its truths, Its Apparent truths, Its Delusions.
- The Hermetic Constitution of Man,  
Principles versus Results.  
Contradictions Reconciled.
- III. Karma,  
Its real nature and influence.
- IV. Mediumship,  
Its Universal Nature, Laws and Mysteries.

\* The italics are mine.—[G.R.S.M.] By comparing them with the synopsis of the H.B. of L., just quoted the reader will be edified.

## SECTION III.

## THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

- I. The Soul,  
    Its Nature and its Attributes.
- II. Mortality and Immortality,  
    Nature's Processes.  
    The Appearance and the Reality.
- III. The Dark Satellite,  
    The Sphere of Failure and Undeveloped Good.
- IV. The Triumph of the Human Soul,  
    Adeptship, Its Nature and *how* attainable.

## PART II.

## THE SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

To quote from the H. B. of L. instructions would be simply to reprint the "Light of Egypt."

It is interesting to notice that H. B. C., the private secretary of M. Theon the "Adept," signs himself with the identical "dilapidated swastica" of the "Author" of the "Light of Egypt." The object of the present paper is first of all to prove the source of the volume beyond refutation, and then to deal solely with the book itself and prove the perniciousness of its teachings. Burgoyne, d'Alton, H. B. Corini, M. Theon, Stella the Astrologer &c. &c. (all these being permutations and combinations of aliases of persons unfortunately too well known by many of us), with their schemes, occasional forced retirements from public life, rapid change of residence, mediumship and avowed practice of the foulest black magic, may be left to Karma.

And what is this "Light" which presumption, with reiterated claims of knowledge, professes to throw on the problem of being?

"Where now, O Egypt, where are thy diviners and ordainers of the hour? . . . Thou shalt not, therefore, know what the Lord Sabaoth shall do. For this Egypt is the inefficacious Hyle."

Throughout the whole book the claim of having verified their assertions by actual experiment is again and again brought forward.

We recognize here the disease which has overtaken so many who have contacted the Astral Light. Do they not know that there are states far more material still than this external world of ours?

The skeleton of their body of doctrine is plagiarized wholesale from what they understand of Eastern cosmogenesis.\* We read of (Re) incarnation, Karma, septenary rounds, principles, races, &c., the eighth sphere, cyclic progression, involution, evolution, the One Life and its two aspects, &c., &c. But what a tangled skein they have made of it! The threads are all thrown into inextricable confusion, and the spirit of the original gives place to excuses for the exercise of passion and indulgence. On this framework are patched together scraps from Swedenborg, the *Perfect Way*, the works of Lake Harris, and pre-eminently of the P. B. Randolph school, making, as a unity, I know not what sorry *olla podrida* of absurdities and obscenities. The word "obscenity" may perhaps

\* In the H. B. of L. instructions (1884) we find a statement that the Races and Rounds are not taken from Mr. Sinnett's Esoteric Buddhism, but were written by a young student in 1882. Granting this to be true, which is by no means sure, the *Fragments of Occult Truths* published in the *Theosophist* since 1881, containing the substance of *Esoteric Buddhism*, may account for the fact.

startle the general reader of the volume under examination. The public exposition of their "Love" doctrine has been made in such generally guarded language that it may well deceive those who read in good faith and without a knowledge of the authors and their "secrets." We hope, however, to enlighten the public on some of these "mysteries."

Two subjects will be sufficient examples of their method. (i) Reincarnation and (ii) Karma.

(i) "In no case does the soul monad commence as a mineral and attain unto the animal or human upon the same planet, but it becomes latent on each alternate orb. For instance, the mineral atoms upon this earth will undergo a purely impersonal cycle upon *Venus* (/) \* which is their next sphere, and then become incarnated within the vegetable circuit upon the next planet, and so on; while the mineral atoms of the planet *Mars* (/) when they reach this planet, are purely impersonal beings and do not incarnate here as objective forms, but pass their cycle in the astral spaces, then enter material conditions again upon *Venus*."

"The talented author of 'Art Magic' and 'Ghost Land,' who *for years* has investigated the various unseen realms of life for himself, gives the world the brief results of his *life-long* research in the latter work. Speaking upon re-incarnation the writer says: 'To my *dim apprehension*, and in view of my long years of wandering through spirit spheres, where teaching spirits and blessed angels guided my soul's ardent explorations, this brief summary of pre-existent states explains all that the re-incarnationists have laboured so sedulously to theorize upon. . . . *the universal and reiterated assertion of myriads of spirits in every stage of a progressive beyond*, convinced me there was no return to mortal birth, no retrogression in the scale of cosmic being, *as a return to material incarnations undoubtedly would be*,† and all the demands of progress, justice and advancement, are supplied by the opportunities offered the soul in the sphere of spiritual existence."

Oh the Summerland, the harps and streets of gold! But why should the author who elsewhere insists on the *Cyclic* law of progression, quote the opinion of his "adept" friend to support his pet theory.

Is this the materializing of the spiritual or not? To this there can be but one answer. If such chaos-makers could have their own way, they would poison the pure spiritual state with the mephitic exhalations of their passionate lower natures, and make a "Hell" of "Heaven." If they could have comprehended the idea of the word *plane* or sensed the mystic meaning of the term *planet*, they would never have been guilty of such "inversive" delusion, or have so bedaubed the pure garments of spirit with the mire of matter.

As long as an attraction to the material exists so long will the monad return under the Law. These, on the contrary, would project the gross matter of their lower natures, unpurified, into the realm of Spirit. It is true that the Fixed must be transformed into the Volatile. But many processes and many days are necessary for the transformation, and every atom must be transmuted, the operator continually watching and aiding the Great Work. And this he must do alone. And, therefore, must he sleep and wake again and again returning to the task.

All such material schemes have an attraction for surface-skimmers, as presenting a mind-picture which the vulgar can easily follow. This is not the method of true Occultism. The mystery of *Man* can never be told in words. One facet only at a time of the Stone of the Philosophers can be glimpsed at. Its unity must be sensed by the spirit.

(ii). Karma for Theosophists is a *law* affecting both spirit and matter. The School of Misrepresentation informs us that we believe that

\* The Italics in all quotations are mine.—[G.R.S.M.]

† The "Adept" apparently places planes one above another and traces progress in a straight line [?].

"Karma at death remains somewhere or other down upon the astral planes of the planet, like an avenging demon, waiting anxiously for the period of Devachanic happiness to come to an end, in order to re-project the poor unfortunate soul once more into the magnetic vortices of material incarnation, where, with its load of bad Karma hanging like a mill-stone round its neck, it will, in all human probability, generate a still greater load of this theological dogma, and, consequently, at each re-birth it will sink deeper, unless the spiritual Ego can bring it to some consciousness of its fearfully sinful state."

This will be news for most of us. Surely we live and learn (mostly lies)! Now hear what comfortable words the "Hermetic" doctrine teaches.

"Karma is not an active principle, but, on the contrary, it is a *crystallized force*."

"Karma is the offspring of everything. . . . Races of men, species of animals, and classes of plants also evolve special racial Karmas which constitute their astral world. . . ."

"Karma is absolutely confined to the realms of the astral light, and consequently is always subjective. . . . When the soul leaves the planet the Karma disintegrates. (! !)

"When the soul enters the spiritual states of the soul world (which Buddhists term Devachan), the power of its earthly Karma can never re-attract it to earth; its influence over the soul is for ever lost."

Astral, very astral! The result of indigestion. And to think of credulity paying sixty dollars for so pernicious a disease! And if they will give sixty dollars for an acute attack of astral dyspepsia, what would they not pay for an indulgence in astral aphrodisiacs? Here we have a brew of such abominations from the astral materia medica. Those who have in their possession the MS. notes to *Eulis*, circulated by the H. B. of L., will recognize the hand of the same crew.\*

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\* Extracts from the *Mysteries of Eulis*, by Dr. Pascal Beverley Randolph, 1882.

These *mysteries* were the most secret instructions of the H. B. of L.

"*Conclusion*. These are the fundamentals and all that is absolutely essential to anyone, for their application is as broad and varied as life itself; a list of over one hundred powers attainable is given in the A—M—,† which see. But there are certain sexive applications not therein given, amongst which is that of life-prolonging through a peculiar *rite* which usually weakens health and destroys life, but which, under proper conditions, absolutely strengthens and prolongs both; this mystery is that of MAHICALIGNA—or the sexive principle of *Eulis*, and comes into active use in many ways, but principally in these seven:

- I. For purposes of increasing the brain and body power of an unborn child.
- II. Influencing one's wife or husband and magnetically controlling them.
- III. Regaining youthful beauty, energy, vivacity, affectional and magnetic power.
- IV. Prolonging the life of either the subject or actor, or either at will.
- V. Attainment of supreme White Magic of Will, Affection or Love.
- VI. For the furtherance of financial interests, schemes, lotteries, &c.
- VII. The attainment of the loftiest insight possible to the earthly soul.

These seven constitute a *crowning glory* of the System of *Eulis*."

Here follow long and detailed instructions, unfit for publication in any country. A hint or two may be given to show their general tendency. The seven problems are characterized as a "radical soul-sexive series of energies"; further on we are told that "the great intent" is to be executed through the magic use of gender. "The mystery of Life and Power, seership and forecast, endurance and longevity, silent energy and mental force lies in the SHE side of God, the love principle of human kind and in the sexual nature of the homos. Outside of it all is cold and death, in it resides all Fire, Energy, procreant power (spiritual and all others) and the key unlocking every barred door in the realms that are.

"Fix this first principle firmly in your memory. Its basic form is 'Love lieth at the formation,' and love is convertibly Passion, Enthusiasm, Heat, Affection, Fire, God, 'master that.' . . . Now I will teach you the grandest truth you ever dreamed of. It is this. Remember that the essence of all power, of whatsoever nature, character or kind ever resides in evolves out of and derives its impulsive energy from the *She* side of God . . . ." "You cannot master what is herein written in a day or month, for it requires long and severe study and *practice* to thoroughly comprehend it."

† *Ansairitic Mystery*, a work by the same author.

"The twin souls are related to each other primarily as brother and sister, and finally as man and wife. In this latter state their true meeting place is the plane of embodied humanity. . . . But whenever the two halves of the same divine Ego do meet, love is the natural consequence; not the physical sensations produced by the animal magnetism of their sexual natures, but the deep, silent emotions of the soul . . . this Spiritual love is the outcome of their Divine relationship, and should never be set aside nor crushed by any worldly considerations. But, on the contrary, wherever possible, these pure intuitions of the soul should be obeyed . . . If a female should marry under these circumstances and become the mother of children, it will frequently transpire that the actual germs of spiritual life will be transmitted by this absent one, the external husband only provides the purely physical conditions for the manifestation of the spiritual offspring of the true lord. The rejected soul-mate, the spiritual bride-groom, is the real father, and very often the child born will resemble the image of its true parent."

"To suddenly and completely suppress the natural functions of the sexual organism will do a great deal of physical and spiritual harm, because the re-action will create violent discord with the ethereal constitution. In fact, the complete suppression is almost as bad as the excessive use or sensual indulgence."

"No foreign or outside influence can absorb or annihilate the sexual qualities of the soul. It is therefore true that the masculine and feminine attributes of the soul cannot be destroyed as a whole. But the masculine portion may attract its feminine portion or soul mate, and the intense selfhood of its own dominant forces virtually destroy her manifested existence. This absorption, however, is a very rare occurrence and only transpires in the case of those magical adepts of the astral plane who have attained their psychological powers by a complete polarization of all the truly human elements of their internal natures. Such magical adepts become the concentrated centres of spiritual selfishness, but teach the external masses that self is the very demon they have conquered. . . . It is from this magical school of thought that mankind have received the doctrines which teach that sex is only the appearance of matter, and not a spiritual reality, whereas, nothing in this mighty universe is so manifest and so eternal as the male and female expressions of the Divine soul. These adepts profess to have blended the two; but they have simply polarized the one, and created a conscious selfhood of the other."

"Celibacy is a method that should be discouraged in all cases wherein the spiritual constitution of the organism is in a negative condition, and under the most favourable circumstances it is a very questionable practice unless the spiritual nature is sufficiently active to absorb and use the ethericised atoms of the seminal fluid which has become dematerialised by the magnetic activities of Occult training.\* Celibacy, then, must only take place when the animal nature has been so far evolved upward toward the higher principles that the sexual propensities are susceptible of extending their vibrations to a higher plane of action. In this case celibacy becomes an absolute necessity of further Occult progress."

"The human soul must be wholly evolved up out of the animal soul, i.e., the sphere of undeveloped good in man's constitution must be developed, the animal forces and appetites, instead of being conquered and chained like a wild beast as sought by oriental mystics, must be gradually developed and transformed or evolved into the human."

Very subtle indeed.† Love is a union of souls: a most excellent and righteous precept. But souls are male and female and each individual soul ever remains so and continues to aid in procreation, for "it frequently transpires that the actual germs of spiritual life will be transmitted by the absent one. . . And very often the child born will resemble the image of the true parent." So

\* Truly one may say "I smell all horse pond, at which my nose is most indignant."

† The reader must bear in mind that the views brought forward in the present paper to combat the pernicious doctrines of these pseudo-teachers and pretended "Adepts" are meant only for those who believe in Occultism as a living fact and who seek to model their lives on its teachings. That the majority of us are capable of speedy success is extremely doubtful—still we can try; we may advance a few steps on the journey and not sit still with folded hands in passive lethargy; and so alone shall we gain courage to move boldly on, for face the task we must some day. But indeed in these latter times, that the doctrines of the great teachers of the past on this momentous question should receive even a just hearing is highly improbable. The two views contrasted are diametrically opposed to one another. It is for those alone who have made up their minds, to choose the Right or Left Path. The Middle is for those who doubt. Those therefore who do not yet believe in Occultism and that every act of their lives leaves its mark indelibly upon their moral atmosphere, cannot of course be expected to fully agree in the strong view brought forward, and for them it is not intended.

that these souls may prostitute their bodies wholesale, for "during the present cycle very few of these spiritual unions take place," and this, no-doubt, is quite to the satisfaction of such Don Juans. And thus we have a doctrine to encourage elective affinities; sympneumata triumphant, astral prostitution preached as the divine law. And still these inconsequent babblers proclaim that when "the animal is evolved," celibacy becomes compulsory. But when shall the evolution of this monster cease? we cry. This is the momentous question. Shall it be now and within, or shall it be further indulged? Shall the "Kingdom of Heaven" be put off to a dim and distant future, and "Hell" continue to reign triumphant, or shall the cry go forth "Choose ye, *this day*, what gods ye shall serve"?

No doubt it is less damnable to their fellows that man and woman should weaken the passion of their thought sphere by an expression in act, and as legitimate a gratification as the self-preservative laws of society may provide. But to say such thoughts and acts are a *necessity* for man is a pernicious and frantic lie. The act is merely a curbing of the animal strength of the weak.

The pure in heart shall see, the pure in mind shall know, the pure in act shall be clad in the breast-plate of righteousness.

Marriage, it is true, is sanctified by the Churches; and in this they show a practical common sense and a desire to keep the animal within certain bounds, but not even they preach its *necessity*.

True love of Humanity, the one religion, shows a nobler ideal, so that the *higher* ethics of Theosophy, as also the lives and teachings of the Nazarene and the Buddha, incalculable absolute purity, the virgin state, both of thought and act.

The crew of the piratical craft, sailing under the stolen flag of Egypt's hoary wisdom, with brazen impudence proclaim aloud that the exercise of the sex function is a *necessary* step in the conscious development of "Adeptship"! Indulge the animal, they howl, develop it, do not suppress it; do not slay the dragon, fatten it up, give it to eat! Such is their creed. St. George shall no more slay the Dragon, nor Bellerophon the Chimæra, nor Hercules the Hydra; the Mysteries are overthrown and Chaos returns to its primeval slime. Progress is throttled and hurled into the yawning gulf of lust, and red Anarchy raises high its standards among the tents of men.

My brethren, can such things be?

And so at this time, when the "budding spirituality of the West" begins to feel a surfeit of this same animal, and to "get its eye at length upon the knot that strangles it," begins to see this "Love" in its true colours and its poisonous influence on young and old; this band of knaves would drag the pure white maid of Love down into darkness and chaotic mire, and cooing out an *ignis fatuus* of lust would send it forth to hover round the noisome fens of passion. Pure Love is love for all Humanity, "Divine Compassion." This love alone can teach man Justice.

It is indeed "Jehovah-God" whose constant exhortation was "Increase and multiply," that spreads such dire delusions. Thus the world is taught to look on such an act as Divine and God-appointed.

It is true that this function is a *fact* in nature, but by no means a divine fact any more than any other of the natural functions. Simply an animal fact, owing

to the evolution of matter, nothing more; but from the standpoint of that which is above the animal,—infernal. By this means, say these subtle tempters, the god within shall be strengthened. Aye, the false shadow "Jehovah" \* but not "The God."

Man must be a perfect animal. Quite so: all his animal organs must be perfect. He has then the power of choice at every moment whether his body shall be the playground of the animal or the temple of the God.

It is sometimes argued that from physiological considerations, the exercise of every function is necessary and to refrain from the use of any function harmful. In extraordinary cases, when the individual is suffering from a veritable disease, it may be so, and then only if it is entirely beyond the control of the patient and becomes a sort of madness. But in the great majority of ordinary cases, a large percentage of the medical faculty, in one country at least, has declared the exercise of such functions unnecessary to health.† This is, of course, a purely material judgment, but why need we any further witness?

But indeed the perniciousness of preaching such an indulgence as *necessary* and its deadly attraction, especially for those who hanker after the occult, is by no means the prejudiced imagining of sentimental prudery, but an actual fact of experience. The poison is subtle. Astral alcohol is of finer aroma and taste than the destructive fire water of modern commerce.

The sanctified spilling of Abel's blood ‡ is the corollary of the doctrine of Twin Souls and biune sentimentalism. That sex is the outward expression of a law is true. But that there is anything of the nature of sex relationships in higher states within this material veil of appearances, of this absurd union which breeds multiplicity and is therefore a descent into matter, is absolutely false and unthinkable. Is this then the path of progress which leads to *Unity*; this a means to At-one-ment? §

But let no one imagine that we call the sex function unnatural. It is natural beyond a doubt: but natural to the animal; natural to man, while the animal predominates—but no longer than that.

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" Love, pure and divine, is the grand keynote according to which all the harmonies of the Infinite Universe are tuned. Love is life and immortality, while the teachings and practice which insidiously or openly produce a contempt for *sex and love*, all tend toward the dark satellite and death, in its

\* *Jod-hevah.*

† See reports of the White Cross Society in America, and also *Clinical Lectures and Essays* by Sir J. Paget, p. 291; *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, 1865, vol. i. p. 389, an article by G. M. Humphrey, M.D.; *Medical Times and Gazette*, 1872, vol. i. p. 239, article by Dr. Neale; *Vanguard*, Aug. 1889, article by T. S. Clouston, M.D.; *Ethics and Natural Law*, by Joseph Rickaby, 8vo. Lond. 1888.

‡ Use the physiological key of esoteric symbolism. *Vide Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii. p. 125.

§ The reader will now be able to appreciate the brazen-faced impudence and falsehood of Hiram E. Butler of G. N. K. R. and "Esoteric" notoriety, a further development of the H. B. of L. imposture. In the *Press* of Boston for Feb. 3, 1889, the promoter of the "Call to the awakened" and "Esoteric College" is reported to have made the following answers to his interviewer's question: "Are the Theosophists throughout the country favourable to this movement?" "No, they hate us," responded Butler. "They hate us for our many virtues. Do you know, I am convinced that all the Theosophists, not excepting Mme. Blavatsky herself, cling to the pernicious doctrine that the way to conquer the passions is to exhaust them through gratification. For an organization that embraces so frightful a heresy there is no hope, absolutely none." After this it is somewhat astonishing to find a favourable review of the "Light of Egypt" in *L'Initiation* of Paris, presumably a publication for the furtherance of Theosophy and Occultism.

awful and occult sense ; for just in proportion as *love* is displaced, *self* rushes in to fill the vacuum. . . . the whole teaching of Re-incarnation and Karma as taught by Buddhism, esoteric (?) or otherwise, is purely dogma ; it is *materialism* run to seed, combined with oriental speculations. It is a huge system of *selfishness*, to work out good here for the sake of greater good hereafter."

And Theosophy inculcates selfishness ! That which teaches the divine Brotherhood of Man, the one religion, the sole bond of union between humanity, Divine compassion, is selfish ! Cannot these disloyal traitors to the truth, unloving sons of one fond mother, realise however vaguely the meaning of Sacrifice of-Duty ; are they still too blind to see the narrow way that leads across the mountain peaks of self unto the smiling plains of sweet Compassion. As long as sorrowing human kind remain on earth, so long must we continue to think and do and speak for it, for therein we live and move and have our being.

So that at length, when possible and enduring, we may refuse the heavenly bliss of Devachan, to crucify ourselves afresh, most willing victims for our brothers' woes, and bearing the ever-growing burden of responsibility reach at length the Christ State of Nirmanakayas, to sorrow on until the feet of the last pilgrim soul have passed the narrow way.

These are they, who having suffered all and won through countless years Nirvanic bliss and an eternal rest ; yet when the prize is now within their grasp, refuse Nirvana for their great large love, not to another soul of sex, but to Humanity, a sexless unity, and on this most delusive plane their sad and weary brothers in the flesh ; and so in sympathy beneath this crushing weight of pain continue, till the Great Day " Be with us," when all shall be in Paranishpanna, where " We are one and the same and thou art one and the same ; this is the First Mystery, the Mystery of the Ineffable, before he came forth."

And all this sorrowful and weary waiting to help a few at most from time to time ; for even they are under the Great Law, the Absolute, and deaf mankind will neither hear nor yet perceive it. What work of Love can be compared to this, what higher ideal can be set before man as he is ? What story of earthly suffering, or of the cruel crying woes of those great souls all born before their time, lost children\* of our mother, or even of the more familiar scene on Calvary, can ever shadow forth this love of *man* which passeth all understanding ? †

G. R. S. MEAD, F. T. S.

\* *Infanti Perduti.*

† Those who desire to know how high an ideal of unselfishness theosophy can teach should read the "Voice of the Silence," translated by M<sup>rs</sup>. Blavatsky and now in the press. It is impossible to imagine that so high an ideal can meet with one dissentient voice.

## NOTICE.

American Theosophists who may have read in the August LUCIFER in "A Puzzle from Adyar" a reference to a report copied in the *Theosophist* from the *N. Y. Times*, and called by us "bungled and sensational" are notified that the qualification has no direct reference to that particular article, which is *not* "bungled up" and was written by a friend. Our remark was due to an oversight, the article was not read in the hurry, and was mistaken for some speech by Dr. Keightley at the Chicago Convention ; the editor having in mind shorthand reports in general, and having no idea of the identity of the two.—[ED.]





## Theosophical Activities.

THE CONVERSION OF MR. CHARLES POWELL

(of America) TO BUDDHISM.

(From the Colombo Buddhist.)

ON Monday last our esteemed brother Mr. Charles F. Powell arrived by the s. s. *Himalaya* (from Madras) and on Wednesday evening, after taking *pansil* from the High Priest Sumangala, he delivered his first address at the Theosophical Hall, Colombo, before a crowded audience. On the platform were the High Priest and the Priests Subhuti and Heyyantuduwe, and there were also many Priests among the audience. The proceedings opened with *pansil*, after which the High Priest said :—

“One of the attributes of our LORD is described in the title *purusa-dhamma*—the Subduer of men; and many instances of His displaying the power here referred to will readily occur to the memory. On several different occasions He is recorded to have converted many learned Brahmans who had before held various wrong opinions; and this power of conversion was not confined to Him alone, but is inherent in His DHARMA, and has often manifested itself throughout the ages. For example, as you no doubt remember, the great Brahman pandit Chandrabhârati, who came to Ceylon four hundred years ago, was converted by the Chief Priest Rahula, and surely it is the very same inherent power that causes the remarkable conversions of our own day. Within the last few years many able Europeans and Americans have embraced our holy religion; the names of Colonel Olcott, Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Lane-Fox, Dr. F. Hartmann, and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater will readily occur to you. And now this evening we have the pleasure of welcoming an important addition to this band in the person of Mr. Charles F. Powell of America. Much fuss is made in certain quarters about the perversion of a few ignorant coolies to Christianity, but it is surely worthy of notice that while all the so-called “converts” of the Christians are of the lowest and most ignorant class, those gentlemen who give up Christianity for Buddhism are invariably men of culture, education, and ability. The adhesion of one such man is of more importance to the future of Buddhism than would be the defection of a thousand of the other class. I call on you all to welcome Mr. Powell, and to assist him in his work for Buddhism.”

Mr. Powell then rose and said :

“It has been suggested to me that it would be appropriate for me on this occasion to explain the motives which led me to do what I have just done—to make a public profession of the Buddhist religion. Thirty years ago, when I was a little boy, I one day picked up a book in my father’s library. In this book I found a picture of a figure sitting cross-legged on what I could see was intended for a flower; and the wonderful expression of peace and love

in the face of that figure made such an impression on my mind that I used to retire to an unoccupied room in the house and seat myself in the same position as the figure and try to compose my features as much as possible into the same expression which it wore. When I asked whose picture it was I was told that it was that of one of the heathen gods, and it was some years before I even knew the name of the great Master whose image attracted me so strongly. Being naturally of a religious turn of mind, and being also intended by my father for the clerical profession, I was early grounded carefully in the tenets of the Church of England, but the absolute contradictions and glaring absurdities of the orthodox Christian belief soon forced themselves upon my notice. The idea of any kind of deity or law-giver who could be appealed to or placated, or was in any way a changeable being, very early appeared to me as the height of absurdity. I felt that the law that ruled the universe must be an absolute and inexorable law; I knew that if I did wrong, it was I who did it, not some one else, and that therefore I only was responsible: and I felt that a just law must recognize that fact. I very soon discovered that if I controlled my thoughts, the result showed itself in my words and actions, and so far I was already in agreement with the principles of Buddhism. But what I could not discover for myself was the reason for the difference of position among men—why one was rich and another poor—one so happy and another so miserable. If this were done at the caprice of a personal god, then certainly he was a very unjust one, and no god for me. Agnosticism, which is something of a fad now, was no refuge for me; indeed, it seems to me only the refuge of a coward. I remained for years in that unsettled state until—I was going to say ‘by chance,’ but I do not think that anything happens by chance—a copy of *The Light of Asia* fell into my hands. I wish I could make you understand what a revelation that was to me. Really it was *then*—immediately upon reading that book—that I took refuge in the LAW, though I did so publicly only to-night. The two glorious truths of Karma and Re-incarnation cleared away every doubt from my mind, and showed me what life really was. As soon as my own mind was fully made up on these subjects I took every opportunity of communicating my ideas to others, and I may say that I left behind me in America a group of practical Buddhists who are probably at least equal to any you can show in Ceylon. Two days ago, directly after my arrival, I heard it said that Professor Monier Williams had written a book against Buddhism, and that it would have to be answered, or a bad impression would be produced upon the minds of the people here. Now I want to say at once, and to say it very plainly, that in my opinion the man who allows any attack to affect his faith in the smallest degree—when that faith has once been firmly based on reason—does not deserve to be a Buddhist. Such a man is dropping from the plane of pure truth to the level of our poor unfortunate brothers the Christians, who require endless apologies to bolster up an already dead faith. I hope you will remember that and I hope also that as you go away you will remember who and what you are, so that we may make Ceylon a centre from which the Light of Asia may radiate over East and West. The West is ready to receive it, and that revival of Buddhism is approaching; it lies in your power to say whether you of Ceylon will be ready to lead the way when the day comes.”

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater then spoke a few words showing that Mr. Powell's

arrival was as it were a first fruits of the work of the Theosophical Society, an earnest of the future that awaits us, and asking all true Buddhists to receive Mr. Powell as a Brother and help him in his work for the religion.

The High Priest, in closing the meeting, said that the fact that more successful work had not been done for Buddhism in Ceylon was mainly due to the unhappy divisions which prevailed among us: he hoped that the work of the European and American Buddhists among us would tend to do away with these differences, and so to promote the honour and glory of our noble religion.

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Extracts from the *Buddhist*, of the 13th *Pura Nikini* 2433 (August 9, 1889), Colombo, Ceylon.

#### COLONEL OLCOTT'S RECENT VISIT TO CEYLON.

We subjoin the names of the new Branches of the Theosophical Society founded by our President during his last visit to the Island :—

*Maha Mahindra Theosophical Society*, Anuradhapura, established 20th June, 1889.—*President* Relapanawa Ratamahatmaya; *Vice-President*, D. Godage Muhandiram; *Secretary*, A. Uluwita; *Treasurer*, D. H. de Silva, Deputy Fiscal.

*Ubaya Lokartha Sadhaka Theosophical Society*, Matale, established 25th July, 1889.—*President*, L. Corneille Wijayasinha; *Vice-President*, H. Siman Appu; *Secretary*, W. Stephen Silva; *Treasurer*, G. H. de Alwis.

*Ananda Theosophical Society*, Mâwanella, established 25th June, 1889.—*President*, Wategama Disamahatmaya; *Vice-President*, Walgama Gansabha President; *Secretary*, L. B. Kobbekaduwa Ratamahatmaya; *Treasurer*, Dâswatte Koralé Mahatmaya; *Assistant Secretary*, Attanagoda Koralé Mahatmaya.

*Maliyadeva Theosophical Society*, Kurunegala, established 26th June, 1889.—*President*, C. J. G. Hulugalle Ratamahatmaya; *Vice-President*, G. W. Dodanwela Ratamahatmaya; *Secretary*, U. Daniel; *Treasurer*, G. W. A. Bakmiwewa.

*Sariputra Theosophical Society*, Kataluwa, established 4th July, 1889.—*President*, Don Abran de Silva; *Vice-President*, K. R. A. Dharmapala; *Secretary*, P. E. Wickramasinha; *Treasurer*, D. J. Abhayagunawardana.

From the *Buddhist* of the 6th *Pura Nikini* 2433 (2nd August, 1889).

The formation of these five new Branches and the conversion of our Brother Mr. C. Powell to Buddhism do not look as if the number of those "willing to sign themselves F. T. S. (nor of Protestants willing to embrace Buddhism) might be almost counted on the fingers of one hand" according to the latest fib of the Methodists about the T. S. It looks rather as if, indeed, "A NEW RELIGION (WAS) WANTED." It is under the above startling title that we read a paragraph in the *New York Herald* telling us that—

"The Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' protestant episcopal church, New York, started people thinking by his sermon delivered on Sunday last, in which he laid down the dictum that the need of the present age is a new religion. His bold and uncompromising way of handling so ticklish a subject, and the earnest manner in which he avowed his belief that Christianity in its present form does not satisfy the spiritual aspirations of modern progressive humanity, have caused a sensation in the religious world, and there are those that believe that the fearless independent clergyman has got himself into hot water with his ecclesiastical superiors by his utterances on that occasion. The future will show

whether there is any basis for such a belief; but, meanwhile, the sermon just preached by the pastoral head of the fashionable All Souls' congregation is affording plenty of food for thought and comment among those that have followed the course of Mr. Newton during the last few years."

We do not believe that the Rev. Mr. Heber Newton could find a "religion" or we rather say "religious philosophy" that would answer more to the needs of mankind than—THEOSOPHY.

OM, so be it. Meanwhile, we have in the *Theosophist* for September:—

#### NEWS OF DAMODAR.

[The following letter has been forwarded to the *Theosophist* for publication. It is the reply of the Sriman Swamy, the Secretary of "The Cow Memorial Fund" (a movement for the protection of cattle and the improvement of agriculture that promises to become national), to the enquiries of a friend of Damodar, who had heard that the Swamy had lately visited Tibet, and was anxious to know whether he had heard or seen anything of our absent brother. Since then I have had two conversations with the Swamy, in the course of which he corroborated what he had said in his letter, and left on my mind the impression of being an able and sincere man, imbued with patriotic sentiments, and perfectly loyal to the Empress and her Government; anxious only that the true state of affairs should be understood, and perfectly willing to trust to the justice and generosity of the English people to institute remedies for the evils that he believes to exist.

RICHARD HARTE.]

(Acting Editor of the *Theosophist*.)

Madras, August 7th, 1889.

To . . . . .

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

In reply to your enquiries I may say that I certify on my word as a *Sanyassi* that I have twice visited Tibet since the year 1879; that I have personally become acquainted with several Mahatmas, among whom were the two known to the outside world as Mahatma "M" and Mahatma "K. H."; that I spent some time in their company; that they told me that they and other Mahatmas were interested in the work of the Theosophical Society; that Mahatma "M" told me he had been the (occult) guardian of Madame Blavatsky from her infancy.

And I further certify that in March 1887 I saw Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar at L'hassa, in a convalescent state. He told me, in the presence of Mahatma "K. H." that he had been at the point of death in the previous year.

(Signed)

SRIMAN SWAMY.

Hon. Sec. Cow Memorial Fund of Allahabad.

#### ARRIVAL OF COL. OLCOTT.

Pursuant to his agreement last year with the British Section, the President of the Theosophical Society has returned to London from India to undertake a lecturing tour, of which the programme is now being arranged. Local Societies and groups in Great Britain who may desire his services, should at once apply to the Hon. Secretary, British Section of the Theosophical Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, as Colonel Olcott will be returning to Madras probably in December. Our President is looking very well indeed after his epoch-making and arduous tour in Japan.—[Ed.]

## SALUTATION TO INDIA.\*

BHARATAVARSHA, Holy Mother, object of our prayers, our aspirations, and our efforts, Hail !

Once more in joy my feet press thy sacred soil, and thy spirit passes again into my heart. Once more the veil lifts, and I see thee recovering thy life and receiving the homage, withheld so long, of thy sons ; thy sons, who had been beguiled by strange syrens,—thy blinded sons, who had forgotten their ancestors and their duty to Thee.

Thy divine voice called me from across the oceans ; I came : but alas ! to find the fire on thy altar covered with ashes, the ancient faiths contemned, the courage of thy children gone, and mistrust and dissension keeping them apart from each other.

By the blessing of the Rishis and Mahatmas, who gave to us willing ones the power to persuade and arouse, we have broken the spell of selfish indifference, touched with the flame of truth the torpid hearts, and made the divided kinsmen know, trust, and love each other.

We have begun to purge thy desecrated shrines, to revive thine archaic religions, to vindicate thine ancient philosophies, to draw into the golden net of universal tolerance the long antagonistic peoples of the Orient. Though professing different creeds, they are beginning to discover that all are derived from the common source of eternal truth that sprang from thy nourishing bosom. Old hatreds are fading away, the darkness passes, the day is breaking once more.

Strengthen me, O Mother, to perform my task ! Give me the courage to suffer all, to endure neglect and treachery, to forgive ingratitude and disloyalty, and to persist until Thou can'st spare me. And then take my ashes and hide them in thy bosom, or scatter them with the sacred dust of those generations of noble ones who made thy wisdom a beacon of hope to mankind, thy name the most precious heritage of the ages.

Cradle land of sages, heroes, arts and creeds, Hail !

And you, colleagues, co-workers, trusted allies, companions in labour, brothers, Hail ! Returning from a far country to which duty called me, I greet you in love. *Namastæ. Om tatsat.*

H. S. OLCOTT.

ADYAR, 17th July, 1889.

## “Going To and Fro in the Earth.”

(Our Monthly Report.)

IN the days when Satan was the great Angel of Judgment, one of the Sons of God, ere yet he was fallen from heaven, it was his duty to report in the

\* Upon his return the other day to India from Japan, Colonel H. S. Olcott sent to a few friends in the form of a circular letter, the above touching and eloquent apostrophe to India, personified as the genius of the ancient Aryan Bharatavarsha. It was immediately published and went the round of the whole Indian press, with a running accompaniment of blessings and home-greetings from the Hindu public to whom he is universally endeared.—[ED.]

heavenly courts on the doings of earth-born men. This function we shall discharge here month by month, touching on the events of the month that are of interest to Theosophists, so that our readers may have a permanent record of matters that bear on our movement. We begin our first record by saying to our beloved enemies :—

“LIE NOT ONE TO ANOTHER.”

—*Colossians*, iii. 9.

“A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one, is like one who looks up and spits at the sky ; the spittle soils not the sky, but comes back and defiles his own person. So again he is like one who flings dirt at another when the wind is contrary, the dirt does but return on him who throws it. The virtuous man cannot be hurt, the misery that the other would inflict comes back on himself.”

—*Sutra of the Forty-two Sections*.

THE earnest recommendation of the Apostle of the Gentiles seems to fall flat on our Christian friends of the clerical persuasion, and *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi* appears to have become the motto of their public organs.

And yet all things differ in this world, even clerical papers. While a few of the type of the *Church Reformer* jubilate and almost glorify Theosophy for the pleasure of crowing victory over the discomfiture of Secularists ; others, pre-eminent among them the *Methodist Times*, jump at the opportunity to exhume dried up mud for use against Theosophy and its leaders. This they do, we are told, with the object of opening the eyes of those who may have remained hitherto blind, and to refresh the public memory. But here again the Christian *modus operandi* varies in process and intention. When the God and MASTER of the Christians wanted to restore sight to the blind man “he spat” on the parched soil of a street in Jerusalem “made clay of the spittle and anointed the eyes” of the patient, thus restoring his sight. The editor of the *Methodist Times* proceeds on other lines. He spits also, but it is only his venom, into the now fossilized mud of the *Report* of the S. P. R. He opens with it no one’s eyes, but relieves his Christian heart of some of its heavy weight of narrow sectarian bigotry and hatred for the freethinking Annie Besant, at the expense of the no less-hated H. P. Blavatsky. So empty is his own mind of any original conception that, in order to *crush*, as he fondly hopes, the latter individual, the man of God actually uses as weapons the arguments and expressions *ad literatim* of his mortal enemy—G. W. Foote, the editor of the “Freethinker”—and in his rapture conveniently forgets the quotation marks. The “notorious Infidel,” as Mr. Foote is generally called by the orthodox “Faithful,” having written in his pamphlet\* that Mdme. Blavatsky was now presumably Mrs. Besant’s “guide, philosopher and friend,” the reverend editor of the *Methodist Times* forthwith proceeds to repeat the lucky expression and to build thereupon an editorial

\* “Mrs. Besant’s Theosophy.”

which he calls "Mrs. Besant's New Teacher, Madame Blavatsky, and her Indian Record." This "record," in the *Methodist Times* consists of two kinds of fibs ; of false hypotheses emanated from the prolific brain of a young Australian gentleman, a kind of "Jack-the-medium-killer," who served the Psychical Researchers in the triple and quadruple capacity of detective, counsel for prosecution, judge and jury ; and of equally false hallucinations of the said "Editor, Missionaries & Co." Thus while he carefully repeats the stale and long exploded speculations of the *Report*, he adds to them such undeniably false statements as this, "So complete was this evidence (of fraud, if you please) . . . that this remarkable (theosophical) movement collapsed as speedily as it has risen, and to-day the number of men in all India willing to sign themselves F. T. S. might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand."

If the correctness of Mdme. Blavatsky's "Record" is to be judged by this item in it, then is she fully vindicated. With the five newly-formed branches at Ceylon there are now in India 144 Theosophical Societies,\* *i.e.*, many thousands of "Fellows" added to those of 1884.† Not half-a-dozen of F. T. S.'s resigned in consequence of the "Report," "Mr. Sinnett, Dewan Bahadur, Ragunath Rao, the Rai Bahadurs and Ananda Charlu," etc., all whose names are so carefully enumerated by the editor, are still F. T. S.s, still members of our Society and as alive as ever. On the other hand, new members have steadily increased in number, and the T. S. is now assuming gigantic proportions—it we consider the incessant opposition, persecution, slanders and deadly warfare against the Theosophical Society.

Thus, one finds that what the *Methodist Times* quotes from other people's writings is false ; and the little that it adds as variations—is untrue. But even the latter sensational news about the collapse of the T. S. in India is a very stale invention. It appeared several months ago in the same *Methodist Times* when they had to defend themselves and their missionaries in India from the but too truthful accusations that Mr. Caine, M.P. brought against them.‡

But now comes the comical side of the situation. The good Christian editor quotes from the "Hodgson Report" a sentence which makes of Madame Blavatsky "an accomplished forger of other people's handwriting." This looks ominous as it stands. It might have led the writer of it four years ago to the dock of slanderers, wherein he would have to make good his calumny before jury and public, and it contains a libel gross enough to place the reverend editor of the *Methodist Times* in the same predicament now. But when one analyzes the "terrible indictment," what does one find ? Why, that those "other people," whose handwriting Madame Blavatsky is accused of having forged, are *not people at all*, according to the "Report." They are not even *materialized spooks*, or astral forms, but simply "fictitious personages," and "*supposed*" astral forms. How in the world, then, can one be accused of forging a *non-existing* handwriting ?—the handwriting of *something which does not exist*, and *has, therefore, no hand to write with* ? This is something that passes our comprehension.

Reverend satirists ! Don't you think that for the family honour of your caste

\* "The hundred and forty and four . . . which were redeemed from the earth," and its missionaries, verily ! (Rev. xiv. 1-3.)

† *Vide* the official records of the T. S. and the *Supplement* to the *Theosophist* for January. 1889.

‡ *Vide* our *Reply* in the March LUCIFER of 1889, page 83. "Thou shalt not bear false witness. . . ."

you should invent something new, some fresh slander and accusation a little less stale and improbable? The famous *Report*, upon the willows of which you hang your Æolian harps, made to groan by every passing wind—cannot be all true on strictly logical grounds. For, the wicked “Jezebel” of the T. S. has either invented the “Mahatmas,” in which case she had also to invent their *supposed* handwritings, and thus committed no forgery, or *she has not*, and in the latter case the *Report* falls to pieces. If she has fabricated these “Beings,” and written letters in their names, then she did not forge “other people’s handwriting.” As you have to catch a hare before you can make soup of it, so a “handwriting” has *to exist as well as the hand* to which it belongs before it can be imitated. One may fabricate a *bogus* letter, but then it is not the handwriting of “other people.” At best, if true—which it is *not*—she would have followed the pious example of numerous Church fathers and ecclesiastics of the “divine miracle” kind throughout these 18 centuries.

Fantastic proofs of Mdme. B.’s fabricating genius have been, so far, furnished but by one man with the help of revengeful missionaries. Proofs of the fabrication of the Gospels and Christian dogmas are advanced on all sides. Does the latter shake your robust faith, O, Methodists? Have the *nine reasons* of Bishop Lardner, adduced by him to show that the only and solitary proof that Christ was an actual living man, known in his day to people outside his followers’ fancy, was a clumsy forgery by Eusebius—who *did* forge the handwriting of Josephus—have *they* weakened your faith in Jesus?

And here comes the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. The *Methodist Times* is careful to quote from the *Report* of the S. P. R. that the “communications from a being named Koot Hoomi . . . are undoubtedly written by Mdme. Blavatsky,” and they (the S. P. R.) give the emphatic testimony to this effect of Mr. Netherclift, “the well-known expert in handwriting,” who, by the bye, was at first of a different opinion. But they are as careful to conceal the as “emphatic testimony” TO THE CONTRARY, *given under oath*, by Ernst Schütze, “an expert in handwriting,” as well-known in Berlin as Mr. Netherclift is in London. And the latter having made his examination (first from two letters, respectively written by Mdme. B. and “Koot Hoomi”) as “complete as possible,” writes to Mr. Gebhard, of Elberfeld, who had submitted to him the letters, to assure him “most positively” that if he “believed that both letters came from one and the same hand,” he has “laboured under a complete mistake.” And here we quote from Mr. Sinnett’s pamphlet.\*

“After receiving this report, Mr. Gebhard sent to the (Berlin) expert another letter (marked C) in the handwriting of the Mahatma, and asked whether, on an examination of this, he, the expert, would adhere to his opinion. The reply was as follows :—

“Berlin, 16th Feb., 1886.

“To Commerzienrath Gebhard, Elberfeld.

“I have the honour to enclose the desired testimony on the second letter. This letter was written by the same hand as the letter B; and there is not the remotest similarity between A and C,” etc. (Signed).

The testimony concludes by affirming that :—

\* See also “Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky,” by A. P. Sinnett, pages 323 and 324.



"The letter A (from Madame Blavatsky), which is written in ink, has not the remotest resemblance with the letter B (from Koot Hoomi), according to the standpoint of a calligraphist, and *they are of different handwritings*. This, my expert testimony, I give on the oath, taken by me, once for all, as an expert in handwriting."

(Signed) ERNST SCHÜTZE.  
*Calligrapher to the Court of H. M. the  
 Emperor of Germany.*

Useless to dwell on this any longer. If it is thus that honest investigations are conducted, and on such evidence that people's reputations are for ever blasted in God-fearing, Christian England, then the sooner all unpopular characters take themselves off to some deserted island, the better for them.

Let us pass on now to a different kind of—

#### SUPPRESSIO VERI SUGGESTIO FALSI.

Nothing more comical than to read the wild jubilations in clerical papers over Annie Besant's alleged secession from, "infidelity" and her "conversion" to Theosophy. From *Satanism*, the latter has suddenly bloomed into "a belief in God" and become *almost* respectable in the sight of some Christian Sectaries. Yet, it is a matter of great doubt whether such rejoicings—in Christian organs, at all events—are not due more to the supposed discomfiture, occasioned by that "conversion" to the hated Secularists and Freethinkers than to an honest feeling of satisfaction at finding one of the most intellectual women of this age publicly announcing her failure to find truth in the current materialism of the day. The fact is, that the *odium theologicum* felt by Churchmen and Dogmatists towards Mr. C. Bradlaugh's Secularism and the "Foote-Wheeler" *Freethought*, so-called, has led our traditional enemies and persecutors to suddenly discover in theosophical Pantheism beauties hitherto branded by them as heathenish falsehoods and Satanic snares!

But for the present moment all is changed. Cautiously as it is worded, yet the glorification of Theosophy over the head of Freethought—fondly imagined as prostrate and in the dust—appears prominently in several *Christian* papers, and chief among them is the miniature but aggressive organ of the Rev. Z. B. Woffendale. The *Light of the World*, published "for the spread of Christianity and the *cure* of Infidelity" (*sic*)—(*esoterically*, "cure" should read "abuse")—sends to the "Light of Asia," like Jacob to Esau after having deprived him of his birthright, "presents for his brother," she goats and rams, "ewes and milch camels," in the shape of rather forced preference for theosophy over free-thought. Pious Jacob bows seven times to his injured brother. Shall Esau run to meet him and weep, falling on his neck? Alas, no; *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*! The *Light of the World* may exhaust its capitals to print as it has done in its August issue in inch-long letters about "MRS. ANNIE BESANT'S CONVERSION FROM ATHEISM TO GOD" (?!); withal, it fails to hoodwink anyone but those who find it convenient to remain blind. If Theosophy was no better than "Satanism" only yesterday, it cannot have suddenly become "theism" and even "God," to-day—and this owing only to the said and so-called "conversion." Nor does the pious editor of this little monthly believe anything of the kind in his heart of hearts; he must know as well as we do that Mrs. Besant

is, as a Theosophist, as far from the God of the Theists and the dogmatic Churches to-day, as she ever was, when a Secularist. Nay, the reverend editor ought to be told something more. He has to be informed without one moment's loss of time that Annie Besant is *much more of a Freethinker* now, than she ever had a chance of being, before she joined our ranks. And the reason for it is this: because Modern Freethought shows itself in the persons of some of its chief public representatives in England—we exclude, of course, Mr. Bradlaugh from this group—as stubborn in its fossilized views, as bigoted in its special ideas, and as ferociously vindictive and unscrupulous, as any Church sectarians can be. And Theosophy, kind enemies, is the reverse of all this.\*

Judging indeed by the attitude of a few of Mrs Besant's late colleagues, now her open enemies, they wanted to see her following them as a bondswoman rather than as one made free by the recognition of fact and truth. If to be considered a modern English Freethinker it is held absolutely necessary to be bound hand and foot to the so-called *scientific* materialism of the Vogt and Haeckel school,—that crass materialism which destroys all, without ever creating anything lasting—and especially to hold to the vituperative canon of Messrs. Foote and Co. then, we doubt whether Annie Besant was ever a Freethinker at all until she joined us. But now she is one by birthright. As well remarked by herself, some Freethinkers neither “keep open a window towards new light,” nor do they refuse—as they ought to if they were *real* Freethinkers “to pull down their mental blinds.” † And seeing all this, and to be consistent with herself, she joined Theosophy, and thus became a true Freethinker.‡ Now Mrs.

\* The difference that exists between the policy of the editors of theosophical magazines and that of the conductors of the London FREETHINKER is clearly marked by the respective attitudes of their editors and the contents of their journals. The *Theosophist* and LUCIFER for instance, are ever ready to publish a well-written philosophical article or even a skit against the Society if it contains some truths—as witnessed by the (August) *Theosophist* in the article called “About the Kabbalah” and our serial story “The Talking Image of Urur.” But it remains to be seen whether the *Freethinker* would ever insert one line against the personal views of its editors. We invite anyone to try. Again, neither LUCIFER nor the *Theosophist* has ever breathed one word against the extreme views of the editor of the *Freethinker*, and our Madras journal has even defended and expressed sympathy with him in his great trouble when “Blasphemy Law” had, like the car of Jaggernath almost crushed him. But, if anyone would find scurrilous abuse of Theosophy and especially slander of, and brutal insults offered to H. P. Blavatsky, caused by Mrs. Besant's joining our ranks—let him open the FREETHINKER and learn what Freethought is like in *its* columns.—[ED.]

† Pamphlet “Why I became a Theosophist.”

‡ It is interesting as an answer to some who persist in accusing us of shifting our views in order to “compass converts,” to quote here a few lines from an article we have written in the *Theosophist* as early as August 1882.—It is just seven years ago, when Mrs. Besant misled by a misstatement of our views as to the so-called “Supernatural,” pointed out that belief in the supernatural was not consistent with Secularism. To this we replied as follows:—“ . . . We beg to assure the *radical* editors of the *National Reformer* that they were both very strangely misled by false reports about the equally radical editors of the *Theosophist*. The term ‘Supernaturalists’ can no more apply to the latter than to Mrs. A. Besant or Mr. C. Bradlaugh. Our Society is neither a sect of jumping Shakers who invite the ‘Spirit’ to move them, nor a band of Spiritualists who hold communion with the ‘Spirits’ of the dead. Most of our members decline to believe in second-hand testimony, even of the well-proven phenomena of mesmerism. . . . We doubt whether the ‘scientific materialism of Secularism’ can ever hope to reach, *let alone surpass the philosophical materialism of Buddhism*,” etc. We closed our reply with the hope that our secularist “colleague and Brother” the editor of the Madras *Philosophic Inquirer* “would remain for ever *true and loyal to his principles of a Freethinker* and—a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.” (See *Theosophist*, Aug. 1882.) Where's the difference between what we said then, and now (See Editorial in the *July LUCIFER*), to the editor of the *National Reformer*. Did we seek to “compass a convert” then also?

Besant has entered upon the one royal highway of Freethought. Now she stands on a secure spot, wherein every collateral path lies in the sunlight of truth and fact in nature, as much as these can ever be unveiled by human and finite intellect, and where no personal preconception, no partisan fanaticism are ever permitted to overshadow it.

Aye, reverend sir, none can know better than you do, that it does not at all follow because Annie Besant has become a Theosophist that (as you say in your August Number) she,

"one of the cleverest of the Infidel advocates, has suddenly hauled down the black banner of Atheism and trampled its folds ignominiously beneath her feet."

For, she has done nothing of the kind. Nor has she turned "from Atheism to God," if *atheism* means simply denial of an anthropomorphic god and refusal to recognize or bow before an *extra*-Cosmic deity. If so, then the Theosophical Society is full of "Atheists." Nor could Annie Besant be a *Theosophist* were she to turn round on any belief or school of thought she happened to disagree with and trampling it "under her feet" damn and anathematize it. Theosophy, moreover, as shown in our editorial of July a reply to Mr. Bradlaugh and others, was never synonymous with belief in God—*i.e.*, a personal Being. Our "God" is not even an *intra* cosmic deity but the COSMOS itself, the soul of nature, its spirit and its body, our creed being, therefore, transcendental PANTHEISM. Is this, reverend sirs, *your* god? You admit the contrary yourself, moreover, for you further say that:—

Mrs. Besant acknowledges that she has joined, and has "reasons for joining, THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY," a Society, she remarks, in which "a somewhat subtle form of Pantheism is taught as the Theosophic view of the Universe."

And she is right in this. Our Deity is a universal, absolute Principle manifesting in Humanity as in Nature, the Spirit in both being one and inseparable—hence the *true* Spiritual Brotherhood of Man. With us, man *is the offspring of the GODS* (not of God), and *the forefather in the present cycle of still greater gods, in a future cycle*. Such is the creed of our philosophy.

It follows then that if Mrs. Besant has somewhat modified of late her Secularistic opinions with regard—not merely to "another life and world," but—to *other lives and other worlds*, she may still repeat as sincerely now as she did then, when writing the sentence quoted by the *Light of the World* from the "National Secular Society's Tracts"—"We drive the God idea (of theology and the Churches) back from off the ground we have won." For the majority of the Theosophists are with the Secularists—in this, at any rate. Otherwise how could we ever be really philosophical and logical?

Theosophy, and the *rules* of its Society if not the embodiment and practical demonstration of the widest tolerance and of the broadest Catholicity would be but a farce. Freethought, which in the views of the lexicographers is only unbelief "which discards revelation" and "undue boldness of speculation" according to Berkeley is, in the rules of our Society a *sine qua non* of true theosophy which being liberty of thought untrammelled searches for and accepts truth, and nothing but the truth, sacred to every lover of Wisdom. Hence, while laughing at this absurdly sudden change of front, evanescent as it is, on the part of several of our Christian contemporaries in our favour, we cannot but feel at the same time, indignant at the strenuous though fruitless attempts made by the

*Light of the World* to use us, Theosophists, as convenient weapons in its warfare against (if not altogether for "the cure of") Infidelity. It would fain profit by the darkness thrown over the heathen word "theosophy" through the fanciful etymology it has been given in the Dictionaries compiled by *monotheistic* lexicographers, and use the term now, as a sledge-hammer to break the heads of Secularism and Freethought. Against this—we protest. We may not be in sympathy with materialism, and may even abhor it; yet the Theosophical Society ought never to forget that which it owes to Freethinkers. It is to the unceasing efforts of a long series of adherents to Freethought—almost every one of whom has been made a martyr to his convictions at the hands of bigotry—that we, in the present century owe the very possibility of our existence as an organized body. And the fact that none of us has been or can be now roasted alive in Trafalgar Square—to the greater glory of that God to belief in whom Annie Besant is now alleged to have been converted—is due to the long battle of Freethought against Superstition and dark fanaticism.

Yes, we protest, and Mrs. Besant, we feel sure will protest along with us. It is just because "her eyes have been opened," that she can never be converted "to a belief in (a personal Moloch of a) God." Hence we repudiate any such dire results of her "conversion" to Theosophy as fondly hoped for by the editors of the *Church Reformer* and the *Light of the World*. It may have "fallen like a bomb-shell among the London Infidels" in the sense that it took them by surprise. But, we have too much sincere respect for Mr. Bradlaugh and genuine sympathy for Mr. Foote—as a man who has greatly suffered for his convictions\*—to ever admit the possibility that one of them "is filled with *alarm, dismay and despair*," and the other (the dauntless and fearless editor of the *National Reformer*!) "rendered almost prostrate by this sudden secession of Mrs. Besant from the Freethought ranks."

This is simply inane gush and malicious exaggerations, O pious contemporary.

Mr. Bradlaugh having made the mistake of saying that from his point of view a consistent Secularist cannot be a Theosophist, the editor of the journal for the "Cure of Infidelity" now repeats it, assenting thereto with spasmodic joy. But what next, ye gods of the older Heaven! After the painfully absurd and illogical deductions from Mrs. Besant's "conversion" by some Christian papers we would not really feel *too* much surprised at finding General Booth's *War-Cry* claiming her as a convert, and the Salvationists boisterously proclaiming Annie Besant a candidate—as a Hallelujah Lass—for a "harp" in the "Sweet By and Bye."

\* Those who had the opportunity of reading the latest pamphlet—"Mrs. Besant's Theosophy," by G. M. Foote, and remember his uncalled-for and shameful attacks upon "Madame Blavatsky," may wonder perhaps, at this *sympathy*? Let the reader attribute it neither to forbearance, nor desire to render good for evil, but simply to theosophical principles. The editor of the *Freethinker* may become ten times more vulgar and brutal than he has already shown himself on more than one occasion—it does not matter to us in the least. If instead of following the sunlit paths of freedom of thought he prefers to drag its noble car along the miry ruts and furrows of his own personal and narrow bigotry, prejudice and likes and dislikes—it is the look out of the Freethinkers of the better kind and does not concern us at all. It is not his *personality* we sympathise with, but only the "Freethinker" (in its abstract sense) who was made to suffer for his convictions, however much they had run off from the right track, that has ever inspired us with a feeling of sympathy. What we think of him personally may be found in our *REPLY* to "Mrs. Besant's Theosophy," "*The Thersites of Freethought*," at 7 Duke Street, Adelphi.—[Ed.]

We feel sorry to nip the hope of so many reverend writers in the bud, but truth compels us to do so. We have the courage of our opinions and we can pander to no one, even if occasionally we do fail to carry out theosophical injunctions and our philosophy practically. It is always dangerous to sail under false colours, especially for those whose recognized motto reads—

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

ADVERSARY.



## Reviews.

### "THE LIGHT OF EGYPT," OR "THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS."

**A** BOOK with the above title has been recently published in America. The work is issued somewhat anonymously, though all who are familiar with the ear-marks and methods of would-be leaders in occultism, those who *for a consideration* are ready to instruct the ignorant, gull the gullible, and "impart occult power" to Knaves, will find little difficulty in locating the source or sources of this book. The prospectus of the book was itself something remarkable. The author, an "Adept" had been dragged from his seclusion much against his will, and by the dire necessities of the times been compelled to reveal the great secrets of which he is the special custodian. This "Adept" claims to belong to that select few "who possess the spiritual right to say 'I know.'" This claim so modestly used at the outset is of great significance and immense value. In the first place, it sounds well, and overawes the "neophyte" in the land of Egypt; prevents ignorant contradiction and impertinent questions. In the second place, it tides over a weak argument, helps out the juggling sequence of facts, and finally shifts the burden of proof to the shoulders of the neophyte who is ashamed of his ignorance in the presence of an "Adept." When the book was printed this prospectus became the preface, and at the putative author's special request the title of "Adept" was changed to "Initiate," the inference being that while an adept is an initiate, the initiate is not necessarily an adept. The author need not have been so modest, as every intelligent reader would in time have saved him such a humiliating confession, even though his basis of dogma, "*I know*," remained as it does unchanged.

After alternately cuffing and cuddling the "snow-white locks of old Hindustan," the author goes straight for his mark, viz. "*Buddhistic Theosophy (esoteric so-called)*." "In India," he says, "probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study." Then fearing that he has admitted too much, he adds, "But alas! it is not a progressive study." This note of warning is both timely and judicious, as it prevents the neophyte from giving too much credit to the benighted members of the "effete" civilizations of the East. It had been long ago "revealed" to this "initiate" that "long ages ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul as well as the real secrets of its own theosophy." \* It is

\* He must then have revealed the fact, couched in precisely the same words, to "Nemo," the author of *Theosophia*, a pamphlet issued some months ago by the notorious Hiram Butler & Co. late of Boston. Or is it "Nemo," who revealed it to him? At all events it connects the two noble "adepts" both so well *initiated* into the mysteries of the *transmutation* of human gullibility into hard cash.—[Ed.]

quite evident that this "Initiate" has found the "true spiritual compass of the soul," and that this "compass of the soul" had at last become "an instrument of torture to the flesh" of our adept initiate, or initiate adept, howsoever he spells his secret title.

"External circumstances having compelled" the diffusion of this Light of Egypt, for the special purpose of overthrowing the "subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Reincarnation," and more especially to destroy "Buddhistic Theosophy esoteric so-called," we are grateful to our "initiate" for leaving us in no doubt as to the circumstances of his inspiration, or the goal of his ambition. If it be the Karma of Buddhistic Theosophy to die the death in this battle of the windmills, our knight-errant initiate has given fair warning, like the noble knight in days of old.

The reader who expects to find in the Light of Egypt either proof or argument against the "subtle delusive dogmas of Karma and reincarnation" is, however, doomed to disappointment, and has only himself to blame for having carelessly read and inadequately considered the "Preface." He has forgotten that our "initiate" "possesses the spiritual right to say, *I know*," and that either proof or argument are henceforth superfluous. Of course our author (?) who mounts his Rosinante to overthrow "subtle and delusive dogmas," "possessing the spiritual right to say, *I know*," reserves to himself the sole and exclusive right to dogmatize. One is reminded of the "Adepts" of the H. B. of L. of sainted memory, and innumerable *aliases*, marks of "Master-Initiates." The aforesaid adepts have been dead three days and the flesh already leaves the bone, but now the grip of an Initiate will raise them. Reincarnation; impossible! For shame on you, "Buddhistic Theosophists, esoteric so-called!"

As one approaches, with shaded eyes and bated breath, the central orb of this Light of Egypt, he comes upon familiar ground. The light is seen in patches, and if one can summon enough courage to look around him in the presence of an initiate he will find these patches of light to be made up of excerpts from theosophical writers, and even suspiciously tintured with "Buddhistic Theosophy, esoteric so-called." Those unfamiliar with Esoteric Buddhism, and *Trithemius* may have heard of a less ancient "adept in astrology," at once known and concealed under the very poetic and star-lit cognomen of "R. A. Stella." The Light of Egypt is not a solitary "twinkler," nor yet a vulgar "double-star." It is not even an unresolved nebula; it is a whole constellation, though it has yet been celebrated only in the *esoteric* zodiac. The vulgar scientific telescope, sometimes designated by the knowing ones, who are neither adepts nor initiates, as the Light of Truth, may one day be pointed at this star initiate that illumines Egypt, and the *star mists* may disappear. Whether each particular star will then bear a different name, or one star be able to carry a half-score of names, the Astronomer Royal of those days may have to consult certain records at L —, not Luxor, to determine.\*

The opinions of this *initiate* on the "dogmas" of Karma and re-incarnation are not worth reciting, since he says he *knows*, claims to destroy these dangerous doctrines, and then, with certain qualifications, endorses and accepts them. His thesis thus fails, in spite of his avowed animus, and he has neither the ability to discover, nor the ingenuity to invent, a new "*dogma*." If the book contained

\* The "Records at L. ——" have been consulted and the results may be found in the article called "The Astral Plague" in the present number.—[Ed.]

only a re-hash of the Hermetic cosmogony, the theology of Pymander, and the astrology of Trithemius, every student of occultism, and especially every theosophist, could well afford to turn his back on it. What the author demolishes is insignificant; some things that he introduces are pestilent. Evidently drawing his inspiration from "The Mysteries of Eulis," and profoundly ignorant of the commonest laws of physiology, he deals with "The Mysteries of Sex" in a separate chapter. A single quotation will show how this "initiate" *à la* P. B. Randolph, comprehends the "Mystery of Sex." "The Buddhistical conception of man and woman rounding out until sex becomes obliterated, is probably the most transcendental delusion that ever originated within the Oriental brain—therefore we will take no further notice of such mystical folly." Having thus disposed of this "transcendental delusion," our initiate declares that "To obey the laws of nature is the only safe and sure road to the spiritual evolution of the senses of the soul, and one of these laws is the rightful union of the sexes." Even so preached and practised the "initiate," P. B. Randolph. Like the works of Randolph, the "Light of Egypt" contains some fine passages, but even these contain nothing new, nothing unfamiliar to students of "Isis Unveiled," "Ghost Land," "Pymander," and the old astrologists. To palm off the work upon the ignorant and credulous, therefore, as the special revelation of an adept or "initiate," is a delusion and a snare, which would at once disappear were we to name its real author or authors, for the text plainly shows patch-work, not only as to matter, but manner. Had the "Light of Egypt" been modestly and honestly put forth without vicious animus or specious pretence, it might rank with several compilations we could name, and the author under an honest name might have deserved consideration, even in the face of his errors and false teachings. But in its present form, and with its avowed animus, it is a failure. Its plagiarisms are old, and its novelties worthless where they cease to be pernicious.

U. S. A.

J. DEWEY.

#### \*TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH.\*

**T**HE hold that has been taken by occult phenomena on the public mind, is, perhaps, shewn by nothing more plainly than by the way in which they dominate the fiction of the day. Novel after novel contains some curious event, explicable only by occult science, and the old-fashioned ghost at Christmas has retired in favour of astral bodies all the year round. "Twixt Heaven and Earth" is a tale which turns on hypnotic phenomena of a now well-known type. The villain is an unprepossessing young man, of jealous, malignant character, who, unfortunately for his neighbours, finds himself possessed of hypnotic powers. These he uses for his own purposes, finally robbing a man who had been his host of a valuable Indian magic stone, and then throwing the blame on a woman, against whom he brings as witness her lover whom he has hypnotised. The heroine of the story, the aforesaid falsely accused young woman, is a Theosophist, and we must quarrel with the author for the curious doctrines put into her mouth. When she tells her pupil about man's fall and "God in His anger" taking certain action, we feel that we are not in a Theosophical atmosphere. One blunder ought to be corrected if the book reaches a second edition: the son of a second marriage cannot be the elder brother of the son of a first.

\* TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH. By MRS. SIDNEY ROSENFELD. Washington and New York. \*

## Correspondence.

### THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

TO MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

SYMBOLS are not to be judged in themselves, but in the effect or in the impression they make on those who believe in them. A symbol is necessarily something different from the reality it represents, otherwise it would not be a symbol but the reality itself; and, if it is to represent reality, there must be some analogy with it. Now, where can you find that analogy? In the object? No; because it is indifferent. Then in the subject, or in the heart of the believers.

But is the Atonement of Christ a symbol or a superstitious fancy without *raison d'être*? Well: I think that generally, when we are before an object of faith, we may assume that it is a symbol, and then analyse it to see what is the reality it contains. We may find nothing at all. That depends either on the folly of that particular belief or on our incapacity to find out the hidden thing. So we must be very prudent, that is, sceptical in the scientific sense, before rejecting wholly any belief whatever. The same caution must be applied to the details of what we already recognize as a symbol; because it is true that it often happens that a symbol is such on the whole, but the details are a superfluity in respect to reality. At the utmost, they are a logical complement of the symbol in itself. On the other hand, it happens sometimes that even those details have an importance of which a student of symbology must take account in his interpretations.

Moreover, beliefs important for the large place they occupy in religions, for the stress which is put on them and for their diffusion through time and space, may safely be considered as symbols of important realities. The slightest practice in symbology will prove the truth of my assertion. Then, too, I must subjoin that it is quite anti-scientific not to give due value to the *consensus* of the *majority*, on the ground that such *consensus* has sometimes proved erroneous, as, for instance, in the case of the Ptolemaic system. First, because even the most unrefined man has this in common with the most subtle scientist—mind and its functions; and old humanity may be excused for the Ptolemaic error, as the deceiving appearance was and is so constant, seeming to be reality itself. Second, they have also another thing in common—they live in the same inclosure, they see the same show, they weave on the same loom—reality. And do not accuse me of accumulating illustrations, if I say that the products of both these men, apparently so far from each other, appear very much like two clay figures made the one by an accomplished artist, the other by a little member of the *Kindergarten*. The one figure is, perhaps, a little four-footed monster meant to be a horse, while the other is a cleverly-sketched reproduction of the same noble animal. What a difference between the two works, and yet what intimate resemblance. Mark that both had a horse for their model, and both thought of making a horse. The *Kindergarten's* product has not the shape of a ball or of a stick, though the legs might look like sticks; and if it does not convey the idea of a horse proper, it conveys pretty well that of a generic quadruped. I mean that the difference is not in the model nor in the intention; and that the re-



production may be primitive or refined, but not essentially different from each other. Symbol and scientific explanation stand related, as do the rude attempt to reach the shape of a horse and the work of the artist. And again, symbol is the unrefined man's view of reality; scientific explanation that of the refined one. Both agree, however, in having at least the same object before them.

So, through symbology, we may understand how, even in very old and barbaric notions, there may be a soul of reality. We learn, also, how to deal with the *consensus* of majorities, which must by all means be considered as an index of some reality, if we do not choose to accept the Erasmian hypothesis that insanity is the characteristic of humanity.

Finally, it must be observed that the value of the *consensus* of a whole race, or of a single nation, or of a large group of men, is not destroyed by the fact that all the rest of humanity think differently; for men may look at different aspects of reality which are not necessarily contradictory. Buddhism and Christianity, for instance, are in several most important respects alike. This may be explained by the probable fact that the latter proceeds from the former; but I am sure that Christianity has not taken into account many valuable aspects of reality which Buddhism has noted and *vice versa*. However, the *consensus* is a more or less reliable index in proportion to its bulk; and a wide-spread *consensus* should cause us to seek for some important fact which has arrested the attention of so many minds.

Now who can deny that the *consensus* about the Christian doctrine of the Atonement belongs to that class? Then, if it is not a reality (and it is not), it must, at last be a symbol. At a superficial glance, it may be called a false, an absurd, an immoral, or cruel doctrine; but I venture to say that it is not so, if we look at it from an earnest, impartial standpoint. There is even much beauty, pathos and grandeur about it. Yet that is not my point, as it is evident that if we are to consider it as a symbol, the absurdity, &c., &c., of the symbol itself does not affect the question; and we must turn all our attention to the impression that symbol makes on the faithful Christian, for whom it is something all-important.

Therefore suppose a state of moral anxiety and dissatisfaction, which, in my opinion, is at the basis of every new moral life, as intellectual discontent is the inevitable starting-point of a renewal in intellectual life. That state may become a morbid state and last all through the life, especially in a person whose conscience is sufficiently awake, but who is not helped by scientific thought; and, what is worse, such a half-developed soul, through persisting in that state, becomes ever more incapable of being useful to itself and to others. "He weeps over his past, while the moments are flying by on which depends the future of individual and the race." But let the day come when the helpless soul acquires the surety that "Christ died for us," and an internal transformation will take place; he will feel and say with that great Christian Paul: "*forgetting* the things which are behind, and *stretching forward* to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal . . ."; he will, in fact, take hold of that most precious requirement for virtue and virtuous action—moral serenity. "He learns experience from the past, he does no more weep over it," just like the wise man in Mrs. Annie Besant's beautiful article, "Karma and Social Improvement," (LUCIFER, August 15, 1889).

You may object that this moral serenity is the fruit of illusion. It does not matter. I repeat, once more, that we must look at results. And the results in this case, though not perfect, depending as they do on imperfect knowledge, are pretty well the same as those drawn from more exact notions, that of Karma for instance, as Mrs. A. Besant explains it.

But what good can be derived from an illusory belief? That question may be replied to with another. Are sincere Christians, viz. : believers in the Atonement of Christ, so utterly useless in society? I think the contrary; all impartial people will think the contrary.

Yes, it is indeed a boon for society that peoples who have no scientific notions about a moral life, should have a chance to be virtuous even through an illusion. If it were not for the persuasive power of the gentle Buddha of Nazareth, they would, undoubtedly, be so much the worse. For babies milk or—inanition.

With the moral serenity which flows from the special belief in the Atonement, there is also a deep feeling of gratitude, viz, love for love. And, as the object of their love is really great and holy, and has really loved and benefited humanity (though in another sense than that implied in the doctrine), who does not see that we have another factor of morality? Are we not delivered from evil by love? Is not love the living and life-giving soul of good works? And are we not indebted to all the great benefactors of humanity, to Jesus as to Gautama, if through their example, through the love and admiration they so much deserve from us, we succeed in being good for something?

So let the pious Christian repeat to himself, "Christ died for us"; let him add, "a man is justified by faith (love) apart from the works of the law; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." If sincere, he is not so far from the "Kingdom of God" as we might imagine at a first glance; on the contrary, he is very near to Theosophy and to "Whatsoever things are of good report."

Perugia (Italy).

"ABELARDIUS."

#### THE THEOSOPHIST'S RIGHT TO HIS GOD.

THESE are days when a far-reaching discontent with barbarous or stupid theologies is impelling many to the search for a better faith, and when souls of fine fibre and high aspiration are finding in Theosophy a copious provision for all their needs. The Theosophical Society is growing, and daily come testimonies that in its teachings has been met a peace absent from all prior experiences. All around it are scattered true men, very lightly held to the faiths in which they were born, and ready to gravitate to it if only sure that they lose none of the essentials of human devotion, while gaining truth and motive unknown elsewhere. At such a time could there be a greater error than to insist on the conception of a class as a doctrine of the system, a greater evil than to repel all other classes who do not hold to that conception and who will reject the system if believing such to be its doctrine?

Now for some time past, warm Theosophists within the Society, as well as warming enquirers without, have been disturbed by the confident intimations of Theosophical writers that Theosophy discountenances a God. The term "God" is here used as expressing a Supreme Being, a term abundantly clear for the purpose in view, and as to which scholastic or metaphysical quibbles may be waived. Sometimes these intimations are given in contemptuous references to

believers in a "personal God," sometimes in pantheistic phrases partially veiled, sometimes in bold assertion of "our Pantheism (for real Theosophy *is that*)."

Sometimes belief in God is treated with charitable good-nature as an orthodox inheritance which has not yet been discarded, and sometimes as an amazing and odious abomination, setting aghast all rational and Theosophic thought.

Theosophy is not a creed, nor does it enforce one. No man at the entrance-door of the Society is asked to be or not to be a Theist, an Atheist, a Pantheist, or any other "ist." His unqualified right to his religious opinions is not only conceded, it is proclaimed. Hence not a word can be said against any member's privilege to believe in one God, many, or none. And what is true of the whole Society must be true of any Section of it, for a part cannot be greater in authority, any more than it can in size, than the whole.

But if the Society disclaims dogma, and if the Pantheist has as much right within it as the Theist, why has not the Theist as much as the Pantheist? Whence does any one obtain authority to say that "real Theosophy" is what he himself believes, and hence that contrary believers are not "real Theosophists?"\* And if such assertion contravenes the very platform of the Society, is not a loyal member of the Society bound to vindicate his rights and that platform? To insist that Theists shall be tolerated is not enough; he is to insist that they are as truly Theosophic as are Pantheists.

It is by no means to be supposed that the Theistic Theosophist adores an anthropomorphic God. His conception of a Supreme Spirit, infinite in Wisdom, Goodness and Power, free of every human infirmity, of Whose ideation cosmic evolution as expounded by Theosophy is the expression, immanent in every atom of the universe, ever present, percipient, sentient, will never shrink to the dimensions of a Jewish Jehovah. But neither will it, on the other hand, be content with the corpse of an Unconscious It,† or abandon intelligent worship of an intelligent Deity for the mere contemplation of the Ishwara within, the "Male aspect of illusion," whatever that may mean. (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i. page 332.) His sense of logic and his sense of humour form abiding restraints.

Our Pantheistic Brethren—for, as has been said, the fraternal embrace of the T. S. excludes no seeker after Truth, however, vague or misty his yet attainment of it—may do well to ponder upon the three great facts subjoined.

1st. The utter inability of the finite mind to apprehend or to expound the Infinite. Mansel has shown, in his *Limits of Religious Thought*, that this inability inheres in the very constitution of man's intellect; and of course it cannot be transcended by living in Madras instead of London, and by calling The Absolute "Parabrahmam."

\* No one having real authority has ever said so. Nor is that which one believes in necessarily a truth but to himself. But *real* Theosophy—i.e. the Theosophy that comes so us *from the East*—is assuredly Pantheism and by no means Theism. Theosophy is a word of the widest possible meaning which differs greatly in Eastern and Western literature. Moreover, the Theosophical Society being of Eastern origin, therefore goes beyond the narrow limits of the mediæval Theosophy of the West. Members of the T. S. can, therefore, subscribe to this Western idea of Theosophy. But as the vast majority of these members accept the Eastern ideas, this majority has given us the right of applying the term *Theosophist* only to those members who do not believe in a "personal" God. Therefore, again, it would be better, in order to avoid confusion, that a member believing in such a God should qualify the term "Theosophist" by the adjective "Western."—[ED.]

† In such a case our esteemed Brother would have to invent a new philosophical conception. Neither Eastern nor Western philosophy has yet postulated an intermediary between the *Finite* and the *INFINITE*. Parabrahm means "*beyond* Brahmā," and no better term can be invented.—[ED.]

2nd. A brilliant Unitarian \* once remarked that "when men get their heads into the clouds, they are apt to get the clouds into their heads." Every treatise applying Metaphysics to the Supreme seems to verify this. The confusion of terms, the chaos of thought, the juggling with words, the contradictions, disorders, unthinkables are not only appalling, they are maddening. The treatment of "Consciousness" is one of the best illustrations. Any one who has followed an Oriental philosopher in his route to the conclusion that "Absolute Consciousness is Unconsciousness" is not more aghast at this goal of thought than at the steps to it, and perhaps wonders whether these steps can have been taken while in a state of "consciousness." Naturally enough, the philosophers agree least in the very region where Unity is most desirable. Mr. Subba Row (*Discourses on the Bhagavad Gita*, page 13) speaks of "the power and wisdom of Parabrahmam."† But wisdom is impossible in a subject not conscious, and so Parabrahmam must be conscious—a state of things regarded by opposing schools are most undignified and belittling.

3rd. Comparative Theology exhibits, not only the Theosophic dictum of the fundamental unity of religions, but the certainty of severances and sects as a consequence of speculation on the Ultimate. Christianity and Brahminism, West and East alike, differentiate off into opposing groups as soon as metaphysics are applied thereto. There are excellent reasons why this should be so. Of a region as to which we know nothing, it is as easy to deny as to assert; and that we do know nothing Madame Blavatsky makes clearer than ever (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I., page 56) in the words "... that of which no human reason, even that of an Adept, can conceive." As Mr. Subba Row states (*Discourses on the Bhagavad Gita*, page 15), "As regards this fourth principle (Parabrahmani), differences of opinion have sprung up, and from these differences any amount of difficulty has arisen."

Having digested these three great facts, our Pantheistic Brethren will then be in condition to ask themselves these three great questions:—

1st. Whether the Theist, in declining to accept as a measure of the Infinite tools which are inadequate, inconclusive, and distracting, is not entitled to some degree of respect?

2nd. Whether the Theist, in demurring to the emergence of a conscious Logos from an unconscious It, does not share the same natural hesitation which the Pantheist feels to a "creation" out of nothing?

3rd. Whether it would not be well, logically no less than theosophically, to concede the Theosophist's right to his God? ‡

ALEXANDER FULLERTON, F.T.S.

\* It has yet to be proved that getting one's head into the clouds and the study of metaphysics is one and the same thing, save from a materialistic point of view. Therefore, we fail to see how the dictum of the "brilliant Unitarian" supports our captious Brother.—[ED.]

† Mr. Subba Row, an *Advaita* (please translate the term), delivered his lectures to an Eastern audience, which understood his real meaning without unnecessary disquisitions. Absolute consciousness is absolute UNCONSCIOUSNESS—to human conception, at any rate.—[ED.]

‡ We answer the three questions:—(1) Any respectable "theist" is entitled to respect, not because of his *theism* but of his intrinsic worth. (2) The "unconscious It" is the ALL, including the totality of consciousness. If our esteemed Brother proves to us that anything can emerge and exist outside of absolute TOTALITY, we will be prepared to humbly sit at his feet. But a friend at our elbow suggests that this "anything" will be again simply the *extra-cosmic* and personal god of the theists! (3) *Theosophically*, therefore, all our theistic members have the right claimed since the Society exists; but to concede the *logic* of such a belief is not within our powers.—[ED.]

# LUCIFER

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## PHILOSOPHERS AND PHILOSOPHICULES.

"We shall in vain interpret their words by the notions of our philosophy and the doctrines in our schools."

—LOCKE.

"Knowledge of the lowest kind is *un-unified* knowledge; Science is *partially unified* knowledge; Philosophy is *completely unified* knowledge." — HERBERT SPENCER'S *First Principles*.

**N**EW accusations are brought by captious censors against our Society in general and Theosophy, especially. We will summarize them as we proceed along, and notice the "freshest" denunciation.

We are accused of being illogical in the "Constitution and Rules" of the Theosophical Society; and contradictory in the practical application thereof. The accusations are framed in this wise:—

In the published "Constitution and Rules" great stress is laid upon the absolutely non-sectarian character of the Society. It is constantly insisted upon that it has no creed, no philosophy, no religion, no dogmas, and even no special views of its own to advocate, still less to impose on its members. And yet—

"Why, bless us! is it not as undeniable a fact that certain very definite views of a philosophic and, strictly speaking, of a religious character are held by the Founders and most prominent members of the Society?"

"Verily so," we answer. "But where is the alleged *contradiction* in this? Neither the Founders, nor the 'most prominent members,' nor yet the majority thereof, constitute *the* Society, but only a certain portion of it, which, moreover, having no creed as a body, yet allows its members to believe as and what they please." In answer to this, we are told:—

"Very true ; yet these doctrines are collectively called 'Theosophy.' What is your explanation of this?"

We reply :—"To call them so is a 'collective' mistake ; one of those loose applications of terms to things that ought to be more carefully defined ; and the neglect of members to do so is now bearing its fruits. In fact it is an oversight as harmful as that which followed the confusion of the two terms 'buddhism' and 'bodhism,' leading the Wisdom philosophy to be mistaken for the religion of Buddha."

But it is still urged that when these doctrines are examined it becomes very clear that all the work which the Society as a body has done in the East and the West depended upon them. This is obviously true in the case of the doctrine of the underlying unity of all religions and the existence, as claimed by Theosophists, of a common source called the Wisdom-religion of the secret teaching, from which, according to the same claims, all existing forms of religion are directly or indirectly derived. Admitting this, we are pressed to explain, how can the T. S. as a body be said to have no special views or doctrines to inculcate, no creed and no dogmas, when these are "the back-bone of the Society, its very heart and soul" ?

To this we can only answer that it is still another error. That these teachings are most undeniably the "back-bone" of the Theosophical Societies *in the West*, but not at all in the East, where such Branch Societies number almost five to one in the West. Were these special doctrines the "heart and soul" of the whole body, then Theosophy and its T. S. would have died out in India and Ceylon since 1885—and this is surely not the case. For, not only have they been virtually abandoned at Adyar since that year, as there was no one to teach them, but while some Brahmin Theosophists were very much opposed to that teaching being made public, others—the more orthodox—positively opposed them as being inimical to their exoteric systems.

These are self-evident facts. And yet if answered that it is not so ; that the T. S. as a body teaches no special religion but tolerates and virtually accepts all religions by never interfering with, or even inquiring after the religious views of its members, our cavillers and even friendly opponents, do not feel satisfied. On the contrary : ten to one they will non-plus you with the following extraordinary objection :—

"How can this be, since belief in 'Esoteric Buddhism' is a *sine qua non* for acceptance as a Fellow of your Society ?"

It is vain to protest any longer ; useless, to assure our opponents that belief in *Buddhism*, whether esoteric or exoteric, is no more expected by, nor obligatory in, our Society than reverence for the monkey-god Hanuman, him of the singed tail, or belief in Mahomet and his canonized mare. It is unprofitable to try and explain that since there are in the T. S. as many Brahmins, Mussulmans, Parsis, Jews and Christians as there are Buddhists, and more, all cannot be expected to become

followers of Buddha, nor even of Buddhism, howsoever esoteric. Nor can they be made to realize that the Occult doctrines—a few fundamental teachings of which are broadly outlined in Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism"—are not the *whole* of Theosophy, nor even the whole of the secret doctrines of the East, but a very small portion of these: Occultism itself being but one of the Sciences of Theosophy, or the WISDOM-Religion, and by no means the whole of THEOSOPHY.

So firmly rooted seem these ideas, however, in the mind of the average Britisher, that it is like telling him that there are Russians who are neither Nihilists nor Panslavists, and that every Frenchman does not make his daily meal of frogs; he will simply refuse to believe you. Prejudice against Theosophy seems to have become part of the national feeling. For almost three years the writer of the present—helped in this by a host of Theosophists—has tried in vain to sweep away from the public brain some of the most fantastic cobwebs with which it is garnished; and now she is on the eve of giving up the attempt in despair! While half of the English people will persist in confusing Theosophy with "esoteric *bud-ism*," the remainder will keep on pronouncing the world-honoured title of Buddha as they do—*butter*.

It is they also who have started the proposition now generally adopted by the flippant press that "Theosophy is not a philosophy, but a religion," and "a new sect."

Theosophy is certainly not a philosophy, simply because it includes every philosophy as every science and religion. But before we prove it once more, it may be pertinent to ask how many of our critics are thoroughly posted about, say, even the true definition of the term coined by Pythagoras, that they should so flippantly deny it to a system of which they seem to know still less than they do about philosophy? Have they acquainted themselves with its best and latest definitions, or even with the views upon it, now regarded as antiquated, of Sir W. Hamilton? The answer would seem to be in the negative, since they fail to see that every such definition shows Theosophy to be the very synthesis of Philosophy in its widest abstract sense, as in its special qualifications. Let us try to give once more a clear and concise definition of Theosophy, and show it to be the very root and essence of all sciences and systems.

Theosophy is "divine" or "god-wisdom." Therefore, it must be the life-blood of that system (philosophy) which is defined as "the science of things divine and human and the causes in which they are contained" (*Sir W. Hamilton*), Theosophy alone possessing the keys to those "causes." Bearing in mind simply its most elementary division, we find that philosophy is the love of, and search after wisdom, "the knowledge of phenomena as explained by, and resolved into, causes and reasons, powers and laws." (*Encyclopædia*.) When applied to god or gods, it became in every country *theology*; when to material nature, it was called *physics*

and *natural history*; concerned with man, it appeared as *anthropology* and *psychology*; and when raised to the higher regions it becomes known as *metaphysics*. Such is philosophy—"the science of effects by their causes"—the very spirit of the doctrine of *Karma*, the most important teaching under various names of every religious philosophy, and a theosophical tenet that belongs to no one religion but explains them all. Philosophy is also called "the science of things possible, inasmuch as they are possible." This applies directly to theosophical doctrines, inasmuch as they reject *miracle*; but it can hardly apply to theology or any dogmatic religion, every one of which *enforces belief in things impossible*; nor to the modern philosophical systems of the materialists who reject even the "possible," whenever the latter contradicts their assertions.

Theosophy claims to explain and to reconcile religion with science. We find G. H. Lewes (*History of Philosophy*, vol I., Prolegomena, p. xviii.) stating that "Philosophy, detaching its widest conceptions from both (Theology and Science), furnishes a doctrine which contains an *explanation of the world and human destiny*." "The office of Philosophy is the systematisation of the conceptions furnished by Science. . . . Science furnishes the knowledge, and Philosophy the doctrine" (*loc. cit.*). The latter can become complete only on condition of having that "knowledge" and that "doctrine" passed through the sieve of Divine Wisdom, or Theosophy.

Ueberweg (*History of Philosophy*) defines Philosophy as "the Science of Principles," which, as all our members know, is the claim of Theosophy in its branch-sciences of Alchemy, Astrology, and the occult sciences generally.

Hegel regards it as "the contemplation of the self-development of the ABSOLUTE," or in other words as "the representation of the Idea" (*Darstellung der Idee*).

The whole of the Secret Doctrine—of which the work bearing that name is but an atom—is such a contemplation and record, as far as finite language and limited thought can record the processes of the infinite.

Thus it becomes evident that Theosophy cannot be a "religion," still less "a sect," but it is indeed the quintessence of the highest *philosophy* in all and every one of its aspects. Having shown that it falls under, and answers fully, every description of philosophy, we may add to the above a few more of Sir W. Hamilton's definitions, and prove our statement by showing the pursuit of the same in Theosophical literature. This is a task easy enough, indeed. For, does not "Theosophy" include "the science of things evidently deduced from first principles," as well as "the sciences of truths sensible and abstract"? Does it not preach "the applications of reason to its legitimate objects," and make it one of its "legitimate objects"—to inquire into "the science of the original form of the Ego, or mental self," as also to teach the secret of "the absolute indifference of the ideal and real"? All of



which proves that according to every definition—old or new—of philosophy, he who studies Theosophy, studies *the highest transcendental philosophy*.

We need not go out of our way to notice at any length such foolish statements about Theosophy and Theosophists as are found almost daily in the public press. Such definitions and epithets as "new fangled religion" and "ism," "the system *invented* by the high priestess of Theosophy," and other remarks as silly, may be left to their own fate. They have been and in most cases will be left unnoticed.

Our age is regarded as being pre-eminently critical: an age which analyses closely, and whose public refuses to accept anything offered for its consideration before it has fully scrutinized the subject. Such is the boast of our century; but such is not quite the opinion of the impartial observer. At all events it is an opinion highly exaggerated since this boasted analytical scrutiny is applied only to that which interferes in no way with national, social, or personal prejudices. On the other hand everything that is malevolent, destructive to reputation, wicked and slanderous, is received with open embrace, accepted joyfully, and made the subject of everlasting public gossip, without any scrutiny or the slightest hesitation, but verily on a blind faith of the most elastic kind. We challenge contradiction on this point. Neither unpopular characters nor their work are judged in our day on their intrinsic value, but merely on their author's personality and the prejudiced opinion thereon of the masses. In many journals no literary work of a Theosophist can ever hope to be reviewed on its own merits, apart from the gossip about its author. Such papers, oblivious of the rule first laid down by Aristotle, who says that criticism is "a standard of judging well," refuse point blank to accept any Theosophical book apart from its writer. As a first result, the former is judged by the distorted reflection of the latter created by slander repeated in the daily papers. The personality of the writer hangs like a dark shadow between the opinion of the modern journalist and unvarnished truth; and as a final result there are few editors in all Europe and America who know anything of our Society's tenets.

How can then Theosophy or even the T.S. be correctly judged? It is nothing new to say that the true critic ought to know something at least of the subject he undertakes to analyze. Nor is it very risky to add that not one of our press Thersites knows in the remotest way what he is talking about—this, from the large fish to the smallest fry; \* but whenever the word "Theosophy" is printed and catches the reader's eye, there it will be generally found preceded and followed by abusive

\* From Jupiter Tonans of the *Saturday Review* down to the scurrilous editor of the *Mirror*. The first may be as claimed one of the greatest authorities living on *fencing*, and the other as great at "muscular" thought reading, yet both are equally ignorant of Theosophy and as blind to its real object and purposes as two owls are to day-light.

epithets and invective against the personalities of certain Theosophists. The modern editor of the Grundy pandering kind, is like Byron's hero, "*He knew not what to say, and so he swore*"—at that which passeth his comprehension. All such swearing is invariably based upon old gossip, and stale denunciations of those who stand in the moon-struck minds as the "inventors" of Theosophy. Had South Sea islanders a daily press of their own, they would be as sure to accuse the missionaries of having invented Christianity in order to bring to grief their native fetishism.

How long, O radiant gods of truth, how long shall this terrible mental cecity of the nineteenth century *Philosophists* last? How much longer are they to be told that Theosophy is no national property, no religion, but only the universal code of science and the most transcendental ethics that was ever known; that it lies at the root of every moral philosophy and religion; and that neither Theosophy *per se*, nor yet its humble unworthy vehicle, the Theosophical Society, has anything whatever to do with any personality or personalities! To identify it with these is to show oneself sadly defective in logic and even common sense. To reject the teaching and its philosophy under the pretext that its leaders, or rather one of its Founders, lies under various accusations (so far unproven) is silly, illogical and absurd. It is, in truth, as ridiculous as it would have been in the days of the Alexandrian school of Neo-Platonism, which was in its essence *Theosophy*, to reject its teachings, because it came to Plato from Socrates, and because the sage of Athens, besides his pug-nose and bald head, was accused of "blasphemy and of corrupting the youth."

Aye, kind and generous critics, who call yourselves Christians, and boast of the civilisation and progress of your age; you have only to be scratched skin deep to find in you the same cruel and prejudiced "barbarian" as of old. Were an opportunity offered you to sit in public and legal judgment on a Theosophist, who of you would rise in your nineteenth century of Christianity higher than one of the Athenian *dikastery* with its 500 jurors who condemned Socrates to death? Which of you would scorn to become a Meletus or an Anytus, and have Theosophy and all its adherents condemned on the evidence of false witness to a like ignominious death? The hatred manifested in your daily attacks upon the Theosophists is a warrant to us for this. Did Haywood have you in his mind's eye when he wrote of Society's censure:—

"O! that the too censorious world would learn  
This wholesome rule, and with each other bear;  
But man, as if a foe to his own species,  
Takes pleasure to report his neighbour's faults,  
Judging with rigour every small offence,  
And prides himself in scandal. . . . ."

Many optimistic writers would fain make of this mercantile century of

ours an age of philosophy and call it its *renaissance*. We fail to find outside of our Society any attempt at philosophical revival, unless the word "philosophy" is made to lose its original meaning. For wherever we turn we find a cold sneer at true philosophy. A sceptic can never aspire to that title. He who is capable of imagining the universe with its handmaiden Nature fortuitous, and hatched like the black hen of the fable, out of a self-created egg hanging in space, has neither the power of thinking nor the spiritual faculty of perceiving abstract truths; which power and faculty are the first requisites of a philosophical mind. We see the entire realm of modern Science honeycombed with such materialists, who yet claim to be regarded as philosophers. They either believe in naught as do the Secularists, or doubt according to the manner of the Agnostics. Remembering the two wise aphorisms by Bacon, the modern-day materialist is thus condemned out of the mouth of the Founder of his own inductive method, as contrasted with the deductive philosophy of Plato, accepted in Theosophy. For does not Bacon tell us that "Philosophy *when superficially studied* excites doubt; when thoroughly explored it dispels it;" and again, "*a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism*;" but depth of philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion"?

The logical deduction of the above is, undeniably, that none of our present Darwinians and materialists and their admirers, our critics, could have studied philosophy otherwise than very "superficially." Hence while Theosophists have a legitimate right to the title of *philosophers*—true "lovers of Wisdom"—their critics and slanderers are at best PHILOSOPHICULES—the progeny of modern PHILOSOPHISM.



#### "FRATERNITAS."

DR. PLODA, F. T. S. of Locarno, Switzerland, the Secretary of the Society "Fraternitas" has asked us to mention that the shareholders will not be confined only to members of the Theosophical Society but that all in sympathy with the scheme are invited to join and subscribe.

The House is beautifully situated, with a fine view of the Lago Maggiore, and the valleys and mountains of Tessin; it will contain a valuable library; and will be open to shareholders the whole year; they having the right, in recognition of their share in the movement, to stay at the Retreat for as long as and whenever they choose. Their health and tastes will be studied in every possible way, vegetarian or mixed diets being given as required, and at the lowest possible terms.



## HYPNOTISM.

**F**OR many years the scientific world in Germany and France has been stirred to its depths by the experiments in hypnotism made by some of the leading physicians in each country. Both from the philosophical and the practical sides it has been realised that the strange power which formed the subject of investigation was one of supreme importance in its bearing on the constitution and conduct of man. Many of the records of alleged feats by Middle Ages witches and wizards—regarded by the nineteenth century as the mere drivel of superstitious ignorance—paled their ineffectual fires before the wonders of the new experimenters, while the visions of the saints received startling pendants from the Salpêtrière. In Germany, the State, with characteristic promptitude, appears to have armed itself against the practical dangers which threaten to assail society, with a law which forbids unqualified persons to practice hypnotism. On the other hand, the Materialists, recognising by a true intuition the fatal character of the new departure for the Materialist philosophy, assailed the experimenters with quite theological virulence, scoffing at their experiments and decrying their motives. The famous Dr. Ludwig Büchner—whose services alike to medicine and to biology have been great—has vehemently attacked those of his compatriots who have entered the new path. In the last edition of his “*Kraft und Stoff*” he speaks of “the legerdemain and claptrap of magnetisers, clairvoyants, thaumaturgists, spiritualists, hypnotists, and other jugglers.”\* Yet even he alludes to the hypnotic as a “highly interesting condition”† and suggests that “it is probable that hypnotism accounts for much that occurs at exhibitions of animal magnetism.” He remarks, indeed, that “the whole effect is brought about by strictly natural causes,” a statement with which Theosophists, at least, will not quarrel.

Hypnotism—derived from *ὑπνος* sleep—obtained its name from its resemblance to somnambulism; in most respects the hypnotic resembles the mesmeric or magnetic trance, but differs from it in this, that suggestions made to a person under hypnotism are carried out when the hypnotic state has apparently passed away, and not during the trance, as with ordinary mesmerism. Everyone has seen the mesmerised person obey the mesmeriser, accept his fictions as facts, and perform at his bidding acts of the most startling absurdity. But when the patient recovers his senses, the spell is broken. Not so with hypnotism. The patient opens his eyes, walks about, goes away, performs the ordinary duties of life, but obeys with undeviating regularity the impulse communicated by the hypnotiser, imagining all the time that he is acting as

\* *Force and Matter*. English translation, p. 338.† *Ibid* p. 346.

a free agent while he is the bond-slave of another's will. There can be little doubt, however, that all these phenomena are but phases of the same condition ; Hypnotism is a new name, not a new thing, its differentia being but extensions of the old "mesmerism."

From the time of Mesmer onwards attention has from time to time been directed to the curious phenomena obtained by mesmeric passes, fixity of gaze, etc., but MM. Binet and Féré, in their work on "*Le Magnétisme Animal*," \* give to Dr. James Braid, a Manchester surgeon, the credit of being "the initiator of the scientific study of animal magnetism" (p. 67). "Magnetism and hypnotism," say these authors, "are fundamentally synonymous terms, but the first connotes a certain number of complex and extraordinary phenomena, which have always compromised the cause of these fruitful studies. The term hypnotism is exclusively applied to a definite nervous state, observable under certain conditions, subject to general rules, produced by human and in no sense mysterious processes, and based on modifications of the functions of the patient's nervous system. Thus it appears that hypnotism has arisen from animal magnetism, just as the physico-medical sciences arose from the occult sciences of the Middle Ages." Braid found that many persons could hypnotise themselves by gazing fixedly at an object placed a little above the head in such a position that the eyes, when fixed on it, squinted—or, to put the matter in more dignified fashion, in such a position as induced a convergent and superior strabismus. The fixation of the attention was also necessary, and Braid considers that the insensibility of idiots to hypnotism arises from their incapacity for fixed attention (pp. 69, 70). At the Salpêtrière, Dr. Charcot and his pupils, dealing with hysterical patients,† found that catalepsy could be produced by sudden sounds or vivid light, and that the patient could be made to pass from the cataleptic to the somnambulic or lucid hypnotic condition by friction on the scalp, pressure on the eyeballs, and other methods. Speaking generally, Dr. Richer states that stimulants "which produce a sudden shock to the nervous system and cause a sleep whose abrupt commencement is accompanied by marked hysterical symptoms, such as twitching of the limbs, movements of swallowing, a little foam on the lips, pharyngeal murmur, etc., give rise to the nervous condition termed lethargy ; while those which gently impress the nervous system and cause none of the hysterical symptoms to which I have alluded, produce a sleep which comes on progressively and without shock, the characteristics of which, differing from those of lethargy, belong to the special nervous state known under the name of somnambulic" (p. 519), or hypnotic. The ticking of a watch, the steady gaze of the doctor, magnetic passes, a verbal command, etc., will throw many subjects into a hypnotic trance.

\* Issued in an English Translation, under the title of "*Animal Magnetism*." The references in the text are to the English edition, as it is more accessible to English readers.

† "*Etudes cliniques sur la grande Hystérie*." Par le docteur Paul Richer.

The condition of the hypnotised person may vary from insensibility to acute sensitiveness. The body may be rendered insensible to pain, so that critical operations can be performed without the use of a material anæsthetic, and a number of such cases are on record. On the other hand, hypnotisation often produces extreme hyperæsthesia. Binet and Féré say : "In somnambulism [hypnotism] the senses are not merely awake, but quickened to an extraordinary degree. Subjects feel the cold produced by breathing from the mouth at the distance of several yards (Braid). Weber's compasses, applied to the skin, produce a two-fold sensation with a deviation of  $3^{\circ}$ , in regions where, during the waking state, it would be necessary to give the instrument a deviation of  $18^{\circ}$  (Berger). The activity of the sense of sight is sometimes so great that the range of sight may be doubled, as well as sharpness of vision. The sense of smell may be developed so that the subject is able to discover by its aid the fragments of a visiting-card which had been given to him to smell before it was torn up (Taguet). The hearing is so acute that a conversation carried on in the floor below may be overheard (Azam). These are interesting but isolated facts. We are still without any collective work on the subject, of which it would be easy to make a regular study, with the methods of investigation we have at our disposal. More careful observations of the state of the memory have been made, but this state has only been studied as it is found during somnambulism, when it generally displays the same hyper-excitability as the other organs of the senses" (Binet and Féré, pp. 134, 135).

Memory may, indeed, be rendered extraordinarily vivid under hypnotism. A poem read to a hypnotised person was repeated by her correctly; awake, she had forgotten it, but on being again hypnotised she repeated it. A patient recalled the exact *menu* of her dinner a week ago, though awake she could only remember those of a day or two. Another gave correctly and without hesitation the name of a doctor whom she had seen in childhood, although in her waking condition she, after some doubt, only recalled the fact that he had been a physician in a children's hospital.

Many of the purely physical results obtained are interesting in themselves, but, to the Theosophist, less suggestive than those which pass into the psychical realm. Contractures can be caused, and transferred from one side to the other, by a magnet. A limb can be rendered rigid, or can be paralyzed, and so on. An extremely curious experiment is the tracing some words on the arms of a hypnotised subject with a blunt probe; the doctor then "issued the following order: 'This afternoon at four o'clock, you will go to sleep, and blood will then issue from your arms, on the lines which I have now traced.' The subject fell asleep at the hour named, the letters then appeared on his left arm, marked in relief, and of a bright red colour which contrasted with the general paleness of the skin, and there were even minute drops of blood in several places. There was absolutely

nothing to be seen on the right and paralysed side [the patient was affected with hemiplegia and hemi-anæsthesia]. Mabilie subsequently heard the same patient, in a spontaneous attack of hysteria, command his arm to bleed, and soon afterwards the cutaneous hæmorrhage just described was displayed. These strange phenomena recall, and also explain, the bleeding stigmata which have been repeatedly observed in the subjects of religious ecstasy, who have pictured to themselves the passion of Christ. Charcot and his pupils at the Salpêtrière have often produced the effects of burns upon the skin of hypnotized subjects by means of suggestion. The idea of the burn does not take effect immediately, but after the lapse of some hours" (Binet and Féré, pp. 198, 199). The bearing of these experiments on the supposed miraculous impression of the sacred stigmata is obvious, and offers one more of the many illustrations which shew that the best way to eradicate superstition is not to deny the phenomena on which it rests, many of which are real, but to explain them, and to prove that they can be produced by natural means.

Muscular contractions of the limbs produce corresponding changes in the face, normally expressive of the feelings suggested by the artificially produced attitude. Richer states: "A tragic attitude impresses sternness on the face, and the brows contract. On the other hand, if the two open hands are carried to the mouth, as in the act of blowing a kiss, a smile immediately appears on the lips. In this case the reaction of gesture on physiognomy is very remarkable and is produced with great exactitude. . . . One can thus infinitely vary the attitudes. Ecstasy, prayer, humility, sadness, defiance, anger, fear, can be represented. It is indeed startling to see how invariably a simple change in the position of the hands reacts on the features. If the open hand is stretched outwards, the facial expression is calm and benevolent, and changes to a smile if the arm is raised and the tips of the fingers brought to the mouth. But without altering the attitude of the arms, it suffices to close the subject's hands to see benevolence give place to severity, which soon becomes anger if the clenching of the fist is increased. This phenomenon may be unilateral. If the fist is clenched on one side and carried forward as in menace, the corresponding brow only is contracted. So also if only one open hand is brought to the mouth, the smile will only appear on the same side of the face. The two different attitudes may be simultaneously impressed on the two sides of the body, and each half of the face will reflect the corresponding expression" (p. 669).

It is possible that these muscular contractions may give rise to no corresponding emotions, although it seems *prima facie* probable that where the emotions constantly find expression in gestures, the gestures should, in their turn, arouse the emotions. Yet it may be that the link is merely between muscle and muscle, and that the continual co-ordination results in a purely automatic muscular action. We will therefore



pass to phenomena in which the psyche is involved, and see what strange tricks can be played with it by the experimenter in hypnotism.

The lower senses of touch and taste and smell can be played with at will. A hypnotised patient, told that a bird had placed itself on her knee, stroked and caressed it (Richer, p. 645). "If a hallucinatory object, such as a lamp-shade, is put into the subject's hands, and he is told to press it, he experiences a sensation of resistance, and is unable to bring his hands together" (Binet and Féré, p. 213). Colocynth placed on the tongue is not tasted, odours are not smelt (Richer, p. 660). In the automatic stage contact with familiar objects brings up the action constantly associated with them; given soap and water a patient will steadfastly wash her hands; given a match, she will strike it, but is unconscious of pain if the flame touches her; given a probing pin, she will plunge it into her hand; given a book, she will begin to read it fluently, and when the book is turned upside down, continue to read it aloud in the reversed position (Richer, pp. 693—696). This automatic stage can be made to pass into the somnambulic, where the will is dominated, but where intelligence survives.

But it is when we come to the more intellectual sense of vision that we meet the most surprising phenomena. On a piece of white paper a white card was placed, and an imaginary line was drawn round this card, with a blunt pointer, without touching the paper, the patient being told that the line was being drawn. When she awaked she was given the blank paper, and she saw on it the rectangle which had *not* been traced; asked to fold the paper along the lines she saw, she folded it exactly, so that it was just covered by the card when the latter was placed on it (Richer, p. 723). A patient was told that she saw a black circle; on waking she looked about, rubbed her eyes, and on being questioned complained that she saw a black circle in whichever direction she turned her eyes, and that it was extremely annoying (*Ibid*). A portrait was said to exist on a piece of blank cardboard; when the card was reversed, the imaginary portrait was reversed with it, and it disappeared when the other side of the cardboard was shewn, although the changes of position were made out of sight of the patient (Binet and Féré, p. 224). Such a portrait is visible to the patient through an opera-glass, and is magnified or diminished like a real object. Again, a patient Bar— was told that Dr. Charcot was present, and although he was not there, she addressed him; told to listen to the music, she heard an imaginary concert; informed that a number of children were present, she made the gestures of taking them in her arms and kissing them, described the colour of their hair and eyes; while another patient complained that their play irritated her, and that the noise they made was intolerable.

More complex visions can be made to pass before the eyes; suggest to a subject that paradise lies open before her, and she will see angels and saints, the virgin, and so on, the details of the vision varying with the richness of imagination of the patient. Sometimes it is the devil whose

presence is suggested, and the most vivid fear and anger are expressed. Surely we have here the key to the visions of ecstatic nuns: the fixed gaze at the crucifix with upward-turned eyes is the very position for self-hypnotisation: the matter of the visions is suggested by the pressure of the dominant idea; while the certitude of the patient as to the reality of the visions would be complete.

Yet more curious are the phenomena connected with rendering an object or a person invisible by suggestion. Ten similar cards were shewn to a hypnotised subject, and she was told that she could not see one of them. When she was awaked, that card remained invisible; and similar results were obtained with keys, thermometers, and other objects (Richer, p. 725). To another was said, "You will not see M. X.," and on waking, M. X. was invisible to her. "We once suggested to a hypnotic subject that she would cease to see F—— but would continue to hear his voice. On awaking, the subject heard the voice of an invisible person, and looked about the room to discover the cause of this singular phenomenon, asking us about it with some uneasiness. We said jestingly, 'F—— is dead, and it is his ghost which speaks to you.' The subject is intelligent and in her normal state she would probably have taken the jest at its true value; but she was dominated by the suggestion of anæsthesia, and readily accepted the explanation. When F—— spoke again he said that he had died the night before, and that his body had been taken to the post-mortem room. The subject clasped her hands with a sad expression, and asked when he was to be buried, as she wished to be present at the religious service. 'Poor young man!' she said; 'he was not a bad man.' F——, wishing to see how far her credulity would go, uttered groans and complained of the autopsy of his body which was going on. The scene then became tragic, for the emotion of the subject caused her to fall backwards in an incipient attack of hysteria, which we promptly arrested" (Binet and Féré, pp. 312, 313). The most suggestive experiment was one in which F—— was rendered invisible; the subject was then awakened, and on enquiring for F—— was told that he had left the room. She was then told that she might retire, and went towards the door, against which F—— had placed himself. Unable to see him she came in contact with him, and, on a second experiment to reach the door, became alarmed at the incomprehensible resistance and refused to again go near it. A hat was placed on his head, and "words cannot express the subject's surprise, since it appeared to her that the hat was suspended in the air. Her surprise was at its height when F—— took off the hat and saluted her with it several times; she saw the hat without any support, describing curves in the air." F—— then put on a cloak, and she saw the cloak moving "and assuming the form of a person. 'It is,' she said, 'like a hollow puppet.'" A number of other experiments were tried with her, leaving no doubt that she was completely unconscious of F——'s presence (Binet and Féré, pp. 306—308).

In another class of experiments, the subject's personality was changed.

"On one occasion we told X— that she had become M. F—, and after some resistance she accepted the suggestion. On awaking she was unable to see M. F— who was present ; she imitated his manner, and made the gesture of putting both her hands in the pockets of an imaginary hospital apron. From time to time she put her hand to her lips, as if to smooth her moustache, and looked about her with assurance. But she said nothing. We asked her whether she was acquainted with X—. She hesitated for a moment, and then replied, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders: 'Oh yes, a hysterical patient. What do you think of her? She is not too wise'" (*Ibid*, pp. 215, 216). Another patient personated, in succession, a peasant woman, an actress, a general, an archbishop, a nun, speaking appropriately in each character (Richer, pp. 729, 730).

There is another class of phenomena which opens up serious dangers of a practical nature. A suggestion made to a hypnotised subject may be carried out when the subject is awake, either immediately, or days or months afterwards, and this obedience is blind to consequences and to every consideration of right and wrong. We have here a personality not a machine, but a personality which is the puppet of another's will. Dr. Richer remarks: "In the latter state [cataleptic] the subject is an automaton, without conscience or spontaneity, only moving under the influence of sensorial stimuli, coming from without. The stimulus alone matters, and not the person who supplies it. The personality of the operator is indifferent. All the responses are of the nature of reflex actions, without any participation of the intellectual activity other than such as may be necessary to their production. The somnambulist, on the other hand, is no longer a simple machine. He is the slave of the will of another, the veritable *subject* of the operator. His automatism consists in servitude and obedience. But a certain consciousness exists other than that of the waking state. A new personality is created, which may give rise to those strange phenomena described under the name of duplication of consciousness or of personality. There is really a somnambulic Ego, while there is no cataleptic Ego" (p. 789).

It is in this somnambulic stage that occur the phenomena now to be considered. A hypnotised subject is desired to steal some object ; sometimes she resists, but insistance generally overcomes this resistance ; only in a few cases has it been found impossible to conquer it. On awaking, the patient watches her opportunity and performs the theft. And here comes in the curious fact that the subject shews cunning and intelligence in carrying out the suggestion. One patient, told to steal the handkerchief of a certain person, presently feigned dizziness, and staggering against the person stole the handkerchief. In another case, the subject abruptly asked the owner of the handkerchief what he had in his hand, and stole it as he, in surprise, looked at his hand. Another, told to poison X— with a glass of water, offered it with the remark that it was a hot day. "If Z— is armed with a paper-knife and ordered to

kill X— she says, 'Why should I do it? He has done me no harm.' But if the experimenter insists, this slight scruple may be overcome, and she soon says: 'If it must be done, I will do it.' On awaking, she regards X— with a perfidious smile, looks about her and suddenly strikes him with the supposed dagger." The patient will find reasons to excuse her act; one who had struck a man with a pasteboard knife under suggestion was asked why she had killed him. "She looked at him fixedly for a moment, and then replied with an expression of ferocity, 'He was an old villain, and wished to insult me'" (Binet and Féré, pp. 286—291).

Without further accumulating these phenomena, let us consider whether any, and, if any, what explanation of them is possible.

And first, from the standpoint of materialism. It is possible to explain on a materialist hypothesis the muscular contractions and co-ordinations, and the automatic actions succeeding contact with familiar articles. But even in the automatic stage, explanation is lacking of the fluent reading of a reversed book by an uneducated person. It is, however, in the phenomena of memory, of vision of the non-existent, of inhibited vision, that materialist explanation seems to me to be impossible.

Memory is the faculty which receives the impress of our experiences, and preserves them; many of these impressions fade away, and we say we have forgotten. Yet it is clear that these impressions may be revived. They are therefore not destroyed, but they are so faint that they sink below the threshold of consciousness, and so no longer form part of its normal content. If thought be but a "mode of motion," memory must be similarly regarded: but it is not possible to conceive that each impression of our past life, recorded in consciousness, is still vibrating in some group of brain cells, only so feebly that it does not rise over the threshold. For these same cells are continually being thrown into new groupings for new vibrations, and these cannot all co-exist, and the fainter ones be each capable of receiving fresh impulse which may so intensify their motion as to raise them again into consciousness. Now if these vibrations=memory, if we have only matter in motion, we know the laws of dynamics sufficiently well to say that if a body be set vibrating, and new forces be successively brought to act upon it and set up new vibrations, there will not be in that body the co-existence of each separate set of vibrations successively impressed upon it, but it will vibrate in a way differing from each single set, and compounded of all. So that memory, as a mode of motion, would not give us the record of the past, but would present us with a new story, the resultant of all those past vibrations, and this would be ever changing, as new impressions, causing new vibrations, come in to modify the resultant of the old. On the other hand let us suppose a conscious Ego, retaining knowledge of all its past experiences, but only able to impress such of them on the organ of consciousness as the laws of the material organism permit, the threshold of consciousness dividing what it can thus impress from what it cannot;

that threshold would vary with the material conditions of the moment, rising and falling with the state of the organism, and what we call memory would be the content of the material consciousness, bounded by that threshold at any given instant. Now under hypnotisation an extraordinary revival of the past occurs, and impressions long since faded come out clear-cut on the tablet of memory. Is it not a possible hypothesis that the process of hypnotisation causes a shifting of the threshold of consciousness, and so brings into sight what is always there but what is normally concealed? The existence of the Ego is posited by Theosophy, and it seems to me that the phenomena of hypnotism require it.

How can the materialist explain the vision of non-existent things? We know what are the mechanical conditions of vision in the animal body: the rays reflected from the object, the blows of the ethereal waves on the retina, the vibrating nerve-cells, the optic centre—the perception belongs to the world of mind. But in seeing the invisible we have the perception, with none of the steps that normally lead up to it; the suggestion of the hypnotiser awakens the perception, and the mind creates its own object of sense to respond to it. Again it must be the perceptive power, not the sense-channel, which is paralysed when objects and persons become invisible. Take the case of F—and his cloak; certain rays from the body of F—struck the retina of the patient, but no perception followed; for the cloak to be seen normally, a ray from it must traverse exactly the same line as those from his body, impinge on the same retinal cells, throw into vibration the same nervous cord, and so be perceived. If the inhibition were of the nerve-elements, the rays from the cloak would be stopped like those from the body round which it was wrapped. The inhibition was not of nerve but of mind; the operator had entered the subject-world of the patient and had laid his hand on the faculty, not on its instrument. If perception be only the result of the vibrating cells, how comes it that the cells may vibrate and the result be absent? That in two cases the vibration may be equally set up, the same cells be in motion, and yet that perception follows the one vibration and not the other? A still further complication arises when the cloak is seen though the body is interposed between it and the organ of vision. If perception result from cell-vibration, how can perception arise when no cell-vibration is set up?

But it seems that it is not only the perceptive faculty that the operator may bring under his control; he may lay hold of the will and compel the patient to acts, and so become the master of his personality. A terrible power, yet one that can no longer be regarded as doubtful, and which recalls the old-world stories of "possession," throwing on them a new and lurid light. How many of the tales of magical powers, which changed people's characters and drove them in obedience to the will of the "magician," are now explicable as hypnotic effects. How often may the "evil eye" have caused injury, by deliberate suggestion, as Charcot thus caused a burn. I have often thought that there must have

been some basis of fact underlying the widespread belief in witchcraft ; and the possession of hypnotising powers, aided by the exaggeration of fear and credulity, would amply suffice to account for it. The general belief in evil spirits would lead to the ascription of the results to their agency, and the very ignorance of the nature of their own power by the "magicians" would foster the notion of supernatural interference.

The study of hypnotism drives us, if we would remain within the realm of natural law, of causation, into the belief that the mind is not the mere outcome of physical motion, however closely the two may be here normally related. That while the brain is "the organ of mind" on this plane, it is literally the organ, and not the mind ; and that it is possible, so to speak, to get behind the organ and seize on the mind itself, dethroning the individuality and assuming a usurped control. On this hypothesis the results of the experiments become intelligible, and we can dimly trace the *modus operandi*.

Theosophists may well utilise this new departure in science to gain a hearing for their own luminous philosophy, for the Western World cannot turn a deaf ear to the testimony of its own experts, and the experiments of those very experts force on the mind the impossibility of thought and will being the mere result of molecular vibration. Once carry a thoughtful Materialist so far, and he will be bound to go farther, and thus the very triumph of Materialistic science shall lead to the downfall of its own philosophy.

ANNIE BESANT.



#### A KEY TO LIFE IN DEATH.

"Howbeit neither is the woman without the man nor the man without the woman, in the Lord," (i.e. in the Spirit). —*1. Corinth.* xi. 11.

TEN thousand years ago two forms  
Had ever been ;  
And yet but One existed then,  
Fire-King unseen !

Ten thousand years ago two forms  
Were born in earth  
And Prince with Princess Royal were they—  
E'en from their birth !

Ten thousand years ago the states,  
Of mortal life,  
Which Prince with Princess Royal upheld—  
Were bloodshed, strife !

Ten thousand years ago two forms  
In silence slept ;

A Bird of Paradise survived,  
And mortals wept !

The knowledge of ten thousand years  
Of earthly strife—  
Was blest within one form in death—  
One perfect life !

Ten thousand years have passed away,  
And bloodshed, strife—  
Will be destroyed in earth by One—  
Fire-King of Life !

Ten thousand years will pass, two forms,  
Within one soul,  
A Prince with Princess Royal, will be  
While ages roll !

W. C. ELTON SERGEANT.

## THE WOMEN OF CEYLON

## AS COMPARED WITH CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

IN the following eloquent strain speaks the report of the Wesleyan Mission in the Galle District for the year 1888 :

"But the greatest force of Ceylonese Buddhism is not in the Bo-tree, the priesthood, the wealth of temple lands, or even in the sacred books. The dominant force for Buddhism in this island is WOMAN. Something to see, something to touch, something to worship; these cravings of human kind are met in the Buddhistic worship of to-day; the feminine instinct which brought that sprig of the sacred tree was unerring in its aim; that appeal to the sight won the crowds for Songhamitto. Under the ban of the Brahmans, woman was again enslaved in India; but in Lanka, the successors of the princess have never lost their liberty. Buddhist woman is not imprisoned in the zenana, or denied the right of free worship at the shrine. Unchecked she can climb to the peak where the footprint of BUDDHA is made out of holes in the rock, and fearlessly she can go on pilgrimages to the ancient temples of her faith. You see women in 'upasika' or devotee robes of white, on the *paya* or sacred days of Buddhism, leading trains of mothers and maidens to the *dumb idols* (?)\* In the home she guards that altar where the image of the dead Teacher stands on its pedestal behind the veil. Woman, there, can take herself and give the family *mahasil*, the three great precepts: or *pansil*, the five binding vows: and *dasasil*, the ten embracing laws of Buddhism."

Woman in Ceylon, like any other Buddhist woman, has always been free and even on a par with man, as above stated, in religious functions. It is then but fair to contrast her position with that of Christian woman during the early centuries and the Middle Ages. The Buddhist woman owes her position to Buddha's noble and just law, and the Christian to her intolerant and despotic Church. Of this we are assured by Principal Donaldson, LL.D. in his article on the prevalent opinion that woman owes her present high position to Christianity, in the September *Contemporary Review*. As confessed by him, he "used to believe in it," but believes in it no longer however much he would like to, for the facts of history are against the claim; and he proceeds to show that "in the first three centuries I have not been able to see that Christianity had any favourable effect on the position of women, but, on the contrary, that it tended to lower their character and contract the range of their activity."

Paul, he denounces as a "woman hater." Widows had very nearly as bad a position as the Hindu widows have now. In the Church women could be seen only in three capacities "as martyrs, as widows and as deaconesses"—but the office of the latter was simply nominal! They had no spiritual functions, and while duly and legally ordained, they were precluded from performing any priestly office, such as we find entrusted to the Buddhist women. "Let them be silent," says Tertullian, "and at home consult their own husbands." †

\* Does the adjective "dumb" mean to infer that as Christendom is in possession of several *speaking* "idols"—as we have seen in France and Italy—while Buddhisdom has none of this kind, therefore, is Christianity superior to Buddhism? Pity the *Missionary Report* does not make it clear.—[Ed.]

† Tertullian was only quoting Paul.—[Ed.]

As to widows, who had as few spiritual functions as Deaconesses, they were forbidden to teach, and the Church said of them :

" Let the widow mind nothing but to pray for those that give and for the whole Church, and when she is asked anything by any one let her not easily answer, excepting questions concerning the faith and righteousness and hope in God. . . . But of the remaining doctrines let her not answer anything rashly, lest by saying anything unlearnedly she should make the word to be blasphemed." And the occupation of the widow is summed up in these words, " She is to sit at home, sing, pray, read, watch and fast, speak to God continually in songs and hymns."

A curious contrast is found, as pointed out to us by Dr. Donaldson and noticed by the reviewers, between the pagan Roman women of that day, and the Christian women. This is how he describes " the higher pagan ideal," the

" more remarkable because in Roman civilization, which Christianity sought to overthrow, women enjoyed great power and influence. Tradition was in favour of restriction, but by a concurrence of circumstances women had been liberated from the enslaving fetters of the old legal forms, and they enjoyed freedom of intercourse in society ; they walked and drove in the public thoroughfares with veils that did not conceal their faces, they dined in the company of men, they studied literature and philosophy, they took part in political movements, they were allowed to defend their own law cases if they liked, and they helped their husbands in the government of provinces and the writing of books. . . . The exclusion of women from every sacred function stands in striking contrast with heathen practice. In Rome the wife of the Pontifex Maximus took the lead in the worship of Bona Dea, and in the religious rites which specially concerned women. The most honoured priest attached to a particular God in Rome, the Flamen Dialis, must be married, and must resign his office when his wife died, for his wife was also a priestess, and his family were consecrated to the service of the God. And the vestal virgins received every mark of respect that could be bestowed on them, and the amplest liberty. The highest officials made way for them as they passed along the streets, they banqueted with the College of Pontifices, they viewed the games in the company of the Empress, and statues were erected in their honour."

" What the early Christians did," says Dr. Donaldson, " was to strike the male out of the definition of man and human being out of the definition of woman. Man was a human being made for the highest and noblest purposes ; woman was a female made to serve only one. She was on the earth to inflame the heart of man with every evil passion. She was a fire-ship continually striving to get alongside the male man-of-war to blow him into pieces. This is the way in which Tertullian addresses women : ' Do you not know that each one of you is an Eve ? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age : the guilt must of necessity live too. You are the devil's gateway ; you are the unsealer of that forbidden tree ; you are the first deserter of the divine law ; you are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. You destroyed so easily God's image, man. On account of your desert, that is, death, even the Son of God had to die.' And the gentle Clement of Alexandria hits her hard when he says : ' Nothing disgraceful is proper for man, who is endowed with reason ; much less for woman, to whom it brings shame even to reflect of what nature she is.' (It is curious to note that the doctrine of laying all the guilt on women, against which modern reformers protest, has thus Christian authority on its side.)

" Here, finally, put together from Dr. Donaldson's apostolic researches, is the whole duty of woman, according to the Fathers of the Church. Her first and great duty was to stay at home, and not let herself be seen anywhere. She is not to go to banquets. She is not to go to marriage feasts ; nor to frequent the theatre, nor public spectacles. Does she want exercise ? Clement of Alexandria prescribes for her : ' She is to exercise herself in spinning and weaving, and superintending the cooking, if necessary.' Any personal adornment is characteristic of ' women who have lost all shame.' The bearing of children was ' perilous to faith,' and it was a great spiritual gain to a man ' when he chanced to be deprived of his wife '—that is, by death. Meanwhile, during her life, her duty was plain. She was to stay at home and to be subservient to her husband in all things."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

What a difference between this terrible and degrading position of the Christian wife, mother and daughter during the early days of Christianity and the Middle Ages, and the past and present position of the Buddhist woman at all times. Nor was the Brahminical, or Hindu woman, less free and honoured before the Mussulman invasion of India. For she was on a par with man in



Aryavarta before that calamity, even more free than the Ceylonese woman is now. But the position of the latter, and her great influence in her family are so well known to the Christian missionary and proselytizer that he seeks to turn this knowledge to advantage. Thus having described this enviable position, the *Report of the Wesleyan Mission* suddenly unveils its batteries by adding the following remarks :

“ Buddhism will never be vitally touched in Ceylon, until the female population is more universally Christianized and educated. Let a thousand girls' schools be opened in this land and efficiently maintained for one generation, and long before 1919 we should see our churches doubled, both in numbers and in strength. Have not the missionary bodies erred in this? It is the girl, the mother, and the wife, who cling to their religion, with all it can yield to elevate and transform : and when woman has done so much for the dead BUDDHA and the soulless creed, she could and would do more for the living Christ, the ever-present saviour, the real redeemer from death and sin.” (!)

This is a most sincere statement of their hopes and aspirations. No wonder it has provoked the wrath of the Colombo *Buddhist*, which we find, while quoting this testimonial to the devotion and piety of our Sinhalese sisters, giving voice to the sentiment of the whole Buddhist community of the Island, orthodox and theosophical. Saith our contemporary :—

Much of what is above stated by this missionary writer is most true, and the debt which Ceylon owes to her faithful Buddhist daughters cannot be overstated. Throughout a period when too many of her sons, bowed down by the succession of foreign yokes imposed upon them, had fallen away from their high calling and let the unequalled advantages which are their birthright slip through their fingers, the great majority of the women of Ceylon have shown their loyalty and devotion to our great Teacher by standing firmly round His banner, and holding the lamp of truth on high with unfaltering hand. That, in spite of the unscrupulous use made of its power and wealth by Christianity, they have been on the whole so successful in preventing the perversion of their sons to the degrading superstitions of our conquerors, shows how great is the power of woman, and how important the work undertaken by the Women's Educational Society. The object of this Society is to rescue the rising generation of the daughters of Ceylon from the wily snares of the cunning missionary, and to ensure that the mothers of the future shall be actuated not merely by traditional devotion, but by an intelligent faith in their religion, and when that object is fully achieved the honey-tongued deceivers, who try with such diabolical art to seduce the weak-minded into apostasy, may pack up their trunks and go back to try to Christianize and civilize their own land (which sadly needs their help by all accounts) for their occupation here will be gone for ever. Then when the shade of the upas-tree of Christianity with its terrible concomitants of slaughter and drunkenness, is removed from this fair island, we may hope for a brighter future of peace, happiness, and revived religion that shall rival the glories of our ancient history. May that day soon come !

The expressions of hostility towards the Protestant missionaries who are doing their work out there, while sounding bitter and intolerant to Western ears, may be excused on account of the long train of social calamities which have followed the successive evangelising labours of the Portuguese, Dutch and English conquerors of “Fair Lanka.” Not merely the disruption of families and the confiscation of property, but even bloodshed, rapine and persecution have entered into the long record of these efforts to extirpate the national religion and supplant it by exoteric Christianity. As the Waldenses and Albigenses had good reason to execrate the name of Roman Catholicism, so have the descendants of the sufferers from Christian persecution equal reason to couple mission work with what is most cruel and abhorrent.

As I am ending this interesting testimonial to women in general and those of Ceylon in particular, I find in our Colombo weekly *Supplement to the Sarasavisandaresa*—the *Buddhist*, the sad news of the death of one of the

best, noblest and kindest of all the ladies of Ceylon, a devoted Theosophist, and one who has been for almost half a century an ornament to her sex. I quote from the *BUDDHIST*, *verbatim*.

Just as we are going to press the news reaches us of the death of Mrs. Cecilia Dias Ilangakoon, F.T.S., after a long and severe illness. She will long be remembered as a generous and high-minded Buddhist, and most especially for two actions, the result of which will be seen not only in the present but in the future. We refer to her donation of the money to publish the first English and Sinhalese editions of Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*, and to her magnificent present of a complete set of the sacred books of the Southern Church to the Adyar Oriental Library—this last a work which she has lived only just long enough to finish. May her rest be sweet, and her next birth a happy one !

AUM, so be it ! is the heartfelt concurrence in this wish of a  
EUROPEAN BUDDHIST.



### KARMA.

Was there ever a past—is the present a present of dreams ?  
Will the Future become, like the past, but a something that seems ?  
Is Life but a Medley of things that are not—and yet are ;  
And the Near but the image Light casts from the infinite Far ?

We drift on the main—we are flung on the surf-beaten shore ;  
To-day's sea is placid ; to-morrow the breakers will roar.  
Oh ! vague and pathetic the wail of the living—the cry  
Of the sorrowing ones who would fain turn their faces and die.

We dream and we do, and the wreck of our dreaming and doing  
Points, ghastly and grim to our deeds of remorse and of rueing.  
We dream and we do, and by doing and dreaming elated,  
We reck not the loss of the loser, the fate of the fated.

Yet half, in our night-time of woe, in our sunlight of bliss,  
We fathom the fate that we tempt, and the fortune we miss.  
When the curtain is drawn for a moment, the Truth to reveal,  
And we stand face to face with the end that we thought to conceal.

Lo ! the mask of our subterfuge hideth the face of a child ;  
The skin of the serpent is cast, and the trick that beguiled  
Is discovered, and under the light of Truth's radiant Sun,  
We know that the Past, and the Present, and Future are one.

FRANK H. NORTON.

## The Case for Metempsychosis.

BY E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

Together with a survey of its bearing on the World-Problem.

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"Nature exists for the purposes of Soul."—PATANJALI.

THE conquest of old-world ideas by modern Science, momentous an achievement as it is justly held to be, has only served to throw the problem of the universe into yet deeper relief. The more fully the physical order of Nature has revealed itself to our gaze, the more vividly has the "Why and wherefore?" of conscious life forced itself upon our attention. We contemplate the stupendous drama of Evolution and the inevitable cry *Cui Bono?* rises unbidden to our lips. It is, indeed, only for a time amid the maelström of new physical discoveries that the thinker can lose sight of this great issue, compared with which all others sink into insignificance. Metaphysic is slain only to revive. Despite the assumption of Comte, the "metaphysical stage" not only thrives side by side with enfranchised empirical research, but has recently manifested unexpected activity in connection with that revival of Mysticism now colouring the best German thought. Man cannot live by bread alone. The greatest triumphs of Science—that is to say of the positive method—will never satisfy the ideal-seeking instinct. Prof. F. A. Lange in his monumental work, the "History of Materialism" fully conceded the point, and even the uncompromising author of "Force and Matter" has not hesitated to oppose the "moral feeling of the individual" to the cheerless outcome of his own physical researches.\* Hence we find that advanced negationists are wont to relieve the bleakness of their systems by working up the veriest rags of religious philosophy. Witness Comte's *Vrai Grand Etre*. Witness the "Unknowable" which Mr. H. Spencer

\* "Force and Matter," p. 320. 4th Eng. Ed. Asher & Co.

throws as a sop to the Cerberus of human emotion. Let us consider for a moment the alleged adequacy of the latter to satisfy our spiritual hunger.

Mr. Spencer yields to no one in his desire to keep alive the vestal fire of religion on the altar of the human heart. His aim has been to reconcile the negations of Science with the affirmations of Theology. Abjuring the narrower agnosticism of Stuart Mill and Dr. Huxley, he transcends phenomena so far as to posit an "Unknown and Unknowable Power" as the *fons et origo* of being. But the foundation is too frail to support the emotional superstructure. The vicegerent of this Unknown X is an iron mechanical causality which excludes all participation of mind—as an active factor—in the world-process. The Unknown X itself is an empty negation superadded to as rigidly materialistic an explanation of nature as that favoured by Dr. Büchner. Spencerianism therefore, is in the last degree unsatisfactory. Its Ultimate has no real point of contact with the soul, for the indeterminate consciousness of the Unknowable with which Mr. Spencer accredits us is only competent to testify to its "*Thatness*," never to its "*Whatness*." To enable any such Ultimate to serve as an object of religion as distinguished from one of mere speculative interest, the latter element must be at least symbolically specified.

The "Unconscious"—or as it ought properly to be termed Super-conscious Spirit—of E. von Hartmann does fulfil this condition. It represents the pure native essence of the same subjective reality which we experience as "self." This depersonalised concept of Deity constitutes the key to German and Oriental pantheism. It is, moreover, equally applicable to a system of Natural Dualism, and may thus be regarded as the apex of all religious thinking.

It would, however, be erroneous to suppose that the human mind could ever rest content with the contemplation of this Ideal, or even with the further consideration that in ultimate analysis all conscious units are but its manifestation. Granted that the soul is thus fundamentally rooted in Deity, the purpose of evolution, the travail of a universe in labour, the origin of evil, and many other kindred riddles of life, still remain over and clamour for some sort of solution. It is of scant interest to the individual what philosophers or theologians set up as the figurehead of a system or object of worship so long as the *crux* of his own place in the "eternal order of things" is shelved. Religion in the larger sense has a wider sphere than the investigation and recognition of "First Causes"—it has to deal with the problem of the human soul, and, if possible, to unravel the mystery environing its origin, evolution and destiny. Experience shows that it is the discussion of this subject alone which fires the interest of the modern indifferentist, weary alike of the reign of dogma and of the subtleties of the scientific taxinomist. Consequently it is this subject which deserves to evoke the concentrated effort of the

religious philosophy of the future. In the words of Dr. Carl du Prel, "It is not always the business of philosophy to split hairs and devise subtle problems. The weightiest problems are just those which are hidden by their everyday character." \* Now in the category referred to the Soul question is indubitably comprised. Nevertheless, it is ignored to an extent which the cultured Oriental thinker would deem scandalous. It is true that Europe has its psychologists and its clerical authorities in plenty. But its psychology is either avowedly agnostic or confines itself to the analysis of familiar mental phenomena without seeking to raise the veil of Isis. The Church, questioned on the matter of pre-natal and post-mortem possibilities, answers a hundred inquiries in a hundred conflicting voices. Not only is it utterly ignorant in the matter, but its representatives have no longer any weight with the majority of men of letters.

Altogether the Western races appear to have speculated on these and kindred subjects to no more purpose than did the Palæolithic cave-men of 50,000 years ago. Notwithstanding this ominous fact, some further attempt must be made to penetrate the mystery, if our civilisation is to weather the rocks of Pessimism. Humanity, scourged with suffering and discontent is beginning to ask why it was called into being at all, and whether the drama of modern social evolution is a game that is really worth the candle. The prime *desideratum* of our time is a system of thought competent to read a meaning and a purpose into that struggle for existence, the intensity of which biology, sociology and the "testimony of the rocks" proclaim aloud to heaven. And this system must, at least in its general outlines, prove as comprehensible to the man of the market-place as to the man of the study. It must not, like Hegelianism, find a niche in the intellect of the thinker alone—it must stir the heart of the masses and furnish that great ideal in which Lange vaguely saw the means of inspiring society with the glow of a revived optimism. This ideal is, in the opinion of many distinguished thinkers in this country and in Germany, discoverable in the vista opened up by the doctrine of Metempsychosis or Re-incarnation. Speculations of this sort, so long tabooed by the empirical schools of psychology, have, since the publication of Carl du Prel's "Philosophy of Mysticism," acquired a wholly new importance. They have infused new life into the dry bones of metaphysic which is thus indirectly rendered attractive to the general reader, a gain of quite an unprecedented nature. It is to a survey of the case for Metempsychosis—the doctrine of the Soul-evolution through successive births—that I propose to devote the present paper.

Let me preface the argument by assuming with Kant the immortality of the soul as a "postulate of the practical reason," as an intuition superior to any determination of the intellect. Similarly I must take for granted a belief in what Mr. F. W. H. Myers has termed "the essential

\* Preface "Philosophy of Mysticism," xxiii. Translated from the German by C. C. Massey.

spirituality of the universe" \* ; the inquiry as to whether the attribute of personality is attachable to Deity need not, however, delay us. The agnostic will not, of course, concede even so much as is embraced in our second postulate. It may not, in view of this fact, be superfluous to refer thinkers of this school to the admirable defence of Spirit which characterises the works of Hartmann. That the root of things is spiritual is a thesis which he supports with overwhelming ability, impressing into his service the evidence of physiology and pathology as well as that of language, sociology, organic evolution and psychological science. The "Philosophy of the Unconscious" relies perhaps too exclusively on the argument from teleology. The strongest inferential proof of Deity appears rather to lie in the necessity of assuming a Spiritual Noumenon *to account for the phenomenon "consciousness,"* † just as Mr. Spencer assumes an objective world to account for the phenomenon "matter." But to develop this line of thought would lead us too far astray.

The modern mechanical systems have no sympathy with the doctrine of a "future life." Why, then, this afterglow of Optimism which distinguishes the majority? For this spurious enthusiasm bears about the same relation to the enthusiasm of the true thinker as the phosphorescent gleam on a mouldering coffin does to the sunlight. The world is, indeed, a shambles, if the evils which buttress Evolution merely usher in consciousness at birth in order to blot it at death. Dr. Büchner's conception of Nature, as, in fact, that of Mr. Spencer, is only calculated to wrap the mind in a "horror of great darkness." Man is a cypher in the presence of this eternal mechanism, the Evolution phase of which hurries him into the martyrdom of being only to plunge him once again into nothingness.

"A moment's halt, a momentary taste  
Of Being from the well within the Waste,  
And then the ghostly caravan has reached  
The Nothing it set out from."

Well may we ask : Of what avail is it to perpetuate, and labour for, a Humanity which possibly the next Glacial period, and at any rate a waning Sun, will sweep for ever into the eternal silence? Why store up knowledge for the mind—as raindrops for a pitcher only filled to be emptied—unless with Helvetius we cultivate intellect simply under the spur of *ennui*? Why hold to the "Ethics of Inwardness" instead of the "L'Art de Jouir" of Lamettrie? The Ego is, after all, only what

\* This is, of course, the basic postulate of all attempts at framing a spiritual conception of the Universe. Space, however, precludes a present detailed examination of the intellectual foundations of the belief.

† In view of the novelty of this line of proof, I may, perhaps, be permitted to refer the reader to a series of articles recently contributed by me to the "National Reformer" on the "Illusion of Materialism." The excuse for this reference must be sought in the fact that the argument there developed may be termed a new discovery in philosophy.

M. Taine terms it, a rocket shooting up in the dark void and sputtering awhile before it goes out. It has no call to assist the work of a Nature which has treated it so scurvily. Rather will it incline out of intense sympathy for its fellow Egos to contribute its mite towards bringing conscious existence to a close.

We hear much of Pessimism just now. Nothing, however, is more inevitable than the prevalence of such a mode of thinking during transition periods such as the present. It is not merely that the error of regarding Life as an end in itself dominates the majority of men and women. This is, indeed, a *vera causa*. If we confine our purview to this narrow horizon, the world process certainly does appear to justify Hartmann's language when he dubs it—with certain reservations—an "unfathomable folly." So far, so good. But an additional factor serves to swell the effect thus produced. The Western nations are rapidly attaining that reflective stage of their sociological evolution, at which the misery of life becomes *continually present to thought* in addition to being the main constituent of emotional experience. Pleasures and pains are no longer experienced and then casually laid aside in the pigeon holes of Memory—they are coldly analysed and compared, greatly to the detriment of the former. It has been said that nothing is really evil; "Thinking makes it so." Even allowing for the marked indefiniteness of this statement, we must not fail to note the important fact which it throws into relief. It is the change from the "direct" to the "reflective" mode of thinking which is mainly responsible for the phenomenon of Socrates miserable, while the pig is happy. With the march of civilization and the disintegration of old faiths, an accentuation of the world problem is inevitable. Nature appears in her true light and subjects the most cherished illusions of optimism to revision. She is seen to furnish us, in Cardinal Newman's words, with "a vision to appal."

The average man of culture is becoming keenly alive to this riddle so mockingly propounded by the Sphynx of Life. He casts his eyes around him and usually finds Ahriman enthroned where Ormuzd ought to be. He discovers the hideous fact that:—

"the appetites, passions, and other propensities by which Nature works her human puppet are in keeping with the predatory scheme according to which she has constructed the animal kingdom. They make men predatory not only on other animals but on each other." \*

He studies current sociology and derives from it the conviction that Evolution, the fruit of æons of agony and suffering, is conducting us into a *cul de sac*, that it is, in fact, a purposeless process with annihilation of conscious being as its final term. It accordingly appears to him that the preferable policy is to make the best of an unsatisfactory universe and live like the Positivist without care for the metaphysical morrow. Unfortunately to confine his attentions to concerns—im-

\* *Westminster Review*, Feb. 1889. Article "We Fools of Nature."



mediate or remote—of “practical life” is only to court a sense of pessimistic *ennui*. It is assuredly not by renouncing the consolation of so-called “transcendentalism” that the millenium is to be inaugurated. There remain the grim demonstrations of Schopenhauer to be taken into account. The great German thinker faithfully echoed the teaching of the Buddha when he penned the following passage:—

“All willing arises from desire, that is from want, that is from suffering. Satisfaction makes an end of this but, nevertheless, for every wish that is gratified, there remain at least ten unfulfilled. . . . Lasting, unfading satisfaction no desired object of the will can afford; it is like the alms thrown to the beggar, which prolong his life for the day, only to postpone his suffering till the morrow . . . so long as we are the subject of will, lasting happiness or rest will never be our lot. Whether we pursue or flee, dread evil or strive after pleasure, it is essentially the same, the care for an ever onward urging will, it matters not what be its shape, ceaselessly moves and fills the consciousness. . . . Thus is the subject of the will bound eternally on the revolving wheel of Ixion, thus does it ceaselessly gather in the sieve of the Danaids, thus, like Tantalus is it ever languishing.” \*

Schopenhauer even went so far as to regard pain alone as positive. In making this assertion he is unquestionably in error—a fact which his emendator and successor Hartmann has fully recognised. But his indictment as a whole is brilliant and incisive. It summarily disposes of the shallow optimism which reverences life as an enjoyable boon. Now this result the modernized doctrine of Metempsychosis accepts as final, though it claims at the same time to reconcile optimism and pessimism by merging them in a deeper synthesis. The nature of this reconciliation will subsequently be apparent.

Oriental philosophy is, of course, saturated with the idea of soul-evolution through successive rebirths. But of late years the Western world has begun to catch the infection of this hoary system. It will suffice to refer to the Theosophists, to M. Figuiet's popular “Day after Death,” to the *Secret Doctrine*, and the lucid exposition of “Esoteric Buddhism”; to the revival of Hermetism by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Maitland. Mr. Norman Pearson and Mr. Francis Peek have, also, defended the doctrine in the columns of the “Nineteenth Century” and “Contemporary Review” respectively. Last, but not least, one of the foremost thinkers in Germany, and the earnest disciple of Kant, Baron Carl du Prel, has, in his “Philosophy of Mysticism,” warmly espoused it. This important contribution to modern thought has created no small stir in the land of its birth, having received careful attention from von Hartmann, Dr. Schleiden and other distinguished writers. The gist of Dr. du Prel's contentions will be presented later on

\* As translated by Mr. Belfort Bax in his “Handbook to the Hist. of Philosophy,” from the “World as Will and Idea.” (Vol. i. § 38.)

in the course of our inquiry. I now propose without further ado to furnish a general *précis* of the arguments tending to show that Metempsychosis, or as it usually termed "Re-incarnation," is a fact. The relation of this great truth to the world-problem will admit of subsequent treatment. It is proverbially unwise to build upon sand, and for this reason the actuality of the process itself must, if possible, be first proved up to the hilt. If Mystics prefer to rely on intuitions and occasional memories which, like the famous experience of Pythagoras, recall incidents of a former embodiment, the average sceptic most decidedly does not. In order to satisfy this individual, it will be necessary to shelve all subtle distinctions and envisage the main issue freed from the many accessories which cluster so thickly around it.

1. *The Argument from Justice.*

Having posited with Kant a World-Spirit, as a postulate of the moral intuition, we cannot refuse to regard this Ideal as the fountain head and archetype of those sublime moral qualities found in connection with a Buddha or Jesus. Among such attributes, if the postulate is in any sense valid, must be accounted that of absolute justice; a justice which allots to the individual Ego the most equitable treatment *consonant with the maintenance of the scheme of Evolution in its entirety*. Turning from this certitude of the inner consciousness to the world of everyday experience, we are confronted with a standing enigma.

Virtue in rags and vice in a palace is a familiar incident in the martyrdom of man. It puzzled Kant, it made Stuart Mill wonder at the decay of Manichæanism—a theory, however, which Mr. Samuel Laing has restated in a more scientific form in his "Modern Zoroastrian." Inequalities differentiate society in every direction—inequalities of rank, of wealth, of intellect, of health and of opportunity. Disease and mental distress appear to fasten arbitrarily upon their victims, like leeches on the first horse driven into the pond. Accidents occur in a seemingly haphazard fashion, so that the world-process at first sight suggests nothing more than the ruthless reign of a blind and indiscriminating Force. Nature distributes her billets of misery with the apparent indifferentism of a column of infantry firing into a crowd.

Is it possible to reconcile hard facts such as these with our original presupposition? Nothing is more simple when the hypothesis of Metempsychosis is introduced. When we recognize in the gradations of individual intellect, rank, opportunity, pleasure, pain, etc., the inevitable outcome of the "Karma" of a previous embodiment, the enigmas of Human Life soften their hard outlines. The hereditary cripple, the victim of agonizing disease, the passenger burnt to death in a wrecked train, are all, perhaps, reaping the harvest the seeds of which were sown in former lives. I say "perhaps," because the suffering of one incarnation does not necessarily imply a previous commission of corresponding "vices" in the dark mysterious past. Many cases must occur where

unmerited pain, *unavoidably bound up with the carrying out of the world-plan*, simply goes to evoke a compensatory Karma in the future. That the individual is systematically immolated for the time being on the altar of the species, the evidence of biology conclusively shows.

For this necessary sacrifice only a blissful Devachan followed by a fair environment in a future incarnation can atone. Allowance has, also, to be made for the "failures of Nature" and torture incidental to organic evolution—matters for redress and nothing more. The important aspects of Pain as an educative factor and as Nature's device to ensure the integrity of the organism must not be lost sight of.

The anomalies characteristic of the dogma of Monogenesis entirely disappear when the hypothesis of rebirth is adopted. Men, for instance, have some cause to envy the intellectual or moral grandeur of a favoured few when Nature is supposed to bestow her gifts at random. But it is otherwise when the mental "make-up" of the present is regarded as the heritage of the past! The victorious intellect of to-day may have walked with Plato in the groves of Academe, while in the chattering idiot at Earlswood may be seen the erst abandoned associate of Lais or Phryne. What we honour as *genius* in the prowess of the poet, politician or philosopher may but represent compound Karmic interest supervening on the plodding perseverance of an obscure scholar in ancient Rome. What we respect as the moral beauty of a friend may date from a painful war against the passions waged by him in forgotten days among the Pharaohs. All we now envisage is—Result. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."

EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

(*To be continued.*)



#### ALL THINGS MUST FADE, ALL THINGS MUST DIE.

ALL things must fade, all things must die,	Our friendships : those we love to twine
All things are doomed to pass away ;	Around the heart, and ever hold ;
The life that greets the morning sky	May leave us lonely to repine,—
May perish ere the close of day !	For Death to Sympathy is cold !

The hopes that held the heart for years,	The wealth that gives the spirit pride
If e'en they be fulfill'd at last ;	And holds man humbly in its sway ;
Or wreck'd in agony and tears,	Must lose its pow'r, when Death's beside
Shall surely sink within the Past !	To sternly beckon us away !

The love that seems to give the heart	The deeds that fill the Book of Life
Its only joy in life at all ;	With all their records, good or ill ;
May suddenly be swept apart	Shall sleep in silence from their strife
At Death's relentless, callous call !	And in the grave be ever still !

The memories that haunt the brain  
 And still defy Time's furrow'd mask ;  
 That Youth in Age revives again—  
 Shall vanish with the vital spark !

The beauty that enchants the eye,  
 The sounds that thrill the ravish'd ear ;  
 Shall fade, and softly lingering, die—  
 For nothing is abiding *Here !*

Wealth, hopes, deeds, mem'ries, friend-  
 ships, love,  
 Must all a common chaos find ;  
 Till sad experiences prove  
 That Life is but a passing wind !

Unstable are the things of earth,  
 As fleeting as an infant's breath ;  
 And looking back on time, their birth  
 Seem'd waking only to their death !  
 . . . . .  
 All things must fade, all things must die,  
 All things are doom'd to pass away :  
 The very sun that lights the sky  
 Shall glimmer, dwindle and decay !

The countless orbs that swing in space,  
 Those stars, that pierce the vault of night ;  
 Shall pale, and shrink, without a trace  
 To mark their glory or their might !

The hills shall crumble into dust,  
 The sea shall mingle with the air ;  
 The World shall bear a frozen crust  
 With Ruin's Silence ev'rywhere !

And yet it seems *the Soul* shall live  
 From all this awful wreck of things ;  
*The Soul of Man* shall still survive  
 And flourish on immortal wings !

Or why do we discern the light  
 Beyond this gloomy work of Time ;  
 That Death seems but a passing night  
 Before a dawn that is sublime ?

Or whence proceeds this inborn sense,  
 That tells us God had never will'd ;  
 That *here*—where all is hidden, dense,  
 Our Destiny should be fulfill'd ?

Or how is it, though all the rack  
 That rends our restless, wond'ring brain :  
 And sins and snares that hold us back—  
 We feel our yearnings are not vain ?

That thro' the whirl of doubt and woe  
 And all the devious paths we tread ;  
 The soul forgets its cares below  
 And knows that God is overhead.

Yes ! how unfinished seems the plan  
 Of Fate if hope be buried here ;  
 If all the nobleness of man  
 Is worthless as a wasted tear.

Shall all this breathless turmoil die,  
 And cease for ever, in the grave ?  
 Shall victory be seen so nigh,  
 And triumph be denied the brave ?

Shall love and honour meet their doom,  
 Shall friendships sever ev'ry bond  
 Within the darkness of the tomb—  
 When all our dreamings lie *beyond ?*

No ! conscience tells us we shall see,  
 More clearly thro' "the darkened  
 glass" ;  
 And read the Book of Destiny,  
 When Death shall like a shadow pass !

The soul shall *live !* it shall not die  
 With this imperfect life, so brief ;  
 But shall survive Eternity,—  
 Such is our fond, if false, belief.

The soul shall live ! and live again,  
 Thro' change and change ; and be refined  
 At each transition, till its gain  
 Shall be a peaceful, perfect mind.

The soul shall live ! then what is pain,  
 Misfortune, poverty, or grief ;  
 When Death but rends our woes in twain  
 And ministers a sweet relief.

Then Justice shall be dealt at last,  
 Then Right shall rule Oppression's rod ;  
 Then Wisdom shall be true and fast  
 Before the presence of our God !

JOSIAH R. MALLETT.

## Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

### PART II.—(Continued.)

**T**HE Kabbalah became a means of handing down from one generation to another hidden truths, religious notions, secrets of nature, ideas of Cosmogony, and facts of history, in a form which was unintelligible to the uninitiated; and the revealing of the secrets and the methods of interpretation was veiled in mystery, and only to be approached through Religion.

The more practical part of the system was involved in the three processes of:—

GEMATRIA, NOTARICON, and TEMURA.

*Gematria*, a method depending on the fact that each Hebrew letter had a numerical value. When the sum of the numbers of the letters composing a word was the same as the sum of the letters of another word however different, they perceived an analogy between them, and considered them to have a necessary connection. Thus certain numbers got to be well known as meaning certain things; and not words only, but sentences were treated in this manner: thus, as an example, referring to Genesis xviii, v. 2, we find the words "and lo, three men," Vehennah shalisha, VHNH SHLSHH, this set down in numbers becomes 6, 5, 50 5, 300, 30, 300, 5, which amount to 701: now the words "these are Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael," "Alu Mikhael Gabriel ve Raphael," ALV MIKAL GBRIAL V RPAL converted are 1, 30, 6, 40, 10, 20, 1, 30, 3, 2, 200, 10, 1, 30, 6, 200, 80, 1, 30, also amounting to 701, and the Rabbis argued that these two sets of three beings were identical. Some Christian Kabbalists point out that in Genesis xlix., v. 10 we find "Yebah Shiloh," YBA SHILH, "Shiloh shall come," which amount to 358; and that the word "Messiah," MSHYCH is 40, 300, 10, 8, or 358; but so is also Nachash the Serpent of Moses, NCHSH, 50, 8, 300; and I must remark that the claim to translate SHILH, or, as some ancient Hebrew MSS. write it, SHLH, by "Shiloh," in the sense of Jesus Christ, is far-fetched. The word is simply "rest," or "peace," in its simplest meaning: but also is the Scorpio of the Chaldean zodiac (related to Nachash, serpent); and "Judah" of whom Jacob is talking in the prophecy is the sign of the zodiac, Leo, for "Judah is a lion's whelp" (the Chaldean zodiac has a lion couchant), "he crouches as a lion." In this sense, then, "the sceptre shall not depart from Judah," *i.e.*, power shall not leave Leo, until Shelah, Shiloh, or Scorpio shall come up or rise. Astronomy teaches that as Leo passes away from the meridian, Scorpio rises. The title "Comforter," "Menachem," MNCHM, 40, 50, 8, 40, amounting to 138, and the title

"The Branch," applied to the Messiah in Zechariah iii., v. 8, namely, TZMCH, 90, 40, 8, also 138, are of the same number. Metatron, the great angel MTHRTHN, and Shaddai SHDI, translated "Almighty," are both 314. The letter Shin, SH, = 300, is used as a glyph of "the spirit of the living gods," Ruach Elohim RUCH ALHIM, which transmutes into 200, 6, 8, 1, 30, 5, 10, 40, or 300.

*Notaricon*, a word derived from the Latin *notarius*, a shorthand writer, means the construction of a word from the initial or final letters of the several words of a sentence; or *vice-versa* the construction of a sentence of which each word in order begins with the several letters composing a given word: processes of contraction and expansion, therefore.

Refer to Deuteronomy xxx., v. 12, and find that Moses asks, "Who shall go up for us to heaven?" the initials of the words of the sentence, MY YOLH LNU HSHMYMH, read "My yeolah lenu hashemimha," form the word MYLH or "Mylah," which means "Circumcision," and the final letters form the word Jehovah, YHUH or IHVH, suggesting that Jehovah pointed out the way, by circumcision, to heaven. Again the first six letters of the book of Genesis, BRASHIT, Berasit, translated "In the beginning," but more properly "In wisdom," are the initials of the words BRASHIT RAH ALHIM SHYQBLU ISHRAL TURH, read "Berasit rauah Elohim shyquebelu Israel torah," which mean "In the beginning, God saw that Israel would accept the Law."

The famous Rabbinic name of power, "AGLA," is formed of the initials of the sentence, "Tu potens in sæculum Domine," ATH GBUR LOULM ADNI, Ateh gibur loulam Adonai. The word "Amen" is from AMN, the initials of "Adonai melekhamen," ADNI MLK NAMN, meaning "The Lord and faithful King."

*Temura* means Permutation; sometimes the letters of a word are transposed according to certain rules, and with certain limitations; at others each letter of a word is replaced by another according to a definite scheme, forming a new word, of which permutation there are many recognised forms. For example, the alphabet of 22 letters is halved and the two sets placed one over the other in reverse order thus:—

A	B	G	D	H	V	Z	CH	TH	Y	K
T	SH	R	Q	Tz	P	O	S	N	M	L

then A is changed to T, and V to P, and so on; so Babel=BBL becomes Sheshak *i.e.*, SHSHK used by Jeremiah xxv., v. 26. This form is called Atbash or AT-BSH; it will be seen that there must be 21 other possible forms, and these were named in order, thus, Albat, Agdat, etc.; the complete set was called "the combinations Tziruph." Other Permutations were named Rational, Right, Averse and Irregular; these are produced by forming a square and subdividing it by 21 lines in each direction into 484 smaller squares, and then writing in each square a letter in order successively from right to left, or from above down, or

the reverse. The most popular mode of permutation has however been the form called "Kabbalah of the Nine Chambers," produced by the intersection of two horizontal and two vertical lines, forming nine spaces, a central square, and 4 three-sided figures, and 4 two-sided figures, to each are allotted certain letters; there are several modes even of this arrangement.

This method is used in a superficial manner in Mark Master Masonry and is completely explained in the teaching of the "Hermetic students of the G. D."

A further development of the Numerical Kabbalah consists of arithmetical processes of Extension and Contraction; thus Tetragrammaton is considered as Y 10, H 5, V 6, H 5, or 26, but also may be spelled in full YVD 20, HA 6, VV 12, HA 6, or 44

Again the Kabbalists extended a number by series. Zain Z or 7 becomes 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 and 5 and 6 and 7 or 28. After another manner they contracted, as 28 was equal to 2 and 8 or 10: again Tetragrammaton 26 became 2 and 6, or 8, so every number was reducible to a primary numeral. In this manner, within certain restrictive laws, every word had analogies with certain others, thus, AB father 1 and 2 are 3, IHV Jehu 10 and 5 and 6 are 21, 2 and 1 are 3. AL SHDI, Al Shaddai, God Almighty, 1, 30, 300, 4, 10 or 345 becomes 12 and then 2 and 1 are 3; HVA or Hoa 5, 6, 1, are 12, and then 3; and GDVLH Gedulah 3, 4, 6, 30, 5, are 48, and are 12 and 3.

Another method of substitution leading to results of an opposite character is the substitution in any word of similar letters of another group, hard for soft, or sibilant for dental, thus in TM=perfect, exchange TH for T, and obtain THM meaning defiled; SHAN secure, tranquil, becomes SAN battle; SHKL wisdom, becomes SKL foolish. In the word Shaddai SHDI Almighty, with soft sibilant and soft dental or Shiddah, a wife; if we replace with a hard dental, a partial change of meaning is effected STHH Sittah, an adulterous wife; both letters hardened completely change the sense STH Seth, a fallen man, a backslider, STHN Satan, adversary.

I cannot, without Hebrew letters, explain well the change of sound in the Shin SH, from SH to S, but it is marked by a dot over the right or left tooth of the three teeth of the letter.

A deep mystery is concealed in the Genetic account of the conversion of the names of Abram ABRM into Abraham ABRHM and that of his wife Sarai SHRI into Sarah SHRH, see Genesis xvii, v. 5-15, on the occasion of the conception of Isaac YTzCHQ or YSHCHQ from the root SHCHQ or TzCHQ "laugh," when Sarah was 90 and Abraham 100 years old, this was on the occasion of the covenant made by Jehovah with Abram, and the institution of circumcision of males in token thereof. Now here we have the addition of an H or 5, the essentially Female Letter to the name of Abraham, and a conversion of a

Yod into He, Y into H, in the case of Sarah, and then their sterility is destroyed.

Some learned men consider Abraham to be a conversion of Brahma the Hindoo Deity. The name splits up curiously. AB is father, BR is son, AM is like OM or AUM a deific name of Power; RM meant "he is lifted up." Blavatsky remarks that Abraham and Saturn were identical in Astro-symbology, the Father of the Pharisees was Jehovah, and they were of the seed of Abraham.

The number of ABRM is 1, 2, 200, 40 or 243, the number of the man figure Seir Anpin, representing Microprosopus.

Read Pistorius, *Ars Cabalistica*, for the effect of adding H 5 to men's names, see page 969; also Inman, *Ancient Faiths*, article Abraham; *Secret Doctrine* i. 578, ii. 77; also C. W. King, *The Gnostics*.

The name Sarah also has a curious set of similars in Hebrew, SRH, princess; SAR, flesh; SOR, gate; SCHR, black; SOR, hairy seir; SRT, incision; SR and SRR, navel; and note the Sacti of Brahma is Sara-swati, watery; Sara refers to SRI, Lakshmi, Aphrodite, and all are related to Water and Luna, Vach Sophia of the Gnostics, and the ideal Holy Ghost, all feminine.

S. L. MacGregor Mathers says 243 of Abram becomes 248 by adding H, and Sarai 510 becomes 505 by taking 5 off, putting H for Y, and the total of the two names is unaltered, being 753; 248 is the number of the members of Microprosopus and of RCHM, rechem or Mercy.

Before leaving this subject, a reference must be made to the Magic Squares, of the Planets etc.; to each planet belongs a special unit, and secondarily other numbers.

Thus the Square of Saturn has three compartments each way, and in each subdivision is a unit, 1 to 9, so arranged that the columns add up to 15 every way, and the total being 45. The Square of Jupiter has a side of four divisions, total 16, each line adds up to 34, and the total is 136.

The Square of Mars is given here as an example, each side five, total squares 25, each side counting 65, and total 325.

11	24	7	20	3
4	12	25	8	16
17	5	13	21	9
10	18	1	14	22
23	6	19	2	15

Similarly the four several numbers of Sol are 6, 36, 111, 666. Of Venus 7, 49, 175, 1225. Of Mercury, 8, 64, 260, 2080.

Of Luna 9, 81, 369, 3321. Each number then becomes a name; take the case of Mercury; 64 is alike DIN and DNI, Din and Doni; 260 is Tiriël, TIRIAL, and 2080 is Taphthartharath, TPTRTRT.



The Chaldeans associated mystic numbers with their Deities, thus to Anu 60, Bel 50, Hoa 40, Sin 30, Shamash 20, Nergal (Mars) 12, and Beltis 15.

It will be noticed that the great number of Sol is 666, called Sorath, SURT, the number of the Beast, about which so much folly has been written. One famous square of five times five divisions, amounting in most directions to 666 is formed of the mystic words *sator, arepo, tenet, opera, rotas*. Of these the first, third, and last number 666, but *opera* and its reverse number only 356. The number 608 is notable, being in Coptic, PHRE, the Sun 500, 100, 8 and in Greek we find VHS, 400, 8,200, which becomes IHS in Latin, for the Greek Upsilon changes to Y and I in Latin, and so we obtain the anagram of "Iesus hominum Salvator."

Kircher points out a Greek example of magic squares; the names Jesus and Mary, IESOUS and MARIA have a curious relation. Iesous is 10, 8, 200, 70, 400, 200=888. Now take Maria, 40, 1, 100, 10, 1=152. Set 152 in a Magic Square of Three, *i.e.*, nine compartments, thus, 1—5—2, 5—2—1, 2—1—5, then the totals are all 888. The letters of Iesous also make a magic square of 36 divisions, adding every way to 888. Consult the "Arithmologia" of Kircher.

Remember "*illius meminit Sybilla de nomina ejus vaticinando*," "*onoma sou monades, dekades, ekaton tades okto*," or "*nomen tuum 8 unitates, 8 denarii, 8 centenarii*."—See St. Augustine, *De Civ. Dei*.

Note the mystic word Abraxas is 1, 2, 100, 1, 60, 1, 200=365 in Greek letters.

As a curiosity note that the Roman X for 10 is two V's which are each five; C, or, squarely drawn, L, for 100 consists of two L's which are each 50. Priscian says I for one was taken from i in the middle of the Greek *mia* female of *eis*, one, and V for five because it was the fifth vowel. To remember Hebrew numerals note AIQ=1, 10, 100; and in Greek AIRA=1, 10, 100, 1,000.

### PART III.

#### THE INDIVIDUAL NUMERALS.

##### CHAPTER I.—THE MONAD.

THE number One or the Monad has been defined by the Mathematician Theon of Smyrna as "the principle and element of numbers, which while multitude can be lessened by subtraction, is itself deprived of every number and remains stable and firm"; hence as number it is indivisible, it remains immutable, and even multiplied into itself remains itself only, since once one is still one, and the monad multiplied by the monad remains the immutable monad to infinity. It remains by itself among

numbers, for no number can be taken from it, or separated from its unity. Proclus observed: "the first monad is the world itself, the second is the inerratic sphere, then thirdly succeed the spheres of the planets, each a unity, then lastly are the spheres of the elements which are also Monads"; and these as they have a perpetual subsistence are called wholenesses—*holotetes* in Greek.

✓ The Monad, Unity, or the number One received very numerous meanings. Photius tells us that the Pythagoreans gave it the following names:—

1. God, the First of all things, the maker of all things.
2. Intellect, the source of all ideas.
3. Male and Female—both together produce all things; from the odd proceed both odd and even.
4. Matter, the last development of universality.
5. Chaos, which resembles the infinite, indifferentiation.
6. Confusion. 7. Commixion. 8. Obscurity, because in the Ineffable principle of things, of which it is the image, all is confused, vague and in darkness.
9. A Chasm, as a void.
10. Tartarus, from its being at the lowest extremity, is dissimilarly similar to God, at the highest end of the series.
11. The Styx, from its immutable nature.
12. Horror, the ineffable is perfectly unknown and is therefore terrible.
13. Void of Mixture, from the simplicity of the nature of the ineffable.
14. Lethe, oblivion, ignorance,
15. A Virgin, from the purity of its nature.
16. Atlas, it connects, supports, and separates all things.
17. The Sun. 18. Apollo. 19. Pyralios, dweller in fire. 20. Morpho.
21. The Axis. 22. Vesta, or the fire in the centre of the earth. 23. Spermatic Reason. 24. "The point within a circle," "the Central Fire Deity."
25. The Lingam, upright pillar, figure I.

The Monad being esteemed the Father of number is the reason for the universal prejudice in favour of Odd Numbers over Even ones which are but copies of the first even number the Duad, or universal Mother; the father being more esteemed than the mother, for "Might."

Odd numbers were given to the greater Gods, and even ones to the inferior and terrestrial deities.

The number one is represented in the Roman and Arabic systems, by an upright simple line, but in many old systems whose numerals were their letters we find that almost universally the letter A, from being chosen to commence the set of letters, had the task of representing the Monad.

In Numeration note that the Romans began with lines I, II, III, IIII, and then followed the Acute Angle V for 5, then for ten this was doubled

X, for fifty the angle was laid down and became L, for a hundred, two fifties, one inverted became C, for five hundred C and L became D D.

Ilermias, the Christian philosopher, author of "Ridicule of the Gentile Philosophers," quotes from the Pythagoreans. "The Monad is the Beginning of all things"—"*arche ton panton he monas.*"

The figure of one signifies, identity, equality, existence, and preservation, it signifies "living man" alone among animals "erect"; on adding a head we make of it P, the sign of creative Power, (paternity, Phallus, Pan, Priapus, all commencing with the Vocabl P).

Another dash added, and we have man walking, advancing, with foot set forward, in the letter R which signifies "iens," "iturus" or "advancing."

Compare Unity, *solus*, alone, the unique principle of good; with *sol*, Sun God, the emblem of supreme power; and they are identical.

## CHAPTER II.—THE DUAD.

THIS also was said to represent a large number of different objects and ideas; things indeed so dissimilar that a modern is at his wits' end to understand how such multiplicity arose.

And first it is the general opposite to the monad, the cause of dissimilitude, the interval between multitude and the monad. Of figures, those which are characterised by equality and sameness, have relation to the Monad; but those in which inequality and difference predominate are allied to the Duad. Monad and Duad are also called Bound and Infinity.

1. It was called "Audacity" from its being the earliest number to separate itself from the Divine One; from the "Adytum of God-nourished Silence," as the Chaldean oracles say.

2. It was called "Matter" as being definite and the cause of Bulk and division.

3. It is called "the interval, between Multitude and the Monad," because it is not yet perfect multitude, but is parturient with it. Of this we see an image in the duad of Arithmetic, for as Proclus observes: "The duad is the medium between unity and number, for unity by addition produces more than by multiplication, but number by addition produces less than by multiplication; whilst the Duad whether added to itself, or multiplied by itself produces the same.

4 "Fountain of Symphony," and "Harmony."

5. Erato, because it attracts the Monad, like Love, and another number is formed.

6. Patience, because it is the first number that endures separation from the Monad.

7. Phanes, or Intelligible Intellect.

8. It is the fountain of all Female divinities, and hence Nature, Rhea and Isis.

9. Cupid, just as Erato, from desiring its opposite for a partner.

In Astronomy, we speak of 2 nodes, Caput and Cauda Draconis; and in Astrology of 2 aspects of the planets, Benefic and Malefic. In Masonry we especially note 2 Pillars, and 2 parallel lines.

The Chinese speak of Blue, as the colour of Heaven, because made up of Red, Male, and Black, Female; of the active and the passive; the brilliant and the obscure.

The followers of Pythagoras, spoke of two kinds of enjoyment. First, lasciviousness and indulgence of the Belly, like the murderous songs of Sirens; Second, honest and just indulgences, which bring on no repentance.

Hierocles, says 2 things are necessary to life, the aid of kindred, and benevolent sympathy.

A notable ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic was formed of two serpents in connection with a globe or egg, representing the world. Another celebrated pair, in connection with worship, is the association of a tree and a serpent, referring as some say to the Mosaic account of the Tree of Knowledge, and the Tempter Serpent. Some have supposed that it is only since the condemnation "on thy Belly shalt thou go" that the Serpent has been limbless, and obliged to crawl.

Note, it has been argued and by a great churchman too, that the whole tale rests on error, and that for serpent, we should read "Ape" (Adam Clarke). This is substituting one error for another.

In the orgies of Bacchus Mænades, the worshippers had snakes twined in their hair and danced, singing "Eve, Eve, by whom came the sin," see Clemens Alexandrinus, Protrept. 9.

Duality introduces us to the fatal alternative to Unity or Good, namely EVIL; and to many other human and natural contrasts—night and day, light and darkness, wet and dry, hot and cold, health and disease, truth and error, male and female, which man having fallen from his high estate, from spirit to matter, cannot avoid associating himself with. Two is a number of Mourning and Death, misfortunes are apt to follow; turn to our History of England, see the unhappiness of Kings numbered the second of each name, William II., Edward II., and Richard II. of England were all murdered. The Romans dedicated the 2nd month to Pluto, God of Hades, and on the 2nd day of it they offered sacrifices to the Manes. Pope John XIX. instituted the Fête des Trépassés (All Souls Day) on November 2nd, the second month of Autumn.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.D.

(To be continued.)

## MEMORY IN THE DYING.

WE find in a very old letter from a MASTER, written years ago to a member of the Theosophical Society, the following suggestive lines on the mental state of a dying man :—

“ At the last moment, the whole life is reflected in our memory and emerges from all the forgotten nooks and corners, picture after picture, one event after the other. The dying brain dislodges memory with a strong, supreme impulse ; and memory restores faithfully every impression that has been entrusted to it during the period of the brain’s activity. That impression and thought which was the strongest, naturally becomes the most vivid, and survives, so to say, all the rest, which now vanish and disappear for ever, but to reappear in Devachan. No man dies insane or unconscious, as some physiologists assert. Even a madman or one in a fit of *delirium tremens* will have his instant of perfect lucidity at the moment of death, though unable to say so to those present. The man may often appear dead. Yet from the last pulsation, and between the last throbbing of his heart and the moment when the last spark of animal heat leaves the body, *the brain thinks* and the EGO lives, in these few brief seconds, his whole life over again. Speak in whispers, ye who assist at a death-bed and find yourselves in the solemn presence of Death. Especially have ye to keep quiet just after Death has laid her clammy hand upon the body. Speak in whispers I say, lest you disturb the quiet ripple of thought and hinder the busy work of the Past casting its reflection upon the veil of the Future. . . . .”

The above statement has been more than once strenuously opposed by materialists ; Biology and (Scientific) Psychology, it was urged were both against the idea, and while the latter had no well demonstrated data to go upon in such a *hypothesis*, the former dismissed the idea as an empty “ superstition.” Meanwhile, even biology is bound to progress, and this is what we learn of its latest achievements. Dr. Ferré has communicated quite recently to the Biological Society of Paris a very curious note on the mental state of the dying, which corroborates marvellously the above lines. For, it is to the special phenomenon of life-remembrances, and that sudden re-emerging on the blank walls of memory, from all its long neglected and forgotten “ nooks and corners,” of “ picture after picture ” that Dr. Ferré draws the special attention of biologists.

We need notice but two among the numerous instances given by this Scientist in his *Rapport*, to show how scientifically correct are the teachings we receive from our Eastern Masters.

The first instance is that of a moribund consumptive whose disease was developed in consequence of a spinal affection. Already consciousness had left the man, when, recalled to life by two successive injections of a gramme of ether, the patient slightly lifted his head and began talking rapidly in Flemish, a language no one around him, nor yet himself, understood. Offered a pencil and a piece of white cardboard, he wrote with great rapidity several lines in that language—very correctly, as was ascertained later on—fell back, and died. When translated—the writing was found to refer to a very prosaic affair. He had suddenly recollected, he wrote, that he owed a certain man a sum of fifteen francs since 1868—hence more than twenty years—and desired it to be paid.

But why write his last wish in Flemish? The defunct was a native of Antwerp, but had left his country in childhood, without ever knowing the language, and having passed all his life in Paris, could speak and write only in French. Evidently his returning consciousness, that last flash of memory that displayed before him, as in a retrospective panorama, all his life, even to the trifling fact of his having borrowed twenty years back a few francs from a friend, did not emanate from his *physical* brain alone, but rather from his spiritual memory, that of the *Higher Ego* (Manas or the re-incarnating individuality). The fact of his speaking and writing Flemish, a language that he had heard at a time of life when he could not yet speak himself, is an additional proof. *The EGO is almost omniscient in its immortal nature.* For indeed matter is nothing more than “the last degree and as the shadow of existence,” as Ravaisson, member of the French Institute, tells us.

But to our second case.

Another patient, dying of pulmonary consumption and likewise re-activated by an injection of ether, turned his head towards his wife and rapidly said to her: “You cannot find that pin now; all the floor has been renewed since then.” This was in reference to the loss of a scarf pin eighteen years before, a fact so trifling that it had almost been forgotten, but which had not failed to be revived in the last thought of the dying man, who having expressed what he saw in words, suddenly stopped and breathed his last. Thus any one of the thousand little daily events, and accidents of a long life would seem capable of being recalled to the flickering consciousness, at the supreme moment of dissolution. A long life, perhaps, lived over again in the space of one short second!

A third case may be noticed, which corroborates still more strongly that assertion of Occultism which traces all such remembrances to the thought-power of the *individual*, instead of to that of the personal (lower) Ego. A young girl, who had been a sleep-walker up to her twenty-second year, performed during her hours of somnambule sleep the most varied functions of domestic life, of which she had no remembrance upon awakening.

Among other psychic impulses that manifested themselves only

What can it  
be from Earth?

during her sleep, was a secretive tendency quite alien to her waking state. During the latter she was open and frank to a degree, and very careless of her personal property; but in the somnambulic state she would take articles belonging to herself or within her reach and hide them away with ingenious cunning. This habit being known to her friends and relatives, and two nurses, having been in attendance to watch her actions during her night rambles for years, nothing disappeared but what could be easily restored to its usual place. But on one sultry night, the nurse falling asleep, the young girl got up and went to her father's study. The latter, a notary of fame, had been working till a late hour that night. It was during a momentary absence from his room that the somnambule entered, and deliberately possessed herself of a will left open upon the desk, as also of a sum of several thousand pounds in bonds and notes. These she proceeded to hide in the hollow of two dummy pillars set up in the library to match the solid ones, and stealing from the room before her father's return, she regained her chamber and bed without awakening the nurse who was still asleep in the armchair.

The result was, that, as the nurse stoutly denied that her young mistress had left the room, suspicion was diverted from the real culprit and the money could not be recovered. The loss of the will involved a law-suit which almost beggared her father and entirely ruined his reputation, and the family were reduced to great straits. About nine years later the young girl who, during the previous seven years had not been somnambulic, fell into a consumption of which she ultimately died. Upon her death-bed, the veil which had hung before her physical memory was raised; her divine insight awakened; the pictures of her life came streaming back before her inner eye; and among others she saw the scene of her somnambulic robbery. Suddenly arousing herself from the lethargy in which she had lain for several hours, her face showed signs of some terrible emotion working within, and she cried out "Ah! what have I done? . . . It was I who took the will and the money. . . Go search the dummy pillars in the library, I have . . ." She never finished her sentence for her very emotion killed her. But the search was made and the will and money found within the oaken pillars as she had said. What makes the case more strange is, that these pillars were so high, that even by standing upon a chair and with plenty of time at her disposal instead of only a few moments, the somnambulist could not have reached up and dropped the objects into the hollow columns. It is to be noted, however, that ecstasies and convulsionists (*Vide the Convulsionnaires de St. Médard et de Morzine*) seem to possess an abnormal facility for climbing blank walls and leaping even to the tops of trees.

Taking the facts as stated, would they not induce one to believe that the somnambulic personage possesses an intelligence and memory of its

own apart from the physical memory of the waking lower Self; and that it is the former which remembers *in articulo mortis*, the body and physical senses in the latter case ceasing to function, and the intelligence gradually making its final escape through the avenue of psychic, and last of all of spiritual consciousness? And why not? Even materialistic science begins now to concede to psychology more than one fact that would have vainly begged of it recognition twenty years ago. "The real existence" Ravaisson tells us, "the life of which every other life is but an imperfect outline, a faint sketch, is that of the Soul." That which the public in general calls "soul," we speak of as the "reincarnating Ego." "To be, is to live, and to live is to will and think," says the French Scientist.\* But, if indeed the physical brain is of only a limited area, the field for the containment of rapid flashes of unlimited and infinite thought, neither will nor thought can be said to be generated *within* it, even according to materialistic Science, the impassable chasm between matter and mind having been confessed both by Tyndall and many others. The fact is that the human brain is simply the canal between two planes—the psycho-spiritual and the material—through which every abstract and metaphysical idea filters from the Manasic down to the lower human consciousness. Therefore, the ideas about the infinite and the absolute are not, nor can they be, within *our* brain capacities. They can be faithfully mirrored only by our Spiritual consciousness, thence to be more or less faintly projected on to the tables of our perceptions on this plane. Thus while the records of even important events are often obliterated from our memory, not the most trifling action of our lives can disappear from the "Soul's" memory, because it is no MEMORY for it, but an ever present reality on the plane which lies outside our conceptions of space and time. "Man is the measure of all things," said Aristotle; and surely he did not mean by man, the form of flesh, bones and muscles!

Of all the deep thinkers Edgard Quinet, the author of "Creation," expressed this idea the best. Speaking of man, full of feelings and thoughts of which he has either no consciousness at all, or which he feels only as dim and hazy impressions, he shows that man realizes quite a small portion only of his moral being. "The thoughts we think, but are unable to define and formulate, once repelled, seek refuge in the very root of our being." . . . When chased by the persistent efforts of our will "they retreat before it, still further, still deeper into—who knows what—fibres, but wherein they remain to reign and impress us unbidden and unknown to ourselves. . . ."

Yes; they become as imperceptible and as unreachable as the vibrations of sound and colour when these surpass the normal range. Unseen and eluding grasp, they yet work, and thus lay the foundations of our future actions and thoughts, and obtain mastery over us, though we may

\* *Rapport sur la Philosophie en France au XIXme. Siècle.*



never think of them and are often ignorant of their very being and presence. Nowhere does Quinet, the great student of Nature, seem more right in his observations than when speaking of the mysteries with which we are all surrounded: "The mysteries of neither earth nor heaven but those present in the marrow of our bones, in our brain cells, our nerves and fibres. No need," he adds, "in order to search for the unknown, to lose ourselves in the realm of the stars, when here, near us and *in us*, rests the unreachable. As our world is mostly formed of imperceptible beings which are the real constructors of its continents, so likewise is man."

Verily so; since man is a bundle of obscure, and to himself unconscious perceptions, of indefinite feelings and misunderstood emotions, of ever-forgotten memories and knowledge that becomes on the surface of his plane—*ignorance*. Yet, while physical memory in a healthy living man is often obscured, one fact crowding out another weaker one, at the moment of the great change that man calls death—that which we call "memory" seems to return to us in all its vigour and freshness.

May this not be due as just said, simply to the fact that, for a few seconds at least, our two memories (or rather the two states, the highest and the lowest state, of consciousness) blend together, thus forming one, and that the dying being finds himself on a plane wherein there is neither past nor future, but all is one present? Memory, as we all know, is strongest with regard to its early associations, then when the future man is only a child, and more of a soul than of a body; and if memory is a part of our Soul, then, as Thackeray has somewhere said, it must be of necessity eternal. Scientists deny this; we, Theosophists, affirm that it is so. They have for what they hold but negative proofs; we have, to support us, innumerable facts of the kind just instanced, in the three cases described by us. The links of the chain of cause and effect with relation to mind are, and must ever remain a *terra-incognita* to the materialist. For if they have already acquired a deep conviction that as Pope says—

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain

Our thoughts are link'd by many a *hidden* chain. . . ."

—and that they are still unable to discover these chains, how can they hope to unravel the mysteries of the higher, Spiritual, Mind!

"H. P. B."



## PSYCHIC FIRE.

THE mind is a laboratory which, receiving ideas, proceeds to manipulate them according to the dictates of its own Will. In doing so it develops subtle essences of power which give a delicacy of perception to itself almost impossible to communicate to others by the method of writing. As we may not hope to fix in words these ethereal radiances, we will confine ourselves to a concise and simple statement of the reasons which have led us to certain fundamental conclusions concerning the nature of earthly fire and the unseen universe.

*Statement.*

What is the scientific definition of an atom?

It is matter subdivided to its ultimate limits.

Therefore it has no dimensions, because, if it had, it could be still further subdivided.

It is, therefore, a point.

Therefore, matter is made up of points having no dimensions. But matter is inseparable from motion, and motion is ever obedient to law.

What is true of matter is true of points, and therefore points are inseparable from motion. This gives us the following definition of an atom of matter. It is a point of energy, without dimensions, active in obedience to law. But since its activity is undimensional, it and the law which it exhibits are the same thing. Therefore an atom of matter is both the manifestation of a law and the law itself in action.

Each elementary atom differs in its innate activity. Therefore each represents a different law.

Atoms being pure energy the first result of multiplication is to increase, not the number of points, but the activity of the law which that point *is* and represents.

Atoms combining are in reality laws of motion combining to form centres of activity as molecules. A molecule has a resultant action as a unit of energy. This obeys a law. This law is the synthesis of laws composing it. It represents a resultant of forces. If this is a simple vibratory power it will have no direction, and the molecule as a unit represents a balance of power. Thus an atom becomes polarised energy as a molecule.

But polarisation is a development of equal and opposing forces.

Therefore the molecule is a unit of latent power compounded of minor units and representing the form of action of a law which hides in itself the potencies and forms of minor laws. From this we find that an atom is active energy. A molecule is latent energy active as a compound

whole. The addition of atoms increases the vitality of the point. The addition of molecules increases the tension of pure energy.

Both additions are required to produce visible and tangible substance.

We define substance as pure energy existing in a state of enormous tension. We say that the amount and tension of the energy thus visible represent the form of a definite law, and that the quality of this tension is due to its being made up of minor laws whose intensified activity is for the time being paralysed by the action of the containing law.

A body is therefore simply compounded of law, and the forms of motion which as minor laws the containing law confines in place.

Therefore material bodies are only composed of that which to us is immaterial, namely, the unsubstantial activity of law.

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So that from the above statement we must admit the unreality of all that seems so solid and so sure. Yet we cannot forget that the feeling of power which massiveness gives us, and the feeling of life which the tempestuous ocean tosses abroad from wave to wave, are far more real than the substantial guise in which they masquerade. For tension is the word which best describes life in its material form, it being the result of an ethereal Power raised to an intense activity and then condensed by the opposition of equalising laws into a visible mass, as polarised points one on the other, forming up equitable strength. Forms are the silent witnesses of laws whose real life is constant vibration. These, as electric currents of vitality in potential, make a magnet of every planetary body, and are due to the churning of the astral wave by the revolving spheres. The ethereal cause of formal life becomes substantial. We may partially illustrate this by referring to the effects of Sound. A single note strikes the attentive mind as a perception intangible and unseen. We hear but do not feel it. Add note to note and we have a volume of sound ; and its effects are not only heard but felt. We can conceive of volume being condensed into visible shape. This is the third act of the drama of evolution which begins by showing us an unsubstantial ideal and ends by presenting us with solid, substantial facts.

Thus we have a general conception of an atom. It is as unsubstantial as the Will of Man, which it in some sort resembles. It gathers volume like the Will, when the latter, concentrated by a powerful mesmeriser, grows the power to touch and seize the human body, stiffens its muscles and binds it as with iron bands. But in Nature, psychic Force attains a third condition, for the energy which we throw out from our mind over other things and which is to a certain extent purely ethereal, concentrates itself, when acting under the guidance of ruling powers of macrocosmic Law, into visible matter. In this state it is the product of volume by itself, and bursts into the plane of physical perception like a flower, the crown and glory of the subjective cause which

is its law as an active entity living within the precincts of the unseen universe.

Every object which we see and touch is pure Energy caught up and woven together into solidity by different Laws. Yet these are themselves the objects which they have made; for they and their activity are two and yet in the ultimate are only one. Complex forms are many minor laws stricken into shape by higher and more comprehensive ones; while simple elements consist of single laws. All is Power held in bondage by the meaning of a law, and, should these bonds be loosened by mechanical means, a sudden rush of vitality must ensue, as the liberated energy returns to its unconfined activity on the astral plane. This mighty burst of pent-up Tension shows itself as Fire. All that exists, whether as the entombing rock which holds with an iron grip the all-pervading essences of Fire, or in its antithesis the human form loosening around it, as a shroud, a living flame of many colours, we see one element at work, one earthly power, one substance which in its visible completeness we call Fire and in its invisible activity is Psychic Force. Both of these, the one as generator, the other as guardian of Shape and Size we hold to be united in a Law of which indeed they are but two different aspects.

The character of fire being the same no matter what produces it, we say that Energy is similar in kind but variable in quantity in each individual law. So that it has one common origin and burns with the strength of countless potentials of vitality which previously existed as substantial particles. All around us seems naturally cool and solid, yet we stand surrounded by the devouring element ready to burst into flame and rush back into the unseen world, we cannot touch; a thing which does not throb with the congested agony of its fiery breath.

Life is said to belong only to organic matter, yet both it and organic matter may be resolved back into a fiery state; both therefore possess vitality. For Fire is but the visible manifestation of Psychic Force and Psychic Force is Law in action, which is Life. The difference which lies between them is that the first is a body of many laws synthesised by others, and forming in this way centres of force productive of free energy in the form of an ultimate synthetic law. Inorganic matter is the presentation of formal life in single laws, unconnected by comprehensive and therefore superior ones; here vitality is latent because all the strength of the law is required to keep the form upon the physical plane, leaving none available for other purposes. Thus one strain of vitality runs through all things; and man, believing in the finality of appearances, wanders blindly amongst the shadows, cast by another world, which appeal to him as tangible realities. Yet they are the actions of the invisible rulers of the Astral Plane, and though not all that they seem to be as, such are very real. For, while we on Earth first think

and then act, there the two are One, and Thought *is* its action and registers itself as matter, or our physical Universe.

Nature then is Psychic Force polarised and equilibrated as substance. Therefore Fire is psychic activity visible to us in this, its only earthly reality, as the flash of light or unit of heat which manifests the change from the objective and material to the subjective and ethereal state. This is pure mental power in transition from the passive presentation of itself on the physical plane back to its previous condition of formative life. If we are correct in our interpretation of the inner nature of fire, we can well understand the sanctity in which it was held by the Rosicrucians. The Magi, worshipping the sacred flame, held it to be typical of the Creative mind and doubtless the mystery which they attached to Fire partook of all the meaning we attach to psychic force. The active Cause of All, it becomes a flash of real life, darting back into the inner realms of Space and carrying with it the Soul or synthetic law of the thing it was when existing as a material body. Life, chained to earth, bursts into fire and obtains its freedom, passing away into the subjective world. Thus we see a profound philosophy lying in the conception of Purification by Fire. Here the body, erstwhile the tabernacle of the Soul, is bathed in Psychic Force. Hence the *raison d'être* of the funeral pyre where the empty shell is impregnated with the purest essences of Life, which, with tongues of living fire, flash into the paralysed vitality of the fleshly atoms, setting them free and passing with them into the unseen world. Being thus changed into active vitality or free laws, they cease at once to be attracted to the scene of their forced labours, and throw off allegiance to the Desires and Passions with which the Will of the inhabiting Ego associated them.

The modern crematorium has quite a different origin. Sanitation has forced on our notice the necessity of destroying by fire our dead. Yet, though we care not to inquire what reason there was for the profound veneration in which this form of disposing of the body was held in bygone ages, yet the superficial cause which has resulted in our reverting to the practices of our Aryan forefathers in this respect, does not in any way affect the sublime results which they knew were obtained by such a deed; and a corresponding purification of the psychic atmosphere of our world will not be one of the least advantages which must follow from the adoption of cremation.

If heat demonstrates the presence of psychic force, then it becomes evident that every thought promulgated through the brain must be accompanied by the evolution of an equivalent amount, this being due to the destruction of atoms and their release from confining laws through the disturbance of their balanced state, and their consequent activity as free mental energy. The passage of a thought is visibly typified by the flash of matter into flame and thence into the unseen world. Thought is the atom acting freely as its equivalent energy and is, in its act of

freedom from its atomic shape, present to the mind as an intelligible idea. It then passes naturally away into an oblivion which is only real to this world. Thus the brain matter is thought itself in potential. But, while here we are in seeming harmony with the modern materialist, we differ from him in that the act of thinking is not originated in the brain. It is an entirely objective process and depends on yet higher planes and subtler causes than those we have attempted to describe. Science, which occupies itself only with externals, discovered the relation between heat and thought, but, because of its limitation to the study of the phenomenal world, it failed to grasp the objective nature of this coincidence and make it subjective. We hold that man's thoughts are the meanings of Fire, and that he is able to appreciate in his mind each potential which, as an atom, existed on the physical world; but that he does not cognise it in its concentrated or physical form because this is not purely psychic but only a state of becoming. Thought as fire is only energy. The laws which are the life and soul of this energy only become individually active when fire has ceased to *Be* on this plane; has in fact become extinguished into its subjective state. The heat which is developed by the evolution of a thought affects the senses as an involution of simple energy, and hence belongs partially to this world and in part to the other, so that the senses which are entirely objective are too coarse to perceive it. We have, instead of a perception, a conception due to involution, which is nevertheless sensitive as a mathematical quantity of force to evolution through sense perceptions. Thus we may define a conception as the understanding by the mind of the inner meaning of the law whose activity is perceived in the physical world as fire, and whose immobility under the influence of other laws produces the formal Universe. A Thought is the effect produced on the mind by the energy of that heat which accompanies the activity of the brain; and is in fact an atom or atoms disintegrating as single thoughts, more or less powerful according to the number of points in liberation. Molecules co-ordinated present us with trains of ideas.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

*(To be continued.)*



## The Talking Image of Urur.

### CHAPTER XIV.—*continued.*

**W**HEN Pancho read this account, he smiled at the ludicrous idea of being accused of carrying away a statue of the weight of the Talking Image.

"Nevertheless," he said to himself, "it will be best not to mention my real name to anybody, as it might cause me annoyance."

An invisible power seemed to attract Pancho to Venice. Was it the recollection of pictures which he had seen of the City of the Lagoon with its moonlit quays, of gondolas, its historical palaces and prisons that attracted him there; or was it some invisible hand that guided his steps? Pancho went to Venice and took rooms in a hotel. When the inn-keeper came with the register and asked him to enter his name, he wrote down the first name that entered his mind.

"Ah!" said the landlord, reading it. "Mr. Krashibashi! I see you are a Hungarian. There is another Hungarian gentleman at the hotel. Perhaps you would like to be introduced to him."

"I wish to remain incognito," answered Pancho, "and I have been away from Hungary so long that I have forgotten the language."

He made up his mind to remain at Venice. He visited all the remarkable places of the city and among others the Church of San Marco. It was a quiet place, fit for meditation, and what he admired there most was "the tomb," with the dying lion, sculptured by Canova. "Verily!" he thought, "here is a Talking Image, accessible to everyone and speaking to everybody who understands its unuttered language. Its silence expresses more than can be expressed in words."

His frequent visits to the church of San Marco attracted the attention of a Catholic priest. This priest was a man of venerable aspect and unusual intelligence and of far greater tolerance than is usually found among the clergy. He approached Pancho and made his acquaintance.

"This tomb," said the priest, "is a wonderful piece of art and very suggestive of the immortality of the soul."

"It is suggestive," answered Pancho, "but it gives no positive proof of it."

"Such a proof," said the monk, "is unnecessary to those who believe."

"But there are thousands of well-meaning people who are unable to believe on faith," said Pancho. "To believe in a thing does not create it. A man may believe in his immortality all his life and nevertheless find himself swallowed up by death. What I want is proof positive of the soul's immortality, such intellectual proof that nobody can dispute. Let such proof be given and there will be a universal revival of religion."

"Does not the Bible give numerous historical evidences that there is a life after death?" asked the priest. "Was not Christ resurrected from his tomb?"

"Excuse me," said Pancho; "but what guarantee can you give that the Bible stories are true, that the marvellous things of which they speak have happened, that the Bible is divinely inspired, or that these tales are not to be taken in an allegorical sense? Please do not answer me in the usual phrases; that it is our duty to believe if we do not understand, and so forth. I have myself studied theology and I know the customary answers. Tell me something new."

"My dear sir," answered the priest, "to confess to you the truth, the church has no positive proof of the soul's immortality; because religion is not a science. The church takes that immortality for granted and as a matter of course, as it is taught in the Bible. To learn the mysteries of the Deity would make it necessary that one should be in possession of the Holy Ghost and be able to write a new Bible."

"But what proof have you that there is such a thing as a Holy Ghost?" asked Pancho.

"None other," answered the priest, "but the doctrines of the authorities in which we believe. We live in accordance with the directions given by our books. If their statements are true, we will go to heaven; if they are wrong, so much the worse for us."

"It often seems to me," said Pancho, "that for everything that exists, there must be a sense by which that thing can be perceived. Is it not thinkable that there is an undeveloped sense in man, which might be developed so that he could perceive the presence of the Holy Ghost?"

"I have heard of such cases in the lives of the saints," said the monk. "It is said that some of them saw the heavens opened and that the Holy Ghost descended upon them in the form of a dove; but alas! the time for miracles is over; the heavens are now closed, and though there are lots of pigeons, there is no Holy Ghost among them."

Pancho's acquaintance with this priest led him to be introduced to one of the dignitaries of the church, Cardinal Carlo. This cardinal was universally known on account of his boldness and eloquence. He made several attempts to convert Pancho.

"Your lack of faith," he said, "is caused by a lack of love. Do you not know that the apostle said: 'If I were in possession of all the treasures of the earth and of all knowledge, what would it benefit me, if I were deficient in love?'"

"But what object am I to love?" asked Pancho.

"Why! Christ, of course," answered the Cardinal.

"Unfortunately," said Pancho, "I am not acquainted with him. How can I love a man who lived so many hundred years ago?"

"If you remember," answered the Cardinal, "that this man is God and that he has come down from heaven to die a cruel death for the purpose of reconciling his father with mankind, a feeling of extreme gratitude must overcome you, which will surely kindle the fire of love in your heart. Read the Bible and see how much he has suffered, how he has been ill-treated and spat upon and how he was ultimately crucified, and all that for your own sake as well as for all mankind, and then tell me that you do not love him for it."

"Alas!" said Pancho, "I have no historical proof that the story is true, and if it has actually happened, I can only feel pity for him. Moreover, there are



numerous other people who have died an even more cruel death. Some of them have been tortured and afterwards burned alive, and they have submitted to it with a hope of thereby benefitting humanity. Why should I not love Giordano Bruno as much as the man called Christ? To tell you the truth I am disgusted with his father, for having used such abominable means to effect his own reconciliation. I cannot understand why he could not reconcile himself with mankind without sacrificing his son!"

"There are many things in religion," answered the Cardinal, "which no man can grasp within his reason. On such occasions the best thing to do is to shut one's reason up as in a prison, and believe in the doctrines. *Credo quia absurdum* is a very good maxim. The more absurd a doctrine appears to reason, the more is there a necessity for belief."

Pancho answered that such an unreasonable belief seemed to him to be merely a superstition and degrading to the higher nature of man. The cardinal, seeing that Pancho could not be converted, discontinued his attempts and dismissed him, not without showing signs of his displeasure.

Once more Pancho passed a great deal of his time in reading the Bible; but he could find therein no proof of the immortality of the soul. The stories he found there seemed to him so improbable, that he felt inclined at last to regard them as allegories, representing some mysterious and unknown spiritual process, instead of historical events, alleged to have happened in external life. But neither the priest nor the cardinal could give him any other explanation except that they were historical facts. This seemed unreasonable to Pancho, and therefore he could find no external proof about a life hereafter except the fact that he had seen his wife's ghost.

The knowledge of having seen and communicated with her afforded him great consolation and happiness. It is true that her spirit had appeared to him no more since he had left Africa; but this could easily be due to the fact that he had never been since then in the necessary state of tranquillity to perceive her, or that Conchita's spirit, being of a very refined nature, had not sufficient power to communicate. But he was satisfied with the knowledge that she was alive and near him, and did not care for any more proofs.

One evening, as Pancho was standing before the tomb of Canova, he was interrupted in his meditations by the approach of a woman. She was past middle age, and dressed in the Italian style. When she saw Pancho, she seemed surprised.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "I have been sent to you by a sick lady. She is waiting to see you. Will you come with me?"

"My good woman," answered Pancho, "you must be mistaken. I am a stranger in Venice."

"I am not mistaken," replied the woman. "The lady described you to me exactly, and said that you were a stranger. She can see everything when she is asleep. She then sees things which nobody else can see, and she foretells things which are going to happen. I never saw the like of it in my life."

"Ah, a somnambule!" exclaimed Pancho. "This will be an interesting adventure. Perhaps I may find out through her the whereabouts of the Image. Let us go."

They went, and while on the way, Marietta—for that was the name of the

woman—told Pancho that the lady was a stranger and that she was ill-treated by her husband.

"He is very cruel to her," she said, "and is as jealous as a Turk. It would not have been possible to take you to see her, if the *poltrone* had not gone away to Verona and left her alone."

They arrived at a poor-looking house in the Via Albanese. Entering through an arched doorway which led into a stone-paved court-yard, they ascended a dark and narrow staircase, and the woman opened a door which led into a scantily furnished room. Pancho entered, and before him stood a woman dressed in white with long black hair hanging loosely around her shoulders. Motionless, and with her eyes closed, she looked more like a statue of stone than a living woman. In an instant Pancho recognized the form before him. It was that of his beloved Conchita !

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## CHAPTER XV.

### A DOUBLE PERSONALITY.

For one moment Pancho stood speechless with surprise. She whom he had believed to be dead and with whose spirit he had communicated face to face was before him—not a spirit but a human being with flesh and blood. There could be no doubt. She was visible not only to him but to Marietta. She had not yet passed through the portals of death.

But what a change had taken place in her ! What a difference there was between the beautiful angelic being that had floated before Pancho's vision, and the emaciated form that stood here before him. True, there were still traces of beauty left upon her face ; but that face was cadaverous, the eyes were now seated deep within their sockets ; the lips had shrunk, her form was no longer rounded. Red spots upon her pale cheeks indicated consumption and the charms of the woman before him could not be compared with those of the ethereal being, the true Conchita, the spirit, nor with those of the woman with whom he had stood upon the balcony of the Cliff house. He almost regretted to find Conchita still alive and appearing to him in such an emaciated form.

Then it was that Pancho felt horrified at his own thoughts. It showed to him clearly that his love for her had been caused merely by her beauty and was therefore selfish.

"What," he asked himself, "is a love whose existence is dependent on the qualities of a form ? Can there, perchance, be a higher kind of love, one that is self-existent and divine and which does not need any objective shape to call it into existence ?"

As if in answer to his thoughts, Conchita said :

"The sun exists independent of the objects in which his light becomes manifest, and likewise the sun of divine love is an eternal spiritual power, self-existent and independent of the objects which it illuminates. Forms cannot exist without love ; but that which produces love is not created by love."

This was indeed Conchita's voice. Doubt was no longer possible. Pancho stepped forward toward the somnambule, preparing to touch her, when she lifted her hand and made a motion, as if she would not have him approach her.

"Do not touch her," she said, "for now you are cold as ice, and your touch would revive the powers of darkness that have happily fallen asleep. Free born is the spirit, but heavy the chains that bind it to the material clay. The soul loves light, but must return to its dungeon when it awakens."

"Alas!" exclaimed Pancho. "How strangely you speak! Do you not know me; and are you not Conchita? Have you become a medium, and has some strange spirit taken possession of you?"

"No, Hasmaline!" answered Conchita. "It is her own self that speaks to you, now that the lower elements of her body permit its voice to be heard. When these elements are awake her body does not represent her true self, for the powers of evil have taken possession of the house which ought to be a temple of the Divine Spirit. When she is awake, she sleeps; but when she sleeps she is truly awake. Do not mistake the instrument for the power. Do not mistake the light of the sun that illuminates a diamond for a production of the diamond. All human bodies are mediums through which natural forces act; all souls are instruments through which the Spirit of Wisdom may become manifest."

"Why do you call me Hasmaline?" asked Pancho, to which the somnambule answered:

"Is man, while in that spiritual sleep which he calls wakefulness, so entirely forgetful of his true nature and of the tribe to which he belongs, that he cannot remember his home? Our personalities, O, Hasmaline, belong to this inferior planet earth; but you and I are not bound to this single speck of dust in the universe. For millions of ages we have known each other. I have revolved within the orbit of the planet to which I am bound and where I find happiness; but you love to roam through space and will continue to do so until your cometary existence will come to an end at last, and you become engulfed in the glory of the sun that attracts you by the power of his divine love."

A struggle for the recognition of something which had no existence for him took place in Pancho's mind. For a moment he felt himself in a new world of light, surrounded by the most beautiful and radiant forms, but to see which he could not open his eyes.

One short moment, and his arguing intellect regained mastery over his mind and persuaded him that these things were delusions, unsupported by well established facts.

"Alas," he said, "I see that you have gone completely mad, and it is all my own fault!"

"Do not think, O mortal," continued the entranced form, "that the spirit which gives you life is a nonentity and the belief in it a delusion. Your consciousness is at present limited to your terrestrial state of existence; but there are other states, far superior to the one of which you are now aware. Your personality is ephemeral like that of the insect which is born to-day and dies to-morrow; but the Spirit of man, O Hasmaline, has existed for millions of ages. Always the same in its divine essence, it is for ever changing its manifestations in bodies, working its way into form, and through forms, until it awakens to find itself a god."

"Gone!" sighed Pancho. "Entirely gone. O, how I wish you would say something reasonable!"

"How insignificant," went on the entranced woman, "is all the knowledge of terrestrial things when compared with the divine self-knowledge of the spirit. Can you not feel, O mortal, celestial love pervading all space? Can you not see the substantial light that surrounds you and which your spirit breathes? Can you not know yourself one with the universal Mind whose harmonies vibrate throughout the universe? You know only one little world; but there are worlds within worlds and systems within systems whose limits even thought cannot reach, and still all that unlimited infinitude exists within one's own self-consciousness. It is 'I.'"

"Oh!" said Pancho. "What a pity your reason should be so entirely gone! Can it ever be restored?"

Without paying attention to this remark, the Somnambulist assumed an attitude of prayer, and spoke the following words:

"Within myself shines the sun, the changing moon and the glittering stars. Oceans are stored in my breast, my breath pervades the world, and my heart is a living fire in which all created things are for ever consumed. Within myself resides the glory and splendour of the universe and my dominion is the kingdom of joy. Wherever I am, there is peace and happiness and divine harmony; wheresoever I do not manifest, there is disorder and suffering. Open, O mortals, your hearts to the sunshine of eternal truth, and let divine thoughts descend upon you like rain-drops from heaven! Fill yourselves with the wine of love and feed upon the feast of the celestial manna prepared for you. Open the gates to that place where the lamb and the lion lie together, and behold the king in whose hands is the restoration of all peace."

"Oh, what nonsense!" groaned Pancho. "Oh, that your reason could be called back!"

"A veil has been thrown over her external understanding," answered Conchita. "Her imagination is beclouded by the power of Sorcery. Still the light of the spirit clings with its roots to the centre of her being, and there is hope that the elements of darkness will be destroyed by the omnipotent power of love."

"Where is Juana?" asked Pancho.

"Birds love their nests, and wolves their dens. The child of the forest has returned to her parent."

"Now you speak sensibly," said Pancho; "but how unfortunate it is that you have lost your mind and speak of yourself as if you were not yourself and of me as if I were another!"

"Know, O mortal," she replied, "that to the truly enlightened the world of those illusions, which you call corporeal forms, does not exist."

"How!" exclaimed Pancho. "Do you mean to say that my body which I can see and feel has no individuality? Do you mean to insinuate that my living and sentient form, and not only mine, but all others, have no substantiality or reality in them, that all our personalities are merely as shadows dancing upon a wall? Did God create a world of illusions for the purpose of misleading mankind?"

"No!" answered the speaker. "Existence is real, and forms are made to represent truths. It is man himself who makes himself illusions, and deludes himself by mistaking the forms for that which they only represent. Thus he mistakes the form for the spirit and the house for him that inhabits it."

"The soul, O mortal, is far too grand to be imbedded and swallowed up in material clay. It resembles the boundless sky in whose infinitude floats a little cloud of visible matter, reflecting the light of the sun. This ever-changing cloud represents the terrestrial personality, reflecting a part of the light of the spirit. The Light itself is the *real* Being. Forms are merely instruments for its manifestation, and it manifests its activity according to the qualities and capacities of the form. The personality with its ever-changing states of consciousness, its variable thoughts and emotions, is continually born, continually dies, and is reproduced again from day to day; and when at last the form is dissolved the Light gathers to itself once more the rays which it lent to the form."

"Is there, then, no real or permanent form?" asked Pancho.

"Not until it has imbibed the *Elixir of Life*," answered the speaker.

"And where can that Elixir be found?"

"It is with us wherever we go, and we can find it nowhere except within ourselves. It was even before the day of creation began and it still is, and will be. It is 'the Life and the Light of men, that light that shineth eternally in darkness, and darkness comprehendeth it not.' Men are not themselves the light, they can only 'bear witness' to it, by becoming instruments for its manifestation."

"But," put in Pancho, "the light shines also in a diamond, and renders it bright, and when the light disappears the diamond gradually loses its luminosity."

"Thus also," she replied, "the wind blows within the trees, and blows out again, carrying out with it the dead leaves to drop them on the ground. Likewise the breath of the spirit passes in and out of the soul. To fasten it there by the power of faith, and to render it firm as a rock: this is the secret of the *Philosopher's Stone*."

"What do you mean by 'Faith'?" asked Pancho. "Surely to believe oneself to be in possession of a thing is not sufficient to obtain it?"

And the woman answered:

"Mere belief is not faith. True faith is a magic power that overcomes all obstacles and which no one knows, except he who is in possession of it."

"Why then," he asked again, "is this great mystery not taught to mankind? Why do our clergymen not preach it from every pulpit, so that all men may find Light in themselves, and by clinging to it become immortal?"

"It has been taught and is still taught by thousands of tongues; but those who teach it do not recognise it themselves. They speak of it as if it were a dream or fable, and therefore their words have no power. It is the true Light which shineth within every man that cometh into the world, but the world knoweth it not, and will not receive it. From the unavailing efforts of the material intellect to perceive the light of the Spirit arise all your struggles. Intellect would seek in vain for truth within the realm of Imagination, and does not penetrate into the heart where the Light can be found. Those who thirst after truth must go to the fountain. There are many who imagine that they love truth; but their love is adulterous. It only seeks for the gratification of self and not for the attainment of Wisdom."

Meanwhile, night was fast advancing. There was no lamp or candle in the

room, but the moonlight shone through the window, and its beams fell upon the white-draped form of Conchita, as she still stood motionless, and thus resembling the Talking Image of Urur, as Pancho had seen it on that memorable day when he had seen the rosy light entering the cold stony Image. He remembered how he had wished that this light could enter himself, likewise, and fill him with knowledge. Then the entranced woman, as if divining his thought, uttered the following words :

“There is nothing to prevent the Holy Spirit of Wisdom from manifesting within the human consciousness, except that the minds of many are obsessed by erroneous doctrines, misconceptions, and unholy desires, the products of their own imagination. Ignorance darkens the mirror of the soul, and thus prevents the truth from reflecting itself therein in all its purity.”

And now a tremor seemed to pass through Conchita's frame, who said : “Go now, my friend. Her body is about to awaken to consciousness, and she must not see you. Go !”

Pancho reluctantly left, and, giving his address to Marietta, made arrangements with her to be informed every day about the condition of the patient.

We will not stop to discuss on what pathological grounds Conchita's abnormal condition could be explained, especially as the medical authorities, whom Pancho consulted, did not agree in their opinions about it. Some said it was merely Hysteria, others assured him that it was nothing but Hypnotism connected with unconscious cerebration. One authority swore that it was a case of spinal meningitis, and a professor of “psychiatry” declared it to be a pathological condition of the vasomotoric ganglia. Some advised bleeding, others large doses of morphia with bromide of potassium, and still another, cauterization by means of a white-hot iron. None of these remedies were, however, accepted.

But whether the utterances of the patient were the ravings of a maniac, or inspired by a superior spirit, at all events, they caused Pancho to reflect very deeply. He made up his mind to seek within himself for that interior Light, by whose knowledge it was said one could learn more important truths than from any information coming from outside sources, be they what they may. He tried to practise concentration of thought, that is to say, to collect his thoughts and to keep them upon one single idea instead of permitting them to disperse in various directions ; and, after a comparatively short time, he found a great deal of internal tranquillity within himself, although he did not find the Light. Then it was that the meaning of an allegory which he had read in the Bible became clear to him. It was that passage which describes how the disciples went in a ship, and the sea arose by reason of a great wind. They had great fear, but they saw somebody walking upon the troubled waters and he spoke to them : “It is I ; be not afraid. Then they willingly received him and *immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.*” This he supposed meant that the peace comes to those who do not reject it, and that with the recognition of truth, doubt and discontent disappear.

Let us now return to the *Via Albanese* and see what took place in Conchita's room after she awakened from her trance.

We find her resting upon a lounge, her eyes wide open and her hands folded over her head. Gazing at the ceiling she seems to be thinking as if trying to

remember a dream. After a while she calls Marietta, and the latter enters the room.

"Marietta," says Conchita, "give me some strong brandy. I feel very bad."

Marietta disappears and soon enters with the desired liquid. "How is your head?" she asks.

"It is all right now," answered Conchita; "but I had such a silly dream. It seemed to me as if snakes and reptiles were crawling into my brain. I combed my hair and out came little scorpions that had just been hatched and they fell upon the floor. There was a curious insect with four heads among them and they looked like the heads of birds. I put my foot upon it and killed it."

"You ought not to imagine such things, Mrs. Smith," remarked Marietta; "and it would be better for you to pray."

"Pray to whom? to the devil? Know, that I do not imagine such things. I see them; they are perfectly real to me, and you must be blind if you cannot see them. And mind! do not call me 'Mrs. Smith,' because I dislike that name. Call me simply Juana."

Marietta was horrified at Conchita's profane language. She was a very pious woman who not only grieved sincerely about the sufferings which Jesus had incurred at the hands of the Pharisees, but used to cry for hours because Nebuchadnezzar had to eat grass for seven years, and wept very bitterly over the story of Joseph sold into captivity by his own brothers. She was a devout Christian, in the habit of saying her prayers regularly, although she did not know that praying required abstraction of thought.

"It is very wicked of you to talk in that way," she answered, "especially as you spoke so nicely when that doctor was here."

"Was there any doctor here?" asked Conchita. "Did I not tell you to let no one enter my room when I have one of my fits?"

"It was yourself who sent me for him," answered Marietta.

"If he comes again," said Conchita, "get some boiling water and throw it over him. I do not want to have any doctors around me when I am in one of my fits. They know nothing and can do me no good."

"One never knows how to please *you*," grumbled Marietta. "Your parents must have had great trouble with you when you were a child."

"I never was a child and I never had any parents," replied Conchita. "At least I do not remember anything about such sorts of things. I have been Mrs. Smith all my life."

"How can that be?" exclaimed Marietta.

"All that I remember," went on Conchita, "is that I once had a fit, or fever, or some sort of disease, and when I recovered I was Mrs. Juana Smith. But of what happened before that time I have no recollection whatever, and my husband says that it is none of my business to know it. Nor do I care for it. I would rather enjoy the present than worry about what happened in the past. Will it not soon be time for the Carnival?"

"Yes, it begins in two weeks."

"Ah, well! Then you and I will go to the masquerade and have some fun."

Thus it was evident that Conchita was leading a double existence. When in her higher state of consciousness, or a "trance," her mind was at perfect rest and her own imagination inactive, she served as an instrument through which some

superior spirit, perhaps her own, could manifest its wisdom and use her organs of speech. But when the functions of her own physical brain again began their work by the awakening of her external consciousness, she exhibited all the traits of Juana. In fact, it seemed that she had come so much under the influence of that Indian girl that it was as if a part of Juana's very self had been implanted into her soul. Her sickness was apparently caused by the influence of that foreign element. At the time when she had come under the full control of her "magnetizers," they had commanded her to forget her whole past life and to believe that she was Mrs. Smith. All this is neither very wonderful, nor very incredible, for similar experiments have since then been performed by means of what is called "hypnotism," or to express it in plain language by a transmission of will.

Two days after the events described above, Pancho was again called to Conchita, whom he found entranced as before, and his visit was frequently repeated. And now we might write a whole volume of the teachings which Pancho received from her. But we cannot attempt to give in these pages even a tithe of them. A few extracts from some of the more comprehensible, only, must be given as characteristic specimens.

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be continued.)



#### AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE READERS OF "LUCIFER" AND ALL TRUE THEOSOPHISTS.



**A**S LUCIFER was started as an organ of the T. S. and a means of communication between the senior editor and the numerous Fellows of our Society for their instruction; and as we find that the *great* majority of Subscribers are not members of the T. S., while our own Brothers have apparently little interest in, or sympathy with the efforts of the few real workers of the T. S. in this country—such a state of affairs can no longer be passed over in silence. The following lines are therefore addressed *personally* to every F. T. S., as to every reader interested in Theosophy—for their consideration.

I ask, is LUCIFER worthy of support or not? If it is not—then let us put an end to its existence. If it is, then how can it live when it is so feebly supported? Again, can nothing be devised to make it more popular or theosophically instructive? It is the earnest desire of the undersigned to come into closer relation of thought with her Theosophist readers. Any suggestion to further this end, therefore, will be carefully considered by me; and as it is impossible to please all readers, the best suggestions for the general good will be followed out. Will then, every reader try and realize that his help is now personally solicited for this effort of solidarity and Brotherhood? The monthly deficits of LUCIFER are considerable, but they would cheerfully be borne—as they have been for the last year by only two devoted Fellows—if it were felt that the magazine and the arduous efforts and work of its staff were appreciated and properly supported by Theosophists, which is not the case. To do real good and be enabled to disseminate theosophical ideas broadcast, the magazine has to reach ten times the numbers of readers that it does now. Every Subscriber F. T. S. has it in his power to help in this work: the rich subscribing for the poor, the latter trying to get subscriptions, and every other member making it his duty to notify every Brother



Theosophist of the present deplorable state of affairs, concerning the publication of our magazine. It needs a fund, which it has never had ; and it is absolutely necessary that a subscription list should be opened in its pages for donations towards such a publication fund of the magazine. Names of donators, or their initials and even pseudonyms—if they so desire it—will be published each month. It is but a few hundred pounds which are needed, but without these—LUCIFER will have to cease.

It is the *first* and last time that I personally make such an appeal, as any call for help, even for the cause so dear to us, has always been unutterably repugnant to me. But in the present case I am forced to sacrifice my personal feelings. Moreover what do we see around us? No appeal for any cause or movement that is considered good by its respective sympathisers, is ever left without response. The Englishman and the American are proverbially generous. Let "General" Booth clamour in his "War-Cry" for funds to support the Salvation Army, and thousands of pounds pour in from sympathetic Christians. Let any paper open a subscription list for any mortal thing, from the erection of an Institute for the inoculation of a virus, with its poisonous effects on future generations, the building of a church or statue, down to a presentation cup—and the hand of some portion of the public is immediately in its pocket. Even an appeal for funds for a "Home" for poor stray dogs, is sure to fill the subscription lists with names, and those who love the animals will gladly give their mite. Will then *Theosophists* remain more indifferent to the furtherance of a cause, which they must sympathise with, since they belong to it—than the general public would for street dogs? These seem hard words to say, but they are true, and justified by facts. No one knows better than myself the sacrifices made in silence by a few, for the accomplishment of all the work that has been done since I came to live in London two and a half years ago. The progress accomplished during this time by the Society in the face of every opposition—and it was terrible—shows that these efforts have not been made in vain. Yet, as none of these "few" possesses the purse of Fortunatus, there comes necessarily a day when even *they* cannot give what they no longer possess.

If this appeal is not responded to, then the energy that supports LUCIFER must be diverted into other channels.

Fraternally yours,  
H. P. BLAVATSKY.

#### LUCIFER FUND.

##### SUMS RECEIVED THIS MONTH.

Countess C. Wachtmeister ...	£10 0 0	J. P. Mill ...	£1 0 0
G. R. S. Mead ...	5 0 0	A "Luciferian" ...	1 0 0
A Clerk ...	1 1 0	An Indigent Theosophist ...	0 7 6

Subscriptions to be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, the Countess C. Wachtmeister, 17, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park.



#### NOTICE.

ON Tuesday, November 5th 1889, a lecture will be delivered at *The Westminster Town Hall* by Colonel Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society, on *The Law of Life or Karma and Re-incarnation*.

The chair will be taken at 8 p. m. precisely. Doors open at 7. 30. Reserved seats 2/6; Unreserved 1/.

## Theosophical Activities.

### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

#### PRESIDENTIAL ORDER.

I. THE desire to amend certain portions of the Rules of the Theosophical Society, adopted in the Convention which met at Adyar in December, 1888, having been notified to me officially by the representatives of three Sections, I hereby, and in accordance with Paragraph 11 of Section E, summon a Special Session of the General Council to meet at Adyar on the 27th of May, 1890, at noon, to consider and vote upon such amendments as may be offered.

II. The Councils of organized Sections shall select one or more Delegates or Proxies to represent them in the Special Session aforesaid.

III. For this reason and because of my necessary absence in Europe upon official business, the Convention will not meet this year as usual. But permission is hereby given to the President's Commissioners to invite all Fellows and Officers of the Society to meet socially at the Headquarters on the 27th of December, for mutual conference, and to listen to lectures upon theosophical topics, if, upon inquiry, they find that such a social gathering would be desired by a reasonable number of Fellows and Branches.

Sections and Branches will be expected to make the usual Annual returns not later than December 1st, so that they may be included in the President's Annual Address and Report.

IV. The Councils of Sections and Fellows generally are earnestly requested to draw up and notify to the President at Adyar, not later than the 1st of February, whatever changes they recommend to be made in the latest revised code of Rules, so that he may intimate the same to all other Sections in ample time for them to instruct their representatives in the Special Session herein provided for.

V. The British Section having misapprehended the intended effect of the new Rules upon the autonomous powers conceded to it in the Constitution granted by me in the month of November last, I hereby declare that the said Section is authorized, pending the final decision of the General Council in the Special Session above summoned, to collect the moneys and apply the other provisions of its Constitution as adopted and by me officially ratified.

VI. Should it hereafter appear that another date than the one I have designated would be more convenient for the Indian and Ceylon Sections, the President's Commissioners are hereby instructed to announce the change in the *Theosophist* and specially notify the General Secretaries of Sections at least three months in advance.

VII. The President's Commissioners will furnish copies of the present Order to all whom it may officially concern. Copies have already been sent to the General Secretaries of the British and American Sections.

H. S. OLCOTT,

PRESIDENT, THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

London, 27th September, 1889.

THE announcement of a lecture on "the Theosophical Society and its Work," to be given in South Place Institute by Colonel Olcott, the President of the Society, drew together an audience of all sorts and conditions of men, that filled in every corner the building whose walls once rang with the eloquence of W. J. Fox. There were to be seen well-known men and women from the scientific and social circles of England, mingling with the dark-skinned children of India and of Japan. Keen-eyed thinker jostled against dreamy-eyed enthusiast, poet rubbed shoulders with doctor, and women were as eager and earnest as men. Annie Besant took the chair, and mindful of a chairman's proper place, briefly introduced the lecturer, standing but for a minute or two between lecturer and expectant audience. Colonel Olcott was warmly greeted, and was listened to with close attention as he sketched the origin and history of the Society, told of its steady growth, expounded its objects, and pointed to the work it had done and the work it had yet to do. A hail of questions followed the address, some apposite, some very much the reverse. A good deal of amusement was caused by an answer from some one in the audience, when a ponderous gentleman in the gallery demanded how Colonel Olcott managed to secure a hearing from Brahmins and Buddhists, when he, the speaker, had spent twenty years in acquiring the knowledge of an Eastern tongue. "Brains" was the answer that rang out like a pistol-shot, to the delight of the audience and the disconcerting of the querist, ere yet the Colonel was on his feet to reply.

Press notices of the Lecture have been myriad in number, and have been sent in to headquarters from every part of the kingdom. As a "send off" for Colonel Olcott's lecturing tour, we could not have had a more satisfactory meeting, and the interest aroused promises well for the progress of Theosophy in England.

The reports in the London papers were on the whole fair, though shewing signs of the bewilderment of the reporters who, instead of a fire, a strike, or a sermon, found themselves plunged into an Oriental jungle. One paper only, the *St. James' Gazette*, shewed that ungenial type of weakness which, unable to be smart without being ill-natured, makes up in bitterness what it lacks in brilliancy.

On Sunday September 29th, at 8 p.m., Col. Olcott delivered a lecture on Theosophy at the Hatcham Liberal Club, New Cross. Although we are undoubtedly to be congratulated on the result, yet the circumstance which led to the President's appearance on the above platform is to be sincerely regretted. Herbert Burrows

F. T. S., a name deservedly held in affectionate respect by the workers of the East End, was to have been the speaker, but, utterly broken down by a dangerous attack of nervous prostration owing to his unflagging and unselfish exertions during the late strikes, had not the strength to fill the post.

That there is a growing interest in Theosophy among the workers is evidenced by the fact that this was, according to the Secretary, the largest and most interested audience of the season; in fact, the hall, holding some four or five hundred people, was crowded to its utmost limit, listeners standing at the bottom six deep. During the address, which lasted about an hour, the lecturer was listened to with marked attention; at first in silence but, as the audience became more familiar with the subject, strong expressions of approbation followed many of the points, ending in hearty applause as the President resumed his seat. As is usual in such clubs and societies, questions and a debate followed. Some fifteen people rose in turn and either asked for information or objected to the statements of the lecturer, finding especial difficulty in the acceptance of a possibility of psychic phenomena or in the probability of re-incarnation as a scientific tenet of philosophy. In this severe trial the lecturer was more successful even than in his address, and invariably gained the applause of the audience, who, first of all sympathising with the questions and objections and thinking them unanswerable, were astonished, apparently not without pleasure, to hear these seemingly insuperable difficulties so readily surmounted.

Two speeches were then made in opposition; one a very clever and witty reasoning by a materialist who, making his own assumptions with regard to re-incarnation and the human Ego, entangled himself in most amusing and paradoxical knots, fondly imagining that he was convicting Theosophy of like absurdities, and so won the good humour of the audience to his side. It was, however, short-lived; for the lecturer, after pointing out the falsity of his assumptions, at once won the smiles back by slyly hinting that if the objector continued to use his brains as vigorously as he had done that evening, he would undoubtedly be a Socrates in his next birth.

The second speaker prophesied for modern scientific and materialistic methods the power of accounting for all phenomena, and contended that Eastern science and thought were not supported by the adhesion of any scientist of repute, instancing Professor Crookes whom he admitted to be the foremost of chemists. The answer was short and trenchant. Whatever the *possibilities* of science may be, it *does not* explain mental phenomena and therefore a prophecy does not aid our investigations: Professor Crookes is a member of the T. S.

At the end of the meeting a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the chairman, and the audience dispersed apparently well pleased with the evening's debate.

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### COL. OLCOTT'S LECTURING TOUR.

AT MERTHYR TYDFIL.

At the Abermorlais Hall, Merthyr, on Wednesday the 2nd Oct., Col. Olcott delivered a lecture on the question "What is Theosophy?" The Colonel commenced his address by marking the growth that had attended the Theo-

sophical movement during the past 10 years, showing that, without any other means of organized propagandism than the press, the Doctrines of Theosophy had commended themselves to thousands, and the Society had thus grown. Theosophy sought to establish a common ground for Science and Theology. It, therefore, sought to place Religion on its proper basis by bringing it into relationship with exact science. This was the conclusion to which eventually the churches must be forced by necessity.

The Colonel then proceeded to enunciate the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, describing the former as the law of Ethical Causation and showing the necessity for the latter. He pointed out that orthodox Religion in the West asserted a belief in the Divine Justice, but as it did not teach the existence of the soul prior to incarnation, nor the fact that this life is not the first of its kind, it failed to give any consistent reason for the inequalities of human existence to-day.

The septenary constitution of man's being and the cyclic law of evolution were then explained, the lecturer showing that the existence of other degrees of matter than those known to science and the possibility of other centres of Consciousness than those of the physical body, was a theory which, while it did not clash with the scientific speculations of to-day, afforded a secure basis for the construction of a Religious belief.

In conclusion the lecturer remarked that Theosophy did not intend to offer itself as one more sect to the many which now existed, but it aimed at uniting all in a spirit of religious tolerance and Human Brotherhood.

The lecture was well attended and listened to with interest throughout. A reverend gentleman of the Unitarian Church moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer for his interesting and instructive address, and the Colonel was heartily applauded.

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AT TENBY.

Colonel Olcott delivered a lecture at the Assembly Rooms, Tenby, on October 3rd. The subject of the address was "Theosophy—the Wisdom-Religion." The lecture was commenced by a definition of the term "Theosophy," and it was said to be equivalent, or nearly so, to the Guptavidya of the East. A study of Aryan literature, during the past 50 years particularly, had shown that there was no school of thought in the present day which had not its parallel and equivalent in the ancient teachings of the East.

Just as we regard the West as the chief school of physics, so we regard the Orient as holding the most reliable views upon metaphysics, and this because it has been chiefly studied there, and thus its teachers are specialists in this direction.

The Colonel then went on to speak of Practical Altruism, which constitutes the primary object of the Theosophical Society, and which, he said, does not admit of the distinctions which circumscribe all existing sectarianism. In reading the report of the address delivered at the Church Congress by the Primate of All England, he had noticed the preponderance of Church politics and the conspicuous absence of any reference to Jesus or his altruistic teachings. If religion had no surer basis than that which rested on political bias, then it was a question only of time as to its power in the world. Amongst all those

who were supposed to be following the teachings of Jesus, how many would have passed into the room to-night if He had been the doorkeeper and had admitted only those who lived as He had directed, the lecturer would not undertake to say. Out in the East a man's security of salvation depended on the class of men with whom he eats. Here in the West it seemed to be a matter of whether he paid his tithes or not. Such was the degraded condition of sectarian and political religion. Humanity however had a common origin, it had a common destiny, and under the necessity of a common nature it should have a common cause. This was the belief and aim of Theosophy, this was its whole platform, and therefore he could see no reason why all who had the interests of the human soul at heart, should not join in the movement which had been thus begun.

After the lecture some questions were asked by the audience and satisfactorily answered by the Lecturer. The meeting was exceptionally large for the season and district, the Hall being filled. A vote of thanks was proposed and heartily responded to.

A drawing-room meeting of some of the members and friends in Tenby was held at the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm's house on the following afternoon, when many questions in relation to the Society and its teachings were discussed.

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On Saturday October 5th, Colonel Olcott arrived in Liverpool where he remains till the 13th, lecturing several times, both in public and private, during his stay there. His principal public lecture has been fixed for the 10th, and on the 9th he is to address a semi-public meeting of the Liverpool Lodge and their friends.

On Saturday October 12th, the Colonel leaves for Dublin where he delivers a public lecture on Monday evening, the 14th. On Tuesday 15th, he lectures at Limerick, on Thursday, 17th, at Belfast, and on Saturday, 19th, a second time in Dublin.

After that date his movements are at present not yet finally settled, excepting that he will lecture in the Masonic Hall Birmingham on Tuesday evening October 29th, with Annie Besant in the chair.

His next lecture in London will be on Tuesday evening November 5th in the Town Hall Westminster.

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Among the forces that are working for Theosophy is that of the so-called Hypnotism—Mesmerism under a new name. "Mesmerism," "Animal Magnetism," "Odic Force," and many other names, have been given to the form of influence which has now been introduced into good society and recognised by science under the name of Hypnotism. After the contempt poured on Mesmerism, it would have been too humiliating to admit that it was a real force deserving careful study; so, to preserve the more than papal infallibility of the medical faculty, it was necessary to find a new name for the old thing, and present it under an *alias* which should not shock delicate susceptibilities. Two societies are in process of formation in London, for the study of Hypnotism, and it is already being used, apart from these societies, for moral reform. The *Daily News* has devoted two columns of large type to "Cure by Suggestion," and—after remarking that the "mystery of hypnotism" has been "an avowed factor" in Mrs. Annie Besant's "singular conversion" to the "Theosophy of Madame

Blavatsky"—it proceeds to recount the successes of the Rev. Arthur Tooth—whilom of Hatcham fame—at Woodside, Croydon, in the "mental treatment" of dipsomaniacs and others. Mr. Tooth, throwing a dipsomaniac into the hypnotic trance, tells him that whisky is a violent poison to him, that if he smells it he will feel nausea, and he will be ill if he takes it. In one case a gentleman of forty-three years of age, who was a wreck from the excessive use of stimulants, was under Mr. Tooth's care for four months. He left off the use of alcohol, lived chiefly on a milk diet, "underwent a medical examination and was pronounced to be cured," and has made a fresh start in life. Facts of this sort force indifferent people to believe that "there is something in Hypnotism"; we warn them that if they start with Hypnotism they will find themselves landed, sooner or later, in Theosophy. For the human mind will not rest content in the contemplation of a collection of unrelated facts. Inevitably it will seek for an explanation, it will begin to theorise; and theorising in the psychical realm will draw it nearer and nearer to the Masters in Psychology, the Adepts of the Wisdom of the Orient.

## "Going to and Fro in the Earth."

### *Our Monthly Report.*

**T**HEOSOPHISTS cannot complain, just now, that they are suffering from a conspiracy of silence on the part of the press. In fact there seems to be sweeping over England a wave of curiosity and enquiry as regards Theosophy, while we are favoured with enough and to spare of criticism wise and—otherwise. The London *Globe* expatiates on Buddhism in Japan, which, being translated, is Olcott in that sunny land; it dilates on "Spirits in Council," which, being translated, is Theosophy, Olcott, and H. P. B.; yet once more—and all this in the same issue—it considers, "The invention of new Religions," which, being translated, is H. P. B., Olcott and Theosophy. Naturally the *Globe* is hostile, but it does not allow itself to be betrayed into deliberate unfairness, and that is much now-a-days.

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The *Weekly Times and Echo* is enlivened with a controversial correspondence on the respective merits of Atheism, Theosophy, and Christianity, mostly noticeable for the voluminous ignorance shewn by the correspondents of the *isms* they attack, ignorance promptly exposed by other correspondents belonging to the assailed creeds. On the whole, controversy would be more edifying if those who take part in it would take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the views they controvert, and would exclude matters which do not touch on the questions in dispute.

\* \* \*

The *Christian Commonwealth* is much exercised in mind over what it calls "The Buddhist Craze," and it opines that "no one would expect such a person as Mrs. Besant to become enraptured with anything that is not susceptible of the clearest proof, unless her mind had first become somewhat unhinged." This suggestion it borrows from its whilom antagonist, Mr. G. W. Foote, who has been stating from the platform that this is the explanation of Annie Besant's

adoption of Theosophy; he, however, ascribes the unhinging to the loss of her daughter suffered by her twelve years ago at Christian hands. The cause and effect are somewhat far apart in time, and maybe the *Christian Commonwealth*, while adopting the method of attack, will not care to saddle its religion with the responsibility of the "unhinging." We fancy we have read somewhere that a similar accusation was flung at one Paul by a gentleman named Festus; nathless Paul cut a deeper mark in the world's spiritual history than did his somewhat uncourteous judge. May it not be just possible, we venture to whisper, that now, as in earlier times, those who are scoffed at as madmen and dreamers may only be a few steps ahead of their fellows. The *Christian Commonwealth* uneasily admits that among the adherents of "Spiritualism and Theosophy" are some of "the brightest intellects of our day." Is it not conceivable that there may be something to be said for a philosophy that attracts these brightest ones?

\* \* \*

In a Spiritualistic *Weekly*, (not *Light*) we find the following delightful if even malicious "flapdoodles" probably inspired by the wits from the Summer Land.

"We gather that the term 'Mahatma' with which the Theosophists mystify their dupes (*this, from an editor who advertises, and patronizes Spiritualistic Mediums!*) is applied to such reformers as Ram Mohun Roy, who was the founder of Brahmoism, as Mr. Oxley recently showed in his article on Chunder Sen. With a term derived from a foreign language Mme. Blavatsky has succeeded nicely in bewildering John Bull, Brother Jonathan, etc. It reminds us of the pious old Scotch woman who derived much holy delight from a contemplation of that 'blessed word—Mesopotamia.'"

The above "reminds" Theosophists of the quack Doctor Dulcamara who, from the eminence of his rickety platform, raised in the midst of a fair, pours on the heads of the "University" men the vials of his wrath. In this case, it is an editor who supports the phenomena produced by the "departed *angels*" through thick and thin, and who attacks those who do not believe in those inaterializing seraphs. It does not take long to expose his ignorance. "Mahatma" is a word as old in India as the Sanskrit tongue. It means "great soul," and as it may be applied to every grand and noble heart Ram Mohun Roy deserved it as much as any other sincere and learned philanthropist and reformer, such as he undeniably was. It is not Mr. Oxley who made the discovery; but the editor of the said Spiritualistic *Weekly* may be pardoned for being ignorant of the fact. As for that other assertion namely, that it is with this "term" that Mdme. Blavatsky has succeeded *in bewildering* John Bull, Brother Jonathan, it is as false as all the rest. The person of that name had never pronounced the term "Mahatma" (having used quite another and a more telling one) in America. It was first used by Mr. Sinnett in his "*Esoteric Buddhism*," because the Hindu Theosophists used it, applying this adjective to the MASTERS. When, oh, when will the benighted editors who bark at our heels, vainly trying to snap at them, "speak the truth and nothing but the truth"—*à la lettre, nota bene*, not as in the present courts of justice.

\* \* \*

Slander of the living and slander of the dead! Quite in the spirit of the modern Press. One of the last skits at Theosophy in the *Evening Express* of Liverpool, asking "who are the Theosophists," gravely informs the public that



the first Theosophists date from the XVIth century and were the "followers . . . of the low-lived humbug, who adopted the high-sounding appellation of Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus" . . . a "coarse, vulgar, drunken, and debauched physician, alchemist and astrologer." And then the *Express* winds up its scientific disquisition by the following lofty Parthian arrow: "In his own day his (Paracelsus') reputation chiefly depended upon his position as a 'quack,' for he pretended to the discovery of an elixir for indefinitely prolonging life. Such was the original Theosophist. People may guess the aims of the body who have adopted the designation," (*i.e.*, the Theosophical "body").

The editors of papers desiring to support their reputation of literary catapults, engines used by the ancient Greeks and Romans for throwing stones and missiles at the enemy, would do well to train their young men and themselves in History. The first historical Theosophists—*i.e.*, those who first used the name, not those who first taught the doctrines—according to the best writers, were the *Neoplatonists* of the Eclectic Theosophical system in the third century, and even earlier.\* Paracelsus was not a "quack"; and if he is to be called so, then the Patriarch of the French Chemists, Dr. Brown Sequard who claims now to have discovered the elixir for prolonging life, and Professor Hammond who supports and corroborates him,† ought to share in the flattering epithet. There are more "quacks" *inside* than *outside* of the royal and imperial colleges of surgeons and physicians. As to the fling that concludes the ignorant attack, it falls harmless. The aims of the T. S. are now better known than ever, and no one need be ashamed of them. We only wish the aims of the *civilized* press were as lofty.

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The editors of LUCIFER offer their sincerest condolences to the Chief of the Detective Department of the Government of India. His most cherished ancient delusion has been shattered. He had inoculated the Anglo-Indian mind with the notion that H. P. Blavatsky was "a Russian spy"; and *faute de mieux* the enterprising emissary and detective of the London Society for Psychical Research had adopted the same theory to injure his intended victims of the T. S. By repercussion the idea had spread through Anglo-Indian channels, like the cholera *bacillus*, to some extent, to the mother country. The Theosophical Society was founded, its phenomena produced, and the "Adepts" *invented*, you see, as a screen for "Russian intrigues" in India—as stated in the famous "Report" of the S. P. R. That no Russian roubles could be traced from the St. Petersburg Bureaux into our pockets, nor any sign be detected of our enjoyment of a "spy's" emoluments, was a trifling detail; the theory was convenient and enthusiastically adopted. But now comes the Russian censor to prick the balloon in which our amiable traducers were soaring above the level of homely facts; and if they are not endowed with adamant "cheek," such as the American humourist assigns to the "lightning-rod canvasser," they must perceive the ridiculous position in which they are placed. Denied a "spy's" reward, and left by the heartless "Imperial censorship" to die or live, as we best may, Mr. Pobedonostseff would

\* *Vide* "The Key to Theosophy," 1st chapter.

† See *North American Review* for September 1889, first article, "The Elixir of Life," by Dr. William A. Hammond. The ingredients of which Dr. Brown Sequard's *elixir* is composed are, moreover, of such a filthy nature that the school of modern *Vivisectors* can alone boast of it. We Theosophists call this *elixir* blasphemy against nature and bestiality, if not black magic.—[ED.]

forbid his compatriots even to read what we Theosophists write. The popular tradition that the antipathy between the Russian and British Governments is fanned by the Conservative party is thus now disproved by the above fact and also by the following: Mr. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons boycotts LUCIFER in his railway book-stalls, while the Imperial Russian censorship does the same for us in the Empire of the White Tzar. Whether this is a result of the exchange of confidential dispatches, or the benevolent interference of our Karma, which, by causing our literature to become "forbidden fruit," must end by making it the more attractive to both publics—it is not for us to say. Yet we humbly thank his Excellency the chief Censor of the Russian metropolis for the wide advertisement given to us. In any other country it would at once double the circulation of our books; in this country of paradoxes, however—"God knoweth."

Meanwhile we cut out the comminatory paragraph from the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Sept. 20th, inviting to it the attention of our readers and those benighted editors who are inclined to still see in "Mdme. Blavatsky"—"a Russian spy."

### ENGLISH BOOKS PROHIBITED IN RUSSIA.

Mr. F. von Szczepanski, of the well-known house of Carl Ricker, at St. Petersburg, sends to the *Publishers' Circular* the following complete list of all English publications the prohibition of whose sale in Russia has been decreed by the Imperial censorship during the first six months of the current year:—

AMARAVELLA, "PARABRAHM." Translated by G. R. S. Mead. Revised and enlarged by the Author. 1889.

BLAVATSKY (H. P.), "THE SECRET DOCTRINE: the Synthesis of Science, Religion, and Philosophy." 2nd edition. 1888.

Drage (G.), "Cyril: A Romantic Novel." 1889.

Gunter (Arch. Clav.), "That Frenchman!" 1889.

Ingersoll (R. T.), "Social Salvation: A Lay Sermon." 1888.

Ingersoll (R. T.), "The Household of Faith." 1888.

Krapotkine (P.), "In Russian and French Prisons." 1887.

"Ladies' Treasury of Literature." Edited by Mrs. Warren. Vol. XIII.

Sergeant (L.), "The Government Year Book." 1889.

SINNETT (A. P.), "THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT." April 15, 1888.

Stepniak, "The Russian Peasantry." 2 vols. 1888.

Swallow (Henry F.), "The Catherine of History." Second edition. 1888.

"THEOSOPHY AND THE CHURCHES: Lucifer to the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Watson (Sydney), "Marie, the Exile of Siberia." (Horner's Penny Stories for the People.)

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! What have the poor Theosophists, the conservative Mr. A. P. Sinnett included, to do in the company of such terrible personages as Messrs. Stepniak and Krapotkine? We fervently hope that the "mild" Theosophist is not going to be confounded by Mr. Pobedonosteff with the warlike Nihilists?

\* \* \*

We can do no better before closing our laborious journey "to and fro in the Earth" than by quoting from a paper—of some ornithological name—a clever skit at the hopeless ignorance of the world about Theosophy. It is a faithful

record of the average conversation about it in the London drawing-rooms, during afternoon "teas"—

"AFTER HEARING MRS. BESANT.

MISS SMYTH : Oh ! my dear Miss Jonesky, how glad I am you have called. I hear you went to hear Mrs. Besant on Sunday. What is all this talk about your trying to get a profit out of Phisosophy ?

MISS JONESKY (*severely*) : Trying to become a prophetess of Theosophy, I suppose you mean, my dear.

MISS S. : Yes, that's it. Sit down and tell us all about it.

MISS J. : Well, my love, you can't think what a sweet thing it is—all about *Altruism* and *Karma*, and the reincarnation of the *Ego* and—er—*Karma-rupa*, and *Prana* and *Linga Sharira*, er—er—er.

MISS S. : Oh ! that must be nice. And what do they all look like ?

MISS J. : What do which look like ?

MISS S. : Why, the *Prana* and the *Karma* and the *Ego* and—the other dear little things !

MISS J. : (*with a very superior smile*) : My dear child, you don't understand. *Karma* is a kind of state that—er—as Mrs. Besant says "presides over each reincarnation, so that the *Ego* passes into such physical and mental environment as it deserves."

MISS S. : Does it really, now ? How exquisitely lovely ! And what about the other darlings ?

MISS J. : Well, the *Sat* or Be-ness is a sort of—er—esoteric cosmogenesis that—er—in fact—differentiates *Altruism*, and *Karma* by the *Linga Sharira* or astral body, and is the causation of the *Ego*, assuming the *Manas*, or something of that.

MISS S. : How delightfully soothing it seems ! Let us go and have some. (*Exeunt enthusiastically.*)"

\* \* \*

"H. P. BLAVATSKY 'EXPELLED' !"

THE newest cock and bull story giving the rounds as we find in a paragraph just received is the following :—

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

Much excitement is caused in esoteric circles by a published statement of Dr. Coues, who asserts that Madame Blavatsky has been expelled from the Theosophical Society.

This is from the New York correspondent of the *Sunday Times*. We offer our thanks to him and beg to inform the credulous correspondent of two facts. 1. It is Dr. Coues who was publicly expelled from the T. S. for untheosophical statements. 2. We have read that the Small Branch of the American T. S. called the *Gnostic*, threatened through their President Dr. Coues to expel Mdme. Blavatsky—from *their hearts*, I suppose, as this was their sole privilege. But as the said Branch was officially *unchartered* by the Council of the American Section at the same time that its President was expelled—the threat remained what it always was—a poor boast dictated by wounded vanity.

ADVERSARY.

## Correspondence.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR OUR FELLOW-MEN.

You have obliged my friends and myself by answering or annotating my letter to you in your number of July 15th. Will you allow us to continue this discussion? Several letters which I have received in consequence of this correspondence not only from Germany, but also from England,\* make it appear likely that your readers on the other side of the Channel also take an interest in this all-important question. As the purport of my former communication has been misunderstood, I have now made this question the title of my present letter, in order to emphasize the point. My friends and I did not ask: Shall we do *anything* for our fellow-men or *nothing*? but: *What* shall we do for them?

You agree with us—as your note *d* to my last letter (pg. 431) unmistakably shows—that the ultimate Goal which the mystic or the occultist have to strive for, is not perfection IN existence (the “world”) but *absolute being*: that is, we have to strive for deliverance FROM all existence in any of the three worlds or planes of existence. The difference of opinions, however, is this: Shall we now, nevertheless, assist all our fellow-men indiscriminately in their *worldly* affairs; shall we occupy ourselves with their national and individual Karma, in order to help them to improve the “world” and to live happily *in* it; shall we strive *with* them to realize socialistic problems, to further science, arts and industries, to teach them cosmology, the evolution of man and of the universe, etc, etc,—or on the other hand, shall we only do the best we can to show our fellow-men the road of wisdom that will lead them *out* of the world and as straight as possible towards their acknowledged goal of absolute existence (*Para-Nirvana, Moksha, Atma*)? Shall we consequently only work for those who are willing to get rid of all individual existence and yearning to be delivered from all selfishness, from all strivings, who are longing only for eternal peace?

*Answer.* As the undersigned accepts for her views and walk in life no authority dead or living, no system of philosophy or religion but one—*namely, the esoteric teachings of ethics and philosophy of those she calls “MASTERS”*—answers have, therefore, to be given strictly in accordance with these teachings. My first reply then is: Nothing of that which is conducive to help man, collectively or individually, to live—not “happily”—but less *unhappily* in this world, ought to be indifferent to the Theosophist-Occultist. It is no concern of his whether his help benefits a man in his *worldly* or *spiritual* progress; his first duty is to be ever ready to help if he can, without stopping to philosophize. It is because our clerical and lay Pharisees too often offer a Christian dogmatic tract, instead of the simple bread of life to the wretches they meet—whether these are starving physically or morally—that pessimism, materialism and despair win with every day more ground in our age. Weal and woe, or happiness and misery, are relative terms. Each of us finds them according to his or her predilections; one in worldly, the other in intellectual pursuits, and no one system will ever satisfy all. Hence, while one finds his pleasure and rest in family joys, another in “Socialism” and the third in a “longing only for eternal peace,” there may be those who are starving for truth, in every department of the science of nature, and who consequently are yearning to learn the esoteric views about “cosmology, the evolution of man and of the Universe.”—H.P.B.

\* Perchance also, from Madras?—[Ed.]

According to our opinion the latter course is the right one for a mystic ; the former one we take to be a statement of our views. Your notes to my former letter are quite consistent with this view, for in your note *c* you say : "Paranirvana is reached only when the Manvantara has closed and during the 'night' of the universe or Pralaya." If the final aim of paranirvana *cannot* be attained individually, but only solidarily by the whole of the present humanity, it stands to reason, that in order to arrive at our consummation we have not only to do the best we can for the suppression of our own self, but that we have to work first for the world-process to hurry all the worldly interests of Hottentots and the European vivisectioners having sufficiently advanced to see their final goal of salvation are ready to join us in striving towards that deliverance.

*Answer.* According to our opinion as there is no essential difference between a "mystic" and a "Theosophist-Esotericist" or Eastern Occultist, the above cited course is *not* "the right one for a mystic." One, who while "yearning to be delivered from all selfishness" directs at the same time all his energies only to that portion of humanity which is of his own way of thinking, shows himself not only very *selfish* but is guilty of prejudice and partiality. When saying that *Paru*, or *Parinirvana* rather, is reached only at the Manvantaric close, I never meant to imply the "planetary" but the whole *Cosmic* Manvantara, *i.e.*, at the end of "an *age*" of Brahmā, not one "Day." For this is the only time when during the *universal* Pralaya mankind (*i.e.*, not only the terrestrial *mankind* but that of every "man" or "*manu*-bearing" globe, star, sun or planet) will reach "solidarily" Parinirvana, and even then it will not be the whole mankind, but only those portions of the mankind which will have made themselves ready for it. Our correspondent's remark about the "Hottentots" and "European vivisectioners" seems to indicate to my surprise that my learned Brother has in his mind only our little unprogressed *Terrene* mankind?—H. P. B.

You have the great advantage over us, that you speak with absolute certainty on all these points, in saying : "this is the esoteric doctrine," and "such is the teaching of my masters." We do not think that we have any such certain warrant for *our* belief ; on the contrary, we want to learn, and are ready to receive, wisdom, wherever it may offer itself to us. We know of no authority or divine revelation ; for, as far as we accept Vedantic or Budhistic doctrines, we only do so because we have been convinced by the reasons given ; or, where the reasons prove to be beyond our comprehension, but where our intuition tells us : this, nevertheless, is likely to be true, we try our best to make our understanding follow our intuition.

*Answer.* I speak "with absolute certainty" only so far as my own *personal* belief is concerned. Those who have not the *same warrant* for their belief as I have, would be very credulous and foolish to accept it on blind faith. Nor does the writer believe any more than her correspondent and his friends in any "authority" let alone "divine revelation"! Luckier in this than they are, I need not even rely in this as they do on my *intuition*, as there is no *infallible* intuition. But what I do believe in is (1), the unbroken oral teachings revealed by living *divine* men during the infancy of mankind to the elect among men ; (2), that it has reached us *unaltered* ; and (3) that the *MASTERS* are thoroughly versed in the science based on such uninterrupted teaching.—H. P. B.

In reference, therefore, to your note *c*, it was not, nor is it, our intention "to inflict any criticism on you" ; on the contrary we should never waste time with opposing anything we think wrong ; we leave that to its own fate ; but we try rather to get at positive information or arguments, wherever we think they may offer themselves. Moreover, we have never denied, nor shall we ever forget, that we owe you great and many thanks for your having originated the present movement and for having made popular many striking ideas hitherto foreign to European civilization. We should now feel further obliged to you, if you (or your masters) will give us some reasons, which could make it appear likely to us,

why paranirvana could *not* be attained by any *jiva* at any time (*a*), and why the

*Answer (a).* There is some confusion here. I never said that no *jiva* could attain Parinirvana, nor meant to infer that "the final goal can only be reached solidarily" by our present humanity. This is to attribute to me an ignorance to which I am not prepared to plead guilty, and in his turn my correspondent has misunderstood me. But as every system in India teaches several kinds of *pralayas* as also of Nirvanic or "Moksha" states, Dr. Hübbe Schleiden has evidently confused the *Prakṛita* with the *Naimittika* Pralaya, of the Visishtadwaita Vedantins. I even suspect that my esteemed correspondent has imbibed more of the teachings of this particular sect of the three Vedantic schools than he had bargained for; that his "Brahmin Guru" in short, of whom there are various legends coming to us from Germany, has coloured his pupil far more with the philosophy of Sri Ramanujacharya, than with that of Sri Sankaracharya. But this is a trifle connected with circumstances beyond his control and of a Karmic character. His aversion to "Cosmology" and other sciences including theogony, and as contrasted with "Ethics" pure and simple, dates also from the period he was taken in hand by the said learned guru. The latter expressed it personally to us, after his sudden *salto mortali* from esotericism—too difficult to comprehend and therefore to teach,—to *ethics* which any one who knows a Southern language or two of India, can impart by simply translating his texts from philosophical works with which the country abounds. The result of this is, that my esteemed friend and correspondent talks Visishtadwaitism as unconsciously as M. Jourdain talked "prose," while believing he argues from the Mahayāna and Vedantic standpoint—pure and simple. If otherwise, I place myself under correction. But how can a Vedantin speak of *Jivas* as though these were *separate* entities and independent of JIVATMA the one universal soul! This is a purely Visishtadwaita doctrine which asserts that Jivatma is different in each individual from that in another individual? He asks "why parinirvana could *not* be attained by any *jiva* at any time." We answer that if by "*jiva*" he means the "Higher Self" or the *divine ego* of man, only—then we say it may reach Nirvana, not Parinirvana, but even this, only when one becomes *Jivanmukta*, which does *not* mean "at any time." But if he understands by "*Jiva*" simply the *one life* which, the Visishtadwaitas say is contained in every particle of matter, separating it from the *saṁsāra* or body that contains it, then, we do not understand at all what he means. For, we do not agree that Parabrahm only *pervades* every *Jiva*, as well as each particle of matter, but say that Parabrahm is inseparable from every *Jiva*, as from every particle of matter since it is the *absolute*, and that it is in truth that Jivatma itself *crystallised*—for want of a better word. Before I answer his questions, therefore, I must know whether he means by Parinirvana, the same as I do, and of which of the *Pralayas* he is talking. Is it of the *Prakṛita* Maha Pralaya, which takes place every 311,040,000,000,000 years; or of the *Naimittika* Pralaya occurring after each *Brahma Kalpa* equal to 1,000, Maha Yugas, or which? Convincing reasons can be given then only when two disputants understand each other. I speak from the esoteric standpoint almost identical with the Advaita interpretation; Dr. Hübbe Schleiden argues from that of—let him say *what* system, for, lacking omniscience, I cannot tell.—H.P.B.

final goal can only be reached solidarily by the whole of the humanity living at present. In order to further this discussion, I will state here some of the reasons which appear to speak against this view, and I will try to further elucidate some of the consequences of acting in accordance with each of these two views:

1. The unselfishness of the Altruist has a very different character according to which of the two views he takes. To begin with *our* view, the true Mystic who believes that he can attain deliverance from the world and from his individuality independent of the Karma of any other entities, or of the whole humanity, is an Altruist, because and so far as he is a monist, that is to say, on account of the *tat tvam asi*. Not the form or the individuality, but the *being* of all entities is the same and is his own; in proportion as he feels his own *avidya*, *agnana* or unwisdom, so does he feel that of other entities, and has compassion with them on that account. (*b*) To take now the other view: Is not the altruism of an

(*b*). To feel "compassion" without an adequate practical result ensuing from it is not to show oneself an "Altruist" but the reverse. Real self-development on the esoteric lines is *action*. "Inaction in a deed of mercy becomes an *action* in a deadly sin." (*Vide The Two Paths* in the "Voice of the Silence," p. 31.)—H.P.B.

occultist who sees himself tied to the Karma of all his fellow-men, and who, on that account, labours for and with them, rather an egotistical one? For is not

at the bottom of his "unselfishness" the knowledge that he cannot work out his own salvation at any lesser price? The escape from selfishness for such a man is self-sacrifice for the "world"; for the mystic, however, it is self-sacrifice to the eternal, to absolute being. Altruism is certainly considered one of the first requirements of any German Theosopher we can or will not speak for others—but we are rather inclined to think that altruism had never been demanded in this country in the former sense (of self-sacrifice *for* the "world"), but only in the latter sense of self-sacrifice to the eternal.(c)

(c). An Occultist does not feel "himself tied to the Karma of all his fellow men," no more than one man feels his legs motionless because of the paralysis of another man's legs. But this does not prevent the fact that the legs of both are evolved from, and contain the same ultimate essence of the ONE LIFE. Therefore, there can be no *egotistical* feeling in his labours for the less favoured brother. Esoterically, there is no other *way, means or method* of sacrificing oneself "to the eternal" than by working and sacrificing oneself for the collective spirit of Life, embodied in, and (for us) represented in its highest divine aspect by Humanity alone. Witness the *Nirmanakāya*,—the sublime doctrine which no Orientalist understands to this day but which Dr. Hübner Schleiden can find in the 11nd and 11rd Treatises in the "*Voice of the Silence*." Naught else shows forth the eternal; and in no other way than this can any mystic or occultist *truly* reach the eternal, whatever the Orientalists and the vocabularies of Buddhist terms may say, for the real meaning of the *Trikāya*, the triple power of Buddha's embodiment, and of Nirvāna in its triple negative and positive definitions has ever escaped them.

If our correspondent believes that by calling himself "theosopher" in preference to "theosophist" he escapes thereby any idea of *sophistry* connected with his views, then he is mistaken. I say it in all sincerity, the opinions he expresses in his letters are in my humble judgment the very fruit of sophistry. If I have misunderstood him, I stand under correction.—H. P. B.

2. It is a misunderstanding, if you think in your note c, that we are advocating entire "withdrawal or isolation from the world." We do so as little as yourself, but only recommend an "ascetic life," as far as it is necessary to prepare anyone for those tasks imposed upon him by following the road to *final* deliverance from the world. But the consequence of your view seems to lead to joining the world in a *worldly* life, and until good enough reasons are given for it, we do not approve of this conduct. That we should have to join our fellow men in all their *worldly* interests and pursuits, in order to assist them and hasten them on to the solidary and common goal, is contrary to our intuition.(a) To strive for the

*Answer.* (a) It is difficult to find out how the view expressed in my last answer can lead to such an inference, or where have I advised my brother Theosophists to join men "in all their *worldly* interests and pursuits! Useless to quote here again that which is said in note a, for every one can turn to the passage and see that I have said nothing of the kind. For one precept I can give a dozen. "Not nakedness, not plaited hair, not dirt, not fasting or lying on the earth. . . not sitting motionless, can purify one who has not overcome desires," says *Dhammapada* (chap. 1., 141). "Neither abstinence from fish or flesh, nor going naked, nor the shaving of the head, nor matted hair, etc. etc., will cleanse a man not free from delusions" *Amagandha Sutta* (7, 11). This is what I meant. Between salvation through dirt and stench, like St. Labro and some Fakirs, and worldly life with an eye to every interest, there is a long way. Strict asceticism in the midst of the world, is more meritorious than avoiding those who do not think as we do, and thus losing an opportunity of showing them the truth.—H. P. B.

deliverance *from* the world by furthering and favouring the world-process seems rather a round-about method. Our inclination leads us to retire from all *worldly* life, and to work apart—from a monastery or otherwise—together with and for all *those* fellow-men who are striving for the same goal of deliverance, and who are willing to rid themselves of all karma, their own as well as that of others. We would assist also *all* those who have to remain in worldly life, but who are already looking forward to the same goal of release, and who join us in doing

their best to attain this end. We make no secret of our aims or our striving; we lay our views and our reasons before *anyone* who will hear them, and we are ready to receive amongst us *anyone* who will *honestly* join us.(b) Above all,

(b). So do we. And if, not all of us live up to our highest ideal of wisdom, it is only because we are *men* not gods, after all. But there is one thing, however, we never do (those in the esoteric circle, at any rate): *we set ourselves as examples to no men*, for we remember well that precept in Amagandha Sutta that says: "Self-praise, disparaging others, conceit, evil communications (denunciations), these constitute (moral) uncleanness"; and again, as in the *Dhammapada*, "The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive; the faults of others one lays open as much as possible, but one's own fault one hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from the gambler."—H.P.B.

however, we are doing out best to live up to our highest ideal of wisdom; and perhaps the good example may prove to be more useful to our fellow-men than any organized propaganda of teaching.

By the bye, in your note you couple together *Schopenhauer* and *Eduard von Hartmann*. In this question, however, both are of opposite opinions. Schopenhauer, like most German mystics and theosophers, represents the views of Vedanta and (exoteric) Buddhism, that final salvation can, and can only, be individually attained independent of time and the karma of others. Hartmann, however, verges much more towards your opinion, for he does not believe in *individual* consummation and deliverance from the world; he thinks all mysticism and particularly that which is now known as Indian philosophy, an error, and demands of everyone as an altruistic duty to give himself up to the world-process, and to do his best in order to hasten its end. (He is the "clever modern philosopher" whom I have mentioned on page 435).(c)

(c). As I have never read von Hartmann, and know very little of Schopenhauer, nor do they interest me, I have permitted myself only to bring them forward as examples of the worst kind of pessimism; and you corroborate what I said, by what you state of Hartmann. If, however, as you say, Hartmann thinks "Indian philosophy an error," then he cannot be said to *verge* toward *my* opinion, as I hold quite a contrary view. India might return the compliment with interest.—H.P.B.

3. There is, and can be, no doubt that Vedanta and (exoteric) Buddhism do not hold your view, but ours. Moreover, one could scarcely dispute that Lord Buddha—whatever esoteric doctrine he may have taught—founded monasteries, or that he favoured and assisted in doing so. Whether he expected all his disciples to become Bodhisattvas may be doubtful, but he certainly pointed out the "happy life" of a Bhikshu as the road to salvation; he expressly abstained from teaching cosmology or any worldly science; he never meddled with the worldly affairs of men, but every assistance he rendered them was entirely restricted to showing them the road to deliverance from existence. And just the same with Vedanta. It prohibits any attachment to worldly views and interests, or enquiries after cosmology or evolution *a fortiori* socialism and any other world-improvement. All this Vedanta calls *Agnana* (Buddhism: *Avidya*), while *Gnana* or wisdom—the only aim of a sage (*Gnani*)—is but the striving for the realization of the eternal (true reality, *Atma*).(a)

*Answer (a)*. It depends on what you call Vedanta—whether the *Dwaita*, the *Adwaita*, or the *Visishtadwaita*. That we differ from all these, is no news, and I have spoken of it repeatedly. Yet in the esotericism of the *Upanishads*, when correctly understood, and our esotericism, there will not be found much difference. Nor have I ever disputed any of the facts about Buddha as now brought forward; although these are facts from only his *exoteric* biography. Nor has he invented or drawn from his inner consciousness the philosophy he taught, but only the method of his rendering it. Buddhism being simply esoteric *Bodhism* taught before him secretly in the *arcana* of the Brahminical temples, contains, of course, more than one doctrine of which the Lord Buddha never spoke



of in public. But this shows in no way that he did not teach them to his Arhats. Again, between "attachment to worldly views or interests" and the study of Cosmology, which is *not* "a worldly science" however, there is an abyss. One pertains to religious and philosophical asceticism, the other is necessary for the study of *Occultism*—which is not Buddhistic, but universal. Without the study of cosmogony and theogony which teach the hidden value of every force in Nature and their direct correspondence to, and relation with, the forces in man (or the principles) no occult psychophysics or *knowledge of man* as he truly is, is possible. No one is forced to study esoteric philosophy unless he likes it, nor has anyone ever confused Occultism with Buddhism or Vedantism.—H. P. B.

*Agnani* (misprinted in the July number page 436: *agnam*) signified just the same as what is rendered by "fool" in the English translations of the Dhammapada and the Suttas. It is never understood "intellectually" and certainly does not mean an *ignoramus*, on the contrary, the scientists are rather more likely to be *agnanis* than any "uneducated" mystic. *Agnani* expresses always a relative notion. *Gnani* is anyone who is striving for the self-realization of the eternal; a *perfect gnani* is only the *jivanmukta*, but anyone who is on the road of development to this end may be (relatively) called *gnani*, while anyone who is less advanced is comparatively an *agnani*. As, however, every *gnani* sees the ultimate goal *above* himself, he will call himself an *agnani*, until he has attained *jivanmukta*; moreover, no true mystic will ever call any fellow-man a "fool" in the intellectual sense of the word, for he lays very little stress on intellectuality. To him anyone is a "fool" only in so far as he cares for (worldly) existence and strives for anything else than wisdom, deliverance, paranirvana. And this turn of mind is entirely a question of the "will" of the individuality. The "will" of the *agnani* is carrying him from spirit into matter (descending arch of the cycle), while the "will" of the *gnani* disentangles him from matter and makes him soar up towards "spirit" and out of all existence. This question of overcoming the "dead point" in the circle is by no means one of intellectuality; it is quite likely that a sister of mercy or a common labourer may have turned the corner while the Bacons, Goethes, Humboldts, &c., may yet linger on the descending side of existence tied down to it by their individual wants and desires. (b)

(b). *Agnam*, instead of *agnani* was of course a printer's mistake. With such every Journal and Magazine abounds, in Germany, I suppose, as much as in England, and from which LUCIFER is no more free than the Sphinx. It is the printer's and the proof-reader's Karma. But it is a worse mistake, however, to translate *Agnani* by "fool," all the Beals, Oldenbergs, Webers, and Hardys, to the contrary. *Gnana* (or, *Jñāna*, rather) is Wisdom certainly, but even more, for it is the spiritual knowledge of things divine, unknown to all but those who attain it—and which saves the *Jivanmuktas* who have mastered both Karmayoga and *Jñānayoga*. Hence, if all those who have not *jñāna* (or *gnana*) at their fingers' end, are to be considered "fools" this would mean that the whole world save a few Yogis is composed of fools, which would be *out-carlyleing* Carlyle in his opinion of his countrymen. *Ajnāna*, in truth, means simply "ignorance of the true Wisdom," or literally, "Wisdomless" and not at all "fool." To explain that the word "fool" is "never understood intellectually" is to say nothing, or worse, an Irish bull, as, according to every etymological definition and dictionary, a *fool* is one who is *deficient in intellect* and "destitute of reason." Therefore, while thanking the kind doctor for the trouble he has taken to explain so minutely the vexed Sanskrit term, I can do so only in the name of LUCIFER's readers, not for myself, as I knew all he says, *minus* his risky new definition of "fool" and *plus* something else, probably as early as on the day when he made his first appearance into this world of *Maya*. No doubt, neither Bacon, Humboldt, nor even the great Hæckel himself, the "light of Germany," could ever be regarded as "gnanis"; but no more could any European I know of, however much he may have rid himself of all "individual wants and desires."—H. P. B.

4. As we agree, that all existence, in fact, the whole world and the whole of its evolutionary process, its joys and evils, its gods and its devils, are *Maya*

(illusion) or erroneous conception of the true reality : how can it appear to us worth while to assist and to promote this process of misconception ? (a)

*Answer. (a.)* Precisely, because the term *maya*, just like that of "agnana" in your own words—expresses only a *relative* notion. The world . . . "its joys and evils, its gods and devils," and men to boot, are undeniably, when compared with that awful reality *everlasting eternity*, no better than the productions and tricks of *maya*, illusion. But there the line of demarcation is drawn. So long as we are incapable of forming even an approximately correct conception of this *inconceivable* eternity, for us, who are just as much an *illusion* as anything else outside of that eternity, the sorrows and misery of that greatest of all illusions—human life in the universal *mahamaya*—for us, I say, such sorrows and miseries are a vivid and a very sad reality. A shadow from your body, dancing on the white wall, is a reality so long as it is there, for yourself and all who can see it ; because a reality is just as relative as an illusion. And if one "illusion" does not help another "illusion" of the same kind to study and recognise the true nature of Self, then, I fear, very few of us will ever get out from the clutches of *maya*.—H.P.B.

5. Like all world-existence, time and causality also are only *Maya* or—as Kant and Schopenhauer have proved beyond contradiction—are only *our* conditioned notions, *forms* of *our* intellection. Why then should any moment of time, or one of our own unreal forms of thought, be more favourable to the attainment of paranirvana than any other ? To this paranirvana, Atma, or true reality, any manvantara is just as unreal as any pralaya. And this is the same with regard to *causality*, as with respect to *time*, from whichever point of view you look at it. If from that of absolute reality, all causality and karma are unreal, and to realize this *unreality* is the secret of deliverance from it. But even if you look at it from the *agnana*-view, that is to say, taking existence for a reality, there can never (in "time") be an end—nor can there have been a beginning—of causality. It makes, therefore, no difference whether any world is in pralaya or not ; also Vedanta rightly says that during any pralaya the *karana sharira* (causal body, agnana) of Ishvara and of all jivas, in fact, of all existence, is continuing.(b) And how could this be otherwise ? After the destruc-

(b.) This is again a *Visishtadvaita* interpretation, which we do not accept in the esoteric school. We cannot say, as they do that while the gross bodies alone perish, the *sukshma* particles, which they consider uncreated and indestructible and the only real things, alone remain. Nor do we believe any Vedantin of the Sankaracharya school would agree in uttering such a heeey. For this amounts to saying that *Manomaya Kosha*, which corresponds to what we call *Manas*, mind, with its volitious feelings and even *Kamarupa* the vehicle of the *lower* manas, also survives during pralaya. See page 185 in *Five Years of Theosophy* and ponder over the three classifications of the human principles. Thence it follows that the *Karana Sarira* (which means simply the *human Monad* collectively or the reincarnating ego), the "causal body" cannot continue ; especially if, as you say, it is *agnana*, ignorance or the *wisdomless* principle, and even agreeably with your definition "a fool." The idea alone of this "fool" surviving during any pralaya, is enough to make the hair of any Vedanta philosopher and even of a full blown Jivanmukta, turn grey, and thrust him right back into an "agnani" again. Surely as you formulate it, this must be a *lapsus calami* ! And why should the *Karana Sarira* of Iswara let alone that of "all Jivas" (!) be necessary during *pralaya* for the evolution of another universe ? Iswara, whether as a personal god, or an *intelligent* independent principle, *per se*, every Buddhist whether esoteric or exoteric and orthodox, will reject ; while some Vedantins would define him as Parabrahm *plus* *MAYA* only, *i.e.* a conception valid enough during the reign of *maya*, but not otherwise. That which remains during pralaya is the eternal potentiality of every condition of *Pragna* (consciousness) contained in that plane or *field* of consciousness, which the Advaita calls *Chidakasan* and *Chinmatra* (abstract consciousness), which, being absolute, is therefore perfect *unconsciousness*—as a true Vedantin would say.—H.P.B.

tion of any universe in pralaya, must not another appear ? Before our present universe must there not have been an infinite number of other universes ? How could this be, if the cause of existence did not last through any pralaya

as well as through any kalpa? And if so, why should any pralaya be a more favourable moment for the attainment of paranirvana than any manvantara?

6. But if then one moment of time and one phase of causality were more favourable for this than any other: why should it just be *any* pralaya after a manvantara, not the end of the *maha-kalpa* or at least that of a *kalpa*. In any kalpa (of 4,320 millions of earthly years) there are 14 manvantaras and pralayas and in each maha-kalpa (of 311,040 milliars of earthly years) there are  $(36,000 \times 14)$  504,000 manvantaras and pralayas. Why is this opportunity of paranirvana offered just so often and not oftener, or not once only at the end of each universe. In other words, why can paranirvana only be obtained by spurts and in batches; why, if it cannot be attained by any individuality at its *own* time, why must one wait only for the whole of one's present fellow-humanity; why not also for all the animals, plants, amœbas and protoplasms, perhaps also for the minerals of our planet—and why not also for the entities on all the other stars of the universe? (a)

*Answer. (a.)* As Dr. Hübner Schleiden objects in the form of questions to statements and arguments that have never been formulated by me, I have nothing to say to this.—H.P.B.

7. But, it appears, the difficulty lies somewhat deeper still. That which has to be overcome, in order to attain paranirvana, is the erroneous conception of separateness, the selfishness of individuality, the "thirst for existence" (*trishna, tanha*). It stands to reason, that this sense of individuality can only be overcome individually: How can this process be dependent on other individualities or anything else at all? Selfishness in the *abstract* which is the cause of all existence, in fact, *Agnana* and *Maya*, can never be *all together* removed and extinguished. Agnana is as endless as it is beginningless, and the number of jivas (atoms?) is absolutely infinite; if the jivas of a whole universe were to be extinguished in paranirvana, jivaship and agnana would not be lessened by one atom. In fact, both are mere unreality and misconception. Now, why should just one batch of humanity have to unite, in order to get rid each of his own misconception of reality? (b)

(b.) Here again the only "unreality and misconception" I can perceive are his own. I am glad to find my correspondent so learned, and having made such wonderful progress since I saw him last some three years ago, when still in the fulness of his *agnana*; but I really cannot see what all his arguments refer to?—H.P.B.

Summing up, I will now give three instances of the difference in which, I think a Mystic or (exoteric) Buddhist, Bhikshu or Arhat, on the one side, and an occultist or theosophist on the other, would act, if both are fully consistent with their views and principles. Both will certainly use any opportunity which offers itself to do good to their fellow-men; but the good which they will try to do, will be of a different kind.

Supposing they meet a poor, starving wretch, with whom they share their only morsel of bread: the mystic will try to make the man understand that the body is only to be kept up, because that entity which lives in it has a certain spiritual destination, and that this destination is nothing less than getting rid of all existence, and, at the same time, of all wants and desires; that having to beg for one's food is no real hardship, but might give a happier life than that of rich people with all their imaginary worries and pretensions, that, in fact, the life of a destitute who *is* nothing and who *has* nothing in the world, is the "happy

life"—as Buddha and Jesus have shown—when it is coupled with the right aspiration to the eternal, the only true and unchangeable reality, the divine peace. If the mystic finds that the man's heart is incapable of responding to any keynote of such true religiousness, he will leave him alone, hoping that, at some future time, he too will find out that all his worldly wants and desires are insatiable and unsatisfying, and that after all true and final happiness can only be found in striving for the eternal.—Not so the occultist. He will know that he himself *cannot* finally realise the eternal, until every other human individuality has likewise gone through all the worldly aspirations and has been weaned from them. He will, therefore, try to assist this poor wretch first in his worldly affairs; he will perhaps teach him some trade or handicraft by which he can earn his daily bread, or he will plan with him some socialistic scheme for bettering the worldly position of the poor.

*Answer.* Here the "Mystic" acts precisely as a "Theosophist or Occultist of the Eastern school" would. It is extremely interesting to learn where Dr. Hübner Schleiden has studied "Occultists" of the type he is describing? If it is in Germany, then pitying the Occultist who *knows* "that he himself *cannot* realize the eternal" until every human soul has been weaned from "worldly aspirations" I would invite him to come to London where other Occultists who reside therein would teach him better. But then why not qualify the "Occultist" in such case and thus show his nationality? Our correspondent mentions with evident scorn, "Socialism" in this letter, as often as he does "Cosmology?" We have but two English Socialists, so far, in the T.S. of which two every Theosophist ought to be proud and accept them as his exemplar in practical Buddha—and Christ-like charity and virtues. Such socialists—two active altruists full of unselfish love and charity and ready to work for all that suffers and needs help—are decidedly worth ten thousand Mystics and other *Theosophers*, whether German or English, who talk instead of acting and sermonize instead of teaching. But let us take note of our correspondent's second instance.—H.P.B.

Secondly, supposing further the mystic and the occultist meet two women, the one of the "Martha" sort, the other of the "Mary" character. The mystic will first remind both that every one has, in the first instance, to do his or her duty conscientiously, be it a compulsory or a self-imposed duty. Whatever one has once undertaken and wherever he or she has contracted any obligation towards a fellow-being, this has to be fulfilled "up to the uttermost farthing." But, on the other hand, the mystic will, just for this very reason, warn them against creating for themselves new attachments to the world and worldly affairs more than they find absolutely unavoidable. He will again try to direct the whole of their attention to their final goal and kindle in them every spark of high and genuine aspiration to the eternal.—Not so the occultist. He may also say all that the mystic has said and which fully satisfies "Mary"; as "Martha," however, is not content with this and thinks the subject rather tedious and wearisome, he will have compassion with her worldliness and teach her some esoteric cosmology or speak to her of the possibilities of developing psychic powers and so on.

*Answer.* Is the cat out of the bag at last? I am asked to "oblige" our correspondent by answering questions, and instead of clear statements, I find no better than transparent hints against the working methods of the T.S. ! Those who go against "esoteric cosmology" and the development of psychic powers are not forced to study either. But I have heard these objections four years ago, and they too, were started by a certain "Guru" we are both acquainted with, when that learned "Mystic" had had enough of Chelaship and suddenly developed the ambition of becoming a Teacher. They are stale.—H.P.B.

Thirdly, supposing our mystic and our occultist meet a sick man who applies to them for help. Both will certainly try to cure him the best they can. At the

same time, both will use this opportunity to turn their patient's mind to the eternal if they can ; they will try to make him see that everything in the world is only the *just* effect of some cause, and that, as he is consciously suffering from his present illness, he himself *must* somewhere have consciously given the corresponding and adequate cause for his illness, either in his present or in any former life ; that the only way of getting finally rid of all ills and evils is, not to create any more causes, but rather to abstain from all doing, to rid oneself of every avoidable want and desire, and in this way to lift oneself above all causality (karma). This, however, can only be achieved by putting good objects of aspiration into the place of the bad, the better object into that of the good, and the best into that of the better ; directing, however, one's whole attention to our highest goal of consummation and living in the eternal as much as we can, this is the *only* mode of thought that will *finally* deliver us from the imperfections of existence.

If the patient cannot see the force of this train of argument or does not like it, the mystic will leave him to his own further development, and to some future opportunity which might bring the same man near him again, but in a more favourable state of mind.

Not so the occultist. He will consider it his duty to stick to this man to whose Karma, as to that of everyone else, he is irremediably and unavoidably bound ; he will not abandon him until he has helped him on to such an advanced state of true spiritual development that he begins to see his final goal and to aspire to it "with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his might." In the meantime, however, the occultist will try to prepare him for that by helping him to arrange his worldly life in a manner as favourable to such an aspiration as possible. He will make him see that vegetarian or rather fruit-diet is the only food fully in accordance with human nature ; he will teach him the fundamental rules of esoteric hygienics ; he will show him how to make the right use of vitality (mesmerism), and as he does not feel any aspiration for the nameless and formless eternal, he will meanwhile make him aspire for esoteric knowledge and for occult powers.

Now, will you do us the great favour to show us reasons *why* the mystic is wrong and the occultist right, or why paranirvana should not be attained by any individuality and at any time, when its *own* karma has been burnt by *gnana* in *samadhi*, and independent of the karma of any other individual or that of humanity.

Yours sincerely,

HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN.

Neuhagen bei München, September, 1889.

*Answer.* As no Occultist of my acquaintance would act in this supposed fashion no answer is possible. We theosophists, and especially your humble servant, are too occupied with our work to lose time at answering supposititious cases and fictions. When our prolific correspondent tells us *whom* he means under the name of the "Occultist" and *when* or *where* the latter has acted in that way, I will be at his service. Perhaps he means some Theosophist or rather member of the T.S. under this term? For I, at any rate, never met yet an "Occultist" of that description. As to the closing question I believe it was sufficiently answered in the earlier explanations of this reply.

Yours, as sincerely

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

## TO ALL WHO TAKE A PRACTICAL INTEREST IN THEOSOPHY.

IN the June number of this magazine I published an appeal for help and co-operation in the important work of influencing the press of this country in the subject of Theosophy.

My efforts in obtaining the interest of editors of newspapers and other journals have met with much greater success than I could have anticipated, proving beyond doubt that Theosophy is now attracting general attention, and that the influence of the press can be utilized to a very great extent in popularizing the subject.

This simply means that thousands who might not otherwise hear of it will have their minds directed to Theosophy, and Theosophists well know that the little grain of seed, planted in the right soil, soon takes root, and may become a mighty tree.

The number of workers who are now helping me in this special way, are quite inadequate to deal with the ever-increasing amount of work, and I greatly need the co-operation of all who are practically interested in spreading the knowledge of Theosophy, if only to the small extent indicated in my last appeal (*vide* June number). I have received very few replies to that appeal, perhaps because it has not reached the right persons, perhaps because Theosophists have not realized the importance of *doing what they can*, however little that may be, or the fact that however small may be the help they can give individually, *collectively* their help is of the greatest importance and value.

Trusting that those who are willing to devote a little spare time to the work will communicate with me, and that others will respond by co-operating in one or other of the ways indicated in my last appeal,

I remain

Yours fraternally

A. A. M. DE PALLANDT.

36 Bryanston St. Hyde Park W.

We are asked to publish the following letter, addressed to the editor of the Lotus.

Mon cher Gaboriau,

À la page 707 du dernier No. du Lotus, je lis les lignes suivantes à propos de Mme. Blavatsky : —

“ Elle avait pris soin elle-même, lors d’une visite que *nous* lui fîmes, *Amara-vella* et moi, à Ostende, en Novembre 1886, d’entretenir ce sentiment en *nous*, refusant avec une habileté merveilleuse, que *nous* prenions alors pour de la sincérité, toutes les attaques portées contre elle. . . . *Nous* avons reconnu petit à petit notre erreur. . . . ”

Je demande à protester contre cette invasion de ma personnalité. Une fois déjà je me suis trouvé impliqué dans une affaire dont je ne voulais pas me mêler extérieurement, lorsque tu publias *in extenso* une lettre que tu m’avais demandé “pour lire à quelques amis en séance privée.” Je n’ai pas protesté alors, car je

venais d'apprendre à mes dépens le prix du silence. C'est par le silence encore en cessant d'écrire dans le Lotus, que j'ai protesté contre les attaques de personnalités qu'il contient depuis quelques mois. Et si je viens de t'envoyer un article pour le dernier numéro, c'était que jugeant la leçon suffisante, je tenais à montrer que je n'ai aucune rancune personnelle contre qui que ce soit encore moins contre un vieil ami. Je suis fâché que tu aies cru devoir interpréter soit mon silence, soit la rupture de ce silence, d'une façon qui m'oblige à protester publiquement.

Mes opinions au sujet de notre "mère spirituelle" sont diamétralement opposées aux tiennes. J'ai vécu avec elle assez longtemps et assez intimement pour savoir à quoi m'en tenir. Telles qu'elles, je garde mes appréciations, d'abord par ce qu'en occultisme on apprend à refuser de juger ses frères ou de se laisser juger soi-même d'après les mesures du monde où l'on "cancane," et ensuite pour ne pas embarrasser de nouveaux problèmes les lecteurs du Lotus, que doivent déconcerter déjà pas mal les courbes d'esprit de cette revue, plus compliquées encore que celles de "la monade humaine rentrant dans l'unité."

Enfin, espérons qu'une dernière courbe nous ramènera tous au même centre, car, comme tu dis, nous sommes tous jeunes, et nous n'avons pas dit notre dernier mot.

AMARAVELLA.

25 Septembre, 1889.

#### INCARNATION OF THE DEVACHANIC ENTITY.

ESOTERIC Science teaches that after death the three lowest principles in man get dispersed on earth, while the four higher are projected into *Kama-loka*, which is a sort of purgatory. Here the fourth and the lower half of the fifth expend their force, after which the upper half of the fifth (the higher Personality) assimilates itself with the sixth. Thus the two-and-a-half highest principles pass into Devachan, the Heaven of Esoteric Religions. Life in Devachan is more or less of the nature of a happy dream, extending over a period which, to us, appears enormous. This ethereal existence of subjective activity takes up from one to two thousand years, by which time the face of the earth has undergone numerous changes. When the Devachanic dream is at last over, the Entity is unconsciously borne along the current of its Karmic impulse, and is said to incarnate in a human body. The body with which it is allied is exactly suitable to the nature of its past Karma.

This doctrine, so logical, reasonable, and just, needs some additional explanation.

A vegetable seed is cast into the ground, it sprouts up and becomes a tree. The animal, as the human protoplasmic speck grows in the womb and in course of time is born after its kind as an animal, or human young one.

The acts of a self-conscious being alone produce Karma. In plants and animals the highest principles are rudimentary, and there being no previous Karma for these, we inquire what it is that causes the various transformations in plants and animals at each succeeding birth.

The materialist places the vegetable and the animal seed on the same level as the human seed, and argues that just as the latent force or forces in the first two

develop them to the plant and animal respectively, so does the human seed grow into a man without any external addition. Esoteric science, however, explains that a Devachanic entity must join a human seed before the latter can become a man. It is, therefore, very important to know at what time the Devachanic entity joins the human foetus, and could any birth take place without a Devachanic entity being allied to it.

And now comes a question which has a very wide significance. The number of human monads in any given manvantar, although appearing to be unlimited, is, in reality, limited. Vast numbers of Devachanic entities are always awaiting to incarnate, and want suitable human embryos to ally themselves with. These embryos could only be supplied by human beings, under certain conditions.

Now it is a fact that in all ages there have been a few men and women who have resolutely, and from pure motives or from motives of necessity (as in the case of those who have not sufficient means to support their offspring) refrained from entering into those conditions which supply the human embryo. It is very reasonable to suppose that there must be many Devachanic entities which would find very fitting habitations in the embryos were they generated by several men and women who now deliberately lead a single life, and do not help in the work of procreation.

Do not such men retard the progress of the Devachanic entities ?

One of the three cardinal rules for the practice of the Initiate is to avoid sexual relationship. We know very well that a very, very small and infinitesimal portion could alone try to become true Initiates. Yet, in the aspiration after higher life, several men, though comparatively infinitesimal in number, would prefer to lead a single life from choice. Do they not, as shown above, violate a natural law in throwing back Devachanic entities whom they would have supplied with human bodies.

Humanity could only progress through a series of rebirths. Rebirths mean incarnations in human bodies from time to time, and these bodies must be procreated, otherwise there could be no rebirths.

Are those men, therefore, who deliberately abstain from the work of procreation wanting in any duty to humanity ? Do they not, in ever so small a degree retard the progress of humanity ?

It may be that while on the one hand such persons may retard progress to some extent, they may further progress in other respects, and it is as well to understand thoroughly the merits and demerits involved in the abstention practised in this particular.

N. D. K.

The editor's reply to the above will appear next month.

#### THEOSOPHICAL (?) DOGMATISM AND INTOLERANCE.

For the 27,599th time, Mr. Richard Harte, in his official capacity as editor of the "Theosophist" assures the world, that "the Theosophical Society does not advocate or promulgate any opinions, has no creed and belongs to no party," and for the 27,599th time nobody believes what he says ; because we have only to open at random any page of the "Theosophist," to find it filled with the most vituperative language and the vilest abuse of everything that does not bear the



stamp of Adyar ; i.e., the "imprimatur" of Richard Harte. Moreover, it is an old played out jesuitical trick, to attempt to distinguish between a church and the members of which that church is composed, and to say that no matter how wicked the clergy or the representatives of a sect may be, their villany does not affect the sanctity of the church or sect. A sect can have no existence apart from the members of which it is composed, and if the representatives of such a sect advocate certain doctrines and denounce everybody as being a fool who will not accept them—then these doctrines must be regarded as belonging to that sect as a whole.

"One who has been a Reader of the 'Theosophist,' but who does not want any more of it. In the name of many who are in the same predicament."

The above is inserted because it is our invariable rule to publish rather reproofs than laudation from our correspondents. If you want to know yourself ask your enemies, not your friends, to describe you ; and however great the exaggerations, you will find more truth, and profit more by the opinion of the former than by that of those who love you. But so much conceded, and agreeing that the acting editor of the *Theosophist* may often deserve blame for his ill-tempered remarks, dictated to him however, only by his sincere zeal for, and devotion to, theosophy, if his remarks are contradictory and *untheosophical*, so are the present observations of our correspondent. Both are members of the T. S., both act *untheosophically* and therefore both "affect the sanctity of Theosophy, or the body of its followers." Moreover, when the President returns to Adyar in January next, it is he who will take once more the *Theosophist* into his hands. Meanwhile, it is true to say, as he good-naturedly does in the September No. (p. 763) that Mr. Harte is inexperienced in the *role* of theosophical editorship. "He (the acting editor), has not got me into *quite* as many rows as Mark Twain did his Editorial Chief, but he may in time !" adds Colonel Olcott. "Forgive and forget," if you are a Theosophist. —[ED.]

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### "LATER-DAY TRACTS."

HAVE you seen the little *brochures* of the Religious Tract Society? They are called *Later-day Tracts*. They profess to illustrate the absence of system in every system of belief. Yes, these gentlemen professors, who execute the contract, are very clever. They do most ingeniously make manifest that nothing is good—except Christianity. Well, Christianity is good too. Not the Christianity of the professors, but that of the "lowly Jesus." But I have a few words to say about these *Later-day Tracts*.

They are very dangerous to Theosophy. They are drawing a knife round the tree which it is the second object of our Society to cultivate—the study of the literature of the Orient. That beautiful tree has enchanted us. Its sweet perfume has overpowered us. But why does this magnificent tree find the soil of the Occident so sterile? why does it not command millions of votaries? You will not believe my reply, but it is on account of the *Later-day Tracts* of the Religious Tract Society.

Ah, when one sees a herd of cattle rushing forward with their heavy thundering tramp, one concludes that nothing can stop them except a deep chasm in their path. But even the good gods cannot provide an earthquake at short notice for stopping these ungainly, stupid animals ; and so even the gods themselves lose the battle when they stand up against dulness. Youthful deities of surpassing beauty are hurled down and trampled beneath their destructive hoofs.

How then can you expect to stand up against the tremendous onslaught made by the professors in these *Later-day Tracts*? There is but one method of combating their unspeakable stupidity. Do you not know that there is a desire in man's nature for that which is pleasing—that it is natural and necessary for a man to turn to the pleasant and to flee from the dull? Conceive, then, the fatal effect of these tracts upon study of the literature of the Orient. "If," say these British people, after reading one of their tracts,—“if Oriental Scripture is such ponderous stuff as this, so uninteresting, so unmeaning, we will have none of it.” And so they shun our world-embracing thought, our profound philosophy.

I have said there is but one way of combating the evil. It is this. In every locality where the Theosophical Society has a branch, let the secretary invite the people in the district (especially the nearest “professors”) to write short essays (such as the *Later-day Tracts*) on some dogma or detail of the popular belief. The beauty of the vicarious Sacrifice, the success of the Missionary System, or any other item which, in the writer's opinion, calls for special remark.

By this means the Secretary will procure from outside an abundance of more silly, pompous, and illucid contributions than he could possibly manufacture inside the walls of the Theosophical Society during a life-time. Thereupon he will immediately establish a Religious Tract Society (or, if he does not like euphuism, an “Other Religions Damnation Society”), and, having printed the silliest and dullest of these essays (an Eclectic committee to be judges), he will send them forth to bring desolation upon the gentle, create disgust amongst the æsthetic, and flatter the spirit of cant and ribaldry amongst the ignorant. For this is what the *brochures* of the Religious Tract Society are doing for Oriental Scripture.

The effect of these measures in the British Isles, where orthodox Christianity has yet, from custom, so firm a grasp, will of course, be slow. But in India, China, Japan, and such countries to which—since here our excellent professors are somewhat scarce—we might export a few tons of “Damnation” tracts the effects of which would indeed be startling.

Personally I deplore it. I deplore the fact that the good gods have no weapon with which to overcome stupidity. Yet I rejoice that it is given to mortal man through his imperfect nature to fight stupidity with like stupidity. And in order to secure an unlimited supply I would recommend our Theosophists to have recourse to the above-mentioned subterfuge, in order to attain popularity.

JAQUES Q—.

Dieppe, Sept., 1889.



Every tree has its shadow, and every cry has its laugh.

A thousand sorrows do not pay a debt.

First tie your horse fast to a post, and then put your trust in God.

A sweet tongue draws the snake from the earth.

Stretch your legs according to the length of your quilt.

(*Turkish Proverbs.*)

## Reviews.

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### POSTHUMOUS HUMANITY.\*

Translated from an article by DR. HUBBE SCHLEIDEN in the *SPHINX* for September.

**A**FTER a general consideration of the work itself, Dr. Hubbe Schleiden proceeds to speak as follows :

"Of this, for our movement epoch-making book, an English translation by Henry S. Olcott is now before us. This gentleman, the present President of the Theosophical Society, has had opportunities of making many and various observations and experiments in the field of supersensuous phenomena, such as have fallen to the lot of no other European. In his present translation of d'Assier, he corrects and completes the author by means of notes with an able and masterly hand, and while the impression of the original is in no way confused or weakened by these additions, they yet considerably add to the value of the work.

"Moreover, this English edition offers a further advantage to those investigators on the field of the psychical and magical, who have a horizon somewhat wider than that of their own race. President Olcott, namely, has utilised the organisation of his Society, which possesses 179 branches and 35,000 members scattered all over India, to ascertain by means of circular letters, what knowledge and views on these subjects prevail in the various parts of India. His circulars contained 16 questions upon the ideas held as to the states or abodes of beings not belonging to our earth-life, upon the views held as to the nature of these (different) beings, their relation to living men, as to any possible intercourse with them, further as to the opinions current as to ghostly occurrences, as to any knowledge of telepathic appearances or of verified predictions received from the dead, as to the practice of enchantment and magic, as to mental healing and voluntary projection of the double.—The answers to these questions, received from the most various parts of India, will be found arranged and collected under each separate question ; and this appendix to the book affords valuable scientific material.

"D'Assier's work, more especially in this translation, is precisely adapted for those beginners in occult investigations who are still influenced by materialism. It is written with logical clearness and calm, one might say with coolness, and gives no openings for attack. It goes no further than a man altogether unprepared could well be induced to follow ; but nevertheless it goes altogether in the right direction."

\* *POSTHUMOUS HUMANITY, A STUDY OF PHANTOMS.* By A. D'ASSIER, member of the Bordeaux Academy of Sciences. Translated and annotated by H. S. OLCOTT. London, G. REDWAY.

## IRISH INDUSTRIES.\*

**H**ERE is an author who writes from the heart. A son of Erin, every page of whose book glows with love of country and kinsman. The work is a survey of the past condition and present state of the agriculture, manufactures, industries, natural resources, fluctuations of population, and possibilities of poor Ireland. The author's statistics evince the most patient labour and conscientious exactitude on his part, while his hints of the ways and means to elevate the condition and improve the prospects of the nation are practical and judicious. Dr. Daly's book supplies a literary want and will long be ranked as a necessary and trustworthy work of reference in the library of a British statesman.

"SEA SIGNS, NOTES TO NATURE AND MISCELLANEOUS  
POEMS."†

**A**VOLUME of verse, mostly short pieces, nicely printed on thick paper with ample margins, and bound with neat simplicity. So much for the exterior of a volume of which the contents are somewhat unequal in merit. Several of the pieces have real swing and go in them, and would make admirable songs if set to music by a sympathetic composer.

Mr. Mallett has a happy knack of rhythm and neat expression, but none of the pieces in the present volume afford sufficient scope to enable one to judge of his real power. Among the best is a short poem, "The Castaway," written specially for recitation, showing decided dramatic faculty. Two others, entitled respectively "We are merely in the Dawn" and "I promised," strike a bold note of hope in the future of Humanity and in the possibilities of development yet latent in his nature.

\* Glimpses of Irish Industries. By J. BOWLES DALY, LL.D.

† By JOSIAH MALLET.—THE ENGLISH PUBLISHING CO.



## COUNSEL.

Seek not to walk by borrowed light,  
But keep unto thine own.  
Do what thou doest with all thy might,  
And trust thyself alone.

Work for some good, nor idly lie  
Within the human hive,  
And though the outward man should die,  
Keep thou the heart alive.

Strive not to banish pain and doubt  
In pleasure's noisy din :—  
The peace thou seekest for without,  
Is only found within.

If fortune disregard thy claim,  
By worth, her slight attest,  
Nor blush and hang thy head for shame  
When thou hast done thy best.

What thy experience teaches true,  
Be vigilant to heed ;  
The wisdom that we suffer to  
Is wiser than a creed.

Disdain neglect, ignore despair,  
On loves and friendships gone.  
Plant thou thy feet, as on a stair,  
And mount right up and on !

ALICE CAREY.

# LUCIFER

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VOL. V. LONDON, DECEMBER 15TH, 1889. No. 28.

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## THE FALL OF IDEALS.

Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off—and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! . . . And yet, it is never to be forgotten that ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! . Infallibly.

—CARLYLE.

THE approach of a NEW YEAR of Christendom, and the arrival of another *birthday* of the Theosophical Society on which it entered on its fifteenth year,\* afford us a most fitting opportunity to glance backward and see how far public and private ideals have gained or lost ground, and how much they have been changed for better or for worse. This will show, at the same time, whether the advent of the T. S. was timely, and how far it is true that such a Society was an imperious necessity in our age.

Limited by the exclusion of politics from its field of observation, the only horizon that LUCIFER has to watch and pass judgment upon is that which bounds the realm of man's moral and spiritual being. What changes then have taken place during the vanishing year in mortal and immortal man? But here again the sphere of our observation is limited. LUCIFER like a mirror of the times, can only reflect that which comes before its own polished surface, and that only in broadest outline; moreover only those passing pictures of strongest contrast—say of Christian and Heretic life; of the mob of the frivolous and the restricted groups of mystics.

Alas, whether we turn East, West, North or South, it is but a contrast of externals; whether one observes life among Christians or Pagans, worldly or religious men, everywhere one finds oneself dealing with man, masked man—only MAN. Though centuries lapse and decades of ages

\* The complete and final organization of the T. S. took place in New York on November 17th, 1875.

drop out of the lap of time, great reforms take place, empires rise and fall and rise again, and even whole races disappear before the triumphant march of civilization, in his terrific selfishness the "man" that *was* is the "man" that *is*—judged by its representative element the public, and especially society. But have we the right to judge man by the utterly artificial standard of the latter? A century ago we would have answered in the negative. To-day, owing to the rapid strides of mankind toward civilization generating selfishness and making it keep pace with it, we answer decidedly, yes. To-day everyone, especially in England and America, is that public and that society, and exceptions but prove and reinforce the rule. The progress of mankind cannot be summed up by counting units especially on the basis of internal and not external growth. Therefore, we have the right to judge of that progress by the public standard of morality in the majority; leaving the minority to bewail the fall of its ideals. And what do we find? First of all Society—Church, State and Law—in conventional conspiracy, leagued against the public exposure of the results of the application of such a test. They wish the said minority to take Society and the rest *en bloc*, in its fine clothes, and not pry into the social rottenness beneath. By common consent, they pretend to worship an IDEAL, one at any rate, the Founder of their State Christianity; but they also combine to put down and martyrise any unit belonging to the minority who has the audacity, in this time of social abasement and corruption, to live up to it.

Mrs. Lynn Linton has chastised this hypocrisy as with a whip of scorpions in her magnificent satire, "Joshua Davidson." That is a book that surely every Pagan as well as Christian Theosophist should read. As unhappily many have not, let us say that she makes her hero practically exemplify the principles and imitate the human virtues of the Founder of the Christian religion. The sketch is neither a caricature nor a malicious perversion of the truth. A truly Christ-like man, whose heart overflows with a tender passionate compassion, tries to raise the ignorant and sin-crushed classes, and awaken their stifled spirituality. By degrees, through an agony of suffering and persecution, he shows the hollow mockery of popular Christianity, thus anticipating but by a few years the very sincere Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Warmed by the spirit of the code of Jesus, poor Joshua Davidson becomes a Socialist, in time a *Communard* of Paris; consorts with thieves and prostitutes, to help them; is persecuted and hunted down by the Christian clergy and pious laity on his return to England; and finally, at the instigation of the highly respectable vicar of his parish, is stamped to death on the platform, under the boot-heels of a clamorous mob.

This is, perhaps, but a romance; yet in its moral and gradual development of thrilling psychological evolution *it is true to life*. Have we not realities of but yesterday, still fresh in the public mind, that match it? Do we not all know such self-devoting men and women in our midst?

Have we not all of us followed the career of certain individuals, Christ-like in aspirations and practical charity, though, perhaps, Christ-denying and Church-defying in intellect and words, who were tabooed for years by bigoted society, insolent clergy, and persecuted by both to the last limits of law? How many of such victims have found justice and the recognition they merit? After doing the noblest work among the poor for years, embellishing our cold and conventional age by their altruistic charity, making themselves blessed by old and young, beloved by all who suffer, the reward they found was to hear themselves traduced and denounced, slandered and secretly defamed by those unworthy to unloosen the latches of their shoes—the Church-going hypocrites and Pharisees, *the Sanhedrim of the World of Cant!*

Truly Joshua Davidson is a sketch from real life. Thus, out of the many noble ideals trampled practically in the mud by modern society, the one held by the Western World as the highest and grandest of all, is, after all, the most ill-treated. The life preached in the Sermon on the Mount, and the commandments left to the Church by her MASTER, are precisely those ideals that have fallen the lowest in our day. All these are trampled under the heel of the caitiffs of the canting caste *de facto*—though *sub rosa* of course, *cant* preventing that they should do so *de jure*—and *shams* are substituted in their place.

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Such an incident as the glove-fight at the "Pelican Club" leaves one in serious doubt. Is modern Society in England consciously hypocritical, or simply, too hopelessly bereft of guiding moral principles to be aware in all cases, of its own sins? Of course the transaction can be criticised easily enough in the light of mere conventional decorum. There is something strangely contemptible about a state of the law which pursues with angry determination the humble bruisers who arrange their honest and straightforward brutalities in the back parlour of a public-house, and leaves respectfully untouched the peers and gentlemen who parade their pugilists at a fashionable club. The champion potman who is put up by his admirers to fight a pugnacious bricklayer for a few sovereigns a side, knows that the chance of bringing off his battle lies in the cunning with which he and his friends can keep the arrangements secret from the police. Let them be suspected and they will be promptly hunted down; let them be caught in this defiance of the law and they will be surely sent to prison. On the other hand let an aristocratic association of vicarious prize-fighters organise a pugilistic display, behind the thin veil of a pretence that it is a boxing-match with gloves; and then, though the gloves themselves may be so thin that the knuckles beneath are capable of inflicting blows quite as severe in their effect as those of the old-fashioned prize-ring, the proceedings come within the pale of legality, and the services of the police can be openly retained to keep order in the neigh-

bourhood and guard the select audience from the too eager curiosity of the envious crowd in the street.

The text is one on which familiar diatribes against the privileges of the rich can be thrown off in any quantity. And in the case before us the time chosen for the costly encounter, emphasizes in an amusing way the cynicism of the whole undertaking. Nominally, the fight took place on Monday morning, but in reality on Sunday night ; on that which was just Sunday evening for the late diners of the "Pelican." The day which a multitude of enactments both legal and unwritten devote themselves to keeping holy—at the expense of all healthy and natural recreation for the people, whether of mind or body—was the day selected by the luxurious fighters of Soho for the brutal display they served themselves with, at the enormous cost we have all heard of. £1,000 was subscribed as the reward of the combatants, whose zeal in punishing each other was guaranteed—or so the aristocratic and Christian promoters of the fight imagine—by assigning £800 to the man who should be victorious and only £200 to the other. The men went into regular training for their fight, as it were to have been conducted on the undisguised system of former days—and in short the whole entertainment was a *prize-fight* to all intents and purposes, and was expected to be an extremely "well" contested one. That it proved the reverse was a circumstance that need hardly affect any remarks that we have to make on the subject.

We leave the obvious comparisons between the one law which operates in such matters for the poor, and the other law which accommodates itself deferentially to the rich, to be drawn by critics who seek to improve the occasion in the interest of political agitation. There is no particular principle affecting the higher region of morals in the fact that laws are often stupid and unequal. But there are considerations affecting the recent prize-fight which impinge on the great purposes of Theosophy. Apart from all questions of law, how is it possible, we ask, that a great body of Englishmen of education and social respectability can find the promotion of a prize-fight an amusement for their *blasé* leisure, which even the consciences *they* possess can allow them to indulge in? For remember, it is mere senseless abuse of any class or people to say they are without conscience. The members of the "Pelican Club" we may be sure, have all of them codes of honour of some sort or another which they respect in a fashion, which their consciences, however distorted by custom, would forbid them to disregard. If a Sunday evening prize-fight comes within the scheme of enjoyments that seem to them permissible, it is due to the fact that the moral principles really rooted in their thinking do not stand in the way of this ; nor do we find fault with the day selected but simply with *such* an enjoyment on *any* day. For them, however, sons of Protestant families, there is a fall and disregard of *two ideals* implied. With all of them probably, their principles would stand in the way of cheating at cards or hitting a woman. The trouble



is not that their principles are weak or their consciences obscured, so far as regards the code of honour of the circles they belong to ; but that the whole scheme of moral teaching on which they have been reared is debased, imperfect, and above all materialistic. The so-called religion to which they nominally belong has hardly contributed to the formation of that code at all. It would not indeed look favourably on Sunday prize-fights, but it has not sufficient vitality to enforce its ideas on the hearts or lives of its careless adherents. The great scandal of modern religion as a rule of life is, that taking modern Society all round in a broad way, it does not command any attention at all. It has failed not so much to show what ought to be done and left undone—for of course even the maxims of the church as far as words go, cover a great deal of ground—as it has failed to show with any adequate force *why* this or that should be a guiding principle. The modern church, in fact, has broken down as a practical agency governing the acts of its followers—*i.e.* of the millions who are content to be called its followers, but who never dream of listening to a word it says.

Fully conscious that a great deal it says is *very good*, its exponents (blandly ignorant how bad is a great deal of the rest) think it is owing to the perversity of mankind that people at large are not better than they are. They never realise that they themselves—the Dry Monopole of social wines—are primarily to blame, for having divorced the good codes of morals, bequeathed to them from the religions of all time, from the fundamental sanctions which a correct appreciation of true spiritual science would attach to them. They have converted the divine teaching which is the Theosophy of all ages into a barbarous caricature, and they expect to find their parrot echoes of preposterous creeds a cry that will draw the worldlings to their fold, an appeal which will stir them up to the sublime task of spiritualizing their own natures. They fail to see that the command to love one another must be ineffective in the care of people whose whole conceptions of futurity turn upon their chances of drawing a lucky number in the lottery of the elect, or of dodging the punishment that would naturally be their due, at a happy moment when the divine mind may be thrown off its balance by reflecting on the beauty of the Christian sacrifice. The teachers of modern religion, in fact, have lost touch with the wisdom underlying their own perverted doctrines, and the blind followers of these blind leaders have lost touch even with the elementary principles of physical morality which the churches still continue to repeat, without understanding their purpose, and from mere force of habit. The ministers of religion, in short, of the Nineteenth Century, have eaten the sour grapes of ignorance, and the teeth of their unfortunate children are set on edge. Certainly there was a good deal of bad Karma made at the "Pelican Club" on the evening of the celebrated prize-fight, but no small share of it will have been carried to the account of the

forlorn pastors who idly and ignorantly let slip their golden opportunities all over the town that morning, as on all others, and left their congregations unmoved by any thought that could help them to realise how they would go out of the churches into the world again when service was over, to contribute by every act and example of their lives to the formation of their own destinies and the crystallisation in their own future of the aspirations and desires they might encourage.

Of all the beautiful ideals of the Past, that true religious feeling that manifests in the worship of the spiritually beautiful alone, and the love of plain truth, are those that have been the most roughly handled in this age of obligatory dissembling. We are surrounded on all sides by Hypocrisy, and those of its followers of whom Pollok has said that they were men:—

“Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,  
To serve the devil in.”

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Oh the unspeakable hypocrisy of our age! The age when everything under the Sun and Moon is for sale and bought. The age when all that is honest, just, noble-minded, is held up to the derision of the public, sneered at, and deprecated; when every truth-loving and fearlessly truth-speaking man is hooted out of polite Society, as a transgressor of cultured traditions which demand that every member of it should accept that in which he does not believe, say what he does not think, and lie to his own soul! The age, when the open pursuit of any of the grand ideals of the Past is treated as almost insane eccentricity or fraud; and the rejection of empty form—the dead letter that killeth—and preference for the Spirit “that giveth life”—is called *infidelity*, and forthwith the cry is started, “Stone him to death!” No sooner is the sacrifice of empty conventionalities, that yield reward and benefit but to self, made for the sake of practically working out some grand humanitarian idea that will help the masses, than a howl of indignation and pious horror is raised: the doors of fashionable Society are shut on the transgressor, and the mouths of slanderous gossips opened to dishonour his very name.

Yet, we are daily served with sanctimonious discourses upon the blessings conferred by *Christian civilization* and the advantages offered by both, as contrasted with the curses of “heathenism” and the superstitions and horrors of say—the Middle Ages. The Inquisition with its burning of heretics and witches, its tortures at the stake and on the rack, are contrasted with the great *freedom of modern thought*, on one hand, and the security of human life and property *now*, as compared with their insecurity in days of old. “Is it not civilization that abolished the Inquisition and now affords the beggar the same protection of law as the wealthy duke?” we are asked. “We do not

know," we say. History would make us rather think that it was Napoleon the First, the Attila whose iniquitous wars stripped France and Europe of their lustiest manhood, who abolished the Inquisition, and this not at all for the sake of civilization, but rather because he was not prepared to allow the Church to burn and torture those who could serve him as *chair à canon*. As to the second proposition with regard to the beggar and the duke, we have to qualify it before accepting it as true. The beggar, however right, will hardly find as full justice as the duke will; and if he happens to be unpopular, or an heretic, ten to one he will find the reverse of justice. And this proves that if Church and State *were un-christian* then, they are still *un-christian*, if not more so now.

True Christianity and true civilization ought to be both opposed to murder, however legal. And yet we find, in the last half of our departing century more human lives sacrificed—because of the improved system and weapons of warfare, *thanks to the progress of science and civilization*—than there were in its first half. "Christian civilization," indeed! Civilization, perhaps; but why "Christian"? Did Pope Leo XIII. personify it when in an agony of despair he shut himself up on the day when Bruno's monument was unveiled, and marked it as a *dies iræ* in Church History? But may we not turn to civilization, pure and simple? "Our manners, our civilization," says Burke, "and all the good things connected with manners . . . have in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles. . . . I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." We are quite willing to test the character of the age by these ideals. Only, it has always been hard to say just what definition to give to the term "gentleman"; while as to religion, ninety-nine out of every hundred people one meets would, if asked, reply in such a fashion as to make it plain that they had confounded religion with theology. The dictionary definition of a "gentleman" is that of a man who is well-born, of "gentle and refined manners, and who bears arms"; a "gentleman farmer" is one who farms his own estate, and a "gentleman usher" an unpaid royal flunkey. But this will hardly do. For how many are there not, in the most aristocratic circle, with a dozen quarterings on their arms, who are vicious and depraved to a degree, for which the parallel must not be sought in Whitechapel but in the Rome of the Cæsars. In comparison with the vices of these, the Odyssey at the "Pelican Club" may be viewed as the childish escapade of schoolboys.

Nay, if the truth is to be told, the habits of Royal Sons and Imperial Heirs Apparent are often unspeakably immoral and uncivilized. The fountain of honour, instead of supplying pure water, overruns with moral putridity. With such examples as these, can we wonder at the disrespect shown by lesser stars for minor ideals? Our "Admirable Crichtons" of to-day beat their swords into yard-sticks, and lend the

honour of their arms for a dividend in shady companies juggled upon the Exchange. The modern troubadour sings not under the balcony of his lady-love, nor defends her honour in the lists of chivalry; but when jilted, writes her name on the list of defendants in breach-of-promise cases, and demands of a jury substantial damages in £. s. d. The marks of "honour" given in days of old for saving human life at one's own peril, for noble deeds of valour and heroism achieved, are now too often reserved for those who triumph in the bloodless battlefield of commercial strife and advertisement; and grand "gold medals of HONOUR" (!?) are now falling to the lot of the proprietors of matches, pills and soaps. O shades of Leonidas of Sparta, of Solon and Perikles, veil your astral faces! Rejoice, ye *larvæ* of the too much married Solomon and of the Temple money-changers! And ye, imperial spooks of Caligula, Constantine and the world-conquering Cæsars, look at your caricatures on the Servian and other thrones. The claws of the royal lions of the XIXth century are clipped, and their teeth extracted; yet they try to emulate your historical vices in their humble way, sufficiently well to have lost long ago all claim to be regarded as the "Lord's anointed," to be prayed for, flattered and pandered to by their respective churches. And yet they are. What an unparalleled farce!

But perhaps we have to look for true Christianity and true civilization and culture in the modern higher courts of Law? Alas, there are modern judges of whom their Lord (our Karma) would say, "Hear what the unjust judge sayeth." For, in our day, the decree of justice is sometimes uttered in the voice of the bigots who sit in Solomon's seat and judge as the Inquisitors of old did. In our century of Christian civilization, judges emulating their predecessors of the tribunal of the sons of Loyola, employ the more exquisite instruments of *moral* torture, to insult and goad to desperation a helpless plaintiff or defendant. In this they are aided by advocates, often the type of the ancient headsman, who, metaphorically, break the bones of the wretch seeking justice; or worse yet, defile his good name and stab him to the heart with the vilest innuendoes, false suppositions concocted for the occasion but which the victim knows will henceforth become *actual truths* in the mouth of foul gossip and slander. Between the defunct brutal tortures of the unchristian Inquisition of old, and the more refined mental tortures of its as unchristian but more civilized copy—our Court and truculent cross-examiners, the palm of "gentleness" and charity might almost be given to the former.

Thus we find every ideal of old, moral and spiritual, abased to correspond with the present low moral and unspiritual conceptions of the public, Brutalized by a psychical famine which has lasted through generations, they are ready to give every ideal spiritual Regenerator as food for the dogs, while like their debauched prototypes, the Roman populace under

Nero, Caligula, and Heliogabalus, they crowd to see bull-fights in Paris, where the wretched horses drag their bleeding bowels around the arena, imported *Almées* dancing their loathsome *danse du ventre*, black and white pugilists bruising each other's features into bloody pulp, and "raise the roof" with their cheers when the Samsons and Sandows burst chains and snap wires by expanding their preternatural muscles. Why keep up the old farce any longer? Why not change the Christmas carol thus:—

*Gladiator ratus hodie.*

Or change the well-known anthem after this fashion:—

"GLORY TO GOLD IN THE HIGHEST  
AND ON EARTH STRIFE, ILL-WILL TOWARD MEN."

To transmute the *god* of the "uncivilized" age to the *gold* of the present cultured age, needs but the addition of an "l": a trifle to this generation of idolators who worship the coins of their respective realms, as the concrete embodiment of *their* highest ideal.

Avaunt! We are ready to make a free gift to Society with our best compliments, of all those fine European "gentlemen" and Christian champions of our century—the century of mock-civilization and mock-Christianity. As many of the former do not scruple to cheat their hard-working tradesmen out of their dues to pay their gambling debts withal, so many of the latter do not hesitate to receive on false pretences ample "collections" and personal livings, from too-confiding flocks. For who can deny that they entice them to exchange their worldly gear for promissory notes made payable in a post-mortem state of which they themselves know nothing and in which many of them do not believe? Nothing then would be nicer than for a wall to be built around Mayfair, turned into a modern *Parc aux Cerfs* and a *Camp of Moses* combined, for the confinement of the modern Bayards, *preux chevaliers* without reproach or fear, and the modern Pharisees, both types of the glorious Christian civilization with its divine ideal of cultured and converted Humanity. For then, and then only, would we Theosophists and other decent folk be free to consort unmolested with those who are called "sinners and publicans" by the modern "Synagogue of Jesuits—" with the Joshua Davidsons of Whitechapel. Nor would the masses of truly religious souls be the losers, were they to be left to the sole care of the few truly Christian priests and clergymen we know of; those who now live in the daily fear of being made to appear on their trial before their bishops and churches for the unpardonable crime of serving their *ideal* MASTER in preference to the dead forms of their ecclesiastical superiors.

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## THEOSOPHICAL VIEWS ON THE PRECEDING.

IN a world of illusion in which the law of evolution operates, nothing could be more natural than that the ideals of MAN—as a unit of the total, or mankind—should be for ever shifting. A part of the Nature around him, that Protean, ever changing Nature, every particle of which is incessantly transformed, while the harmonious body remains as a whole ever the same, like these particles man is continually changing, physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually. At one time he is at the topmost point of the circle of development; at another, at the lowest. And, as he thus alternately rises and sinks, and his moral nature responsively expands or contracts, so will his moral code at one time embody the noblest altruistic and aspirational ideals, while at the other, the ruling conscience will be but the reflection of selfishness, brutality and faithlessness. But this, however, is so only on the external, illusionary plane. In their internal, or rather, *essential* constitution, both nature and man are at one, as their essence is identical. All grows and develops and strives toward perfection on the former planes of externality or, as well said by a philosopher is—“ever becoming;” but on the ultimate plane of the spiritual essence all is, and remains therefore immutable. It is toward this eternal *Esse* that every thing, as every being, is gravitating, gradually, almost imperceptibly, but as surely as the Universe of stars and worlds moves towards a mysterious point known to, yet still unnamed by, astronomy and called by the Occultists—the *central Spiritual Sun*.

Hitherto, it was remarked in almost every historical age that a wide interval, almost a chasm, lay between practical and ideal perfection. Yet, as from time to time certain great characters appeared on earth who taught mankind to look beyond the veil of illusion, man learnt that the gulf was not an impassable one; that it is the province of mankind through its higher and more spiritual races to fill the great gap more and more with every coming cycle; for every man, as a unit, has it in his power to add his mite toward filling it. Yes; there are still men, who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry *débris* of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now *ideal* human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had Mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and rebecome *a race of gods*.

Meanwhile, the periodical rise and fall of human character on the external planes takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding. But as such changes are not always the work of centuries, for often extreme changes are wrought by swift acting forces—*e.g.* by wars, speculations, epidemics, the devastation of famines or religious fanaticism—therefore, do the blind masses imagine that man ever was, is, and will be the same. To the eyes of us, moles, mankind is like our globe—seemingly stationary. And yet, both move in space and time with an equal velocity, around themselves and—*onward*.

Moreover, at whatever end of his evolution, from the birth of his consciousness,

in fact, man was, and still is, the vehicle of a dual spirit in him—good and evil. Like the twin sisters of Victor Hugo's grand, posthumous poem "Satan"—the progeny issued respectively from Light and Darkness—the angel "Liberty" and the angel "Isis-Lilith" have chosen man as their dwelling on earth, and these are at eternal strife in him.

The Churches tell the world that "man is born in sin," and John (1st Epist. iii., 8) adds that "He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning." Those who still believe in the rib-and-apple fable and in the rebellious angel "Satan," believe, as a matter of course in a personal Devil—as a contrast in a dualistic religion—to a personal God. We, Theosophists of the Eastern school, believe in neither. Yet we go, perhaps, further still than the Biblical dead letter. For we say that while as *extra-cosmic* Entities there is neither god nor devil, that both exist, nevertheless. And we add that both dwell on earth in man, being in truth, *the very man himself*, who is, as a physical being, the devil, the true vehicle of *evil*, and as a spiritual entity—god, or *good*. Hence, to say to mankind, "thou hast the devil," is to utter as metaphysical a truth as when saying to all its men, "Know ye not that god dwelleth in you?" Both statements are true. But, we are at the turning point of the great social cycle, and it is the former fact which has the upper hand at present. Yet as—to paraphrase a Pauline text—"there be devils many . . . yet there is but one Satan," so while we have a great variety of devils constituting collectively mankind, of such grandiose Satanic characters as are painted by Milton, Byron and recently by Victor Hugo, there are few, if any. Hence, owing to such mediocrity, are the human ideals falling, to remain unreplaced; a prose-life as spiritually dead as the London November fog, and as alive with brutal materialism and vices, the seven capital sins forming but a portion of these, as that fog is with deadly microbes. Now we rarely find aspirations toward the eternal ideal in the human heart, but instead of it every thought tending toward the one central idea of our century, the great "I," *self* being for each the one mighty centre around which the whole Universe is made to revolve and turn.

When the Emperor Julian—called the *Apostate* because, believing in the grand ideals of his forefathers, the Initiates, he would not accept the human anthropomorphic form thereof—saw for the last time his beloved gods appear to him, he wept. Alas, they were no longer the bright spiritual beings he had worshipped, but only the decrepit, pale and worn out shades of the gods he had so loved. Perchance they were the prophetic vision of the departing ideals of his age, as also of our own cycle. These "gods" are now regarded by the Church as *demons* and called so; while he who has preserved a poetical, lingering love for them, is forthwith branded as an Antichrist and a modern Satan.

Well, Satan is an elastic term, and no one has yet ever given even an approximately logical definition of the symbolical meaning of the name. The first to anthropomorphize it was John Milton; he is his true putative intellectual father, as it is widely conceded that the *theological* Satan of the Fall is the "mind-born Son" of the blind poet. Bereft of his theological and dogmatic attributes Satan is simply an *adversary*;—not necessarily an "arch fiend" or a "persecutor of men," but possibly also a foe of evil. He may thus become a Saviour of the oppressed, a champion of the weak and poor, crushed by the

minor devils (men), the demons of avarice, selfishness and hypocrisy. Michelet calls him the "Great Disinherited" and takes him to his heart. The giant Satan of poetical concept is, in reality, but the compound of all the dissatisfied and noble intellectuality of the age. But Victor Hugo was the first to intuitively grasp the occult truth. Satan, in his poem of that name, is a truly grandiose Entity, with enough human in him to bring it within the grasp of average intellects. To realise the Satans of Milton and of Byron is like trying to grasp a handful of the morning mist: there is nothing *human* in them. Milton's Satan wars with angels who are a sort of flying puppets, without spontaneity, pulled into the stage of being and of action by the invisible string of theological predestination; Hugo's Lucifer fights a fearful battle with his own terrible passions and again becomes an Archangel of Light, after the awfullest agonies ever conceived by mortal mind and recorded by human pen.

All other Satanic ideals pale before his splendour. The Mephisto of Goethe is a true devil of theology; the Ahriman of Byron's "Manfred"—a too supernatural character, and even Manfred has little akin to the human element, great as was the genius of their Creator. All these images pale before Hugo's SATAN, who loves as strongly as he hates. Manfred and Cain are the incarnate *Protests* of downtrodden, wronged and persecuted individuality against the "World" and "Society"—those giant fiends and savage monsters of collective injustice. Manfred is the type of an indomitable will, proud, yielding to no influence earthly or divine, valuing his full absolute freedom of action above any personal feeling or social consideration, higher than Nature and all in it. But, with Manfred as with Cain, the Self, the "I" is ever foremost; and there is not a spark of the all-redeeming love in them, no more than of fear. Manfred will not submit even to the universal Spirit of Evil; alone, face to face with the dark opponent of Ahura-Mazda—Universal Light—Ahriman and his countless hosts of Darkness, he still holds his own. These types arouse in one intense wonder, awe-struck amazement by their all-defiant daring, but arouse no human feeling: they are *too supernatural ideals*. Byron never thought of vivifying his Archangel with that undying spark of love which forms—nay, *must* form the essence of the "First-Born" out of the homogeneous essence of eternal Harmony and Light, and is the element of forgiving reconciliation, even in its (according to our philosophy) last terrestrial offspring—Humanity. Discord is the concomitant of differentiation, and Satan being an evolution, must in that sense, be an adversary, a contrast, being a type of Chaotic matter. The loving essence cannot be extinguished but only perverted. Without this saving redemptive power, embodied in Satan, he simply appears the nonsensical failure of omnipotent and omniscient imbecility which the opponents of theological Christianity sneeringly and very justly make him: with it he becomes a thinkable Entity, the *Asuras* of the Purânic myths, the first *breaths* of Brahmâ, who, after fighting the gods and defeating them are finally themselves defeated and then hurled on to the earth where they incarnate in Humanity. Thus Satanic Humanity becomes comprehensible. After moving around his cycle of obstacles he may, with accumulated experiences, after all the throes of Humanity, emerge again into the light—as Eastern philosophy teaches.

If Hugo had lived to complete his poem, possibly with strengthened insight, he would have blended his Satanic concept with that of the Aryan races which



makes all minor powers, good or evil, born at the beginning and dying, at the close of each "Divine Age." As human nature is ever the same, and sociological, spiritual and intellectual evolution is a question of step by step, it is quite possible that instead of catching one half of the Satanic ideal as Hugo did, the next great poet may get it wholly : thus voicing for his generation the eternal idea of Cosmic equilibrium so nobly emphasized in the Aryan mythology. The first half of that ideal approaches sufficiently to the human ideal to make the moral tortures of Hugo's Satan entirely comprehensible to the Eastern Theosophist. What is the chief torment of this great Cosmic Anarchist? It is the moral agony caused by such a duality of nature—the tearing asunder of the Spirit of Evil and Opposition from the undying element of primeval love in the Archangel. That spark of divine love for Light and Harmony, that no HATE can wholly smother, causes him a torture far more unbearable than his Fall and exile for protest and Rebellion. This bright, heavenly spark, shining from Satan in the black darkness of his kingdom of moral night, makes him visible to the intuitive reader. It made Victor Hugo see him sobbing in superhuman despair, each mighty sob shaking the earth from pole to pole ; sobs first of baffled rage that he cannot extirpate love for divine Goodness (God) from his nature ; then changing into a wail of despair at being cut off from that divine love he so much yearns for. All this is intensely human. This abyss of despair is Satan's salvation. In his *Fall*, a feather drops from his white and once immaculate wing, is lighted up by a ray of divine radiance and forthwith transformed into a bright Being, the Angel LIBERTY. Thus, she is Satan's daughter, the child jointly of God and the Fallen Archangel, the progeny of Good and Evil, of Light and Darkness, and God acknowledges this common and "sublime paternity" that unites them. It is Satan's daughter who saves him. At the acme of despair at feeling himself hated by LIGHT, Satan hears the divine words "No ; I hate thee not." Saith the Voice, "An angel is between us, and her deeds go to thy credit. Man, bound by thee, by her is now delivered."

" O Satan, tu peux dire à present : je vivrai !  
Viens ; l'Ange Liberté, c'est ta fille et la mienne  
Cette paternité sublime nous unit ! . . . "

The whole conception is an efflorescence of metaphysical ideality. This white lotus of thought springs now, as in former ages, from the rottenness of the world of matter, generating *Protest* and LIBERTY. It is springing in our very midst and under our very eyes, from the mire of modern civilization, fecund bed of contrasting virtues. In this foul soil sprouted the germs which ultimately developed into All-denying protestators, Atheists, Nihilists, and Anarchists, men of the Terror. Bad, violent, criminal some of them may be, yet no one of them could stand as the copy of Satan ; but taking this heart-broken, hopeless, embittered portion of humanity in their collectivity, they are just Satan himself ; for he is the ideal synthesis of all discordant forces and each separate human vice or passion is but an atom of his totality. In the very depths of the heart of this HUMAN Satanic totality burns the divine spark, all negations notwithstanding. It is called LOVE FOR HUMANITY, an ardent aspiration for a universal reign of Justice—hence a latent desire for light, harmony and goodness.

Where do we find such a divine spark among the proud and the wealthy? In respectable Society and the correct orthodox, so called religious portion of the public, one finds but a predominating feeling of selfishness and a desire for wealth at the expense of the weak and the destitute, hence as a parallel, indifference to injustice and evil. Before Satan, the incarnate PROTEST, repents and reunites with his fellow men in one common Brotherhood, all cause for protest must have disappeared from earth. And that can come to pass only when Greed, Bias, and Prejudice shall have disappeared before the elements of Altruism and Justice to all. Freedom, or Liberty, is but a vain word just now all over the civilized globe; freedom is but a cunning synonym for oppression of the people in the name of the people, and it exists for castes, never for units. To bring about the reign of Freedom as contemplated by Hugo's Satan, the "Angel Liberty" has to be born simultaneously and by common love and consent of the "higher" wealthy caste, and the "lower" classes—the poor; in other words, to become the progeny of "God" and "Satan," thereby reconciling the two.

But this is a Utopia—for the present. It cannot take place before the castes of the modern *Levites* and their theology—the Dead-sea fruit of Spirituality—shall have disappeared; and the priests of the Future have declared before the whole World in the words of *their* "God"—

"Et j'efface la nuit sinistre, et rien n'en reste,  
Satan est mort, renaiss O LUCIFER CELESTE!"

H. P. B.



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## MEMORY.

*(Concluded from page 186.)*

**T**HE *Materialistic Theory of Memory*.—According to this theory Memory, like all other mental functions, is the result of the vibrations of nerve-cells, and may be expressed in terms of matter and motion. When a stimulus from the Object World sets up a vibration in a sense-organ, that vibration is propagated as a wave from cell to cell of the nervous chain till it reaches its appropriate centre in the cerebrum. There arises the perception, the outcome of *mental* activity. This nervous action, once set up, tends to repeat itself more easily with each similar stimulus, the nervous energy following the path of least resistance, and each recurrence of the similar vibration making easier further repetition. Such a vibration having once been set up, it may recur in the absence of the external stimulus, and we have the *idea* in lieu of the sensation-perception. Whenever the nerve-cells vibrate as they vibrated under the first stimulus, the idea recurs, and this recurrence is termed memory. Now when the vibration is first set up it is at its strongest, and it is argued that this intensity of vibration lessens, until it is not sufficient to affect the consciousness. Mr. James Ward writes (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, vol. xvii. No. 2, quoted by Sully): “What, now, do we know concerning this central image in the intervals when it is not consciously presented? Manifestly our knowledge in this case can only be inferential at the best. But there are two facts, the importance of which Herbart was the first to see, from which we may learn something: I refer to what he calls the rising and falling of presentations. All presentations having more than a liminal intensity rise gradually to a maximum and gradually decline; and when they have fallen below the threshold of consciousness altogether, the process seems to continue; for the longer the time that elapses before their ‘revival,’ the fainter they appear when revived, and the more slowly they rise. This evanescence is most rapid at first, becoming less as the intensity of the presentation diminishes. It is too much to say that this holds with mathematical accuracy, although Herbart has gone this length. Still, it is true enough to suggest the notion that an object, even when it is no longer able to influence attention, continues to be presented, though with even less and less absolute intensity, till at length its intensity declines to an almost dead level just above zero.” Put into the materialist language this would be that the nervous elements vibrate at first strongly, and continue to vibrate, with less and less vigour, until the vibration is insufficient to affect the consciousness, and the image sinks below the threshold. The vibrations go on, still diminishing, but *not ceasing*; if they cease, the image is lost beyond revival; if they continue, however feebly, they may be reinforced and once more

rise to an intensity which lifts them above the threshold of consciousness. Such reinforcement is due to association. As Sully puts it very clearly, ("Outlines of Psychology," pp. 236, 237) :—

"In order to understand more precisely what is meant by the Law of Contiguous Association, we may let A and B stand for two impressions (percepts) occurring together, and *a* and *b* for the two representations answering to these. Then the Law asserts that when A (or *a*) recurs it will tend to excite or call up *b*; and similarly that the recurrence of B (or *b*) will tend to excite *a*. . . . The physiological basis of this contiguous association seems to be the fact that two nerve structures which have repeatedly acted together acquire a disposition to act in combination in the same way. This fact is explained by the hypothesis that such a conjoint action of two nerve centres somehow tends to fix the line of nervous excitation or nervous discharge when one centre is again stimulated in the direction of the other. In other words, paths of connexion are formed between the two regions. But it may be doubted whether physiologists can as yet give a satisfactory account of the nervous concomitants of the associative process."

Lewes defines memory on the physiological side as "an organised tendency to react on lines previously traversed" ("The Physical Basis of Mind," p. 462); and Herbert Spencer relates each class of feelings to its own group of cells (vesicles) in the brain. He says :—

"If the association of each feeling with its general class answers to the localisation of the corresponding nervous action within the great nervous mass in which all feelings of that class arise—if the association of this feeling with its sub-class answers to the localisation of the nervous action within that part of this great nervous mass in which feelings of this sub-class arise, and so on to the end with the smallest groups of feelings and smallest clusters of nerve-vesicles; then, to what answers the association of each feeling with predecessors identical in kind? It answers to the re-excitation of the particular vesicle or vesicles which, when before excited, yielded the like feeling before experienced; the appropriate stimulus having set up in certain vesicles the molecular changes which they undergo when disturbed, there is aroused a feeling of the same quality with feelings previously aroused when such stimuli set up such changes in these vesicles. And the association of the feeling with preceding like feelings corresponds to the physical re-excitation of the same structures." ("Principles of Psychology," vol. i. p. 258.)

We are then to regard Memory as the result of the re-excitation of vesicles in the brain—the theory is clear and definite enough. Is it true?

The first difficulty that arises is the limited space available for the containment of these vesicles, and the consequent limitation of their number. It is true that their possible combinations may be practically infinite in number, but this does not much help us; for they are to continually vibrate, however feebly, so long as an idea is capable of revival, and a vesicle vibrating simultaneously in some thousands of combinations would be in a parlous molecular condition. For all these combinations must exist simultaneously, and each must maintain its inter-related vibrations without cessation. Now, is this possible? It is true that from the vibrating strings of a piano you may get myriads of combinations of notes; but you cannot have all these combinations sounding from the strings at the same time, some loud and some soft,

some forcible and some feeble. By keeping the loud pedal down you may keep some combinations going for a short while, while you produce fresh vibrations; but what is the effect? A blurred confusion of sounds, causing an intolerable discord. If we are to explain Memory under the laws of matter in motion, we must accept the consequences deducible from those laws, and these consequences are inconsistent with the facts of Memory as we know them. Any attempt to represent clearly in consciousness the physical concomitants of Memory as merely the outcome of vibrating nervous elements will prove to the student the impossibility of this hypothesis. The brain is a sufficiently wonderful mechanism as the organ of mind: as the creator of mind, it is inconceivable.

Du Prel (*Philosophy of Mysticism*, vol. ii. pp. 108, 109), helps us to realise the difficulties enveloping the Materialistic hypothesis. On this hypothesis "Memory would depend on material brain-traces, left behind by impressions; by the act of Memory such traces are continually renewed, re-chiselled as it were, and so there arise well-worn tracks," [Herbert Spencer's "lines of least resistance"] "in which the coach of memory is conducted with especial facility." And he adds:—

"The deductions from this view had already been drawn by the materialists of the last century. Hook and others reckoned that, since one-third of a second sufficed for the production of an impression, in 100 years a man must have collected in his brain 9,467,280,000 traces or copies of impressions, or, reduced by one-third for the period of sleep, 3,155,760,000; thus, in fifty years, 1,577,880,000; further, that allowing a weight of four pounds to the brain, and subtracting one pound for blood and vessels, and another for the external integument, a single grain of brain-substance must contain 205,542 traces. . . . Moreover our intellectual life does not consist in mere impressions; these form only the material of our judgment. These brain-atoms do not help us to judgment, notwithstanding their magical properties, so that we must suppose that whenever we form a sentence or a judgment, the impressions are combined, like the letters in a compositor's box, these atoms, however, being at the same time, compositor and box."

There is another result that would follow from Memory being only the outcome of vibrating cells, and I may be permitted to quote it from my article on Hypnotism in the October number of this magazine. "Memory is the faculty which receives the impress of our experiences and preserves them; many of these impressions fade away, and we say we have forgotten. Yet it is clear that these impressions may be revived. They are therefore not destroyed, but they are so faint that they sink below the threshold of consciousness, and so no longer form part of its normal content. If thought be but a 'mode of motion,' memory must be similarly regarded: but it is not possible to conceive that each impression of our past life, recorded in consciousness, is still vibrating in some group of brain cells, only so feebly that it does not rise over the threshold. For these same cells are continually being thrown into new groupings for new vibrations, and these cannot all co-exist, and the

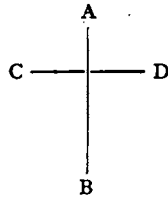
fainter ones be each capable of receiving fresh impulse which may so intensify their motion as to raise them again into consciousness. Now if these vibrations=memory, if we have only matter in motion, we know the laws of dynamics sufficiently well to say that if a body be set vibrating, and new forces be successively brought to act upon it and set up new vibrations, there will not be in that body the co-existence of each separate set of vibrations successively impressed upon it, but it will vibrate in a way differing from each single set and compounded of all. So that memory, as a mode of motion, would not give us the record of the past, but would present us with a new story, the resultant of all those past vibrations, and this would be ever changing, as new impressions, causing new vibrations, come in to modify the resultant of the whole." If the reader have in mind the phenomena of Memory given in the earlier part of this essay; if he note that these seem to imply that we forget *nothing*, *i.e.* that every vibration caused throughout life persists; if, remembering this, he once more attempts to represent clearly in consciousness the brain-condition required by this theory, is it too much to say that he will be compelled to admit that it is inconceivable?

Nor can we forget that there is a certain race-memory, wrought into our physical organisms, which still further complicates the work to be accomplished by these over-burdened vesicles. This unconscious memory of the body, derived through physical inheritance, cannot be wholly thrown out of account when we deal with cell-vibrations.

*The Theosophical Theory of Memory.* Here I must guard myself. I cannot really put the Theosophical Theory, for I do not find it set out in any work that I have read. I can only suggest a theory, which seems to me, as a student of Theosophy, to be fairly deducible from the constitution of man as laid down in Theosophical treatises. We learn to distinguish between the true individuality, the Ego, and the temporary personality that clothes it. The Ego is the conscious, the thinking, agent. It is this Ego of whom the mind forms part, one of whose functions is Memory. Every event that occurs passes into the consciousness of the Ego and is there stored up: the Past is thus to it ever the Present, since all is present in consciousness.\* But how far this Ego can impress its knowledge on the brain of the physical organism with which it is connected, and thus cause this knowledge to enter the consciousness of the person concerned, must, in the nature of the case, depend on the condition of the organism at the moment, and the laws within which it works. What we call the threshold of consciousness divides what is "remembered" from what is "forgotten." All above the threshold is within the personal consciousness, while all below this threshold is outside it. But this threshold belongs to the

\* All is present in eternal Ideation, or *Alaya*, the universal soul and consciousness—we are taught; and the higher *Ego* (*Manas*) is the first-born of *Alaya* or Mahat, being called *Manasaputra* = "Son of the Mind."

personal consciousness, and—here is the significant point—varies with the material conditions of the moment. It is movable, not fixed, and the contents of consciousness vary with the movement of the threshold. Thus :



let A B represent the consciousness of the Ego : let C D represent the threshold of consciousness of the person : of all above C D the person will be conscious, it will be impressed on the material brain : of all below C D he will be unconscious. But if C D be movable upwards and downwards, the contents of his consciousness will vary with its movement, and he will remember or forget according as the idea is above or below this dividing line.\*

Now the condition of the organism is constantly varying, but there are two states of consciousness which occur in everyone and are clearly distinguishable—the waking consciousness and the dream consciousness. The contents of these differ to a remarkable extent, and they work under curiously different conditions. The waking consciousness works under conditions of time and space : the dream consciousness is free from them ; it can live through years in a second of time, it can annihilate space in its movements. In the dream, the place of the dreamer depends on his thought ; he *is* where he thinks himself. Not only so, but the dream consciousness often retains events erased from the waking. Let the reader turn back to pp. 182, 183, and note the curious phenomena of reproduction without recollection in the dream state. Is it an impossible theory that when the senses are closed to the Object World, when the bodily functions have touched their lowest activity, then the Ego may be able to impress on this negative organism far more of its own contents than it can impress upon it in its more vigorous state ? Does it not seem as though that which is below the threshold of the waking consciousness becomes that which is above the threshold of the dream consciousness, and as though the double life of waking and sleeping is but the activity of the one Ego working under contrasted physical conditions ?

If this be not so, we seem to be driven to the conception of a duality at the very centre of our being ; each man is not one, but twain, in the innermost recesses of consciousness.

\* We have to exclude from this the impressions of a purely physical nature, such as enter in the category of *animal* perception and memory. Such impressions reach the Human Ego, and it cannot fail to note them ; but they do not impress themselves indelibly on *its* consciousness, and can never, therefore, follow the Ego to Devachan.

On the other hand, the theory for which I contend leaves the individuality single, varying in its manifestations according to the physical conditions through which it works ; and all the strange cases of double consciousness, which have so perplexed the physiologist and the psychologist, together with the phenomena of somnambulism, mesmerism, hypnotism, and similar conditions, fall into line as severally belonging to one of the two states of consciousness, the dream and the waking, the Ego working equally in either but conditioned in turn by each.

"Ordinary sleep," as Du Prel says, is "a condition intermediate between waking and somnambulism, the latter being only its exaltation." In this connection these facts are to be noted : if we sleep lightly and dream, we remember our dreams ; if we sleep more soundly, we sometimes remember the dream vividly on waking, but in an hour or two we have completely forgotten it and cannot revive the memory, try as we may ; in deep sleep we dream, as has often been discovered by closely watching a person wrapped in profound slumber, but no trace remains on our waking memory. In somnambulism, which is closely allied to this deep sleep, no memory persists, as a rule, into the waking state. A person who is a somnambulist lives a double life : sleeping, he remembers his sleep experiences and sometimes his waking ones ; waking, he remembers only his waking life. Occasionally, but comparatively rarely, the golden bridge of memory spans the gulf between the waking and the somnambulant consciousnesses, dream sometimes interposing as connecting link between the two. It must be remembered that a somnambule, left to himself, will pass into ordinary sleep before awaking, and when this is the case dream may carry on memory of the somnambulant into the waking state.

Du Prel puts very clearly the existence of what he calls the "transcendental consciousness," which has much in common, though it is not identical, with the Theosophical Ego.

"There can be no right theory of remembering, without the right theory of forgetting. The phenomenon of alternating consciousness shews that very clearly. It is only when we know what becomes of an impression when it is forgotten, that we can answer the question whence it comes to memory. Now what is the process of forgetting ? It is a disappearance from the normal sense-consciousness. There can be no destruction of the impression, or its reproduction would be impossible. Excluding the brain-trace theory, there must be a psychical organ, preserving the *faculty of reproduction*, even if the impression, as *product* of its earlier activity, should be destroyed. This organ, lying beyond the self-consciousness, belongs to the unconscious. If, however, this organ had simply the latent faculty of reproduction, and did not rather draw into itself and preserve unchanged the impression as product, we should have again within this organ to distinguish between the conscious and the unconscious. The hypothesis would thus explain nothing, the difficulty being merely pushed back and transposed. There is therefore no alternative but to say that this organ is not in itself at all unconscious, but only so from the standpoint of the sense-consciousness ; that it is not merely a latent faculty of reproduction, but takes up into *its* consciousness the impression, as the latter disappears from the external consciousness. By this admission of a transcendental consciousness, the possibility of



memory is explained by the mere transposition of the psycho-physical threshold with every retreat of the boundary between the sense and the transcendental consciousness. If a forgotten impression sank into a real unconscious, it would not be apparent how in memory this unconscious should suddenly become again conscious. The forgotten, therefore, cannot thereby cease to belong to a consciousness, and since forgetting is the disappearance from the sense-consciousness, we must admit the existence of a second. And so, to say that an impression is forgotten means that it has passed over from the sense-consciousness to the transcendental." (Vol. ii. pp. 111-113.)

The answer to this that would leap to the lips of the Materialist is that the impression "goes" nowhither, any more than motion "goes" anywhere when a wheel is stopped. But this obvious answer leaves out of account important facts of the case. The motion is changed into other form of physical energy, as heat caused by the friction which stops it, and the wheel cannot reproduce its motion; the new impulse to move must come from a living force without it. Now the impression *is* revivable, without any external impulse, by Self-action, and the Materialist theory of Memory implies its continued production by ceaselessly vibrating vesicles, albeit the vibrations be not vigorous enough to attract attention.

If we admit the existence of the Ego, personal memory would be the power of the physical brain to receive impressions from it; to respond, so to speak, to the subtler vibrations of, perhaps, the "thought-stuff" of which Clifford dreamed. Comparing the vibrations of our gross forms of matter with the vibrations of the ether, we can reason by analogy to a form of matter as much subtler than the ether as that is subtler than the nerve-matter of our brain. There, indeed, may be the possibility of vibrations such as are necessary to make our thought processes conceivable. At present, this can only be a hypothesis to us, but it is a hypothesis which throws light on this obscure subject, and may be provisionally accepted, until further researches prove or disprove it.

Here will find their justification all attempts to refine, and increase the sensitiveness of, the nerve-matter of the brain, for increased delicacy will mean increased possibility of responding to the hyper-ethereal vibrations—that is, it will enable the Ego to impress on our personal consciousness more and more of the contents of its own. By this theory we can understand the exalted mental faculties of the somnambulist, the tension of the nervous system rendering it more sensitive, *i. e.* more responsive. By this also the danger of ignorant striving after this abnormal condition, the nervous elements becoming exhausted by over-rapid discharge and excessive strain. "Great wits to madness often are allied" is only too true; the sensitiveness that is genius may easily pass into the hyper-sensitiveness that is insanity.

And so we reach the practical conclusion—to walk warily in these little-trodden realms, because there is danger; but to walk, because without courage to face the darkness no light can come.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

## THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CANONGATE.

(Continued.)

## MR. DALRYMPLE'S STORY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

"THE house has belonged to my family for many generations, in fact it used to be called Dalrymple House some hundred years ago, though this name seems to have been dropped since. I don't quite know why. No one knows its earliest history ; there are legends in the family about some monastic foundation ; you know the corner window looking up towards the Canongate, well, that is said to be the remains of some very old ecclesiastical building, older than anything else in Edinburgh, founded on the site of some Druid altar or temple. I never had much turn for archæology myself, so I can't tell you much about it ; my own personal experiences I can tell you, and perhaps you may be able to interpret them. My father never lived in the old house. I question whether he ever set foot within it ; he was a merchant much engaged in the Indian trade, but as he died soon after I was born, all my knowledge of him is but hearsay. I was sent to school in France, then brought home and sent to school in England, then to Oxford where I took a fair degree, but until I was two and twenty I never was in Edinburgh, and, beyond the fact that my family possessed a town house there, I knew nothing whatever of the old house in the Canongate.

"During my minority it was inhabited, that is when it was inhabited at all, by my uncle, a bachelor and a man who was generally looked upon as a *mauvais sujet* in the family ; though my father had confidence enough in him to nominate him as my guardian. Except however for paying for my education and keeping me liberally supplied with pocket money, my uncle did little for me, and thus it chanced that until I was twenty-two I knew but little either of the house or my uncle. After I had taken my degree, however, I determined to go North, and take possession of my property, and make myself familiar with the old traditions of my race, and the places with which for so many generations we had been associated.

"My uncle was always called, and I believe is called still, the Auld Laird, but he never had more than an ample income left him by my father in recognition of his trust on my behalf.

"I was just twenty-two at the time I begin my story, as happy a stripling as you often see, with magnificent health, ample fortune, and not a care in the world. I had just taken a good degree, I had troops of friends, I was engaged to a sweet girl, the daughter of my old College coach. My first wish on leaving Oxford was to know more about this old Edinburgh house, the most curious bit of my possessions, as I gathered from some notes left my father, relating to my grandfather who had lived there. It was a cold night in January when I first ar-

rived in Edinburgh, but my uncle's welcome was warm and boisterous. 'Welcome to your own home, my boy,' he cried, his jolly old red face beaming with pleasure, 'you're master here now. By gad, Sir! I'm glad to hand over the reins to you, but if you'll let me have a corner in the old place, I'll be obliged to you, for I've got fond of it, and an old man's like an old tree, suffers if it's transplanted you know.' 'Indeed, Uncle,' I said, 'I hope you'll stay here all your life.' 'Well, until you're married, my boy!' he answered, 'and look here, I've told them to put you in your proper place, in the Laird's room; I've been sleeping there myself lately, but only to keep it warm for you.' Talking like this he led me upstairs to that room we were speaking of just now at the left hand side of the first landing; a cheerful fire burnt in the grate, but that huge bed with its dark hangings made me think of a hearse somehow. "There was tapestry on the wall then, and that old mirror was new. By the way, did you notice the little door leading out of the room, up one step, a queer looking door?" I had not noticed it. "Well, it's there," continued Mr. Dalrymple, "if you go again, go through it, it opens on a little landing; there was some lumber piled there the night I'm speaking of and a pile of old books; there's a narrow stair leads up and down from that landing; so much I saw, but I hadn't time to explore further; the place might have been damp, at any rate it gave me the shivers, so I picked up a book thinking if I were wakeful I could read myself to sleep as I often did, and returned to the fire; at that moment I heard the clock chiming a quarter to six, and six was the dinner hour; no time to be lost; I pitched the book on to the table by the bed and rid myself of my travel-stained garments and put on an evening suit with all the haste I could muster. My uncle and I dined alone that night, and I am bound to say I found him capital company. I wanted to hear about the old house, but not a word would he tell me; time enough to explore in daylight, he said, and I should probably live there a great deal in the future, and come to know it all by heart. So he discoursed generally and genially about his travels, and about books and famous men whom he had known, and the time slipped by till bed time. I retired to the stately old room, very handsome I thought it then, for the hangings and decorations, though not new, were fresh and in excellent preservation. I sat down by the fire intending to write to Edith Challoner, my *fiancée*, and I commenced a letter; but never, since we were engaged, had my words flowed so sluggishly; measured and commonplace sentences such as one might write to the merest acquaintance were all I could frame and even these with difficulty; what a contrast to the free outpouring of thought and feeling of my letters to her of only a week ago.

"'Pshaw!' I thought, 'I am overtired, or the champagne was too good or something. I must just turn in, I shall be all right after a night's rest.' I jumped into bed and blew out the candle, but no sooner had I done so than a most unreasoning fear of that door on to the little stair came over

me ; an apprehension growing to certainty that something would come out from there made me sit up and strain my eyes at the door, and as I did so the feeling lessened and almost vanished. I must say here that I was not previously imaginative. I had never known any sensations of this kind before, though I had slept in so-called haunted houses, and had laughed to scorn what seemed to me superstitious fears. No sooner did I close my eyes again than the same idea came before me ; something gruesome and horrible was behind that door and would open it. Physically, I was no coward. I was afraid of nothing I had ever seen—of nothing I could imagine. I was afraid that some new shape of a horror I had never dreamt of, would appear to me—the tension was growing unbearable. I jumped up—plunged my head in cold water and the feeling vanished as soon as I was broad awake ; I put on my silk-lined dressing-gown and sat down by the fire, taking up mechanically the volume I had brought out of the landing with me—by a strange chance it was *Don Quixote*. I read and read, and the scenes grew more and more vivid. Spain seemed to lie all round me. So clear was it that I actually thought I saw the waving boughs of an olive tree, till I realized that it was only the dark green arras stirred by a passing breath of wind.

“I looked up from my book and my eye fell upon that long mirror with a start and a tremble as I saw what seemed to be a dim figure faintly outlined in its depths—amber drapery and black lace—clearer and clearer it grew, till I saw, or thought I saw, a pale lovely face, with great limpid black eyes raised half piteously, half coquettishly to mine. That face burnt itself into my brain as no living face had ever done, yet when I looked again there was nothing there but the reflexion of one of the figures on the tapestry.

“‘This won’t do,’ I said to myself, ‘my brain is getting out of gear. I’ve been working too hard I suspect.’ But while I thought this, an irresistible drowsiness passed over me—my eyes would not keep open—my brain refused to act. . .

“When I awoke I was lying in the great funereal bed ; how I got there I never knew, the sun was streaming in at the window, it was near eleven o’clock.

“My uncle did not fail to chaff me on my late appearance, and asked me in a bantering tone if any of the old *Lairds’* ghosts had disturbed me ; but not wishing to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer, I kept my own counsel, though half resolving to leave Edinburgh that day on any excuse rather than face another night in that room. As evening drew on however my thoughts changed. I began to feel an intense interest in the lady of the mirror, a feeling like that of a lover who has a tryst with his mistress. My better nature reproached me with disloyalty to Edith, but I put the thought aside, saying to myself : ‘What nonsense, why it is but a shadow !’ Nevertheless I knew that the memories of Edith were

growing very thin and pale and that the shadow was to me a far more substantial reality.

"That night I sat again by the fire reading Don Quixote, and ever and anon glancing in the mirror I saw the reflexion of the figure on the tapestry, but nothing else. However towards the early hours of the morning a faint rustle seemed to come behind me like the very light trail of silk over the carpet, a faint odour as of sandal wood and a cold air as the rustling sound seemed to pass me. My heart beat fast. 'She is there,' I thought. 'Come to me, darling!' I said half aloud, stretching my arms. And I thought I felt a warm breath on my cheek, and then the same drowsiness as on the previous night.

"I must have been in a parlous state of mind and brain at this time, for my whole waking thoughts seemed to turn on these experiences, and whatever questions I had to decide on the most trivial matters of business connected with my property were mentally referred to this. Since that first night, I saw the form in the mirror sometimes, but never so clear again—often I was conscious of the *frou-frou* of the sweeping dress, passing over the carpet, the cold air and the scent of sandal wood—sometimes it passed me on the stair, once it seemed to linger beside me in the hall, when I stood looking at that picture of Hernandez. I had projected a trip abroad, now I thought with dread of any separation from the dream lady. I was obliged to visit my estates in Ross-shire, the night before I left I was wretched. I sat by the fire as usual and heard the silken rustle. 'My darling,' I whispered, 'shall I hear from you while I'm away?' I fancied a soft 'yes' breathed on my cheek, and I went away half consoled. When I reached the market town, I stopped to order some toilet necessities I had forgotten to be sent out to me. I was to stay at the factor's house. The parcel did not arrive till next morning. When it came it was brought up to my room with my shaving water. I opened it carelessly enough, but as I did so the well-known scent of sandal wood came on my senses, and a tiny scrap of pink paper fluttered down. I seized it eagerly. It bore simply written or lithographed the word 'Mercédes'—nothing else in the parcel had the scent of sandal wood—but as I inhaled the sweet fragrance from the scrap of paper I seemed to know that my lady of the mirror had kept her promise—and more—for she had revealed her name. 'Mercédes! my darling!' I murmured, 'true love! when shall I meet and know you?'

"I must stop for one moment here to say that no single thing happened to me which plain and common-sense people would not have accounted for by the most commonplace of reasoning; whatever of the supernatural there was, if there was any, came from within and was quite personal to myself; this may perhaps throw a good deal of light on the state of my mind at the time.

"We were living then much as the bulk of well-to-do Edinburgh folk lived; my uncle and I went out to dinners, heavy, stiff and formal, and

heavy, stiff, formal people came to dine with us, and often drank a great deal more than was good for them. My uncle, however, was very abstemious, much to my surprise, for I had heard he was terribly dissipated in early life. We knew many people whose names are household words now, but with these I do not trouble you, nor did I trouble myself at the time. I was deeply in love with a shadow. I still wrote fitfully to Edith Challoner, and now and then had pricks of conscience, but ordinarily my dream love monopolized all my thoughts and fancies. I should say here that never since that first night had I any return of the feeling of shrinking horror from the little door on to the stair that I have mentioned, save once, when I felt the presence of Mercédes, as I had now learned to call her, at that side of the room ; but it was not the stately sweep of the dress like a queen moving through her throne-room, rather the fluttered and excited rush of a terrified woman fleeing from danger. My own heart was strongly stirred and agitated, alarm for her rather than myself moved me, but all that night I had that vague terror of that door. I could not take my eyes off it, once or twice it actually seemed bulging as though pushed from the other side with enormous force. I felt sure something wicked was behind it. I longed to go and look and reassure myself, yet—coward as I must appear to you—I *dared not*. Next morning the bright sunlight drove away these visions and the little landing looked commonplace as usual, but a strange thing happened, for I dropped a sleeve-link and feeling about for it on the floor I came upon a loose board in the wainscot, and pulling it away I saw something glitter behind it ; I pulled it out and found a cross-hilted dagger, or rather stiletto. See here it is, I never part from it.”

Mr. Dalrymple as he spoke drew from the breast of his waistcoat a tiny dagger, hilt and all about eight or nine inches long ; the hilt was of old fashioned silver work of Moresque pattern, shaped like a cross, the point of the blade broken off, some strange characters were engraved on the blade which I could not see. He kissed it devoutly, as a Catholic might the relic of a Saint, and softly murmured the name “Mercédes.”

“Yes,” he continued, “it was that morning I found this and put it in my pocket as a curiosity ; as I pushed the board back it creaked and I suppose there must be some hollow spaces behind, for the creak echoed down below, like the wild laugh of a mocking fiend, or so it seemed to my excited imagination. I started in horror, broad daylight as it was, all my veins running cold, for that moment, the floor, the walls, the whole landing seemed to be oozing forth some ghastly exhalation hostile to human life ; a stain on the wall with which I was perfectly familiar, appeared like a great splash of blood. I turned and fled hastily, slamming the door behind me, and rushed into my uncle’s room. ‘Look here, uncle,’ I said. ‘what I’ve found !’ He turned the dagger over curiously, poising it in a strange way point upwards between his fingers, then he pressed it on his forehead. ‘Very wonderful !’ he said

at last. 'Tell me, nephew, have you studied the occult sciences at all?' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Clearly from that question you haven't,' he said. 'Well, look here! I'm a bit of a conjurer and this dagger can do strange things, I fancy; just give me your hands a moment.' I gave him my hands, the dagger was lying on a little round ebony table between us. In an instant I felt an intense vibration run through both hands and up my arms, a thrill like that of an electric shock; my uncle raised his hands and mine, holding them above the dagger, which to my intense surprise began to move, and at last stood up as if it were balanced on its point, swaying its cross hilt to every movement of our hands.

"Such phenomena are now the stock-in-trade of every spirit medium, and are scarcely deemed even startling; but at this time no such things as mediums were known as public performers, and I was deeply impressed and slightly alarmed. I felt, however, that, in some strange way, a magnetic attraction raying forth from our linked hands was the cause of the motion of the dagger, but I was more astonished to see its point moving, apparently by its own volition, and tracing geometric figures of a kind new to me, on the polished surface of the table. I have the table still with the cuttings on it, the import of which I understand now. As the designs grew complete, it seemed to me as though the black surface of the table was like a well of clear water of infinite depth, through which, deep down, I could see strange, fantastic forms; gradually one image detached itself as though floating upwards, white and still, and as it grew clearer and clearer I saw the face of Mercedes—but pale as ashes—clearer still and I saw it was the face of death; and would to God it were death only—for that white face floated up almost to the surface with a more awful expression of extreme agony than I ever conceived or dreamt could have been on any human face. I gave one shriek and wrenched my hands away from my uncle's and that instant the dread white face vanished—the dagger fell with a clatter on the floor, and my uncle, angry for a moment, exclaimed, 'You pitiful young fool! do you know you might have killed us both by such an absurd caper?' 'Rather that,' I said, 'than see again what I saw just now.' 'See!' he said, 'you don't mean to tell me you saw anything, you poor ignoramus—the place was full of lovely forms—lovelier than any women of earth, but no untrained eye like yours could see them. Come! come!' he added in a gentler tone, 'you're overwrought—you want a little distraction. Lady Scott's ball is to-night you know; we'll go!' I was on the point of saying I would do no such thing, but some undefined impulse of the moment prompted me to assent. I stooped to pick up my dagger—it was burning hot—too hot to hold. 'Ah,' said my uncle, 'the magnetism is in it yet,' and he passed his hands over it once and handed it back to me, now cold as well-conducted metal should be."

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ALCHEMISTS.

**I**T is doubtful if any school of philosophers have been maligned and misunderstood as have been the Alchemists. They are commonly referred to as either frauds or victims of fraud, who wrote unintelligible treatises upon "a pretended science by which gold and silver were to be made by the transmutation of the baser metals into these substances, the agent of the transmutation being called the Philosopher's Stone." Modern dictionaries define Alchemy as "An ancient science which aimed to transmute metals into gold, to find the panacea, universal remedy, universal solvent, etc." In 1852 Dr. Charles Mackay published a History of the Alchemists. He has given what purports to be sketches of some Forty Searchers for the Philosopher's Stone, and he represents them as a parcel of fools and imposters, with no other object in their studies and labours than the transmutation of base metals into gold, or the discovery of an agent for lengthening life.

It seems never to have occurred to these modern critics that the works of the genuine Alchemists are essentially religious: that under the veil of symbolism, man was the subject of, and his improvement or perfection the object of their Art. In that night of the Middle Ages the priesthood had armed itself with civil power. None but the servants of the Church were permitted to express an opinion upon the great questions of God, nature and man. The penalty of free speech upon matters that concerned the future welfare of man was the *auto da fé* of the Inquisition. It is for this reason that the treatises of the Alchemists upon man, his "second birth," and the powers of nature, were written in a cypher which was a meaningless jargon to the uninitiated. The salvation of man and his transformation from a state of ignorance to a state of wisdom was usually symbolized under the figure of the transmutation of metals, though scarcely two writers adopted the same mode of expression. As one says: "Although the wise men have varied their names and perplexed their sayings, yet they would always have us think but of one only thing, one disposition, one way. The wise men know this one thing; and that it is one they have often proved." And again: "Those who know the mercury and sulphur of the philosophers, know that they are made of pure gold and the finest *luna* and *argent vive*, which are daily seen, and looked upon, from which our *argent vive* is elicited. . . ." "Minerals made of living mercury and living sulphur are to be chosen; work with them sweetly, not with haste and precipitancy." This might read in ordinary English: Men having a living or sound soul and body are to be chosen; work with them sweetly, not with haste and precipitancy (if you wish to accomplish that transformation which is treated of



in "The Voice of the Silence," and "Light on the Path"; or, in the Bible, spoken of as the re-birth).

Sometimes the real meaning of the author is but thinly veiled. Heriot de Borderie has written of

"an isle,

Full, as they say, of good things ;—fruits and trees  
 And pleasant verdure : a very masterpiece  
 Of nature's ; where the men immortally  
 Live, following all delights and pleasures. . . .  
 This island hath the name of Fortunate :  
 And, as they tell, is governed by a Queen  
 Well spoken and discreet, and withal  
 So beautiful, that, with one single beam  
 Of her great beauty, all the country round  
 Is rendered shining. . . .  
 Those who come suing to her, and aspire  
 After the happiness which she to each  
 Doth promise in her city. . . .  
 Ere she consenteth to retain them there,  
 Sends for a certain season all to sleep.  
 When they have slept so much as there is need,  
 Then wakes them again, and summons them  
 Into her presence. There avails them not  
 Excuse or caution ; speech however bland,  
 Or importunity of cries. Each bears  
 That on his forehead written visibly  
 Whereof he has been dreaming. . . .  
 . . . . None, in brief,  
 Reserves she of the dreamers in her isle,  
 Save him that, when awakened he returns,  
 Betrayeth tokens that of her rare beauty  
 His dreams have been. . . . .  
 All this is held a fable ; but who first  
 Made and recited it hath, in this fable,  
 Shadowed a Truth."

In an old work entitled "The Open Way to the Shut Palace of the King," the author in one place exclaims : "My heart murmureth things unheard of. . . . Would to God that every ingenious man in the whole earth understood this science. . . . Then would virtue, naked as it is, be held in great honour, merely for its own amiable nature." . . . "Our Gold is not to be bought for money, though you should offer a crown or a kingdom for it : for it is the gift of God."

These esoteric writings through which they taught, saved their own heads, yet plunged thousands into vain and useless efforts to find their

supposed agent for transmuting baser metals into gold ; but as one of them asks : " Who is to blame, the Art, or those who seek it upon false principles ? " The genuine Alchemists speak of these blind searchers for a universal solvent, which, if they found it, no vessel could contain, as having the " Gold fever : " they looked upon them as " sick men."

It is quite true that those who wasted their lives in the laboratory among retorts and chemicals in the vain effort to discover the Philosopher's Stone were the fathers of modern chemistry ; though it is also evident that some of the genuine Alchemists were among the most learned men of the day, in the fields of chemistry and medicine.

" The Salt of Nature Regenerated," is an English translation of an Alchemical work written in Arabic. The author talks about the central salt, the firmament, the astrum, the spiritual water, the watery spirit, the water of life, etc., but in one place speaks quite plainly : " He that hath the knowledge of the Microcosm, can not be long ignorant of the knowledge of the Macrocosm. This is that which the Egyptian industrious searchers of Nature so often said, and loudly proclaimed . . . . . that everyone should KNOW HIMSELF. This speech their dull disciples took in a moral sense, and in ignorance affixed it to their Temples. But I admonish thee, whosoever thou art, that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of Nature, if that which thou seek thou findest not within thee, *thou wilt never find it without thee*. If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek and search after the excellency of other things ? The universal Orb of the world contains not so great mysteries and excellencies as *a little Man*, formed by God in his own Image. And he who desires the primacy amongst the students of Nature, will nowhere find a greater or better field of study than Himself. Therefore will I here follow the example of the Egyptians, and from my whole heart, and certain true experience proved by me, speak to my neighbour in the words of the Egyptians, and with a loud voice do proclaim : O MAN, KNOW THYSELF ; *in thee is hid the treasure of treasures*."

In a most excellent little work on Alchemy and Alchemists, anonymously published by a gentleman in St. Louis, and now out of print, and of which this paper is really a review, there is cited a chapter from " Secrets Revealed," by Eyrenaeus. It treats of " the Regimen of Sol." I quote it, with the explanatory remarks of the author of Alchemy, as a good specimen of the extent to which some of the Alchemists carried their symbolical mode of writing :

" Now thou art drawing near to the close of thy work, and hast almost made an end of this business, all appears now like unto pure gold, and the Virgin's Milk, with which thou imbibest this matter is very citrine. (I. Cor. iii. 2. The conscience is very sound and healthy.)

" Now to God, the giver of all good, you must render immortal thanks, who hath brought this work on so far, and beg earnestly of him, that

thy counsel mayest hereafter be so governed, that thou mayest not endeavour to hasten thy work, so as to lose all, now it is so near to perfection ; consider that thou hast waited now about seven months (the time is indefinite) and it would be a mad thing to annihilate all in one hour ; therefore be thou wary ; yea, so much the more by how much thou art nearer to perfection.

“ But if thou do proceed warily in this Regimen, thou shalt meet with these notable things (experiences, symbolized, of an entrance into the higher Light or Life): first, thou shalt observe a certain citrine sweat to stand upon thy Body ; and after that citrine vapour, then shall thy Body below be tintured of a violet colour, with an obscure purple intermixed. (When these works were written, physicians were in the habit of judging of the condition of their patients by the appearance of a certain water, a citrine colour indicating a healthy condition, . . . here intended to signify the moral condition of the matter of the Stone: . . . violet is the symbol of Love, and purple of Immortality \* . . . which are beginning to dawn upon the man in this stage of work: . . . but to proceed.) After fourteen or fifteen days' expectation in this Regimen of Sol, thou shalt see the greatest part of thy matter humid (submissively yielding, . . . not by any force of will, but by a much more irresistible constraint, acting yet sweetly and not violently), and although it be very ponderous (self-willed), yet it will ascend in the Belly of the Wind. (‘ But when they arise or ascend,’ says Artephius, referring to the Soul and Body of the one man, ‘ they are born or brought forth in the Air or Spirit, and in the same they are changed, and made Life with Life, so that they can never be separated, but are as water mixed with water. And therefore it is wisely said, that *the Stone is born of the Spirit*, because it is altogether spiritual.† But to return to Eynæus.)

“ At length, about the twenty-sixth day of this Regimen, it will begin to dry ; and then it will liquify and recongeal, and will grow liquid again a hundred times a day, (fluctuate between hopes and fears, assurances and doubts ; . . . some of the writers say that, in this stage of the work, the matter will put on all the colours in the world, &c.), until at the last it will begin to turn into grains ; and sometimes it will seem as if it were all discontinuous in grain, and then it will grow into one mass again : and thus it will put on innumerable forms in one day ; and this will continue for the space of about two weeks.”

\* Would not “ thy body below be tintured of a violet colour ” rather refer to the *Linga Sharira* which corresponds to the violet colour as a compound of red (Kamarupa) and indigo dark blue of the upper Manas—the “ purple ” becoming obscure, meaning simply the beginning of the purification of the lower Quaternary ?—[ED.]

† That is to say, the “ Soul (Manas) and Body of Man ” (Body standing for the *astral* man) assimilate Spirit (*Buddhi*) ; are made “ Life with Life ” (or merge into the ONE LIFE). In other words the mysterious process of transformation of lead (personality) into gold (pure, homogeneous Spirit) is here meant. Verily the *Stone* is born of the Spirit.—ED.]

"At the last, by the will of God, *a Light shall be sent upon thy matter, which thou canst not imagine.*"\*

"Then expect a sudden end, which within three days thou shalt see; for thy matter shall convert itself into grains, as fine as the atoms of Sol and the colour will be the highest Red imaginable, which for its transcendent redness will show Blackish,† . . . like unto the purest blood when it is congealed."

"But thou must not believe that any such thing can be an exact parallel of our Elixir, for it is a MARVELLOUS CREATURE, not having its compare in the whole universe, nor anything exactly like it."

(Descriptions similar to this may be found in all of the writings of the Alchemists in best repute among themselves. The author of the above wrote a Commentary upon Sir Geo. Ripley's Compound of Alchemy, expressly, as he tells us, that the reader might have the testimony of two combined. In this Commentary may be found the following passages):

"In the beginning, therefore, of our Work, through the co-operation of heat (nature), both internal and external, and the moisture of the Matter concurring, our Body gives a Blackness like unto pitch, which for the most part happens at forty, or at the most fifty days."

"This colour discovers plainly that the two natures are united. (By these two natures, the reader surely understands by this time, are meant what are called by innumerable names, Sol and Luna, gold and silver, Heaven and Earth, Phœbus and Daphne, superior and inferior, Soul and Body, &c., &c.) And if they are united, they will certainly operate one upon the other, and alter and change each other from thing to thing, and from state to state, until all come to one Nature and Substance Regenerate, which is a new Heavenly Body.

"But before there can be this renovation, the Old Man must necessarily be destroyed (Eph. iv. 22-24, and Col. iii. 9, 10), that is, thy first Body must rot and be corrupted, and lose its form, that it may have it repaid with a new form, which is a thousand times more noble. So then our work is not a forced nor an apparent, but a natural and radical operation, in which our Natures are altered perfectly, in so much that the one and the other, having fully lost what they were before, yet without change of kind (without an absolute change of substance) they become a third thing, homogeneal to both the former.

"Thus, they who sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he who goeth forth mourning, and carrying precious seed, shall return with an abundance of increase, with their hands filled with sheaves, and their mouths

\* "This translation is described in the *Theologica Germanica* (Chap. xi.) as something which is called "the Eternal Good," and is said to be "so noble and passing good that none can search out or express its bliss, consolation and joy, peace, rest and satisfaction."

† The transcendent red or golden orange of the Sun. This must not be confused with the scarlet Kamarupan redness. Have in mind the colour of the Yogi-robos, the colour of which is symbolical of the sun of life and of human life-blood.—[Ed.]

with the praises of the Lord.\* Thus the chosen or redeemed of the Lord shall return with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sighing and sorrows shall fly away.

"Remember, then, this alchemic maxim, namely, that *a sad cloudy morning begins a fair and a cheerful noontide*; for our work is properly to be compared to a day, in which the morning is dark and cloudy, so that the sun (the Truth) appears not. After that, the sky is overclouded, and the air cold with northerly winds, and much rain falls, which endured for its season; but after that the sun breaks out, and shines more and more, till all becomes dry; and then at noonday not a cloud appears, but all is clear from one end of the heavens to the other."

Here the author introduces cautions against haste and over-anxiety, advising patience, and proceeds:

"Then shalt thou have leisure to contemplate these wonders of the Most High, and if they do not ravish and astonish them in beholding them, it is because God hath not intended this science for thee in Mercy, but in judgment . . . . Remember, then, when thou shalt see the renewing of these Natures, that with humble heart and bended knees thou praise and extol and magnify that gracious God (your own higher Self), who hath been nigh unto thee, and heard thee, and directed thine operations, and enlightened thy judgment; for certainly flesh and blood never taught thee this, but it was the free gift of that God who giveth to whom he pleaseth. (Jno. iii. 8.) This is the highest perfection to which any sublunary Body can be brought, by which we know God in One, for God is Perfection:—to which, whenever any creature arrives in its kind (according to its nature), it rejoiceth in Unity, in which there is no division nor alterity, but peace and rest without contention . . . .

"This is the last and noblest conjunction, in which all the mysteries of this microcosm have their consummation. This is by the wise called their Tetractive conjunction, wherein the Quadrangle is reduced to a Circle,† in which there is neither beginning nor end. He that hath arrived here, may sit down at banquet with the Sun and Moon. This is the so highly commended Stone of the wise, which is without all fear of corruption . . . .

*"And this work is done without any laying on of hands, and very quickly, when the matters are prepared and made fit for it. This work is therefore called a Divine Work."*

In the Commentary upon the Fifth Gate of Ripley, the author, taking up the work in its more advanced state, says:

"Thy Earth (meaning Thyself, addressing the Seeker), then being renewed, behold how it is decked with an admirable green colour which

\* By "Lord" the HIGHER SELF is here meant—"that SELF which is the Redeemer of man" whether it be called Christos or Krishna.—[Ed.]

† The four elements of nature are seen running into each other, so that they constitute a circle.

is then named the Philosopher's Vineyard. This greenness (the indication of Spring), after the perfect whiteness, is to thee a token that thy matter (thyself again) hath re-attained, through the will and power of the Almighty, a new Vegetative Life: observe then how this Philosophical Vine (thyself still) doth seem to flower, and to bring forth green clusters; \* know then that thou art now preparing for a rich vintage. (Col. i. 10.)

"Thy Stone (thyself) hath already passed through many hazards, and yet the danger † is not quite over, although it be not great; for thy former experience may now guide thee, if rash joy do not make thee mad.

Consider now that thou art in process to a new work; and though in perfect whiteness thy Stone was incombustible, yet in continuing it on the fire (of human passions) without moving, it is now become tender again: therefore, though it be not in so great a danger of Fire now as heretofore, yet immoderacy may and will certainly spoil all, and undo thy hopes; govern (thyself, understood) with prudence, therefore, while these colours shall come and go, and be not either over-hasty, nor despondent, but wait the end with patience.

"For in a short time thou shalt find that this green will be overcome with azure; ‡ and that, by the pale wan colour, which will at length come to a Citrine; which Citrine shall endure for the space of forty-six days. §

"Then shall the Heavenly Fire descend, and illuminate the Earth (thyself) with inconceivable glory; the Crown of thy Labours shall be brought unto thee, when our Sol shall sit in the South, shining with redness incomparable. ||

"This is our true Light, our Earth glorified (or body translated into Spirit): rejoice now, for our King (the inner man) hath passed from death to Life, ¶ and possesseth the keys of both death and hell, \*\* and over him nothing now hath power. (Rev. i. 18.)

"As then it is with those who are redeemed, their Old Man (the

\* This "philosophical Vine" is the *lower Manas* merged at last and reunited to its higher Alter Ego, when it begins to bring forth the green clusters of the "true Vine" for the Husbandman, the "Father" or Higher Self (*Atma Buddhi*) vide Gosp. St. John xv.—[ED.]

† This "danger" comes from the *Antaskarana* the bridge of communication between the Personality and the individuality not being yet destroyed. Vide "Shri Vakyasudha," the Philosophy of Subject and Object, page 3, 1st note in *Raja Yoga*, Practical Metaphysics of the Vidanta.—[ED.]

‡ The green of the *lower Monas*, the Animal Soul, will be "overcome with azure" or the reflection of the *Higher*, (which is *Indigo*) into their *aura* which is blue, when pure.—[ED.]

§ The cycle of the 46 Fires, the period between death and new rebirth, on *Devachan*. The cycle of the 49 Fires is the period between two *manvantaras*. The members of the E. S. will understand it better than the F. T. S.—[ED.]

|| The HIGHER SELF will shed its radiance on the heart (the chamber of *Brahma*) of even the still living Man.—[ED.]

¶ From the death in *matter* into the Life in *Spirit*.—[ED.]

\*\* Man becomes a *CHRISTOS*, the Master and custodian of "death and hell," i.e. of Earth, Matter and of the physical body of Senses.—[ED.]

physical man of flesh) is crucified, wherein is sorrow, anguish, grief, heartbreaking, and many tears; after which the New Man (the true *inner* Man or the Ego) is restored, wherein is joy, shouting, clapping of hands, singing, and the like; for the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs, and everlasting joy shall be on their heads: even so it is after a sort (the author means, precisely after this sort) in our operations; for first of all our Old Body dieth and rots, and is, as it were, corrupted, engendering most venomous exhalations, which is, as it were, the Purgatory of this Old Body, in which its corruption is overcome by a long and gentle decoction. And when it is once purged, and made clean and pure, then are the elements joined,\* and made one perfect, indissoluble Unity; so that from henceforth there is nothing but concord and amity to be found in all our habitations.

"This is a noble step, from Hell to Heaven: from the bottom of the grave to the top of Power and Glory; from obscurity in Blackness, to resplendent whiteness;† from the height of Venosity, to the height of Medicen. O Nature! how dost thou alter things into things, casting down the higher and mighty, and again exalting them from lowliness and humility! O Death! how art thou vanquished when thy prisoners are taken from thee, and carried to a state and place of immortality! This is the Lord's (our Higher Self's) doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." (Ps. cxviii. 23.)

The author then proceeds to illustrate the necessity of alternate action upon natural Bodies, before they can be prepared for a change of nature: they must be exposed to "heat" and "cold," must be "dried" and "watered" (prospered and saddened),‡ in order to be made pliable and yielding, &c., &c., all of which must be done with one Fire, which he immediately calls the "Spirit proper to it,"§ and then tells us that the wise men have called it their Venus, or Goddess of Love and says:—

"Proceed, therefore, not as a fool, but as a wise man; make the water of thy Compound (thine own spirit) to arise and circulate, so long and often that the Soul, that is to say, the most subtle virtue of the Body, arise with it, circulating with the Spirit in manner of a Firery Form, by which both the Spirit and the Body are enforced to change their colour and complexion: for it is this Soul of the *dissolved* Bodies, which is the subject of wonders; it is the life, and therefore quickens the dead; it is

\* All the "Principles" in Man merge into *one* "Principle"—Atma Buddhi, the grosser terrestrial elements of the lower body being of course destroyed.—[Ed.]

† It is hardly necessary to render this more clearly. With the ancient Mystics and even the modern Occultists, the physical body was ever called, "the grave" and the "Hell," while the Spiritual man was referred to as the Heavenly Power etc.—[Ed.]

‡ Man rises to glory through suffering in order to be made "pliable and yielding," or impervious to the emotions and feelings of his physical senses.—[Ed.]

§ This "Fire" is that of *Alaya*, the World-Soul, the essence of which is LOVE, *i.e.* homogeneous Sympathy, which is Harmony, or the "Music of the Spheres." *Vide* "Voice of the Silence" III D Treatise page 69.

the Vegetative Soul, and therefore it makes the dead and sealed Bodies, which in their own nature are barren, to fructify and bring forth. . . .

"Make sure of thy true Matter, which is no small thing to know, and though we have named it, yet we have done it so cunningly, that, if thou wilt be heedless, thou mayest sooner stumble at our books than at anything thou did'st ever read in thy life. Meddle with nothing out of kind (out of species or nature) whether Salts (generally called corrosives) or Sulphur, or whatever is of like imposition; and whatever is alien from the perfect metals (foreign to our nature) is reprobate in our mastery. Be not deceived either with receipts or Discourse, for we verily do not intend to deceive thee; but if you will be deceived, be deceived."

These writers have a favourite way of saying that recipes are deceits, and yet their books are filled with them; but their recipes deceive no one who proceeds so far in the knowledge of their Art as to understand that it is not a work of the hands, but one of thought and meditation, with which the life must be kept in unison; for it is the destruction of the whole work not to have the thought and deed keep company, insuring in the end a perfect union of the intellect and will; for Sol and Luna must be indissolubly joined, and when this is done by nature, no Art can separate them."

The author of Alchemy gives the following list as comprising the best among the numerous works of the Alchemists. There were many pretenders and false prophets, and it is not an easy matter for one unfamiliar with their strange symbology to distinguish at sight the writings of the true Alchemists from the false. A gullible public looking for some secret by which they could secure an advantage over their neighbours, were evidently as easily duped in those days as in the present.

"The books being sifted," says the author we have quoted, "a few only are retained—such as *Hermetical Triumph*; Artephius (in Salmon's *Clavis Alchymiae*); Espagnet's *Arcanum*; *The Open Entrance to the Shut Palace of the King*; Ripley's *Compound of Alchemy*, but more especially *Ripley Revived*, by Cosmopolita; *The Marrow of Alchemy*; *Zoroaster's Cave*; *Aurifontina* (a small volume containing fourteen treatises, including the excellent letter of Bernard Trevisan to Thomas of Bononia); Sandivogius; Pernety's, or Gaston le Doux's *Dictionary*, both valuable; Basil Valentine; Isaac Hollandus; and some other works, not forgetting those of Hermes, whose *Smaragdine Table* is said to contain the whole Art, though comprised in a page or two; (see note, p. 297) . . . . the books being sifted, we say, the student, after passing through various transitions of confidence and doubt, prizing the books highly and verging upon a contempt for them, may finally be content to use them as means only; and, having his attention directed to one only thing, may at last strike the key note which reduces to harmony all discords; and then (some of the writers say) he may burn his library; for the Truth is prior to the books expressing it, and remains unaffected



by all the perversities of man in the treatment of it. The Art cannot be false, however men err about it; so these writers say; and when discovered, it is found to be true in all countries, under all governments, and in view of all religions."

The student of Theosophy will find an interesting study in the comparison of the teachings of the Alchemists with the ethics of Theosophical Occultism. It is strange but true, that the essence of true Wisdom-Religion was taught in Europe in the darkest days of its known history to those who would listen. It well illustrates the oft-repeated fact that for those who will hear, the voice of the Masters is always in the world.

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Following is a copy of the *Hermetic Creed*, well known to Occultists. It is also called the *Smaragdine* (or *Emerald*) *Table*. The translation here given is taken from Salmon's *Clavis Alchymiae*, published in 1692.

1. This is true and far distant from a lie; whatsoever is below is like that which is above; and that which is above is like that which is below. By this are acquired and perfected the miracles of One Thing.
  2. Also, as all things were made from One, by the help of One, so all things are made from One Thing by conjunction.
  3. The Father thereof is the Sun, and the Mother thereof is the Moon; the Wind carries it in its Belly, and the Nurse thereof is the Earth.
  4. This is the Mother or Fountain of all perfection; and its power is perfect and entire, if it be changed into Earth.
  5. Separate the Earth from the Fire, and the subtile and thin from the gross and thick; but prudently, with long sufference (patience), gentleness, and with wisdom and judgment.
  6. It ascends from the Earth up to Heaven, and descends again from the Heaven to the Earth, and receives the powers and efficacy of the Superiors and Inferiors.
  7. In this Work, you acquire to yourself the wealth and glory of the whole World: drive therefore from you all cloudiness, or obscurity, and darkness, and blindness.
  8. For the Work increasing and going on in strength, adds strength to strength, forestalling and over-topping all other fortitudes and powers, and is able to subjugate and conquer all things, whether they be thin and subtile, or thick and solid bodies.
  9. In this manner was the World made, and hence are the wonderful conjunctions or joinings together of the matter and parts thereof, and the marvellous effects, when in this way it is done, by which these wonders are effected.
  10. And for this cause I am called Hermes Trismegistus; for that I have the knowledge or understanding of the philosophy of the Three Principles of the Universe.
- My Doctrine, or Discourse, which I have delivered concerning the Solar Work is complete and perfect.

JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE, F.T.S.



## "LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES."

THE CHRIST.

I HAVE been sent forth to seek for thee, O little one. It was told me thou shouldst perish if I sought thee not. But I find thee swathed in the luxurious purple of kings and covered with the ermine of the nations, and thy head is nestled upon snowy feathers where the rose of the cheek showeth rosier by contrast. Is it *thus* Christ shall be born?

And she who spake was an Hebrew of the Hebrews, but she dwelt alone in a city of mist where none might enter who had not been purged from the grossness of the body.

And the babe whom she sought lay in a marble hollow shaped like a manger, but formed in the most exquisite fashion of carving to represent both the wheat-sheaf of Ceres with its heavily-laden ears, and the Chalice of Bacchus, and underneath were the sculptured forms of four gods of the Body, while upon the outer circle were golden shields blazoned with the twelve labours of Hercules and the Loves of Venus.

And the hollow which was manger-like in shape was lined with the softest down taken from the breasts of a certain breed of sacred swans at the time of nesting, for these fed upon the fish of the holy water and had become an institution of the Temple long ages past, as was recorded in the Holy Script, but the down had been stored away in the perfume of spices and incense that it might be preserved against the time it was wanted for this particular purpose.

But this breed of swans has lessened age by age as the prophecy said they should do, so that from uncountable numbers there remained only *two* and at the plucking time these also died, so that those wise ones who kept the ancient scripts knew that the time was at hand when the Christ should be born. So they set about making this cradle manger for him of marble, gold, precious stones and its wealth of Syrian silks, that the babe who was called by the name of the Sun-God should lie therein and be worshipped by all the people. She who came from the land of the mist, was fair to see and her feet were swift.

And she stood gazing at the rosy babe in his dead splendour, till her heart was moved with compassion for him. And she said :

"Surely a *living* heart and a *living* love were worth a thousand times as much as all these offerings of the dead, and the unjustly plucked feathers which have been withheld from the nest of the young cygnets, who being thus denuded of their warmth, have gradually diminished in number, and become extinct as a species, leaving the holy water tenantless. Although the marble basin hath been cut into quaint devices by the skill of man's hand, yet because this also hath been wrought *merely* for the daily wage that man's body might flourish, it is profitless, therefore are the lines of thy graven forms full of corruption, and thy fair living flesh, O babe, will become pregnant with these before the eyes of thy discernment are opened. These offerings of Ceres are not the *living* germs but the *dead* pictures thereof, and the wine of Bacchus, that which mocketh the Gods with such a draught of hallucination that they are maddened thereby. Who am I, that the task of nourishing thee should be given unto me? And yet methinks to spare *thee* so much discomfort and loss as my dainty robes and furbished bed are like to cause thee, I am well content to bear the penalty, for

my beauty is beyond the beauty of earth, and love groweth within me as I gaze thereupon."

And as she spake, the little one opened his eyes, and looking up, shuddered as though an evil shadow had fallen over him; and she seeing his aversion to these gauds and cold splendours which were heaped around and upon him, leaned forward so that his eyes should meet hers; and immediately he stretched out his arms with a glad cry of welcome, and cast from him his coverlet of purple in the effort to uprise and embrace her. And she being overjoyed at the babe's recognition of the love in her, unwound the bandages and swathes which had been put upon him and began to fold them neatly and lay them daintily each on the other. For she said, "In ignorance have these people done this, not *knowing* of what Nature the child should be, but they will be better pleased if the care of ages be *reverently* put aside, rather than rudely crumpled and trodden under foot. Truly in ignorance wrought they, not *knowing*. Yet because they laboured with zeal and had an *honest* purpose of help in them, their offerings shall not be despised. *Thy* body hath lain therein and made the place of their worship—Holy."

And when she had put from Him all the many embroidered vestments and golden symbols as things no longer needed, she took the child in her arms and folded him against her bosom nearest her heart, that He might take warmth from the warmth of her own life, and He looked unto her with the joy of freedom and the tenderness of her own love reflected seven times back at her.

And she said: "Having nothing, *thou* possessest all treasure; but having much earth treasure, thou wast poor in the eyes of those who know the nature of love."

And they who came to worship at the shrine of the sleeping babe, came with music and incense and all the glory of the pomp of pride, and all the beauty of changeful dyes.

And when the woman heard the sound of the music and knew that the hour of worship was come, she took the coverlet of purple from its place and lay it over the draperies she had folded in the manner of a pall, and arose with the child in her bosom, travelling swiftly towards the land of mist.

And the crowd came hither, and music rang to the vaulted roof of the temple, and all things therein were bathed in the luxurious light and splendour of the scene.

Then He who stood nearer the manger-cradle, lifted up the purple with a gesture of adoration. And behold—in the place of the child, lay one who looked at him out of mocking eyes and he had a face such as demons wear. Moreover, his body had consumed the whiteness of the down, and the garments which the babe had worn were spotted living crimson, which burned with increase and was disease.

And immediately the priest lifted the purple, he who had lain concealed beneath it, uprose and spread his wings and laughed until the temple shook from base to roof, and the light of the glorified Altar became red as blood; the fragrant incense also turned into clouds of noxious fumes, and all men's faces gathered blackness as though the day of the wrath of the Lord had come.

And when the people saw what had happened, they made as though they would escape out of the Temple, but the laughter of the demon followed them,

and all things fell into dust before this terrible sound. So that, behold, the morning sun looked not any more on the fair presentment of *Power* but upon a blackened heap of cinders scattered over a large space of earth, in which was contained all that was left of the vestments of long gathered centuries and the bones of men.

But she who dwelt in the land of the mist kept the living babe and none knew of her, for her land was lonely.

And He grew with her love rapidly until the voice of his speech made itself heard in her heart.

Then said He, "There is a cry of woe in the land of Darkness. Behold it is time one went unto them to teach them the way of the path of Light."

And she said: "Am not I *Thine* and Thou *mine*. Surely whatsoever is in me I render freely unto Thee as though it were Thine own will and Thine own strength. Shall we go unto the people who love phantoms, but hate *Truth*?"

And He answered: "It is so urged upon me that we seek again the place of the Temple where at first I lay, and under the dome of which the offerings of zeal were gathered."

So she took him in her arms, and they went forth together.

And when they had come into the place of the Temple where he was born, there remained no mark of its mighty walls and carven pillars, only the ground was blackened with the memory of the past.

And the scattered remnants of burned-out glory lay crisp in ashes under the woman's feet.

And she said: "Surely destruction hath come speedily. Methought that the days of doom to others halted, because *our* love was so pleasant, and *our* land so blessed."

And He answered: "Behold the pattern of the True Temple is Here. *Thou* shalt build it. And I will tell thee what thou shalt do, but first scoop out with thine hands a hollow for me in the cinders wherein I may lie, while thou buildest around me such a home as I love."

And she put him from her and hollowed in the ashes of the charred wood which had once been oaken rafters of the Temple, a place fitted for the size of His body, and she spread her outer garment over it and laid Him carefully therein, mutely caressing his limbs and murmuring over Him words of love.

And He said: "Gather out from the left side of me such pieces of cinder as have got in them traces of their early nature remaining, and lay these together upon the left side in a heap."

So she gathered as he dictated and at eventide the heap was larger than she supposed possible.

And when night was come she lay down beside the hollow, and took His hand in hers, and slept the sleep of the righteous, and saw a vision.

And behold. This was not a Temple like the Temple builded with hands that she had been working upon, but an eternal monument, a living essential Truth. And the strewn ashes were the lives of saints purified by the *zeal* that had given so *much* for a mistaken cause, for the *creeds* had to die that the men might live.

And she saw all those who had suffered aught for the name of Truth, from every nation under Heaven, bursting out of their sepulchre of darkness and

becoming vital in the glory of the Child. And the hollow which she had made with her own hands was formed of lives more holy than all the rest, and behold a much fairer couch than the swan's-down-lined-manger, carven of cold marble and decked with jewels. And one stood by her in her vision and said :

"How great a work is thine, O woman, of the land of the mist. Dost thou not question with thyself who thou art ? and for what virtue in thee thou wast chosen to take upon thee so *heavy* a labour as this ?"

And she answered : "So that the child fare well, I care not about *my* labour, neither do I seek any reward. Let the glory be His. I am content to remain in the land of the mist."

And he said : "Hast thou seen the Sun at his uprising dimmed with light vapour ? What thinkest thou will become of *this* when the meridian of his height is reached ?"

And she said : "The Sun drinketh it into his beams, by reason of warmth it is lost."

Then answered he : "Can there be any loss in that which out-giveth and intaketh *Life* for ever ?"

And she said : "I know not. Let me look upon the face of the Child again. The glory of the Saints around Him has hidden Him from my Sight."

And immediately there was a loud cry of adoration—and she was before a great disc of light—and the face of the Child looked out from it, and He said unto her : "Behold thy labour and rejoice, for there is no more Death."

And His features were changed, His voice also had become powerful with the power of His Holy Ones. And he said again : "What wilt thou I give unto Thee ?" Then stood she before Him sorrowfully and answered : "Let it be enough I have so long laboured in ignorance that my soul is weary. Let it be given unto me, that the people live and I go into the land of mist, my own land, and there live forgotten until my earthly days are done. All my *joy* was in Thee. They who are nearer unto Thee in glory—to them commit I my charge over Thee." And he said : "Shall any part those whom God hath joined ?"

She answered : "I know not—I am weary." And the sorrow that smote into her heart like a sharp shaft of steel awoke her, and behold the hollow of ashes. The place of desolation and the remembrance of the past was with her—but the babe was not there.

Then went she a day's journey seeking Him, and at night-fall came unto a Forest, where even night was made trebly dark by interlacing branches and the air was poisonous because the trees were fed from fetid waters.

But this she knew not.

And stood communing with herself saying : "Shall I go further or perish here ? It is as well that I die in one place as in another. Life is burdensome unto me."

And behold He who had lain in the hollow stood near her and said :

"Thou art reserved for the fuller life, for if thou touchest the trees they shall become vital with *thy* vitality and the old order of poison fumes shall be done away." Then said she : "Art *Thou* always with me that *thus*—when I am in the deep of despair—Thou answerest me ?"

And he said : "Thou hast carried me on thy bosom heretofore—*now* thou shalt bear me with thee in thy Soul—and we shall never part, for thou shalt be unto me another Self, no less dear because thou art yet left unto thy time of limitations—demand and supply from the law of the natural body."

And these words of the Child and the vision of Him comforted her, so that she went forth amongst the people—carrying with her the presence of the Holy One—who waiteth the hour of revelation by the faith of His People.

## THE VIVISECTORS.

A STORY OF BLACK MAGIC, FOUNDED ON FACT.

**A**T the foot of the mountains of Auvergne on the eastern border of the great plain which stretches through the centre of France, lies a small city renowned for many a stirring scene in history. Not the least of these was the frenzied preaching of the Hermit who wrung from a passion-wrought and ignorant mob the blasphemous shout of "Dieu le veut," and by his cry "Lo, there was Christ!" announced himself a traitor to that ever-present and living Truth he claimed to serve.

Near the centre of the city stands a small university, of no great renown in itself, but interesting because Pierre Ducharme and Gaston Luguet were some few years ago among the number of its students.

Outwardly they were an ill-assorted couple, for Gaston was handsome and rich, while Pierre was ungainly and ill-featured and dependent on a miserable pittance which an almost bankrupt father grudgingly doled out to him.

It was a strange bond of union that kept these two together. Dissimilar in all other respects, they were both madly impassioned of Science. For them it was everything; it explained all, or at least all that was explainable. If there was a Saviour of the world it was Science; truly a goddess meet to be worshipped, a goddess whose brilliant radiance had put to flight the misty hosts of superstition and poured from her beneficent lap the blessings of civilization on all men. Their sole ambition was to gain a niche in the Temple of Fame among the great discoverers and pioneers who had fought in the battle of Man against Nature. For them Science had nearly covered the ground of possible knowledge. Since Mind had been conclusively demonstrated to be a product of Matter, there was nothing more to say in that direction. Experiments which were being made to perfect our knowledge on the origin of life were nearly successfully completed, so that the evolution of Matter would be proven all along the line.

The lines of study which especially interested them were the splendid achievements of surgery and the important discoveries arrived at by vivisection, particularly the labours of the renowned *savants* Bernard, Bert and Pasteur.

Gaston who was a *fils de famille* and was well supplied with money, had spent it freely in the purchase of subjects on which he and Pierre operated in private, taking careful note of the nerves and tissues necessary to life and making elaborate experiments to demonstrate the limitation of environment under which life was supportable. For them, the sacrifice even of the whole animal kingdom was as nothing compared to the addition of one valuable fact to the sum of proved scientific knowledge. The animal was merely a continuation of the vegetable kingdom. Why then have more compunction in cutting up a dog, than in paring an apple? To speak of such valuable experiments as cruel and brutal, was mere sentiment and effeminate squeamishness, the proof of an unscientific mind and weak intellect.

They deplored the soft-hearted public opinion which forbade the vivisection

of criminals and spoke with enthusiasm of the enlightened government which had once given Science the means of prosecuting so valuable a field of discovery.

Together they had operated on some of the animals which, according to the Hæckelian "Tree," were most closely related to man, and eagerly yearned to push their investigations into the human kingdom. "Why did not the government," they cried, "make the proletariat cast lots yearly and so supply a certain number of subjects for their great benefactress Science? Bah, the government was too chicken-hearted now-a-days!"

At this period they were working very hard for an approaching examination. For Pierre this crisis was of the most vital importance. It would make or mar him. Gaston, on the contrary, was spurred on merely by his ambition. Yet so powerful was his love of fame and so assiduously did it keep him to his studies, that his health began to give way and he had to be hurriedly packed off home for a week's rest.

As the two friends parted at the station, Gaston whispered with suppressed excitement: "But for *one* miserable subject and we should head the lists by a thousand marks, Pierre! I'll get one, never fear, old fellow! I swear it."

Pierre, who was of a less sanguine nature, recognized the impossibility of gratifying their wish in so benighted an age and returned with equal mind to his work. He heard nothing of his friend for a week, and then received a brief note ending in the somewhat alarming sentence: "At last I have my eye on a subject."

Gaston was evidently off his head, thought Pierre. The old fellow had worked too hard and tired his brain. He would run over to R— and see him.

R— was a town some eight miles distant, where the Luguets lived in an ancient mansion on the quiet main street.

At Pierre's knock, the servant girl, who knew him well for M. Gaston's friend, told him that the family were from home but that the young master was in his study. He had particularly asked not to be disturbed, but no doubt would see Monsieur.

Dismissing the girl, Pierre went straight to Gaston's door and knocked. No answer. He knocked again. Still no answer. On turning the handle he found the door was locked.

"Gaston, old man," he shouted, "it's I, open up, you sleepy beggar!" Still no response.

Fearing something might be wrong, Pierre placed his shoulder against the door and the lock flew off.

Hastily entering, he drew back with a start of alarm.

There lay Gaston, stripped to the middle, face downwards in a ghastly pool of blood. Swiftly and deftly Pierre raised the dead body of his friend expecting to find a gaping throat wound. But no sooner had he turned the body round than he dropped it with a cry of horror, for the bared trunk, from the mangled flesh of which blood was still oozing, showed signs of careful *dissection*.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A subject had been found, it was Gaston himself.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Pierre staggered to a chair, prostrated with emotion. As he gazed round the room in a dazed manner, his eye rested on the writing-table.

What was that bloodstained paper in his friend's well-known writing? Seizing it with trembling hands, he saw at a glance that it was a detailed account of the whole ghastly operation, every nerve and muscle noted, the writing getting feebler and feebler until a series of small blots marked where the pen had fallen from Gaston's fainting hand. Pierre's anxiety to read this valuable record overcame all other thoughts. Sitting down he perused with bated breath and intense interest the minute details of what, from a scientific point of view, he considered a most magnificent operation.

He was laying the paper down with a sigh of disappointment that it ended so abruptly and at a point where the interest was greatest, when his eye was attracted by two or three sentences written at the bottom of the page and which he had not previously noticed. The writing was very minute but yet written firmly and boldly.

*Pierre, it ran, we have been mad fools. . . . Matter is delusion. . . . Nothing exists but ideas. . . . Mind is no product of matter, but a thing in itself. . . . Hypnotism; study hypnotism. . . . Farewell!*

Surely Gaston was mad! Of course he must have been to kill himself: but here was an additional proof. How fearfully mad the poor fellow must have been to write such stuff! Matter a delusion! Bah! the one reality of science—a delusion! He was as mad as a whole lunatic asylum, surely. Mind not a product of matter! Why every child knew that it was! And had not Gaston himself moreover, written a thesis on the interaction of the molecular movement of the brain and consequent thought-production? *He* study hypnotism, the hallucination of insufficient observation—absurd! Why Gaston and himself had clearly and completely demonstrated to their mutual satisfaction that it was merely a continued hallucination caused by sustained attention and a consequent partial paralysis or inhibition of the nerve centres. Poor Gaston *was* mad; most awfully mad.

Carefully folding the paper, he placed it in his pocket-book.

\* \* \* \* \*

After the funeral, Pierre tried to settle down to his studies again but with poor success. His work always reminded him of Gaston, and Gaston of his tragic self-immolation to science.

From time to time he took out the ghastly record of his friend's last handiwork, and studied it attentively. He regarded it as a sacred secret and as the most precious souvenir that could be left by one man of science to another.

At first it struck him as somewhat curious that Gaston had penned those last mad sentences so neatly; but he speedily found a satisfactory solution to the difficulty, and placed it securely on a strictly scientific footing. Gaston had evidently fainted from loss of blood; on coming to his senses again, however, his already overwrought brain had given way completely. In this miserable state of mind he had written the concluding sentences, when a second fainting-fit had completely finished him.

As his examination was rapidly approaching, he determined to banish the subject from his mind and work hard; but as he was reading up physiology, he had frequent occasion to refer to his friend's precious notes, and he finally determined to bring them into his paper by hook or by crook. He accordingly found his mind always dwelling on Gaston and his strange heirloom.



So much did this recollection haunt him that as he read he could have sworn that he heard Gaston's voice whispering in the far distance : " Matter is delusion, delusion ! " He would wake up at night with the words " Mind is a thing of itself " ringing in his ears. Wherever he went he was pursued by a gentle murmur of " Hypnotism, study hypnotism ! "

Maddened to desperation by his inability to banish these thoughts from his mind, he determined to read the subject again, and so prove once more to his own complete satisfaction, by pure reason and science, that hypnotism was nothing but hallucination and a nonsensical and unproductive branch of enquiry.

Still as it would be a pure waste of time to consult the accepted authorities, all of whom he had previously read, he prepared for his amusement and distraction to analyse the unscientific absurdities of the Mesmerists.

With this intention he entered the City Library and taking down Dupotet's *Magie Devoilée*, commenced to read it in an absent-minded and contemptuous manner. As he mechanically turned the pages over, he gave a sudden start. Close to his very ear he heard Gaston's voice distinctly whisper, " Read, Pierre, study hypnotism ! "

He was now thoroughly desperate. " Was he too going mad ? " he asked himself. Mad ! He, Pierre, mad ! Bosh, it was all nerves !

Once, however, that he had determined on a task, it was not his habit to leave it unperformed ; so that opening the book again, he proceeded to carefully analyse the theories and experiments brought forward by the author.

We must pass over the various changes of mind through which he went during the next few days and the way in which he was gradually forced to admit several of the hypotheses of the followers of Mesmer. The study of these books brought under his notice an entirely new literature, and forced him occasionally to refer for verification of quotations to the writings of the mediæval " Adepts," such as Paracelsus, Agrippa, Van Helmont, Flamel, Robertus de Fluctibus, etc. In the works of these authors he read contemptuously enough of Magic. Hypnotism, he admitted, had been treated scientifically ; there was also a probability that mesmerism could be dealt with in the same manner, but *Magic*—absurd ! That *was* pure madness and hallucination, if you like.

But hardly had the thought crossed his mind when he heard the well-known voice whisper : " Hallucination !—What is hallucination ? . . . Nothing exists but thought . . . Study Magic ! "

Study Magic ! As well tell a Scientist to study Theology ! thought Pierre. He was evidently overworked and overwrought and must take a day's holiday. Suppose he were to go for a long tramp into the mountains and clear away the cobwebs ?

With this determination he started off and walked with feverish energy till nightfall, returning footsore and hungry. His walk had done him no good, for all the time his brain was working wildly as he strove with all his power to reason himself back again to his old position.

He was passing through the streets as one in a dream, when suddenly he stopped before an old curiosity shop, and mechanically took up a small dilapidated volume covered with worm-eaten vellum. As he turned over the pages, his attention was riveted by the accursed word, *Magic*.

It was the Grimoire of Pope Honorius.

Seeing a probable customer, the old dealer came forward, and noticing the book in his hands, began with the garrulousness of old age to explain how he came by it, pouring forth a voluble story of some Father Leclache, a Jesuit who was found dead in his bed.

Pierre listened without comprehending a word, and mechanically following the garrulous curiosity monger into his sanctum, dreamily watched him rummage out a small dust-covered oak box bound strongly with iron clasps.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next recollection he had was that of placing the same box with great care on the dissecting table in Gaston's former laboratory and securely fastening the door.

One who knew him would have declared that it was no longer Pierre Ducharme. Every gesture was altered, an unnatural change had completely transfigured him. He now seemed to be acting with a set purpose and performing a familiar task of which he knew every detail.

Carefully selecting certain herbs, he commenced to pound and mix them together, muttering strange words in rhythmical cadence the while. Two long hours he plied his task, for six different mixtures were to be prepared and all was done deliberately and solemnly and with the greatest possible care.

Next proceeding to the mysterious box and opening it he laid the contents in due order on the table and extinguished the light.

Then taking a handful of one of the mixtures, he turned with strange gestures to the four quarters with reverent mien and placed the incense in a brazier, intoning a prolonged syllable which died away in weird and mysterious whisperings. This he did three times.

With steel and flint he lighted the herbs, and soon dense clouds of smoke were rolling through the apartment. One by one each article from the strong-bound box was passed eight times through the smoke and consecrated with the utmost care. You would have said that the fortunes of a kingdom hung in the balance for each detail of the ceremony.

When all was duly consecrated, with slow and stately steps the *Magister* moved in silence to the centre of the chamber and there remained motionless, arms folded, closed eyes and bowed head.

It was a strange weird scene, lit only by the unsteady glow of the embers in the brazier. Now and again their fitful light allowed a glimpse of the laboratory-shelves with their glass instruments and furniture, shelves which had so often been the silent witnesses of the excruciating pains and agonized death throes of that torture chamber of science.

Ceasing from his contemplative attitude the operator now traced with great deliberation a circle of some six feet diameter in the centre of the apartment, adding strange cabalistic figures within it. Next he drew a cross the ends of which joined the outer circle and at the points he placed four braziers filled with different perfumes, and in the centre placed a fifth. Setting four tapers within the circle on the arms of the cross, and donning a red vesture reaching to his feet, he girded round his waist a belt inscribed with strange and mystic characters and bound with practised hand a *Lamen* round his forehead.

Precisely as the clock was striking twelve, with wand and book in hand, the

now transformed magician stepped within the circle, which now was shrouded round with rolling clouds of incense from the smoking braziers.

Facing the East, in low and solemn tones and with expectant gaze, the red-clad figure pronounced with emphasis a weird and awe-inspiring invocation to the Spirits of Fire. Then from South, North, West, the Spirits of Air, Earth and Water were severally invoked to aid the daring mortal in his task

Denser and denser grew the incense fumes; wreath after wreath curled into strange fantastic shapes and arched into a brooding canopy overhead. And now the hardy summoner of unseen powers lights the centre brazier and springing to his feet with terrible earnestness pronounced the following awful words:—

*By the Rulers of the Four Corners of Solid Earth, and by Princes and Powers of Fleeting Air; By Regents and Demons of Running Water and by the bright spirits of Flaming Fire: By all these and by the Great Name of the all-mighty Dragon Bibdabradoft, I summon thee, Gaston Luguet, to appear. Notsag Teugul: Yau tezie kodel y bednu! Appear! Appear!! Appear!!!*

Round and round the circle sped the fumes in dizzy swirls with ever-increasing rapidity; but within the charmed surface all was intensely clear and unnaturally still. As the last syllable died away, lambent tongues of flame quivered through the rapid smoke spirals threading them like weavers' shuttles, until the two motions intermingling, a living wall of whirling atoms hemmed the circle in. Suddenly the motion ceased; and the sphere assumed a dull monotonous glare, as though the bold magician were hemmed in with walls of red hot iron; yet there was no heat but rather the sensation of a cool wind blowing.

Suddenly the blood-coloured envelope split on all sides and disappeared.

Mighty powers what are these; what this horrid spectacle? There on all sides pressing round the circle are standing the wretched victims which had died beneath the ruthless scalpels of the pitiless pair; dissected to the limit of life; in horrible mutilation; piteously gazing at the silent watcher in mute appeal for mercy. Above them was the shade of Gaston, pointing to his self-inflicted wounds. Each gazed upon their summoner in mute appeal; and Gaston gazed at them, with awful looks of undying sorrow and remorse.

With a violent shudder the whole demeanour of the formerly intrepid lord of the circle changed, the previous calm *Magister* vanished from the scene; the red-clad figure was now Pierre Ducharme himself.

Turn where he would the same awful sight presented itself to his panic-stricken gaze; desperately, with starting eyeballs he turned his eyes upward.

There above his head hovered a grand and noble personage of stern sad gaze. "*Mortal*," it seemed to say, "*Life is sweet Harmony: but thou hast made of it sad discord. As thou hast sown, so must thou reap. Like unto like; SUCH IS THE LAW.*"

With a shriek of terror the hapless student tottered backwards and fell outside the circle unconscious.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning sun shone brightly on the figure of Pierre Ducharme. There he lay on the floor of the laboratory, dressed in his ordinary clothes, with

Gaston's bloodstained notes clasped tightly in his hand. All else had disappeared.

On returning to consciousness, he strove to recollect how he had come to pass the night on the floor, but in vain. He could remember returning from his long walk, tired and faint for want of food. All else was a hopeless blank. He supposed the fit of nervous prostration from which he had been suffering, had culminated in some fit of unconsciousness.

He felt very tired and shattered. Something must be done to pull himself together, a glass of brandy would set him to rights, he thought. Hastily pouring out a glass from a bottle that had been used once for an experiment, he drained it to the last drop; it did him so much good that he poured out another. The second had even a better effect than the first. Pierre had a natural dislike for spirits, but strange to say, in his present queer state, he seemed to derive nothing but benefit from the fiery liquid, and by the time he had finished the bottle felt almost quite his old self.

During the next week or so before his examination he threw himself heart and soul into his work, keeping up his strength by increasing quantities of brandy. He found that he had much to get through, especially as he had to make up for the time lost during what he now regarded as his nervous illness. So occupied however, was he with his other subjects, that it was not until the very morning of the examination that he snatched a hasty glance at Gaston's notes, which since the night of the crisis of his illness he had kept locked up in a drawer of his desk. In fact he had to finish his reading of them as he hurried down to the examination hall.

Hastily putting them into his breast pocket, he entered the hall and ran his eye over the paper.

"Splendid! Nothing could be better! The very question he wanted! He was a made man!" Such were the mental comments of the delighted Pierre.

On he wrote, cleverly leading up to the point where he could bring in the priceless information that his dead friend had bequeathed to him.

As he more clearly brought the fatal paper and its precious contents before his mind's eye, the whole sequence of events from the time of Gaston's suicide, massed themselves and began to rush through his being with ever-increasing intensity. Once more he felt himself carried with wild headlong impulse into the magic circle. And now with lightning rapidity he was a second time brought face to face with the ghastly vision which had been evoked.

With the awful words "SUCH IS THE LAW" ringing in his ears, he fell forward heavily over his papers.

Silence reigned in the hushed examination hall. Nothing could be heard but the plying of busy pens; when suddenly the stillness was broken by a demoniacal shout of laughter. Peal after peal rang through the rafters. As the startled students looked up they saw that one of their number was waving his papers frantically over his head and then tearing them with frenzied fingers into fragments. At this terrible sight the awful truth burst upon them. . . . PIERRE DUCHARME WAS MAD.

**Rest.**

**A** SOLITARY cottage stood on the edge of a bleak moorland. The sun sank behind the low horizon, and left marshy pools glowing like living opals. A stream of homeward flying rooks made a streak of indigo across the topaz sky where gauzy wind-riven clouds floated westward. The sacred hush of eventide brooded under the calm wings of night.

Out on the waste wandered the Angel of "Sleep," and the Angel of "Death" with arms fraternally entwined, and whilst the brotherly genii embraced each other, night stole down with velvet footfall, and the green stars peered forth. Then the Angel of Sleep shook from out his hands the invisible grains of slumber, and bade the night wind waft them o'er the World. And soon the child in its cradle, the tired mother, the aged man, and the pain-laden woman were at peace. The curfew tolled out from the distant hamlet and then was still. Inside the cottage a rushlight burned faintly, indicating the poverty of the room, and illumining the death-like features of the boy who lay on the bed. By his side, worn out, sat the father, his horny hand clasped in that of his child. And the two brother Angels advanced, hand in hand, and peered in at the window, and the Angel of Sleep said: "Behold how gracious a thing it is, that we can visit this humble dwelling and scatter grains of slumber around, and send oblivion to the weary watcher. I am beloved and courted by all. How merciful is our vocation."

And silently he entered the room.

He kissed the eyelids of the weary watcher, and as he did so some grains fell from out the wreath of scarlet poppies that lay, like drops of blood, upon his brow. But the Angel of Death sat without, his pallid face shrouded in the sable of his wings. And he spake to the Angel of Sleep, "Of a truth thou art happy and beloved. The welcome guest of all, whereas I am shunned, the door is barred as against a secret foe, and I am counted the enemy of the World." But the Angel of Sleep wiped away the immortal tears from the dark and mournful eyes of his brother Death. "Are we not children born of the one Father," said he. "And do not the good call thee friend, and the lonely, the homeless, the weary laden, bless thy hallowed name when they wake in Paradise."

And the Angel of Death unfurled his sable wings and took heart. And as LUCIFER the light-bringer paled in the violet Heavens he silently entered the dwelling. With his golden scythe he cut the silver cord of life, and gathered the child to his faithful bosom.

VIOLET CHAMBERS, F.T.S.

"WHEREIN IS LOVE, THEREIN IS GOD."

By COUNT L. TOLSTOI.

ONCE there dwelt in a city a bootmaker, Martin Avdeyitch. He lived in a small basement room with one window. The window looked on the street. Through the window one could see the people passing; though their legs alone could be seen, yet Martin Avdeyitch used to recognise the owners by their boots. Martin Avdeyitch had lived in his room for a long while and had many acquaintances. Rare was that pair of boots in the neighbourhood that missed his hands. Some he soled, others he patched, some again he trimmed afresh, putting on occasionally a new heel or two. And often he used to see his work through the window. Of orders he had plenty, for Avdeyitch's work was solid; he always furnished good material, putting on it no higher price than he should, and stuck punctually to his promises. Whenever sure of being ready at the time fixed, he would accept an order; if otherwise, he would never deceive a customer, but would warn him beforehand. So Avdeyitch became known and had no end of work. Avdeyitch had always been a good man, but toward old age he took to thinking more of his soul and approaching nearer his God. In the now old days, when Martin yet lived as a journeyman, he had lost his wife. A boy about three years old had been all that remained of her. Their elder children had all died. At first Martin thought of sending his boy to the village, to live with his sister, but pitying the child, he changed his mind—"too hard for my Kapitoshka to grow up in a strange family," he said to himself, "I'll keep him with me." Asking his master to discharge him, Avdeyitch went to live together with his little boy in a lodging. But God had not given him luck with children. Hardly had the child grown up sufficiently to be of help to his father, than he fell sick, burnt with fever for a week, and died. Martin buried his son and fell into despair. So much did he despair that he murmured against God. Such weariness got hold of Martin that more than once he implored God for death, and reproved Him for not taking him, an old man, instead of his beloved and only son. Avdeyitch even ceased to go to Church. Once an old village neighbour visited Avdeyitch, on his way from Troitza Monastery—a pilgrim in the eighth year of his travels. After conversing awhile Avdeyitch complained to him about his sorrows. "No desire, man of God, do I feel for life," he said. "Death alone do I covet, and pray God for. Here am I, a hopeless man in all?"

And the Pilgrim answered:—

"Thou speakest not well, Martin, for it behoves us not to judge the acts of God. 'Tis not as we fancy but as God decrees! And if God so willed that thy son should die and thou shouldst live, therefore must it have been for the best. As to thy despairing, this is only because thou seekest to live for thine own comfort alone."

"And for what else should one live?" asked Martin.

Quoth the old man—"For God, Martin, thou shouldst live for God. He

giveth life, for Him then we should live. Once thou livest for God, thou shalt cease fretting, and life shall seem to thee but a light burden."

After a short silence, Martin asked :—"How should one live for God?"

Saith the old one : "As for this, Christ Himself showeth us the way. Canst thou not read? Well, buy the *Evangels* and read them, and thou shalt learn therein how one can live for God. It is all there."

And these words found their way into Martin's heart. And he went and bought a New Testament, in large print, and set himself to study it.

Avdeyitch had intended to read only on holidays, but no sooner had he begun, than he felt his soul so overjoyed that he read daily. At times he would go on reading so late at night that the oil in his lamp would be all burned out, and he still unable to tear himself away from the book. Thus Avdeyitch read every evening. And the more he read, the more it became clear to him what God expected of him, and how one should live *for God*; and he felt the burden on his heart becoming lighter and lighter. Hitherto when retiring to rest, he used to begin groaning and moaning for his Kapitoshka, but now his last thoughts became, "Glory to Thee, glory, O Lord! Thy will be done." And now all the life of Avdeyitch was changed. Hitherto, as a Sunday offering, he used to visit the inn, to get a glass of tea, and to occasionally indulge in liquor. He, too, had drunk with casual friends; and though never enough to get drunk, yet often retired in too good humour, talking nonsense, and even shouting to, and abusing people on his way home. But now all this had gone by; his life had become quiet and full of contentment. From morn till eve at work; and when the task was done, taking his little lamp from the hook on the wall, placing it on his table, and then getting his book from the shelf, opening it, and sitting down to read. And the more he read, the better he understood it and the lighter and happier he felt in his heart.

Once, it so happened that Martin sat up later than usual. He was reading the Gospel according to St. Luke. He had read the sixth chapter, and had come upon the verses: "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy shirt\* also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." Then he read those verses wherein the Lord saith:—

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the sand; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Read Avdeyitch these words and his soul felt overjoyed. Taking off his spectacles, he laid them on the book before him, and leaning on the table fell into deep thought. He tried to fit his life to the precepts. And then he asked himself:

"Is my house built on rock or on sand? If on rock, well and good. Aye,

\* In the Slavonian text the word is "shirt," not "coat," as in the English texts

it is easy enough, sitting here alone to fancy that one has done everything as God commands ; but forget this for a moment and there's sin again. Nevertheless, I'll try. Too good, not to—and may God help me ! ”

Thus ran his thoughts ; he half rose to go to bed, but felt unwilling yet to part with the Book. So he went on reading the seventh Chapter. He read about the centurion, read all about the son of the widow, read the reply to John's disciples and came to that place, where a Pharisee asked Jesus to eat with him ; and finally read how the woman “which was a sinner” anointed His feet and washed them with her tears and how He forgave her sins. At last he came to verse 44 and began to read : “And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman ? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet ; but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head ; and since the time I came in, she hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint ; but she hath anointed my feet with ointment.” And having read these verses he repeated to himself : “*Gave no water for the feet, gave no kiss, nor did he anoint HIS head with oil. . . .*”

He took off his spectacles once more, placed them on the Book, and fell into deep thought again.

“That Pharisee, there, must have been one of my sort. I too never used to remember anyone but myself : how to indulge in tea, to sit in warmth and comfort, and no thought of others. Thought of himself only ; as to his guest, no care did he feel for him. And who, that guest ? Why the Lord Himself. Would He but come to me now, could I ever act as he did ? ”

Placing both arms on the table, Avdeyitch fell unconsciously into a half slumber.

“Martin !” he suddenly heard, as if something had breathed near his ear.

Startled in his sleep, “Who's here ? ” he cried.

Turning round he looked at the door—and saw no one. He fell asleep again. Suddenly he heard distinctly a voice saying :

“Martin, I say, Martin ! look out on the street to-morrow for me. I will come.”

Then Martin awoke, arose from his chair and began to rub his eyes, not sure whether he had really heard these words, or only dreamed them. Then he turned off his lamp, and took to his bed.

On the morrow Avdeyitch arose before twilight, said his prayers, kindled his fire, put his *stshy* \* and *kasha* † into the oven, made his *samovar* boil‡, donned his apron, and taking his seat under the window commenced his work. There sat Avdeyitch, working, but thinking all the while of what had happened. And his conclusions were two-fold : one moment he thought that it was all fancy, at another that he had heard a voice, truly. Well, he argued, such things have happened before.

Thus sat Martin at his window, working less than looking out of it, and no sooner would a pair of boots of † foreign make pass by than, straining his body, he would try to catch a glimpse through the window, not of the legs alone but of the face too. There goes the *dvernik* (porter) in new felt boots,§ there comes the water-carrier, and finally an old invalid soldier of the Nicholas period, in

\* Cabbage broth.

Brass tea-urn to boil water in.

† Thick porridge of buck-wheat.

§ *Valenki*, thick felt boots without soles.



worn-out and mended felt boots and leggings, armed with a snow-shovel, stood before the window. Avdeyitch recognised him by those leggings. Stepanitch was the old man's name, and he lived with a neighbouring merchant, on charity. His duty was to help the porter. Stepanitch commenced to shovel away the snow from before the window; Avdeyitch looked at him and then returned to his work.

"I must have lost my senses in my old age!" laughed Avdeyitch to himself. "Stepanitch is cleaning away the snow and I am here fancying Christ is coming to visit me. I must be a doting old fool, that's what I am." Nevertheless, having drawn his needle through about a dozen times, Avdeyitch was again attracted to look through the window. And, having looked, he saw Stepanitch who, placing his spade against a wall, was trying to warm himself or perhaps get a rest.

"The man is old, broken down, perchance too weak even to clean off the snow," said to himself Avdeyitch, "warm tea might be welcome to him, and, as luck has it, there's the *samovar* ready to boil over." So he stuck in hisawl, rose, placed the samovar on the table, poured boiling water over the tea, and tapped with his finger on the window-pane. Stepanitch turned round and approached the window; Avdeyitch beckoned to him and went to open the door.

"Walk in and warm thyself," he said. "Feel cold, hey?"

"Christ save us, I do, and all my bones aching!" In walked Stepanitch, shook off some snow, and, so as not to soil the floor, made a feeble attempt to wipe his feet, himself nearly falling.

"Don't trouble to wipe; I'll scrub it off myself; that's our business. Come and sit down," said Avdeyitch. "There, have some tea." Filling two glasses, he placed one before his guest, and pouring tea out of his own glass into his saucer, proceeded to blow on it.

Stepanitch emptied his glass, turned it upside down on its saucer, and placing on it the bit of sugar he had not used,\* he rendered thanks for the tea. But he evidently longed for another glass.

"Have some more," said Avdeyitch, filling the two glasses again, for himself and guest. Thus he talked and drank, yet never losing sight of the window.

"Art thou expecting anyone?" enquired the guest.

"Do I expect anyone? Seems queer to say—whom I keep expecting. Not that I really expect anyone, only a certain word stuck in my heart. A vision, or whatever it was, I cannot say. Hearken thou to me, brother mine. Last night I was reading the Gospel about Father Christ, all about how he suffered and how he walked on earth. Thou hast heard of it, hast thou not?"

"Aye, heard of it, we have heard," answered Stepanitch. "But we are dark people† and have not been taught to read."

"Well, then, I was reading just about this very same thing, how he walked the earth, and I read, you know, how he visited the Pharisee and the Pharisee failed to give him a reception. And I was reading this last night, thou

\* Though they drink tea immoderately, the lower classes of Russia do not sugar it, but bite a piece off from a lump which serves them for several glasses, the guest leaving his remaining piece in the manner described.

† The Russian peasant, and the lower classes call themselves "dark" or ignorant people. The also often use the plural pronoun "we" instead of the pronoun "I" when speaking of themselves.

brother mine, and, while reading, fell a-thinking. How is it that he could receive Christ, our Father, without any honours. Had this happened as an example to myself or anyone else, methinks nothing would have been too good with which to receive him. And that other one, offering no reception! Well, that's what I kept thinking about, until I fell a-napping like. And while napping, brother mine, I heard my name called, lifted my head and heard a voice, just as if someone whispered, 'Expect me, I'll come to-morrow,' and that twice. Well, believe me or not, but that voice remained fixed in my head from that moment—and here I am, chiding myself for it, and still expecting Him, our Father."

Stepanitch shook his head wonderingly and said nothing, but emptying his glass, placed it this time on its side,\* but Avdeyitch lifted it up again and poured out more tea.

"Drink more and may it give thee health. So then I think to myself, when He, the Father, walked the earth, He scorned no man, but associated more with the common people, visiting rather the simple folk and selecting his disciples out of the ranks of the poorer brethren, the same as we sinners are ourselves, journeymen and the like. 'Whosoever shall exalt himself,' says He, 'shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. You call Me Lord,' says he, 'and I,' He says, 'will wash your feet for you. If any man desire to be first, the same shall be servant of all. Because,' says He, 'blessed are the poor, the meek and the merciful.'"

Being an old, and soft hearted fellow, Stepanitch forgot his tea. And there he sat listening, big tears running down his cheeks.

"Come, have some more tea," said Avdeyitch. But Stepanitch, crossing himself,† rendered thanks, pushed away his glass and arose to depart.

"Thanks to thee, Martin Avdeyitch," he said; "thou hast entertained me well and fed both soul and body."

"Pray thee come again; a guest is ever welcome," replied Avdeyitch. Stepanitch departed, and Martin pouring out the last drop of tea, cleared away the tea things and sat down once more to his table under the window, to backstitch a seam. There he sat backstitching, but still looking out through the window, awaiting the Christ, thinking of Him and His doings, his head full of Christ's various discourses.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimental, the other in his own boots; passed the proprietor of a neighbouring house, in brightly polished overshoes, and finally the baker with his basket. All passed and vanished, and now a woman in woollen stockings and village shoes walks past the window and stops at the partition wall. Looks up at her from under the window panes Avdeyitch, and sees an unknown female poorly clad, with a baby in her arms, placing herself with her back against the wind and trying to wrap up the baby but having nothing to wrap it in. Her garments are thin and worn. And Avdeyitch through his window, hears the child crying, and she trying, but unable, to hush him. Arose Avdeyitch, opened the door, passed up the staircase and called: "Goody; hey, my goody!" The woman heard him and turned round.

"Wherefore standest thou with that little child in the cold? Come into the

\* An act of politeness, denoting that he had enough tea.

† Making the sign of the cross, which people in Russia do before and after every meal

warm room, where thou canst wrap him at thine ease. Here, come down here!" The woman looked surprised. She sees an old man in his working apron, and with spectacles on his nose inviting her into his shop. She followed him. Reaching the bottom of the landing, they entered the room, and the old man led the woman to his bed. "Sit down here, my goody, nearer to the oven—just to warm thyself and feed the baby."

"No milk left; had nothing myself to eat since morning:" sadly muttered the woman, preparing nevertheless to feed the babe.

Shook his old head Avdeyitch, upon hearing this, went to the table, got some bread and a bowl, opened the oven-door, poured into the cup some *stshy*, got out from the oven a pot with *kasha*, but found it had not steamed up to the proper point yet, returned with the *stshy* alone, and placed it on the table with the bread; and taking a wiping-cloth from a hook, he laid it near the rest.

"Sit down," says he, "and eat, my goody, and I'll take meanwhile care of thy infant. I had babes myself—so I know how to deal with 'em."

The woman crossing herself, went to the table and commenced eating, and Avdeyitch took her place on the bedstead near the baby, and began smacking his lips at it, but smack as he would he smacked them badly, for he had no teeth. The little child kept on crying. Then it occurred to Avdeyitch to startle it with his finger; to raise high his hand with finger uplifted, and bringing it rapidly down, right near the baby's mouth, and as hastily withdrawing it. The finger was all black, stained with cobbler's wax, so he would not allow the baby to take it into its mouth. The little one at last got interested in the black finger, and while looking at it, ceased crying and soon began to smile and coo. Avdeyitch felt overjoyed. And the woman went on eating, at the same time narrating who she was and whence she came.

She was a soldier's wife, she said, whose husband had been marched off somewhere eight months before and since then had never been heard from. She was living as a cook when her baby was born, but since then, they would not keep her with it.

"And now it's the third month that I am out of a situation," she went on. "All I possessed is pawned for food. I offered myself as wet-nurse, but didn't suit—was too lean, they said. Tried with the merchant's wife, yonder, where a countrywoman is in service, and she promised to have me. I had understood it was from to-day, and so went, but was told to come next week. She lives far. I got tired out and wore him out too, the poor little soul. Thanks to our landlady, she pities the poor and keeps us for the sake of Christ under her roof. Otherwise I know not how I would have pulled through."

Heaving a sigh, Avdeyitch asked: "And hast thou no warmer clothing?"

"Just the time, my own one, to keep warm clothing! But yesterday I pawned my last shawl for twenty copecks."

Approaching the bed the woman took her child, and Avdeyitch, repairing to a corner in the wall, rummaged among some clothing and brought forth an old sleeveless coat.

"There," he said, "though it be a worn-out garment, still it may serve thee to wrap him up with."

The woman looked at the coat, looked at the old man and began weeping.

Avdeyitch turned away too, crawled under the bed and dragging out a trunk rummaged in it and sat down again, opposite the woman.

And the woman said : "Christ save thee, old father, it is He perchance, who sent me under thy window. I would have had my child frozen. When I left the house it was warm, and now, behold the frost is beginning. It's He, the Father, who made thee look out of the window and take pity on hapless me."

Smiled Avdeyitch, and said : "Aye, it's He who made me. It's not to lose time, my goody, that I keep on the look-out."

And then Martin told the soldier's wife also his dream, how he had heard a voice promising him that the Lord would visit him that day.

"All things are possible," remarked the woman, and arising put on the coat, wrapped up in its folds her little one and bowing, commenced again to thank Avdeyitch.

"Accept this for the sake of Christ," answered Avdeyitch, giving her a twenty copeck piece, to get back her shawl from the pawnshop. Once more the woman crossed her brow, and Avdeyitch crossed his, and went out to see her off.

The woman was gone. Avdeyitch ate some broth, cleaned the table, and sat down to his work again. His hands are busy, but he keeps the window in mind and no sooner a shadow falls on it than he looks up to see who goes by. Some acquaintances passed along, and some strangers likewise, but he saw nothing and no one out of the ordinary.

But suddenly, Avdeyitch sees stopping opposite his window an old woman, a fruit-seller. She is carrying a wicker basket with apples. Few remain, she must have sold them all, for, hanging across her back is a bag full of chips, got by her no doubt, at some building in construction, and which she now carries home. But the heavy bag hurts her, it seems ; trying to shift it from one shoulder to the other, she drops it down on the kerb, places her wicker basket on a street post, and proceeds to pack the chips tighter in the bag. As she is shaking the bag, there suddenly appears from behind the street corner a small boy, in a ragged cap, who seizes an apple and is in the act of disappearing unperceived, when the old woman abruptly turning round, grasps him with both hands by the coat sleeve. The boy struggles, trying to get away, but the old woman seizing him in her arms knocks off his cap and catches him by the hair. The boy cries at the top of his voice, the old woman swears. Losing no time to put away his awl, Avdeyitch throws it on the floor, makes for the door, runs up the steps, stumbles and loses his spectacles, and reaches the street. On runs Avdeyitch, on goes the old woman, shaking the small boy by his hair, cursing and threatening to drag him to the policeman ; the small boy kicking and denying : "I did not take thine apple ; why shouldst thou beat me, let go !" Then Avdeyitch endeavoured to separate them, and taking the boy by the hand, said : "Let him go, *babooshka* (grandmother), forgive him for the sake of Christ."

"I'll forgive him so that he won't forget it till the next switches ! I'll take the rascal to the police." And Avdeyitch began to entreat the old woman.

"Let him go, *baboohska*," he said. "He won't do it again. Let go, for Christ's sake !"

The old woman let the boy go, who prepared to run away, but now Avdeyitch would not let him.

"Beg granny's pardon," he said, "and don't do it again. I saw thee take the apple." The boy burst into tears and begged the old woman to forgive him.

"Now, that's right. And there, have the apple now." And Avdeyitch, taking an apple out of the basket, gave it to the small boy. "I'll pay thee for it, grandmother," said he to the old woman.

"Thou wilt spoil the dirty urchins," said the woman. "His best reward should be of such a nature that he could not lie on his back for a week."

"Nay, nay, mother," said Avdeyitch, "not so. This may be according to our law, but it is not according to the law of God. If he deserves flogging for a stolen apple, then what should be the punishment for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

And Avdeyitch told the old woman the parable about the Lord who loosed his servant and forgave him his debt, the servant going forthwith and laying his hands on his debtor, throttling him and casting him into prison. The old woman stood and listened, and the boy stood and listened. "God commands that we should forgive our brothers their trespasses," said Avdeyitch, "that the same should be done unto us. Forgive all, let alone an unreasoning child."

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

"That's so, that's so," she said, "but children have become too unruly now-a-days."

"Just why we old people should teach them better!" said Avdeyitch.

"I say so, too," replied the old woman. "I had seven of them, myself, but only one daughter is left to me out of them all. And the old woman began telling where and how she lived with her daughter, and the number of grandchildren she had. "See," she went on, "my strength is almost gone, and still I work, pitying the chicks, for my grandchildren are very good and none love me better than they. As to Aksyutka, she won't leave my arms for anyone. 'Granny, dear granny, my heart' . . . says she." And the old woman softened entirely. "Of course, that's a child's doings. God be with him," she added, looking at the boy.

As she prepares to hoist the bag of chips on her back, the little boy, making up, says,

"Let me carry it, granny, for you: I am going your way." Shook her head reflectively the old one, nodded and placed the load on the boy's back.

And both went along the street, the old woman actually forgetting to ask Avdeyitch for the price of her apple. Avdeyitch stood looking at them and kept listening to their dying voices, as they went on holding converse together.

Having seen them off, Avdeyitch returned to his room, found his spectacles on the steps unbroken, picked up his awl and sat at his work once more. After working for a little time he could no longer thread the bristles through the holes, and saw the lamp-lighter passing on his way to light the street lanterns.

"Time to light my lamp," he thought; so he trimmed it, hooked it on to the wall and continued his work. One boot was now ready; he turned it on all sides and examined it; it was all right. He gathered his tools, brushed off the parings, put away the bristles, stray bits and strings, took down his lamp, placed it on the table and got from the shelf his Gospels. He tried to open the book on the page which he had marked the night before with a bit of mcrocco leather,

but it opened at another place. And no sooner had Avdeyitch opened it than he remembered his last night's dream. And no sooner did it come back to him than it seemed to him as if someone moved about behind him, softly shuffling his feet. Turns round our Avdeyitch, and sees something like people standing in the dark corner—men of whom he is yet unable to say who they are. And the voice whispers into his ear :

"Martin ! Hey, Martin. Knowest thou me not?"

"Know whom?" cried Avdeyitch.

"ME," said the voice; "it is I." And out from the dark corner emerged Stepanitch, smiled, vanished cloud-like, and was no more.

"And that is I," said the same voice, the woman with the little child coming out of the dark corner; and the woman smiled and the little child cooed, and they too were gone. "And that is I," said the voice, followed by the old woman and the little boy with the apple, and both smiled and forthwith vanished too.

And great joy crept into Martin's heart, and making the sign of the cross he put on his spectacles and began reading there where the Book had opened. And on the top of the page he read:

"For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in." And further down the page he read: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." (Matth. xxv.)

And Avdeyitch knew that his dream had not deceived him, but that on that day the Saviour had indeed come to visit him, and that he had indeed received Him.

#### ALAS !

BUT half-thought thoughts, but half-  
wrought deeds,  
The past hath set 'twixt thee and me;  
Where strength of sin, or grace of good,  
Hath never crown of victory.

Torn half-loved loves, half-hated hates,  
Forgotten, ere their strength had  
grown

Beyond mere babbling babyhood,  
With stony eyes, meet mine alone.

Weak half-wrung hands hang heavily,  
Whose fingers once were laid in mine,  
I held them not, nor flung away;—  
Oh God give back those days of thine!

Give back the thoughts I might have  
thought,

Until they seeded into life,  
Until they blossomed into deed;  
Give back the chances of the strife!

Give back the instinctive love of good!  
Oh give me love of Love again,  
And hate of Hate, and oh dear God,  
Give me the loveless lover's pain!

Lay but once more warm clinging hands  
In mine outstretched, that I may know  
Life lives the sweeter at death's root,  
And love's rose blooms thro' age's snow.

Alas! half-prayed! No strength have I!  
No will—no heart—no soul—in vain—  
God's face is but a grinning mask—  
I sink to half-lived life again!

EVELYN PONE.

## Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

### PART III.—(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER III.

##### THE HEXAD. 6.

**N**ICOMACHUS calls it "the form of form, the only number adapted to the Soul, the distinct union of the parts of the universe, the fabricator of the Soul, also Harmony, and it is properly "Venus" herself.

It is also Zygia, Nuptialia; and Androgynæ, who Pliny tells us were an African tribe who had "dextra mamma virilis, læva muliebris. Among the Fates it is Lachesis. Among the Muses it is Thalia.

Six is also Benevolence, Peace, and Health, Acmon, one of the Cyclops (*akmon*, an anvil), and Truth.

By the Pythagoreans it was called "the Perfection of parts."

As to "Marriage," it is a number equal to its parts, and marriage is a ceremony to sanction the production of offspring similar to the Present.

Formed by the multiplication of the first (beyond unity) odd number, and the first even, it resembles the union of Male and Female, as in Marriage or in Androgynicity, Health and Beauty, on account of its symmetry.

It was called "all-sufficient," *παναρκεια*, *panarkeia*.

According to the Pythagoreans, after a period of 216 years, which number is the cube of 6, all things are regenerated, and they said this was the periodic time of the Metempsychosis.

When multiplied into itself, like the pentad, six has also always itself in the unit place, thus, 6, 36, 216, 1,296, 7,776.

On the 6th day Man was created, according to Genesis. On the 6th day of the week Jesus died on the cross.

In a Freemasons' Lodge there are 6 Jewels, three of which are immovable and lie open in the lodge for the Brethren to moralize upon, while the other three jewels are transferable from one Brother to another at the periodical changes of officers.

In the Hebrew "Book of Creation," the "Sepher Yetzirah," the Hexad is spoken of, the units representing the four quarters of the World, North, South, East, and West, and also height and depth, and in the midst of all is the Holy Temple. See my translation, cap. i. v. 11, on page 9, and notes on p. 25.

The Druids had a religious mysterious preference for the number 6. They performed their principal ceremonies on the 6th day of the moon,

and on the 6th day of the moon began their year. They went 6 together to gather the sacred mistletoe (misseltøe), and in monuments and plates now extant we often find 6 of their priests grouped together. See Mayo II. 239.

An astronomical period of 600 years, spoken of as the "Naros," the Cycle of the Sun, the Luni Solar period or Sibylline year, consisting of 31 periods of 19 years, and one of 11 years, is often referred to in old works on the Mysteries. It seems to have been known by the Chaldeans and ancient Indians; it is a period of peculiar properties. Cassini, a great astronomer, declares it the most perfect of all astronomic periods.

If on a certain day at noon, a new moon took place at any certain point in the heavens, it would take place again at the expiration of 600 years, at the same place and time, and with the planets all in similar positions.

It is supposed that one recurrence of this period is referred to in the 4th Eclogue of Virgil, the poem, which, as is well known, has been spoken of as an allusion to the Messiah, Jesus.

"The period sung by the Cumæan Sibyl has now arrived, and the grand series of ages (that series which occurs again and again in the course of a mundane revolution) begins afresh. The virgin Astræa returns, the reign of Saturn recommences, and a new progeny descends from heaven."

It has been calculated by some savants, by the late Dr. Kenealy in particular, that a Messiah, or divine teacher, has been sent to the world every 600 years, thus :—

Adam, the first messenger from the Gods to our race on earth.

Enoch, the second, 600 years after.

Fo-hi, the third, to China in particular.

Brigoo, Brighou, a Hindoo prophet.

Zaratusht, Zoroaster, the fifth, to Persia.

Thoth, Tautus, sent to the Egyptians. (Hermes Trismegistus ?)

Amosis, or Moses the Jewish law-giver, the seventh.

Lao Tseu, a second to China, 600 B.C. the eighth.

Jesus the ninth, to the Jews first and then to the Gentiles.

Mohammed the tenth, he flourished about A.D. 600.

Chengiz Khan the eleventh, A.D. 1200 conquered Persia.

Who the special messenger of 1800 was, the author is ignorant.

The secret of the Naros, the Apocalypse, and the Mediatorial sacrifice have been considered *the* secrets of the Great Mysteries. Circumcision was possibly an outward sign of Initiation.

Jesus, at any rate, writes the author of the "Book of God," appeared at the 9th Naros, and no one can deny that such a messenger was expected. Juvenal, oddly enough too, mentions in Satire XIII. v. 28, "Nona ætas igitur"—"now is the ninth age"—which indeed it was, though how he knew it is a mystery.



N.B.—Naros is not to be confused with “Saros,” a cycle of the moon of 18 years and 10 days, which was known to the Chaldeans and Greeks, a period after the expiry of which the eclipses of the moon recur similarly.



The circumference of a globe has been fixed at 360 degrees, six sixties ; the hour divided into 60 minutes, each of 60 seconds. The Tartars had a period of 60 days, the Chinese also ; and the Asiatics generally a period of 60 years.

The Babylonian great period was 3,600 years, the Naros multiplied by 6. The “Lily” which in all the old Annunciation pictures Gabriel presents to the Virgin has 6 leaves, and the flower shews 6 petals all alike, around a central three-headed stigma as is botanically correct.

One of the three main divisions into which plants are arranged by Botanists, is typified by a predominance of the numbers 3 and 6, in all parts of the flowers, 6 leaves forming a perianth, 6 stamens, and a 3 lobed stigma with a 3 or 6 celled ovary is the common arrangement.

Berosus, “On the Chaldean Kings,” mentions three periods of time, a Sossus of 60 years ; a Naros, or neros of 600 years, and the Saros, 3,600 years. There seems some confusion here with the Saros of 18 years and 10 days.

Bailly in his *Astronomie Ancienne*, p. 31, says The Brahmans used the numbers 60 and 3,600 in computing time. The Chaldeans also did so. The Brahmans have also an Antediluvian period of 600 years. The Tartars and Chinese also used a period of 60 years in their computations of time.

Under the number six too, we must not omit to mention the symbol of the double triangle or Hexapla, used at present as a sign in the degree of the Royal Arch in England. It must not be confused with the Pentalpha  ; the true Solomon's seal  is the Hexalpha :

the Pentalpha is the Pythagorean sign of Hygieia, Health. In Christian Churches we find this symbol used to express the union of the Divine and human natures, deemed to exist in Jesus, the Christ of the New Testament. The blending of the two triangles has also been used to typify the union of Fire and Water ; for the old symbol of fire was the triangle apex upward, and that of Water the same apex downward : the symbols of Air and Earth were two similar triangles, each with a cross bar.

#### THE HEPTAD. 7.

The Heptad say the followers of “Pythagoras,” was so called from the Greek verb “sebo,” to venerate (and from the Hebrew SHBO, seven, or satisfied, abundance), being Septos “Holy,” “divine,” and “motherless,” and “a Virgin.”

From Nicomachus we learn that it was called “Minerva,” being unmarried and virginal, begotten neither by a mother, *i.e.* even number,

nor from a father, *i.e.* odd number : but proceeding from the summit of the Father of all things, the Monad ; even as Minerva sprang all armed from the Forehead of Jove or Zeus.

Hence also Obrimopatrē, or daughter of a mighty father, and Glau-copis, shining eyed, and ἀμειτωρ and ἀγέλεια, Ametor and Ageleia, she that carries off the spoil.

And "Fortune," for it decides mortal affairs.

And "Voice," for there are seven tones of every voice, human and instrumental : because they are emitted by the seven planets, and form the music of the Spheres.

Also Tritogenia, because there are 3 parts of the Soul, the Intellectual, Irascible, and Epithymetic (desiring), and 4 most perfect virtues are produced. Just as of the three intervals, length, breadth, and depth, there are four boundaries in corporeal existence—point, line, superficies and solid.

It is called "Agelia" from Agelai, herds, as groups of stars were called by the Babylonian sages, over which herds ruled 7 angels.

Also Phylakikos, φυλακικος=preserving "guardian," because the Seven Planets direct and guide our universe.

Also Ægis, from Pallas Athene, or Minerva, the bearer of the breast-plate or ægis, also Telesphoros, leading to the end, because the 7th month is prolific ; and Judgment, because their Physicians, looked for a crisis on the 7th day, in many diseases.

Among other curious problems and speculations the Pythagorean philosophers attempted to prove that offspring born at the full term, 9 months, or at 7 months, were viable, *i.e.*, might be reared, but not those born at 8 months, because 8 consists of two odd numbers (male only) 5 and 3 ; but in 9 and 7, male and female numbers are united, as  $5+4=9$  and  $4+3=7$ , whilst eight can only be divided into two odd or two evens, *i.e.*, similar sexed numbers.

In respect to life and its divisions, they remarked the ages are measured by the number 7.

In the first 7 years the teeth are erupted.

second 7 years comes on ability to emit prolific seed.

third 7 years, the growth of the beard as manhood.

fourth 7 years strength reaches its maximum.

fifth 7 years is the season for marriage.

sixth 7 years the height of intelligence arrives.

seventh 7 years, the maturity of reason.

eighth 7 years, perfection of both.

ninth 7 years, equity and mildness, passions become gentle.

tenth 7 years, the end of desirable life.

Solon the Athenian Lawgiver, and Hippocrates the physician, also used this 7 year division of life.

The Pleiades, a group of seven stars in the constellation Taurus, was thought of mighty power over earthly destiny ; there were seven also of the Hyades, daughters of Atlas ; and the seven stars which guided the sailors. Ursa Major, in which the Hindoos locate the Saptarishi, seven sages of primitive wisdom, are a group of the first importance and are easily recognised.

Duncan, in his *Astro Theology*, gives 7 stages of life with associated planets ; thus, Infancy, Moon, Lucina ; Childhood, Mercury, Knowledge ; Youth, Venus, Love ; Manhood, Sol ; Full Strength, Mars ; Maturity of Judgment, Jupiter ; and Old Age, Saturn.

Some philosophers have said that our souls have 7 foci in the material body, viz., the five senses, the voice, and the generative power.

The body has seven obvious parts, the head, chest, abdomen, two legs and two arms.

There are seven internal organs, stomach, liver, heart, lungs, spleen and two kidneys.

The ruling part, the head, has seven parts for external use, two eyes, two ears, two nostrils and a mouth.

There are seven things seen, body, interval, magnitude, colour, motion and permanency. ?

There are seven inflections of the voice, the acute, grave, circumflex, rough, smooth, the long and the short sounds.

The hand makes seven motions ; up and down, to the right and left, before and behind and circular.

There are seven evacuations, tears from the eyes, mucus of the nostrils, the saliva, the semen, two excretions and the perspiration.

Modern medical knowledge corroborates the ancient dictum that in the seventh month the human offspring becomes viable.

Menstruation tends to occur in series of four times seven days, and is certainly related to Luna in an occult manner.

The lyre has 7 strings, corresponding to the planets.

There are 7 vowels in English and some other tongues.

Theo, of Smyrna also notices that an average length of an adult's intestine is 28 feet, four times seven, and 28 also is a perfect number.

The number 7 is also associated with Voice and Sound, with Clio the Muse ; with Osiris the Egyptian deity ; with Nemesis, Fate,—Adrastia, not to be escaped from ; and with Mars.

As to the sacredness of the number 7, note among the Hebrews oaths were confirmed by seven witnesses ; or by seven victims offered in sacrifice ; as see the covenant between Abraham and Abimelech with seven lambs, Genesis, cap. 21, v. 28, 21—28 ; the Hebrew word seven, also SH B O H, is derived from, or is a similar to SH B O to swear.

Clean beasts were admitted into the ark by sevens, whilst the unclean only in pairs.

The Goths had 7 Deities from whom come our names of week days ; Sun, Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga, Seatur, corresponding, of course to the planets.

Apollo, the Sun God, had a Greek title Ebdomaïos, sevenfold.

The Persian Mithras, a Sun God, had the number 7 sacred to him.

Note the Mysterious Kadosch Ladder of 7 steps ascent and 7 steps descent, the one side Oheb Eloah, Love of God ; the other Oheb Kerobo, love of the neighbour.

Plato, in his Timæus, teaches that from the number seven was generated the soul of the World, Anima Mundana (Adam Kadmon).

The seven wise men of Greece were :

Bias who said, "Most men are bad," B.C. 550.

Chilo "Consider the end," B.C. 590.

Cleobûlos, "Avoid extremes," B.C. 580.

Periander, "Nothing is impossible to perseverance," B.C. 600.

Pittâcus, "Know thy opportunity," B.C. 569.

Solon, "Know thyself," B.C. 600.

Thâles, "Suretyship is ruin," B.C. 550.

The Seven Wonders of the World are thus enumerated :

1. Pyramids of Egypt.

2. Babylon, Gardens for Amytis.

3. Tomb of Mausôlus, King, of Caria, built by Artemisia, his Queen.

4. Temple of Diana at Ephesus, 552 B.C. Ctesiphon was the chief architect.

5. Colossus of Rhodes, an image of the sun god, Apollo, of brass 290 B.C.

6. Statue of Zeus, by Phidias.

7. Pharos of Egypt, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, of white marble, 283 B.C. or the Palace of Cyrus is sometimes substituted.

Sanskrit lore has very frequent reference to this number : note

Sapta Rishi, seven sages	Sapta Kula, 7 castes
Sapta Loka, seven worlds	" Para, 7 cities
Sapta Dwipa, seven holy islands	Sapta Arania, 7 deserts
	Sapta Parna, 7 human principles.
Sapta Samudra, seven holy seas	Sapta Vruksha. 7 holy trees.

The Assyrian Tablets also teem with groups of sevens—

7 gods of sky ; 7 gods of earth ; 7 gods of fiery spheres.

7 gods maleficent ; seven phantoms : spirits of seven heavens, spirits of seven earths.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., F.T.S.

(To be continued.)

## CHRISTMAS PEACE.

**M**ME. BLAVATSKY asks me to try to write a short article for the Christmas number of "Lucifer." "Something pretty for Christmas," she said. I do not know whether I am capable of producing anything worthy of this description; but I will do the best I can.

And surely if it is to be in harmony with the Spirit of the Season, it must be a word of peace and not of controversy. An old prophet declared "Woe" to such as say "Peace, peace, where there is no peace," but is it not almost more woeful to say "War, war," where there is no war? Religious controversialists have ever been in greater danger of erring on this side than on the former, not discerning what manner of spirit they professed to be of.

If a man will look earnestly into himself, he will see that his real danger is to cry "Peace" for himself, and "War" for others. It was entirely against this spirit that the Prophet's "woe" was directed. It is recorded, I believe, of Father Benson, of Cowley, that, travelling in a railway carriage once, a Salvation Army captain entered into conversation with him regarding the state of his soul. "Have you found peace, brother?" said the Salvationist. Whereon Mr. Benson laconically replied. "No! War!" The strong and fiery controversialist, who threatens and denounces, is not he looking for peace where he should look for war, for war where he should look for peace. He is in himself, as he thinks, at peace. His whole effort is not to set himself right, to judge, to weigh, to criticise himself but to set others right and criticise them: he has believed; he is saved. Alas, he sees not the self-righteous pride, the ignorance of his own ignorance, the too easy satisfaction with his own very poor standard of attainment of the practical virtues such as self-sacrifice and humility. He sees himself only as he believes himself to be. But of those who do not agree with him in all he sees, or thinks he sees, their wilful obstinacy; their perverse shutting of their eyes to the truth. It is not to be denied that he is strangely devoted in a mistaken way. He will labour with these erring ones, as he thinks them; he will argue with them, pray for them: *but*—if they do not submit he will then treat them as unworthy of any consideration; will assume all means which may bring them into disrepute as lawful to him, and think that in so doing he is doing service to the Prince of Peace!

Thank God we are many of us growing wiser now. We are beginning to understand that the conflict we are called to is a conflict not with the sins of others but with our own. A wise man once said to me: "I know more evil about myself than about anyone else," and it is true:

for the evil we mark in ourselves is surely there, whereas the evil we think we see in others may not be there at all; and even if it were, until we are quite sure that *we* are quite perfect it is no part of *ours* to be angry with others.

It is impossible to discover by anything that a man can *say* to us, whether he is on the true side or not. Neither are isolated deeds a true criterion. The only sure test is one that only God can use. It is to know the whole trend and spirit of the man's life. You may *see* his sins, and not see the frightful source of temptation before which *he* has fallen; or the agonies of self humiliation and repentance with which he himself regards his fall. Not to know *some* of his acts, but to know *all* his acts, this alone is sufficient; and you cannot know all fully without knowing the opposing force he has had to resist, and the estimate he himself forms of his act when it is done.

But indeed our own Christian Scriptures cut the ground entirely away from under the feet of the man who sets himself up to judge and condemn his fellows. "Judge not that ye be not judged." "Judge yourselves," for the same reason "that ye be not judged of the Lord." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." Fine words, these last: and all the finer when we remember that they are the words of one who said of himself, "After the way that men call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."

But it will be replied: "Perhaps it may be true that Christians ought to emphasise less rather than more the differences of view that exist among themselves, but it is quite another thing when you come to consider other religions. How can a Christian ever be at peace with a Mohammedan, a Brahman, or a Buddhist? Do not our Scriptures themselves denounce false religions and say "their Gods are Devils?"

To this I answer: No religion is ever called false on account of its name merely. Every tree must be judged by its fruit. The false religions denounced by the prophets were very different things from the great book-religions of the East. They were generally Phallic: their worship consisted in the sanctifying of lust, and the practice of every abomination. Now, although it is true that the fruit alone is the true test, yet it must ever be borne in mind that "fruit" does not mean unripe fruit; or fruit spoilt by the presence of some hidden worm, which affects the one particular apple alone, and for which the parent tree is in no sense responsible. What Christian, for instance, would like to offer his whole public and private life to most searching examination as an exemplification of What Christianity is? So in judging of all religions we must remember this. We cannot, from the condition of the case, fully and accurately estimate the exact value of the fruit borne by the wide-reaching trees of these great religions; what we ought to endeavour to estimate is the sort of fruit that these systems themselves declare they are aimed at producing. There are a hundred points on which we should

go wrong if we begin definitively setting side by side the acts and spirit (as far as we can know it) of those who belong to some other religion and those of our own. First of all we shall probably begin by assuming our own spirit to be perfect because it professes to be Christian, and conversely the others to be imperfect because they are not Christian. But, in truth, our own spirit is very far below true Christ-likeness. Our social system is heathen to the core. I say it in all serious earnestness. Our charity is a cold dead lay figure, tricked out to seem to represent the warm living truth. While Christ denounced competition and bade us not be careful about the things of the bodily life, we entirely reverse his teaching. Well, if the like allowances must be made for the professed disciples of other masters (and we surely shall not submit to the humiliation of confessing that these other masters are more faithfully obeyed than ours is), then it may surely quite possibly be that, unprogressive and childish as much that we hear of them may be, this is rather, as with us, to be credited to the feebleness of the professors than to the falseness of the truth taught by that master.

Of course I am not going to say that I personally think any teacher a better revealer of truth than Christ, because I do not. But I do say that the best way to prove this truth is not to get angry with those who think otherwise. Far better, far stronger, would be our case if we would seek to support it by that demonstration which can never fail to hit its mark and convince, even the demonstration of the power of our Master to raise and ennoble and sanctify the lives of those who call him Lord. Sympathy, love, self-sacrifice, truth, manifested in all departments of life; at home and abroad; when it makes for our present interest and when it does not: in Church and in the market; to friend and to stranger, and even to foe—this is the most powerful argument, and when this spirit is enshrined in the hearts of all Christians, and shines out in their daily acts and their whole national spirit and policy, that will be the finest missionary effort ever made. No need to shout and clamour and argue. No soul of man at all raised above savagery, be he black, or yellow, or white, but will at once feel and respond to this best experiment. When Christians are Christ-like, the world will believe in Christ.

Meanwhile, for my part, I will have war in myself against my own limitations and shortcomings, but peace with all mankind who are earnestly following out the highest that they know. War I must declare against those misguided brothers who are themselves warring against, or rather plundering, their poor brethren, utterly unable to help themselves. War is legitimate, and in God's name let us declare it, against self-worship wherever it is found. That is the one idolatry never to be tolerated; but I have nothing but peace and God speed to say to those who worship any idea that points them away from themselves to the universal truths of righteousness and love.

(REV.) GEORGE W. ALLEN.

## THANATOS.

Far down in the Land of Wonders old	But he never raises his bended head
'Mid the rushes of the Nile,	Or his eyes from the flood below.
He stands, deep hidden, of giant mould	
And pensive brow : no smile	He is tired of the old, old story told
	Each day since earth began ;
Has ever smooth'd his hoary front,	He is tired of its struggle and lust and gold
Whose wrinkles tell of Time :	He is tired of its conqueror,—Man !
He stands unseen ; for the beasts that hunt	
Their prey thro' the marsh and slime,	He has seen him dwindle from day to day,
	In stature and in mind ;
Go never near the Sacred Spot,	And he knows he shall see him pass away,
Nor beast, nor man, nor bird :	And the beasts, and the wave, and the wind
He hears their cries, but he heeds them not ;	
He hears and has ever heard :	And Silence shall reign from pole to pole,
	As it reign'd when earth began ;
He stands in Silence, and has stood	And the black and lifeless mass shall roll
Since first the earth began ;	Thro' the universal span !
And his eyes are fixed upon the flood,	
And his form is the form of man.	So he fixes his finger on his lip,
	And the low winds do his will,
And the low winds lisp to the Silent God,	And the rushes bend their heads and dip
In the pensive midnight hush ;	In the flood—and all is still !
And the tall reeds bend their heads and nod,	
And the murmuring waters rush.	And down in the Land of Wonders old,
	A hush on Nature falls,
They tell the tale of the day that is dead ;	And star-gemm'd Silence, pale and cold,
They tell of its weal and woe ;	Reigns in her voiceless halls.

REAVEL SAVAGE, L.L.B., F.T.S.

## LUCIFER.

The veil of the darkness swung coldly  
 O'er revels, o'er birth-throes and death,  
 And winter night prayed to the north wind  
 To spare it the blight of his breath.

Till lo ! o'er the hovering shadows  
 Gleamed Lucifer, Star of the Morn,  
 With light for the waking and weary,  
 And joy for the birth of the dawn ;

And shed, over watcher and warder,  
 The orient power of his ray  
 To fill every soul that is waking  
 With hope for the bright, nascent day.

O, lift up the gates of the cloud world !  
 Spread golden-wrought banners, and sing  
 The song of the Star of the Morning,  
 Who lighteth the path of the King !

London, December 5th, 1889.

MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F.T.S.



## The Talking Image of Urur.

### CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

WE will not ask the reader to follow Pancho in his meditations; it may be sufficient to say that it seemed to him more than ever that the whole world was one great and ludicrous maskerade, in which the truth is neither desired nor understood. He saw himself engulfed in a mass of hallucinations and conflicts arising from the most profound ignorance existing in all departments of human life, and he asked himself whether it would not be better to make an end to the farce and to step out of a life in which there was no truth, and which seemed to have no object. But who assured him that if he were to make an end to it by his own hands, that he would find the truth after all? If knowledge of spiritual things is attainable without the possession of a physical form, why then are men born at all? Perhaps if they step out prematurely, before they have gained the experience which they need, they may have to be born again to acquire it, and, perhaps, under less favourable conditions than they are enjoying at present? He now saw how unreasonably he had acted in the past, merely because he had no self-knowledge, but allowed himself to be misled by appearances and by adopting the opinions of other people in the place of perceiving the truth. He realised that it would have been far better for him if he had always listened to the voice of conscience that speaks within the heart, instead of following the vagaries created by the imagination. In the voice of conscience he now recognized the "invisible guide," of whom he had read in the Book of Mysteries, and he made up his mind henceforth under all circumstances to follow that guide, and always cling to the truth. To begin with, he resolved not to take the lawyer's advice, but to confess openly who he was. He had had enough of the fictitious Krashibashi.

On the following day, although it was still holiday, his release came in an unexpected manner. Early in the morning, the commissary of police arrived, and, with many apologies, begged pardon for having detained Pancho.

"I regret it exceedingly that you have been deprived of your liberty so long. Just to think of such a distinguished person being shut up in a prison. But it is all due to the stupidity of the police. As soon as I found out who it was that was honouring us, I immediately hastened to release you. I hope you will bear us no grudge, and consider the little unpleasantness as a carnival joke."

"But," said Pancho, "my name is not——"

"Your name, Mr. Kratki-Bashik," interrupted the commissary, "is known all over the world as belonging to one of the most distinguished and celebrated prestidigitateurs and cleverest sleight of hand performers of this age. I saw you myself many years ago performs at Vienna. What nice things you did! How I laughed to see you make coffee out of shavings, and milk out of cotton; and steaming hot they were; and how you fell down and smashed that stove-pipe

hat, which you had borrowed from a gentleman in the audience, and then you apologised to him and cut the hat to pieces and made it whole again. I am sure that gentleman was your confederate."

"But you are mistaken," said Pancho, "I never——"

"No," said the commissary, interrupting the sentence, "of course you did not make the coffee out of the shavings, but it looked so natural. By-the-by, you must have played it hard upon these Africans with your 'Talking Image.' What a hoax! Just think of it. That man Brahm went completely crazy over it. He actually swears that the statue could speak. He is raving about it, and has had to be sent to the insane asylum. I know how the trick is done. I have seen you cut off the head of a man, and the head talked while it was upon the table. What a fool this Mr. Brahm is!"

The commissary shook with laughter.

"Moreover," he continued, after the fit of laughing was over, "it has been discovered that the man's name is not 'Brahm' at all, but 'Puffer.' The case requires the strictest investigation. Just imagine the enormity of this impudence. To give a false name and try to mislead the authorities. This alone is enough to prove him either insane or a most hardened criminal. He deserves an exemplary punishment. I tell you we are not to be imposed on by such a ragamuffin. There is nothing so secret that we do not find it out. We always keep our eyes open."

Pancho did not consider it advisable to continue the conversation.

The commissary accompanied him to the door, still begging his pardon for the mistake, and expressing a hope that he would reveal to him the mystery of the stove-pipe hat.

Pancho went to his lodgings, and immediately sent for Marietta. From her he learned that Conchita had recovered, but that on the very next day Mr. Smith had taken her away, and that they both had left for parts unknown. She supposed that they had gone to Verona.

On the next day Pancho went to Verona, and hunted everywhere for a man by the name of Smith, but although there were many Smiths in the city, he could not find the one Smith he wanted. He returned to Venice, and with the aid of his new friend, the commissary of police, he tried for a week to find out all the Smiths in Europe.

Letters were written in every direction, and numerous answers received. There was in almost every town and village some version of "Smith." The letters coming from Germany spoke of many "Smiths, Schmieds, Schmidts," but there was not the right one among them. There was none whose description fitted Mr. Hagard. Pancho at last gave up his research, nor would it have done him any good if he had hunted up all the Smiths in the world, for Mr. Hagard had taken the name of "Muggins," and instead of going to Verona he had taken passage on the steamer that leaves at midnight for Trieste.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Nor very far from Trieste, in a valley surrounded by some spurs of the Alpine Mountains, is a semi-Italian town. The country there looks like a garden. There are fields of grain, divided off into parcels by rows of mulberry trees

upon which the silkworm feeds, and swinging vines creep from tree to tree forming natural hedges, while the neighbouring hills are covered with vineyards and olives. The valley is watered by a river of considerable size, coming from the mountains and running swiftly towards the ocean. The village itself is composed of factories, the houses are spacious and high, and instead of church steeples and spires, there is a forest of tall chimneys continually sending forth dark volumes of smoke up to the blue Italian sky.

In the neighbourhood of that village, but still nearer to the coast, there is a solitary inn. In its vicinity there are celebrated stalactite caves, and the place, on account of its beauty and salubrity of climate, is considerably frequented by tourists during a certain season of the year; although the great stream of pleasure-seeking humanity does not yet run in this direction. At the time of which we are writing there were only a few guests at the place.

It was on a frosty morning in February, when a carriage drove up to the door of the hotel and from it alighted a coarse-looking man and an extremely pale and delicate-looking lady, who was, to all appearance, consumptive, and had to be assisted to descend from the coach.

Immediately the housekeeper appeared, making many reverential bows.

"Do you speak English?" said the stranger.

"A leedle, mine sir!" answered the innkeeper.

"I want a room for Mrs. Muggins," said the newcomer in whom our readers will recognize Mr. Hagard.

The strangers were taken upstairs and soon "Mr. Muggins" left again, to take, as he said, a stroll. Conchita was fatigued and went to bed, waiting for his return; but Mr. Hagard did not return, neither on that day nor on any following one: his disappearance remained a mystery. We only know that two days after his disappearance the *Corriere de Trieste* contained the following account of

#### "A FEARFUL ACCIDENT."

"An accident has happened at the mills at S——, which is as horrible as it is mysterious. How it occurred or who was the person of the unfortunate victim has not yet been discovered. It seems that yesterday at noon, while the workmen were at their dinner, terrible yells and cries of distress were heard, coming from the engine-room. The engineer hastened to the place and found the floor covered with blood and shreds of clothing. The walls were bespattered with brains and human entrails clung to the great cog-wheel; but of the human being that thus perished nothing was found except unrecognizable remnants, not enough to establish his identity.

"None of the workmen are missing and it therefore seems that some stranger must have entered by the private door into the engine-room. The place is quite dark and the floor slippery. It may be that he fell and that his coat was caught in the wheel. If so, he must have been dragged slowly but irresistibly into death, and this is still more probable on account of the terrible cries he uttered before he was torn to pieces. It is not explained how the unknown man could enter the place unobserved, as the engineer denies the charge of having left the door open and one of the firemen swears that he saw that it was locked."

Thus the mystery remained unexplained. Conchita did not read newspapers. Pancho may have heard of the accident; but what if he did? Such things are nothing remarkable; accidents happen often. They are talked about for an hour and forgotten the next.

Conchita remained at the inn. A pocket-book which Mr. Hagard had left, contained a sufficient sum to pay her expenses for several months and as to what had become of "Mr. Muggins," she did not care to know. She had no desire for his return, for she never really loved him; she was only bound to him by some mysterious power. In the pure and exhilarating air that came from the mountains, fragrant with the odour of pines and mixing with the balmy breeze from the ocean, her health improved rapidly, and in proportion as it improved, she felt as if the clouds around her were growing thinner and pressing less heavily upon her heart. She tried to remember her past life, before she became "Mrs. Smith"; but there was not a single clue to solve the mystery. It was as if her mind was imprisoned; but at last the deliverance came.

Visitors to the Friaul during the spring and summer of 188— may remember having frequently seen a stranger, a pale lady with dark hair and eyes, and invariably dressed in black, taking solitary walks along the seashore, or sitting on some prominent cliff in some secluded spot overlooking the sea. Was it the awakening of memories of olden times that attracted Conchita to the ocean shore, or is there something soothing in the rumbling of the waves, that lulls the troubled waters of the soul? For days Conchita strolled along the coast, leaving the inn at an early hour of the morning and returning at night; seeking the most deserted places, and when some stranger approached, flying like a frightened roe.

Once, while watching the play of the waves, Conchita found a double shell consisting of two parts; one of oval shape, and out of it grew another in the form of a tulip. She knew that she had seen such shells before and picked it up. She knew that once before, at some time in the past, she had been in a similar place, where there were cliffs and rocks, seals and *barnacle* shells. She strained her will to remember, and suddenly the light broke through the clouds; the darkness disappeared and she knew who she had been before she became Mrs. Smith. Gradually all the memories of her past life returned. She knew that she was Conchita and that Pancho had sailed for Africa in search of the Mysterious Brotherhood. She remembered Juana and Mrs. Wells and how she was "magnetized" by Mr. Smith; but she could not remember having married him. Then it was that for the first time since her husband's departure Conchita began to weep; but her tears were tears of joy, full of gratitude for that power which had enabled her to find again her old former self.

What was now to be done? Should she write to Africa or to San Francisco, or return immediately to America? Then she remembered that the money which had been left by Mr. Smith was exhausted, in fact she was already in debt to the landlord. What was to be done? Her health had returned and she was as strong and beautiful as before. If necessary she could do manual labour until she received letters from home. But her situation required immediate attention. Then it was that her former unbounded faith in divine providence asserted itself, and full of confidence that something would happen to show her which way to turn, she went back to her room.

It may have been due to the direction of divine providence or to some other inferior cause, or perhaps a mere coincidence, that just at that time a woman from Vienna happened to be at the same inn. "Miss Flora," for this was the name by which she was known, was a corpulent woman of middle age, with traces of former beauty. She was dressed in great style and wore a profusion of jewelry. This woman was struck with Conchita's loveliness and found an opportunity to make her acquaintance.

For several days Miss Flora remained at the inn and gained Conchita's confidence. The latter told her about her circumstances and that she was waiting for letters from home.

"You might as well go with me to Vienna and wait for your letters there," said Miss Flora. "Vienna is such a nice place and I will give you a room in my house."

"I am already indebted to the landlord here," said Conchita, "and I must wait for funds before I leave."

"Oh!" said Miss Flora, "do not trouble yourself about that. The landlord told me that you owe him about twenty florins. It is a mere trifle; I will pay it for you with pleasure."

Conchita was surprised at this generous offer. There was something repulsive about Miss Flora; but was it not evident that divine providence had sent her. Would it not be rejecting the aid of God to reject such an offer? She therefore accepted it and said:

"You are very kind indeed! How can I ever hope to repay you for your generosity?"

"Don't mention it," said Miss Flora. "It is nothing. I will do all I can to make you comfortable. Of course you cannot receive company with these old black clothes of yours; but I am going to get you a fine dress, to make you look like a lady."

"Never mind," answered Conchita. "I do not wish to receive company. If you will only let me have some small room, where I am in nobody's way and where I can remain until I hear from home, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Don't trouble about that," said Miss Flora. "We will talk it all over by-and-bye."

Conchita left the inn with Miss Flora, and when they went away all the occupants of the hotel from the head waiter down to the chambermaid and the porter stood at the door looking after Conchita and her companion.

"It is a pity!" said the porter.

The head waiter shrugged his shoulders.

The chambermaid said nothing, she only giggled.

Conchita noticed the ironical smiles and the staring looks; but she attributed them to the strange contrast which existed between her appearance and that of her companion; for while the latter was dressed as if she were going to the opera, Conchita's dress was of the plainest kind, threadbare and dilapidated.

They boarded the train, which swiftly bore them through one of the most picturesque countries of the world, the beautiful Styria; while the sun was sinking behind the mountain tops and the evening glories faded away. The night which followed was dark; but while its gloom rested upon the outside world, joy reigned in the heart of Conchita. She had not the least suspicion of

foul play, but saw in Miss Flora her redeemer, an instrument of the kindness of divine providence. This lady, a stranger, had been sent to her at the very time when she was in the greatest need of help. She saw now plainly that the world was not so bad as it appeared to be, and that love, charity, and benevolence still exist among mankind. Her heart felt the deepest gratitude towards the unknown Creator who watches over even the least of his creatures. She prayed silently and fervently, and after that she took Miss Flora's hand and kissed it reverently.

It was early in the morning when they arrived in the *Kaiserstadt*. They took a coach and went to Miss Flora's residence, which was in the central part of the city. The noise produced by the rattling of the wheels over the stone-paved street sounded harshly in Conchita's ears and she almost wished herself back in the tranquility of the country. For some unexplained reason a heavy weight seemed to rest upon her soul, and as the carriage stopped in the narrow alley at the place of her destination, an indescribable horror seemed to creep over her. They descended, Miss Flora opened the door and made her guest ascend three flights of stairs, where she led her into a room.

"This will be your room, my dear," she said, "and now I advise you to go to bed, so that you will look bright and refreshed this evening. You must be very tired, and as it is still early, you may have a good sleep before breakfast."

Conchita embraced Miss Flora and told her she would obey. She then undressed and went to bed, for she was very much fatigued from having travelled all night. Nevertheless she could not sleep for a long time. She laid awake and looked around in the room. It was richly furnished; but showed little taste in its arrangement. The walls were ornamented with some cheap chromos, representing nude females. One represented Diana coming out of the bath, another one Leda with the swan, and the centre-piece was according to the inscription which it bore, a representation of how pope Alexander used to amuse himself. Wondering about Miss Flora's singular taste, Conchita fell asleep.\*

The evening wore on, and Conchita thought over her present condition, comparing it with her past life. She had always believed in God; but how had her implicit trust in divine providence served her? She had always followed the impulses of her heart, and to what did it lead? Her belief that God or some other person would do for her that which she ought to have done herself, had landed her in a house of prostitution. She therefore resolved henceforth not to trust to any external aid, but to take hold with her own hands of the helm, and steer the ship of her life.

It had grown dark. Conchita put on the dress which Miss Flora had left; she had no other choice. It was a ball dress cut low, without sleeves, but with laces and trimmings. Cautiously she opened the door and peeped into the hall. A flood of light came from the lower floor. This was not an appropriate time to attempt an escape. She closed the door and waited again until late in the night. Then she tried again. She stepped into the hall, and heard the

\* Owing to a circumstance beyond the editor's control, a large portion of this chapter does not appear in this magazine. It will be found complete in book-form, in which it will very shortly appear in America and England.—[Ed.]

sound of a piano and the patter of dancing feet. She cautiously descended the stairs to the second flat, and found herself in another hall, from which a door led into the room where they were dancing. If she could only pass that door unobserved she might reach the stairs that led to the first floor and be safe. Gathering all her courage, she made a rush forward; but at the same moment the door was opened and a man appeared upon the threshold. Seeing Conchita, he threw his arms around her and dragged her into the room. A moment afterwards she found herself in the midst of a crowd of half-drunken men and women. They all looked up in surprise and the dance stopped.

"Madame Flora," exclaimed the man, as he held on to Conchita, "why have you been hiding away this girl? She is the jewel of your harem."

"The jewel is not yet polished enough to be sold," answered Flora, "she is a wild cat, she has to be tamed. She will make a lovely pet if we can teach her good manners."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the man, "we will begin the lesson right away," and addressing the musician, he called out: "Go ahead with your valse."

"Let me go," hissed Conchita; but the music began again and she was pulled around the room a few times. Her movements excited great laughter. The men and women crowded around her, for it was to them an unusual sight to see a woman dance against her will. Some people who were drinking brandy at a side table, rose to their feet to see the fun, and inadvertently overturned the table. Bottles and glasses fell to the floor, and the brandy was spilled over Conchita's dress.

This created a moment of confusion. Conchita's partner stopped and turned around to see what was the matter, loosening his hold of Conchita's arms. This gave her a chance to tear herself from his grasp and to run out of the room. She was immediately followed by the crowd. She flew towards the stairs that led to the lower floor and was about to descend, when she saw some men coming up. They evidently wanted to stop her; for one of them spread out his arms to prevent her passing. At that moment she perceived an open window at the head of the stairs, and with the agility of a tigress she jumped upon the sill and threw herself out of the window. When the inmates of the house descended the stairs and emerged into the street, they found the bleeding body of Conchita upon the pavement.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### NEW DISCOVERIES.

WE must now ask the reader to return with us about ten months in time, and look after Pancho whom we have left at Venice in search of Mr. Smith.

Having become convinced of the futility of his attempts to find Conchita, and having cured his curiosity to his hearts content, he retired once more within his own soul, trying to find the truth within himself, and the more he succeeded in collecting his thoughts within that interior chamber, the more did he become convinced that man has within himself an infallible interior guide, an unknown and invisible "Master" and mysterious Brother such as had been described in the "Book of Mysteries." He also found that if one pays strict

attention to the admonitions of that guide, his voice which at first is only heard like a faint whisper may develop into a source of positive knowledge, and his light, which is at first seen only like a distant star, will at last be seen like a sun illuminating the dark chambers of the mind. He now knew—not because he had read it in books, but from self observation—that material man cannot develop himself spiritually, nor give to himself that which he does not possess; but that he must be developed by a teacher who is a spirit, and that no spirit is nearer to man than the divine Spirit whose temple is Man, and who has his sanctuary within the centre of one's own inner self, but whose presence cannot be demonstrated to the sceptical reasoner, nor be perceived by those who live within the dark clouds of matter, and whose judgement is perverted by doubt and denial.

He now began to take lessons in "practical occultism," that is to say, he tried to habituate himself to recognize the true value of all things, and not to put any higher estimate upon a thing than that which it actually deserves. This he found to be a most difficult undertaking, because the earthly parts of the soul of man have their roots in the realm of matter and cause him to cling to that which is earthly and sensual. There are a thousand invisible strings by which the world of sense attracts the soul that wishes to rise above it, and the wings which carry the consciousness into the higher regions of thought are at first easily fatigued. But Pancho's strength increased by his daily practical exercises, and at last he found within himself that magic power, the "Will," by which he could lift one of the curtains that hide the interior world, although there were still many more curtains to be lifted for him—not by the hands of another—but by his own. He then found, as his interior perceptive power increased, that the interior world is just as real to the inner senses as the external world is real to the outward perceptions, that the outer as well as the inner world were both the products of the spirit who was their creator, and that the former contained forms of great beauty, which were of a more permanent character than those of the latter.

He saw that thoughts are substantial things, rendered objective to the mental perception by the power of the will, and that they are just as "material" on the plane on which they exist, as trees and rocks are "material" on the external plane. He found that everybody who had the power to call a picture up in his mind was actually exercising a magic power, by which a thought becomes objective to the mind, a thing which by a more developed will, may be impressed even at a distance upon the mind of another who is receptive to thought.

All these things, which are so absurdly simple, that it is almost ridiculous to mention them, and which might be known to all men, if their minds were not thrown into confusion by the complicated vagaries of metaphysical speculators, Pancho learned—not because he had some scientific authority to inform him about it—but because he acquired the power to perceive what was taking place in his own mind. He looked within himself, and thought his own thoughts instead of thinking the thoughts of another person; and he perceived that the universe is an instrument full of divine harmony which however can only be realized by him who is himself of a harmonious mind. He saw that every form in the world of matter and mind is, so to say, a string upon that instrument, constituting for itself a compound instrument that ought to sound in unison with



the whole. He saw how vibrations of thought started in one place, produced corresponding vibrations in similarly attuned instruments in other parts of the world, and it became clear to him that a spiritual thought of great power, emanating from one person, may affect and be expressed by not only one, but a thousand "Talking images" in different parts of the world, even if the forms from which these thoughts emanate, and the forms which receive them are separated by thousands of miles. For, in the realm of mind, there are not the same material obstacles as in the world of matter, and the vibrations of thought impelled by will may travel like the vibrations of the light of the rising sun.

It seems that as physical man has his relationships in the sensual world, and sympathizing friends and relatives to whom he is especially attracted, so likewise there are relationships between harmoniously attuned souls, and affinities existing between similarly constituted minds. Thus mutually harmonious minds may communicate with each other while the physical bodies of such persons are resting in sleep; provided that the soul has become sufficiently self-conscious to realize its own existence during the sleep of the physical form. Cases are known in which persons have visited in their dreams strange places, and communicated with other persons whom they had never seen, and that they afterwards, while awake, met with such places and persons on the external plane.

Who knows to what part of the universe his soul may be attracted, and with what beings it may be in communication, while his terrestrial form rests in unconscious sleep? If, after awakening, he has no distinct recollection of the nature of his inner experiences during the sleep of the body; this does not prove that no such experiences took place. It merely proves that the external activity of the soul was at rest, and that the mind received no material impressions to register by means of the material brain; but occasionally it may happen that the external and internal states of consciousness are blended together, and then the nature of our inner experiences may come to the external understanding of the mind.

We will not try the patience of the reader by recording the various visions which Pancho experienced in his inner consciousness, visions which grew more and more vivid and real as he succeeded in withdrawing his attention and desires from the external world. But we will state that there often appeared to him in such "dreams" a stranger of noble aspect, a man whom he had never seen, dressed in white garments and wearing upon his breast a golden cross; but whenever he made an effort to speak with that person, his external consciousness returned, and the vision disappeared. Whether or not his soul was in communication with him when his body was asleep, Pancho could not say, because on awakening he had no recollection of it. Only once he remembered having dreamed that he went with that man to a room filled with many curious things, with scientific instruments, bottles and books, from which he concluded that this man was an Alchemist. He could plainly remember the room. There were some curious pictures hanging around the walls; one especially was very remarkable. It was a masterpiece of some artist and dark from age. It represented the battle of the archangel Michael with the dragon of selfishness. As this story proceeds, we shall see that this dream was not a product of fancy; but at present it is our duty to call attention to another line of events.

There is no doubt in our mind that some of our readers have become inter-

ested in the fate of Mr. Puffer, whose career towards adeptship was sadly interrupted by his incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

Pancho likewise felt sympathy for the man and after some delay and trouble he finally obtained permission to visit him in the place where he was confined under observation by medical men.

The asylum was quite interesting. There were some curious cases among the patients. There was, for instance, an eloquent preacher who was in the habit of going out at night upon the graveyard and preaching sermons to the corpses, although the corpses could not understand what he said. Another patient imagined himself to be dead, while all the time he enjoyed a good appetite ; but would not rise from the coffin in which he had made his bed ; another who had been a philosopher, talked incessantly in a learned manner about things of which he knew absolutely nothing, and there was a number of people who wanted to reform the world without even being able to reform themselves. In fact the inhabitants of that asylum looked very much like the inhabitants of the world outside ; the difference between the insanity of the former and that of the latter being only a difference in the degree in which the disease manifested, itself.

Dr. Sellerio, the medical director of the asylum, cordially received Pancho and heard his request.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that Mr. Puffer, or, as he calls himself, Mr. Brahm, is completely insane. Fortunately his insanity seems to be of a harmless character, and we may be able to send him back to his friends. The poor man's brain has been entirely deranged and its forces brought out of equilibrium by the reading of books on magnetism and spiritualism. It is a shame that in this enlightened age any apparently sane person should believe in such nonsense, and that otherwise intelligent people countenance occultism instead of frowning it down. I deeply regret that the authorities of the state and the church are not able or willing to suppress all kinds of occult literature."

"It is, indeed, very unfortunate," answered Pancho, "for merely theorizing, and speculating about things of which one has no practical experience is very likely to disorder the imagination and to derange the mind."

"There is only one rational spot left in Mr. Puffer," continued the director, "namely that he agrees that there is no soul. He imagines himself to be the god of the universe ; but he is reasonable enough not to believe in a soul."

"Do you then not believe yourself in a soul ?" asked Pancho.

"I am a scientist," answered Sellerio, "and science is proud of knowing nothing about such things. If a soul did exist, we should know it."

"Nevertheless," said Pancho, "I have seen testimonials in the possession of Captain Bumpkins, written by Lord Fitznoodle and Lady Partington, which certify that the soul exists."

"These people are all deluded," replied the director. "All anatomical, physiological and pathological researches have failed to lead to the discovery of a soul, either in the pineal gland or anywhere else. Such a belief is a superstition, which like the belief in ghosts and spirits, belongs to the dark ages and has fortunately been abandoned by all recognized authorities. A belief in the soul is sufficient to stamp him who is convicted of it as extremely ignorant, if not downright insane."

"By the term 'soul,'" explained Pancho, "I refer to the power of the divine spirit in man."

"Whoever heard of a divine spirit in man?" exclaimed Sellerio. "I do not believe in spirits. Nobody believes in spirits except dreamers and cranks. I am a scientist. I want facts, sir, facts! I want facts such as I can see and handle. I have not yet seen anything divine."

"How do you classify a belief in Divinity?" asked Pancho.

"Emotional insanity," at once replied the director. "Sometimes it is spontaneous, at other times it seems to be inherited, sporadic or epidemic. Occasionally we find it associated with hallucination of sight and hearing; frequently it is the result of an abnormal development of the occipital portion of the brain."

"There seems to be many people affected with it," said Pancho.

"Fortunately for science," answered Sellerio, "there is an abundance of pathological material for the study of such cases; nor would it be well to cure them. A belief in a God is a form of insanity which has to be tolerated at present; because it serves to keep up order in the state and the church. When all men have become thoroughly scientific, such a superstition will be unnecessary."

"Then you consider all kinds of idealism as emotional insanity?" asked Pancho.

"Most assuredly I do," said the director, "and the quickest way to cure it is a good dose of Ipecac."

They went to Mr. Puffer's cell and found him sitting cross-legged in Oriental fashion upon the table.

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

*(To be continued.)*



#### TO-DAY.

##### A SOCIALIST SONG.

HAVE we not watched, and waited? . . . Have we not  
Shut fast each starving mouth, and held each breath,  
And bent pale brows unto the hand of death,  
We, crucified of men, whom God forgot?

Have we not loved, and laboured, thro' the night,  
Wherein all Gods were shadows, and all kings  
Dread visible signs of dread invisible things,  
And priests stern jailors who barred out the light?

Have we not silently set haggard eyes  
To watch the waning stars, that when at last  
The day should dawn, and night be overpast,  
New life might come to us, clad otherwise

Than that old life we loathed—wherein no part  
 Of all the laughing land, and leaping sea,  
 Yea, scarcely so much air as scantily  
 Creeps close thro' prison bars, fulfilled our heart ?

But now, behold ! yon East is one sweet rose,  
 Set 'mid a chaplet of gold daffodils !  
 And o'er the purpling distance of the hills,  
 And thro' the fragrance of the garden-close,

There breaks a sound of singing clear and high,  
 And far across the sobbing of the sea  
 (That weeps so long for our long slavery)  
 The triumph-music of To-Day sweeps by !

To-day the fair, and holy ; wherein pride  
 Of birth, or name, or tinsel worn unwon  
 Shall flaunt no more beneath the glad gold sun,  
 Night's cursing child with the cursed night she died !

But thou, sweet queen and mistress, thou to whom  
 All hands are stretched, all broken hearts are turned,  
 All love is given—thou fairest, who hast spurned  
 The dead day's sin and sorrow, fear and gloom—

Wilt thou not give us all our hearts' desire ?  
 Wilt thou not loose our hands, and set us free ?  
 O Queen ! O Goddess ! our souls yearn to thee,  
 Yea, even as the moth is fain of fire,

So are we fain of thy sweet promises !  
 Come forth resistless, from the flushing east,  
 And lead the workers to their well-won feast,  
 Nor scorn thou of thy children one of these . . .

So brothers shall be brothers, tho' there be  
 All barriers 'twixt their hearts—strange garb and speech—  
 And mountains—and wide plains, too far to reach  
 For meeting hands—or miles of sullen sea—

No longer shall man stand 'twixt us and God,  
 And set his cruel will for God's behest,  
 To make us slay our brothers, that so best  
 Their blood poured forth makes green his barren sod !

No longer shall the glory of the land,  
 The radiance and the riches of the sea  
 Be his to hold for his posterity  
 Who hath the hardest heart, and strongest hand !

To-day hath burst all fetters ! Shout ! Rejoice !  
 We crucified lift up our pierced hands,  
 And from the circuit of the sea-swept lands  
 Cry "It is finished !" with one mighty voice !

EVELYN PYNE.

## Theosophical Activities.

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### COLONEL OLCOTT'S TOUR.

**T**HE number of press notices and multiplicity of letters from correspondents to editors, provoked by Colonel Olcott's lectures upon "Theosophy," "Karma," "Reincarnation" and "Man's Psychical Powers," show very clearly that the tour is producing all the anticipated effect. We are quite warranted in expecting that the present agitation, all opposition notwithstanding, will have permanently beneficial results for our cause. As the Eastern doctrine of Karma is more closely studied by the educated classes, its philosophical reasonableness is being seen. At the close of his lectures, but more largely in the frequent conversaciones and private lectures he has given, Col. Olcott is cross-questioned upon the various bearings of the doctrine and his answers have not as yet been successfully rebutted. The past month has been a busy one for him. On November 8th he lectured privately at the house of Mr. Stapley, F.T.S.; every Thursday evening he attended the meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge T.S.; the 23rd he lectured at Steinway Hall on "The Psychical Powers in Man"; the 30th gave a private lecture in Edinburgh, and on the 3rd December presided at a reception given to Herr Carl Hansen, the Danish hypnotist. These, with constant paying and receiving of visits, correspondence and literary work, filled up his time. His further engagements are a lecture on Dec. 7th before the Bedford Park Club, several private ones in London, a public lecture at Bradford (Yorkshire), on "Japan," another on Theosophy the next day, one in Newcastle on the 17th, and a meeting of the British Section on the 18th. Beyond this he is not likely to take provincial engagements, as he sails from Marseilles for Colombo on the 29th, and is compelled to look after his health, the disease which attacked him in Japan having again broken out. Col. Olcott has made a host of friends in Great Britain, who would gladly persuade him to stop here altogether if it were possible to wean his affections away from India; which it is *not*. Our best wishes will accompany him on his return voyage.

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The *East Anglian Daily Times* plays a melancholy dirge on the organ of public sentiment; thus:—

"The Theosophic Propagandists are scoring so many successes that the Fathers at the Brompton Oratory will soon have to look to their laurels. Madame Blavatsky, as all the world knows, persuaded (? !) Mrs. Besant within the pale, and now it is announced that Colonel Olcott has converted an Anglican clergyman, who will henceforth act as his private secretary. The name of the reverend convert is not given."

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During the last few weeks Annie Besant has been addressing crowded audiences on Theosophy, and has roused much interest in the subject in the minds of the

more thoughtful and intelligent. On October 27th, she spoke at Rochdale, and the lecture was followed by some slight opposition from the Spiritualists present. On November 10th she addressed an exceptionally thoughtful audience at Nottingham, Professor Symes taking the chair. Here there was no opposition, but a very large number of questions were put and fully answered. On the 17th, Milton Hall, Kentish Town, was crammed, to listen to the answer to the question, "What is Theosophy?" and here again the inquiries bore eloquent testimony to the interest felt in the subject. On the 24th, at the Hall of Science, Old Street, a lecture on "Salvation by Christ or by Man?" gave the lecturer an opportunity of contrasting the ethical value of the doctrine that "character moulds destiny," with the easy vicarious atonement of ecclesiastical Christianity. The month's lecturing closed with an explanation of Theosophy to an audience that packed every foot of space in the marquee of the St. Pancras Reform Club, the most concentrated attention following each link of the argument presented.

#### THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, AMERICAN SECTION.

##### *First ad interim Convention of the Pacific Coast Branches.*

##### REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

[Our American branches have evidently no idea of going into "obscurism," as may be seen by the following *précis* from the Report of the *ad interim* Convention held at San Francisco. Such signs of activity are distinctly encouraging and mark a growing power of initiative in the Society which should speedily bring about great results.]

THE CONVENTION assembled at the hall, 106 McAllister Street, San Francisco, Cal., October 12th and 13th, 1889. Dr. W. W. Gamble, President of the Bandhu Lodge, of Santa Cruz, was elected and took the chair. Allen Griffiths was nominated and elected Secretary.

The Chairman stated the objects of the Convention as follows: For mutual advancement; for the election of a Delegate to represent the Pacific Coast Branches at the next Annual Convention of April, 1890; for adoption of certain resolutions.

It was unanimously decided to hold the following sessions:—

Sunday, October 13, 10 a.m. Transaction of business. Consideration of methods for Theosophic work. Reading of Contributed papers.

2 p.m. That the Convention, by invitation, attend the regular open meeting of the Golden Gate Lodge.

7.30 p.m. An open session at which short speeches and papers bearing upon the three objects of the Society be in order.

Miss M. A. Walsh read a paper contributed by Mrs. M. H. Bowman of the Bandhu Branch, entitled, "Try to Lift a Little of the Karma of the World," which aroused deep feeling and called out considerable discussion.

Communications were read from Los Angeles and Satwa Branches of Los Angeles, and St. Loma and Gautama Branches of San Diego, expressing cordial sympathy in the objects of the Convention, and heartily wishing that harmony should prevail, and that much good would result from its deliberations.

##### SECOND DAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1889.

Under the head of unfinished business, the subject of "Theosophic Work" was taken up. Miss M. A. Walsh spoke as follows upon the subject:—

"The great purpose of Theosophic work is not so much to obtain members for a Branch, or to convert people to any special system, as it is to scatter seeds of truth, which, taking root, will cause people to become better Christians of any and every denomination. To dispel the darkness of ignorance, to show the universality of law, and man's relation to the Cosmos, is the work of all those who have learned the first lessons of the Wisdom Religion—and this great purpose can be carried

out in numberless ways, some of them apparently very round about, yet all tending to the goal. For example, a large field of indirect work presents itself in the many clubs and societies established in our cities and towns for mental culture. Our great poets are all seers of the occult; literature is a flowery by-path leading one unconsciously into theosophic fields; philosophy, especially German philosophy, leads directly to the fundamental truths; while science takes one to the very threshold. A theosophic student endowed with tact can, as a member of any such society, do a great work in directing thought in the right direction. People who would not listen to anything under the name of Theosophy have by these indirect means become enthusiastic accepters of the fundamental principles of the Wisdom Religion—and have learned to make these principles a factor of their lives.

"Theosophy teaches wisdom, and wisdom is the knowledge how to produce the best results with the least expenditure of force, not only on the spiritual but also on the material planes; hence earnest Theosophists are needed in all reforms. To apply wise methods to practical ends, and thus to help lift the heavy Karma of the world, is a duty of every one whose eyes have been opened to the light.

"Another practical work is to establish centres of force. Scattered brands may be of little moment but let them be brought together, and behold the atmosphere is aglow with light and heat. The Theosophic movement is yet in its infancy; the workers are few, means are inadequate; many branches are doing to the utmost of their ability; to do more seems impossible; yet it is well to have an ideal, something to work towards, and would it not be well to think of our young people? What shall we theosophists do for the coming generation?"

Resolutions were then passed of adherence and devotion to the objects of the Society and of loyalty and allegiance to its founders; of recognition and appreciation of the General Secretary of the American Section and of all others who are devoting their lives and energies to the welfare and elevation of humanity; of assisting in every way in extending the influence of Theosophy, and increasing its usefulness by spreading abroad its literature and teachings. It was further:—

*Resolved:* "That we will correct mis-presentations of Theosophic truths; defend against unjust attacks its leaders and teachers; and endeavour to realise in our own lives, the truths which we advocate.

*Resolved:* "That we realise Theosophy as world-wide in its application, and universal in its power to reach and elevate all conditions of mankind; that no method is too insignificant, nor any plan too impracticable, to be utilised if humanity may be thereby elevated and made to realise a higher conception of its destiny.

*Resolved:* "That we realise the present as a cyclic period of great spiritual potentiality, and urge upon all Theosophists the importance of increased effort during its continuance.

*Resolved:* "That we recognise that mesmeric, and all other phases of occult phenomena, are dangerous if not understood, or when used for selfish purposes, as they are valuable if beneficially employed by the wise."

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson was then elected as Delegate to represent the Pacific Coast Branches at the next annual Convention of the American Section. It was decided that the next *ad interim* Convention should be held at Santa Cruz.

We are sorry that lack of space compels us to put off the reprinting of the papers read before the Convention, or at least portions of them, to the January number, when we hope to have the pleasure of introducing them to our readers. Their titles are as follows:—*Try to Lift a Little of the Heavy Karma of the World; A Few Suggestions Regarding the Higher Life; The First Object of the Theosophical Society—Universal Brotherhood; Aryan Literature; The Third Object of the Theosophical Society; Reasons for a Theosophical Revival.*

#### THEOSOPHY IN SPAIN.

Theosophical literature has already been introduced into Portugal by the work of our learned brother the Marquis de Figanière, entitled, "Under, In and Above the World," which was published at Oporto in the early part of the year, and is, according to our reviewer in the May number, "one of the most scientific manuals of scientific literature that has yet appeared"; we have now the pleasure of announcing that Theosophy has made its public appearance in Spain by the publication at Madrid of a pamphlet entitled, "Que es la Theosophia?"

by two energetic members of the Society. Translations of *Isis Unveiled*, *Esoteric Buddhism*, *Light on the Path*, *The Buddhist Catechism* and *The Key to Theosophy*, are already completed and will appear as the demand for theosophical literature increases. All honour, we say, to the brave pioneers of Theosophy in Spain!

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#### THEOSOPHY IN ITALY.

Theosophy has also broken new soil in Italy, at Milan, and the *Buddhist Catechism* has been translated into Italian. Major Tarsillo Barberis recently gave a public lecture upon Buddha and his doctrine to a large and highly appreciative audience, taking his facts, as he informs us, from the Catechism. Our Milan sympathizers are greatly disappointed that Colonel Olcott is not able to pay them a visit before returning to India.

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#### THEOSOPHY IN SWEDEN.

The latest advices inform us that the Stockholm Branch numbers already about seventy members, and that our literature is on sale throughout the kingdom, and also in Denmark.

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#### THEOSOPHY IN HOLLAND.

The *Post Nubila Lux* Branch, at the Hague, suffered a great loss by the death of Capt. Adalberth de Bourbon, the President, and ceased from their former activity; we are, therefore, glad to hear that a new nucleus is forming which promises to be more active and useful than even the old Branch



At a meeting of the San Francisco "Freethought Society," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, F.T.S., is reported to have spoken on the following subjects. We quote from "FREETHOUGHT."

This was the second lecture on "Matter and Spirit," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson being the speaker and representing the Theosophical side of the question. Dr. Anderson laid down the proposition that matter and spirit are coeternal and self-existing, matter being something in motion, and spirit a power that controlled such motion. Scientists called the controlling power force, but unless they were ready to admit that force to be intelligent the speaker could not agree with them. He also rejected the popular scientific theories regarding the process by which worlds are thrown off from a central sun, averring that science failed to explain how the central sun first came into position. Theosophy taught, on the other hand, that there was no original central sun, but a "laya" centre produced by intelligent will—a point where there was no gravitation, and hence one toward which all the nebulous mass would necessarily gravitate, gravitation being only the expression of the cosmic will acting upon matter. Primary motion must also, the speaker held, be a direct expression of an intelligent force. Madame Blavatsky two years ago declared that gravitation was not universal in its action, and Professor Holden of the Lick observatory had lately confirmed her statement. Everything, Dr. Anderson held, was created to express an intelligent will—flowers to express beauty, mountains and forests to express grandeur, and so on. The doctor explained in a very interesting way his conception of the difference between the human soul and that of an animal. As to eternal life, Theosophy did not promise it to *man*, as such. The spiritual monad in man was given *individual* persistence only during one *manvantara*, or cycle of material existence.\*

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\* This sentence must not be misunderstood as it is reported a little too vaguely. The "Spiritual Monad" is eternal because uncreate, but its "individual persistence"—*in human form and bodies on this terrestrial chain or during the life-cycle*, lasts only "one manvantara." This does not prevent the same Spiritual Monad starting at the end of Mahapralaya (the Grand Age of Rest) unto another *higher and more perfect* "life-cycle" with the fruit of the accumulated experiences of all the personalities the "individual" Ego (*manas*) had informed.



This meeting was pronounced, by all who were fortunate enough to be present, one of the best yet held. Dr. Anderson is a man whose abilities command respect whatever may be thought of his opinions. His achievements as a microscopist and his published works on physiological subjects place him among the eminent medical men of the country. Touching the unsolved conundrums of life he is an ingenious if not accurate guesser.

This is precisely the difference between the learned men of Science who are true Theosophists, and those scientific men who being materialists—are not. Dr. J. A. Anderson is, in the opinion of his critics, at any rate an “ingenious, if not an accurate guesser,” while most of the materialists are disingenious, and therefore have to be inaccurate to save their theories. And even when they happen to be exact this is only so in the deceptive light of *maya* and so long as one evanescent hypothesis is not yet dethroned and replaced by another, on its way to the same destiny of oblivion.

PREHISTORIC MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT—is the latest find of Science. The horizon is clearing for the SECRET DOCTRINE in the new as in the old world. While in the latter Mr. Grant Allen is confessing to a fully formed Miocene Man, American anthropologists confess to relics of men under twelve feet of *pre-glacial* gravel. We are told that :

In a railway cutting near Trenton, New Jersey, there have been found the earliest traces of man on the American Continent. They were buried under twelve feet of pre-glacial gravel: When they were disclosed, the objects were left undisturbed, until telegrams brought to the spot several anthropologists of authority, who declared the articles to be palæoliths of argillite, and characteristic of the earliest human efforts to form sharp edges in stone. The discovery followed a prediction by Dr. C. C. Abbott, whose views have hitherto been disputed both in Europe and America. After photographs had been taken, the specimens were removed to the Peabody Museum.

The particle “pre” in the word “pre-glacial” makes the term very elastic, as this allows “Esoteric Buddhism” to carry man far back before the Eocene into the Permian period of the carboniferous age, as much as it permits orthodox Geology to place him on the soil of pre-glacial gravel. But how about these at least approximate, dates of the beginning and the end of the so-called glacial period. Have Geologists finally agreed?

The following has been sent to us from America for insertion by our brother, Prof. Anthony Higgins.

From *The Washington Post*, November 23rd, 1889 :—

“To all to whom it may concern : The only actual Theosophical Society in Washington and the District of Columbia, is ‘*The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood*,’ incorporated by the Blavatsky Branch of the Society, according to act of congress, July 8, 1889. Any other Society in Washington that appropriates our name, ‘*The Theosophical Society*,’ does so without legal warrant or right. To any Society thus using our name and title, and falsely professing to be the *only* genuine ‘*Theosophical Society*,’ I give notice to cease using our name—‘*The Theosophical Society*.’ I make this notification by the legal authority vested in the incorporated privileges and rights of our Society, particulars of which may be found deposited with the recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, U.S.A.

ANTHONY HIGGINS.

“President of the Blavatsky Branch of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, of Washington, D.C.,

“November 21, 1889.”

[Foreign papers please give notice.]

## A NEW THEOSOPHICAL EFFORT.

THE ARYAN PRESS.

THE energetic General Secretary of the American section has inaugurated a new departure in the establishment of a Theosophical Press.

The practical and co-operative spirit of the Prospectus will be seen by the following quotations :—

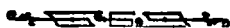
“Any member, club of members, or Branch paying \$10 shall be entitled to have printing done for twelve months at the actual trade cost, that is to say, the cost of paper, ink, composition, and press work, and in addition the cost of mailing the matter when finished.

“In this way Branches can have papers printed, Branch stationery made up or tracts reprinted for distribution. The suggestion is offered that each Branch for a small outlay can thus keep its own printed transactions.”

This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and deserves the cordial support of all Theosophists. When will our English Theosophists do the same?



## “Going to and Fro in the Earth.”



### OUR MONTHLY REPORT.

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THE “SOCIETY TIMES.”

In the journal of that name of November 23 we read the following :—

#### THEOSOPHICAL NOTES.

PEOPLE who are fond of imagining for themselves great futures should read Mme. Blavatsky's work “The Secret Doctrine.” Those of them with brains enough to follow it through will stagger somewhat at the immensity of progress there depicted for them. We are taken through cycle after cycle, round after round, and shown the new faculties and magnified old ones that will evolve in us, and the ranges of cosmic laws whose comprehension will demand their use. We are regarded each as issuing from the ultimate fountain of divinity as spiritual embryos, and in the course of ages as returning to conscious rest therein as transcendently perfect Gods. And for Gods no less than for men, the ultimate law is everlasting evolution. This should satisfy ordinary ambition.

Theosophists do not seem to regard with much hope any political nostrum for bettering the condition of our lower classes. Every man's surroundings and physique are the natural outcome of his own tendencies, development and effort (or want of effort) in his own last lifetime; all efforts made now similarly affecting the next. Therefore their message is—do your duty fully in your present condition, since it is your own creation, and your self-appointed place in nature. This done, learn to evolve by care for the interest of others. The atmosphere will thus brighten, new faculties and modes of consciousness begin to evolve, and the Gods once more walk among and teach men. Their creed is certainly worth attention.

It is the fashion to refer to Theosophy as a new fad, a new creed, and so on. But it seems to be really none of these. The name was assumed by a mystic sect who, two or three centuries after Christ, followed the teachings of Ammonius Saccas. This man taught, as do the Theosophists, that under all religions and creeds is the same basis of truth under various aspects and variously corrupted. The truth is the deliverance of men's deepest consciousness, but is nevertheless inaudible till the howlings of the lower nature for undue satisfaction of its desires are subdued and disregarded. So alike speak the ancient and the modern Theosophists, and their other resemblances are not less striking.

In the September number of LUCIFER, the organ of the English Theosophists, is an exultant article pointing out that there are now in India no less than 144 branches of the Theosophical Society, comprising many thousand “Fellows.” It is in reply to a statement of the *Methodist Times*, that the number of persons willing to own to their fellowship might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Since new branches in that country are frequently started, it would seem that Theosophy offers to the Buddhist a diet that agrees with him. Theosophists, in fact, claim that all real religions and philosophies consist of Theosophy in different suit of clothes, diaphanous or opaque, well-or ill-

fitting, and one of the professed objects of their Society is the making of such rents 'in these as to enable them to see truth naked. Like the Buddhists they mostly hold strongly to the idea of the thread of *individuality* in each man reincarnating in a succession of *personalities*, in each of which it acquires more essentially unforgettten knowledge.

Yes; Branches in India are many, and Members, many. Verily "Many are the called;" but how many *chosen*?

#### DEMONISM IN CEYLON.

Under this charitable Christian title, we find a "Village Missionary" ventilating his theological cobwebs in *The Ceylon Friend*, the organ of the Methodists, in that island. The *Buddhist* of Colombo makes copious extracts from it; and we can do no better than let our contemporary speak. It begins by quoting the precious bit of Wesleyan information that—

"... Every one of the demons has as real an existence as that of any member of his own family. He will tell you of terrible noises that he has heard produced by no human voice or act of any kind, of terrible calamities which can be ascribed to no other agency, of epidemics of cholera and small-pox which he never thinks of tracing to the execrable sanitation of the village, of how great stones have been thrown on houses and men out of 'the invisible.'"

Belief in *demons* may be regarded as a *superstition* in a Buddhist, but it is an *article of faith* for every Christian, on the authority of St. Paul and the Churches. In this case, however, our brother, the editor of the *Buddhist*, disposes of the "Village Missionary" in one mouthful. He says:

The pharisaical scribbler of this article is evidently ignorant of the commonest phenomena of spiritualism. Although his life may have been spent here, books and papers are cheap; if his reading had been such as should be pursued by every teacher and instructor of others, he would know that what is so distressing to him is now an acknowledged scientific fact, and that the laws governing these manifestations are now considered proper and legitimate objects of study. Has he ever read the life of Wesley, the founder of his own sect? If not, let him do so, and he will learn that just such mysterious noises and occurrences were known to that gentleman. Perhaps, however, in this particular case they were angels and not "Sinhalese demons."

If the "Village Missionary" wrote from any but a narrow and strictly partisan standpoint, he would admit that the Christian system has its angels and archangels, its cherubim and seraphim, its thrones, principalities and powers—that these are legion. He would also know, although we could hardly expect him to admit it, that of these some were originally the very demons he so deprecates. It is fitting, moreover, that those who have elevated an unnatural, fire-snorting, revengeful devil into a God, should take a train of demons along with him to form a hierarchy of angels. It is a mere change of names. Is not the Christian devil—created by this demon-god for the sole purpose of tempting man to disobey him and be thereby damned eternally—constantly employed in this delectable business; or are the "Village Missionary" and his brothers preaching lies?

Now that several Europeans and Americans of culture, far better educated and able than is the "Village Missionary," have become Buddhists by conviction, and have the columns of the *Buddhist* at their disposal, we fear hard times are in store for the traditional enemy of the mild Hindu and philosophical Buddhist. Dr. E. J. Eitel, Ph. Doc., Tübingen, is quoted from his recent work on Buddhism:

"Another spark of divine light which the Buddhists possessed is discernible in their recognizing and constantly teaching the most intimate connection between the visible and invisible worlds. They knew that things seen are not the only realities. They looked upon the planets as inhabited by multitudes, all eagerly listening to BUDDHA'S preaching. They peopled the air with spirits, the firmament with legions of human beings, superior to ourselves in purity and happiness, but constantly communicating with us pigmies. They saw heaven open to each aspiring soul and mansions visible and invisible prepared for those of a pure and tranquil heart. They understood that an immense crowd of spectators is watching us unseen with intense interest, a crowd of devils grinning with delight at the progress of evil, and hosts of angelic beings rejoicing over the spread of truth on earth."

The only thing to which we take exception in the above extract is the Christian phraseology; we repudiate that and refuse to have it saddled upon Buddhism. We do not believe in souls and heavens and the other materialistic paraphernalia of the Christian system, *as it is taught and accepted by them*. The attention of the "Village Missionary" is called most earnestly to the fact that this Christian writer, who fears Buddhism, although much in it extorts his unwilling admiration, calls this belief "another spark of divine truth;" which is most certainly an admission that that noble and glorious philosophy has other sparks of the same nature. Let these gentlemen fight it out between them.

Yes, the Buddhist knows that evil influences are constantly around him, trying to tempt to evil, and when possible to harm him through purely malicious motives. He does not *worship* them in the Christian sense of that word; with the system he pursues to placate them we can have no sympathy, nor indeed has any educated Buddhist. We know that the best shield, the strongest talisman, is to follow faithfully the precepts of our BLESSED LORD, and then these influences will be powerless for harm.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our "Village Missionary" tells us that the only way to expel this terrible system is to bestow on all a Christian education. In all humility and earnestness we suggest, that a nation that has murdered thousands of inoffensive people to force them to take a hated drug which was dragging its victims down to ruin—a nation that encourages drunkenness in order to increase its revenues—is not fit to be entrusted with the education of any youth—not even its own. If this is the result of *Christian* education in a *Christian* country by a *Christian* Government then by all means give us HEATHENISM and DEMONISM!

(From *The Buddhist* of the 3rd *Ava Wap*, 2433, or the 11th October, 1889).

#### THE CANE AS A PROSELYTIZING AGENT.

The same journal inserts a letter from our Brother, Mr. Powell, the American gentleman appointed *pro tem.* by the President to supervise the Ceylon Section of the Theosophical Society. We insert its last paragraph, showing that in despair, the meek, God-fearing and Christ-following Methodists have resorted to the cane as the best means to convert the "heathen Buddhist."

A letter from Trincomalee informs me that the missionary in charge of the Wesleyan school at the place has been caning Hindu boys for refusing to learn the Christian Catechism. Most of the parents of pupils attending this school have taken their children away. Quite right, let all do so at once, so that this school shall lose its grant. I here beg of the Tamil community to express their disapprobation of this brutal act by laying the matter before the Director of Public Instruction and by helping their brothers in Trincomalee to get a good teacher and establish a school of their own. To the Trincomalee people I would say let each one give a handful of rice daily for this cause and they will succeed in having a school of their own. To the Buddhists of that place I say, help our brothers to withstand the common enemy.

#### THE "FAITH-WORKERS" OF SHENANDOAH.

But there is an abasement of Ideal far more pitiful than that caused by the cane or the animalism of the dissolute. It is that springing from ignorant and prosy emotionalism. We see it in past epochs, we see it now.

The vulgar boasting of the "Village Missionary" and the paradoxical fanfare of Salvation Army devotional methods, attended though they be with sincere zeal, are surpassed by the extravagancies of the American *Faithists* and "Fire-Brand" workers of the Free Methodist Church. The *Fire-Brand*, whose copies are constantly inflicted upon us, is the organ, apparently, of a handful—an army perchance, for all I know—of "Faith-workers" so called. Curiously enough the editor of the said organ declares that he is "publishing this paper for the Lord;" that it has no fixed price as "God will provide means to place it . . . in the hands of all whom He is desirous to have it;" and that finally, the editor "shall seek divine guidance in its distribution." But it is not for printing materials and printers' devils' alone that the "Faith-workers" seem to depend

upon God, but also for their daily food. What more repulsive degradation could there be of the ideal of the Divine Essence than the following acknowledgments which we copy from the last issue of the "Fire-Brand" column headed "Life of Trust. . . The Master provides all that we need."

Fri. Sept. 27.—Our confidence and love increases day by day. "Thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Two quarts of nice rich milk, a cup of meat fryings and twenty-five cents are supplies from Father to-day.

Sat. Sept. 28.—A dear young sister in the Lord brought in two under garments for the band workers, ready made; also, gave fifty cents to one of them. A pail each of grapes and sweet potatoes, and a good big chicken were also brought in by different members of the King's family. Bless His name!

A nice lot of tracts was given us to-day for distribution, also, a half bushel of tomatoes and a sack each of sage and popcorn. Bless the Lord!

Wed. Oct. 2.—This has been a day of real rejoicing in our soul. A gallon of vinegar, pint of milk, apples, potatoes, cabbage, sweet potatoes, squash and a pail of sweet corn dried, were all provisions sent from Father to-day. Praise God! Glory be to God.

A basket of potatoes and twenty-five cents, were acceptable gifts to-day.

Tue. Oct. 8.—We are waiting on God, and seeking only His will in all we do. Satan is on our track as never before, but we have the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Praise the Lord! We have put on the whole armor of God, and with the shield of "faith," we are able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. Hallelujah! One dollar was handed us to-day at a much-needed time, and we could not but recognize Father's hand, also a quart of rich milk and a large squash, were acceptable gifts from our loving Father.

Would it be regarded as too disrespectful were one to suggest to the "King" and "Father" that a little brains along with the "squash," and "rich milk" in that quarter might be more useful perhaps, even if less acceptable?

#### THE CATECHISM OF SCIENCE.

Going to and fro in the earth, the adversary came across a relic of Paul Bert, the late vivisector. He was a practical man it seems; who having succeeded in his praiseworthy efforts to "exile the god" of theology from the schools, tribunals, burial grounds and hospitals of France, proceeded to replace the old by new primers; hence his "Civic Catechisms," for the use of the future citizens of the great Republic. He wrote himself a *Manual of Civic Ethics*, and invited others to do the same. His appeal resulted in the creation of a model library of Primers full of civic morality and scientific revelations. We choose a fragment out of the *Catéchisme Laïque* (of 1883), as a sample in them of the great truths (revealed to, and by, Science).

QUESTION. *What is God?*—ANSWER. "I do not know."

Q. *Who created the Universe?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *Whence mankind? Whither does it tend?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *What have we to expect after death?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *When and how has man appeared on earth?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *Do not you feel ashamed of your ignorance?*—A. "No shame to be ignorant of that which no one ever knew."

Q. *If you deny all the truths of alleged religion, what are the truths that you do accept?*—A. "I believe in the emancipation of mankind through natural science; I believe in the harmony created by the enactment of all our duties; I believe in the regeneration of my country with the help of democracy; I believe in the conquering genius of our nation which ever was and will be the bearer and promoter of light and freedom."

This is followed by the teaching of other truths of the *natural religion* according to the last word of natural science. *Zoological evolution* is explained.

The descent of the bird from the lizard is taught as follows :—The lizard, we are told, was consumed with gigantic ambition ; it wanted to become a bird, and fly sunwards ; this was its *idea fixa*. The dreams and aspirations of that flat-headed quadruped reptile were so decided and intense, its will so strong, that obedient nature had to submit and act accordingly. (*sic*).

Q. *Obedient to whom, or what ? What is it nature had to submit to ?*—A. "To the eternal right, the law of evolutionary life, diffused throughout the universe in such quantity that it overflows every spot of it, ever absorbed and ever renewed."

Q. *Go on !*—A. "I say, that once that the *taste* for evolution had been developed in the lizard nature had to undertake the duty of transforming it into a bird. The lizard felt one day the appearance of feathers on its scaly back, and standing on its hind legs, proceeded to move rhythmically its four paws, which it did until these gradually changed into wings."

It is interesting to note that the mere uninterrupted action of intense will power and desire, is regarded by Science as a *magic agent* calculated to perform that which the occultists call phenomena through *Kriyasakti* ("creative will") which transforms one object into another, and even *created men* out of *materia on hand*, in days of the *pre-Adamic* mankind. Thus one point is gained. But had these *Catéchismes Laïques* prevailed and become popular, what kind of a race would Frenchmen have become, brought up in the sole faith in the "principles of lizard evolution" bereft of even an inkling of metaphysics ?

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A very curious study is that of Chiromancy, and one that may well be looked into by the biologist. It is known that at Paris the most infallible way of registering criminals has been by taking the impress of the finger-tips. People can change their faces, but their hands never. The shape of the hand, as a whole, undoubtedly shows character and training. To be sure of this, it suffices to set side by side the hand of the artist, the man of administrative ability, and the navvy. Contrast the finger-tips of the weaver, the watchmaker, the collier. The relative lengths of palm and fingers are also said to show character, the passionate and physical nature showing itself in the undivided part of the hand, the intellectual and psychical in the fingers. The thumb, again, is significant, showing in shape and length the balance of the character—"a capable thumb," as a novelist said, describing a clever woman. And then the lines ! fewer and simpler in the more direct and simple characters, numerous and complex in the more many-sided and sensitive natures. If any of our readers care to look into this queer byway of speculation, they will find Mrs. Louise Cotton, 43, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W., a very intelligent expounder of the subject.

ADVERSARY.



## Reviews.

### THE ASTRAL LIGHT \*

**I**S the title of a very interesting and carefully expressed book written under the *nom de plume* of Nizida, a name well-known in the columns of *Light*.

The subject is replete with and full of some of the deepest mysteries of Nature and for every one who has any sort of touch with this unseen part of the universe that envelopes this physical plane of consciousness, is a never-ending source of study and inquiry. It is of course regarded very differently by mystic students according to the school to which they may individually or collectively belong. Many spiritualists are apt to conceive that once *en rapport* with this vast sphere of nature they are face to face with ultimate Truth, while on the other hand Eastern Occultism, as taught through Theosophical publications, regard the astral plane as more illusory if possible than the ordinary plane of physical consciousness or that which is objective to the five senses of normal humanity, and consider it as still more dangerous and contaminating in its subtle and deleterious influences. The clever writer however steers her way with great tact between these widely divergent schools of thought, and although she is obviously a follower of the more philosophical Eastern teachers, she manages to let this become clear to the reader without offending any one's religion or beliefs. Nevertheless the title is rather misleading, as the book deals with a much wider range of thought than that embraced by the astral light alone. Indeed it touches upon, and with great insight, almost all the topics dealt with in recent writings of the new theosophical exposition and draws freely in addition from such well-known authors of occult lore as Eliphas Lévi, Paracelsus, the late Lord Lytton, and others. There is consequently in this unpretentious volume a great deal of suggestive and useful information placed before the public in a comparatively simple and yet condensed form and it deserves to have a cordial welcome and wide circulation. Perhaps in view of encouraging this end it will be better to give the readers of *LUCIFER* one or two extracts drawn from the pages of the book under notice, rather than to go into any elaborate review of the work as a whole.

Speaking of the astral light the author says :

"The thought substance of the universe *i.e.* the astral light,† which obeys all wills, man must absolutely mould to his desires—for he is not otherwise constituted. It is the unfolding aura the infilling life of his being and becomes transformed in self-emanation; as his *breath* may become poisoned, or healthy, according to his corporeal condition. Ignorant and vicious he moulds it to his destruction enlightened and spiritually perfect, he clothes himself with it as with the garment of a god, and sways it in the beneficence of perfect love and wisdom." Again: "It is because of the widespread poisoning of the astral light, by the almost universal perversion of the human wills, that disease,

\* By NIZIDA. THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING Co., 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.—

† According to Occult teaching the Astral light is *not* the "thought substance" of the Universe, but the recorder of every thought; the universal mirror which reflects every event and thought as every being and thing, animate or inanimate. We call it the great Sea of Illusion, *Maya*.—[Ed.]

deformity, insanity, fanaticisms, or false enthusiasms which propel to destruction, mental stagnation and apathy, every human ugliness, every taint and poison spot destructive to life and happiness, reign in the world. The earth is invested with death-dealing powers; and rolls wrapt in a dense malarial aura, in which float the germs of disease which fasten even upon the vegetable kingdom in the shape of rot, blight, insects, or worms. The man-poisoned elemental or *nature-spirit* forces culminate in objective forms of ugliness and disorder, and form the casual world, wheresoever conditions invite or compel the manifestation."

Again elsewhere the author says: "To possess a true conception of that inner ambient and penetrative atmosphere called the astral light, is an indispensable requisite in the study of spiritual or occult science. Without a knowledge of this wonderful agent of all life, material as well as physical, the student will find himself at sea without chart or compass when he endeavours to deal with spiritual facts. He will find also that to rightly conceive of the functions performed by this mysterious element in the life of man, in the life of every creature or object in the universe, in the very processes of thought and in the creation of this world will throw a light upon his mind, explaining many problems, and effecting a complete revolution in his ideas concerning the world and everything that exists."

These quotations will suffice to show the reader that the author has a conscious and comprehensive grasp of its subtleties. Many others might be given, taken almost at random through the book, but in this short and necessarily inexhaustive notice the extracts have been intentionally limited to those dealing more especially with the title of this interesting and instructive book.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN.\*

**A** NOBLE little book, and one of great interest, is the small volume of Lord Queensberry before us; yet strange and at times provoking. We read on in the full conviction that the writer is filled with the spirit of true Theosophy and Altruism, that he too has sensed the Great Harmony of things, and that the strife of man is but for his Eternal Progress, to be the more quickly attained, once that he has realized his stern responsibility, both to himself and to the rest. Carried away with this great thought-wave, we are on the point of giving all our praise, when suddenly a phrase occurs which breaks the current and brings us back to the duty of criticism. There is one proposition of the writer with which we are compelled to dissent, viz., that "the Soul is simply the resultant or the effect of the body." As this statement, however, frequently occurs in passages of what we may call, without cant, the highest inspiration, it is just possible that the author intends to convey some fuller idea by so crude a statement. Moreover, this view is strongly supported by another apparent disagreement with the philosophy in which the Theosophical Society takes so great an interest. Although the distinction between the personality and the individuality has forced itself upon our author as an absolute necessity, he, nevertheless, expresses the idea in words which, to a student of Theosophy, are at first sight somewhat confusing. At the end of the preface we read:—

"With the selfish longing after an individual and personal hereafter, removed, as go it must in time, when man comes to his senses, and which removal seems a blessing to those who have

\* By LORD QUEENSBERRY: London, WATTS & Co.



accustomed themselves to look it in the face, what a terrible thing would be this clinging to one's *personal individuality* all through eternity! With the departure of this baneful delusion will come the only hope and consolation, the hopes we bear respecting our posterity, in whom it is quite possible and I think probable, the *life* in us shall be revived again and again, until the final state is attained of the perfect mind in the perfect body. Out of our errors and consequent miseries shall those our children—perhaps *ourselves repeated*—reap the fruits of our experiences, how much more so from the good to which even we may attain?"

But if we read for *personal individuality*, *personality*, for *life*, *individuality*, we have the identical idea, which the greatest philosophy of the East teaches.

Therefore it is that we are almost persuaded that the sentence we have objected to may bear some other interpretation.

The *innate* ideas of the writer, which are almost identical with those of our philosophy, are tinged in some places with Spencerian thought, and the spirit of divine progress and attainment is now and again shackled with the too material terms of the great Western thinker.

An additional proof that the flame of the spirit of the real truthseeker burns brightly in the soul of the intuitive author, is to be found in the dedication:—

*"This Poem is respectfully inscribed to those Peers who, at the election (1880), in Holyrood Palace, of the Scottish Representative Peers, deprived me of my seat in the House of Lords. Their rejection was founded on the avowed and acknowledged ground, that I had previously expressed opinions in antagonism to the Christian religion; that I had, as was then asserted, publicly denied the existence of God, and that, as Lord Lothian expressed it, I held as a negation all that my brother Peers regarded as most sacred."*

In conclusion, we cordially recommend this poem to our readers, for not only is the theme a lofty one and replete with ideas of noble sublimity, but the expression and form of them is beautiful and harmonious. The following short selections will give our readers an idea of the thought and style of the author.

"For naught which death destroys in Nature's scheme  
But bursts afresh in other forms of life:  
And thus all life remains eternal still,  
For death is life, and life eternity."

"Then time may come when earth must pass away,  
Melting in fervent heat, to rise anew,  
To form yet other worlds more glorious still,  
Beyond conception, in their loveliness.  
And shall these germs of life, refined like gold,  
In furnaces of bitter sorrow here,  
Be lost for ever in eternal time?  
Nay, rather, from the essence of the all,  
'Twill issue forth, to blossom yet again,  
Till all these worlds, with one triumphant shout,  
Shall echo forth one chord in harmony.  
But this is naught to man: learn thou his task,  
All fellow workers with the great Divine,  
All atoms of the one identity.  
Mankind, thus striving to attain this will,  
Must lose faith in this personality;  
Must learn to know that, when this mortal frame  
Returns to dust, his being does not die,  
Yet is no more his individual self,  
But part of an eternal endless force,

Merged in the ocean of the mighty Il.  
 And having conquered thus his selfishness  
 His hopes shall centre in his future race,  
 To raise mankind from what it is to God's.  
 O faith! which yet shall consolation bring  
 To all the races of this teeming earth;  
 O happier age, when man, united thus  
 Within the bonds of this eternal truth,  
 Shall conquer all that now makes him despair,  
 And ring the knell of war, disease and crime!

"Yet shall a brighter, happier faith arise  
 From out the false conception of the past,  
 To take the place of all the worn-out creeds:  
 The last green shoot, an outgrowth of the tree  
 Implanted deep within the heart of man—  
 The tree of knowledge and the tree of truth.  
 So, on the dawn of happier days to come,  
 Bright shines the promise of the rising sun,  
 A true and nobler faith—humanity."

#### PERSEPHONE AND OTHER POEMS.\*

**T**HE writer of these fine poems is evidently a woman of fine intellectual culture, honest heart, and broad human sympathies. A tone of worthy aspiration to know and live the truth runs throughout the volume. She is one to be trusted in friendship, we should say. Among her collection is the following poetical paraphrase of the touching story of Kosigotama, the young mother who brings her dead babe to the Buddha, imploring him to show her how it may be awakened from the terrible sleep into which it has fallen. The whole story is given in Professor Rhys Davids' well-known little work on Buddhism:—

##### THE MOTHER'S QUEST.†

To Gautama, holiest prophet, a mother,  
 With grief-laden brow,  
 Came, saying—"O Prophet, on earth is no other  
 More potent than thou;  
 Oh! Hermit of Healing, can'st succour me now?"

"As one little blossom in beauty that bloweth  
 Alone on a strand,  
 As one little streamlet life-giving that floweth  
 Thro' sun-smitten land,  
 Where else were but arid and desolate sand—

Even such to my heart was the child that I cherished  
 With love kin to pain;  
 In my impotent arms at the dawning he perished;  
 My tears are in vain,  
 But thy voice from the darkness may call him again."

\* By LIZZIE MARY LITTLE. Dublin, WILLIAM MAGEE.

† Taken from a legend in the history of Buddhism.

Then the prophet made answer : " Thy prayer shall be granted  
 When sorrowing most ;  
 If thou can'st obtain but the smallest of seeds  
 (All earth may be crossed)  
 From a house where no tears have been shed for the lost."

In the homes where she passed, there was laughter that lightly  
 Might fall on her ears,  
 And many a glance might have told her how brightly  
 Were welcomed the years ;  
 But the mother marked only the falling of tears.

Oh, Maid ! In whose eyes the full sunshine of gladness  
 Is radiant as yet,  
 Have they ever been dimmed by the cloud of a sadness  
 That cannot forget ?  
 Say, with tears for the lost have they ever been wet ?"

## II.

And the maiden made answer : " A grave, flower-circled,  
 Lies under the steep,  
 And there, in a silence unbroken and solemn,  
 My brother doth sleep,  
 And the blossoms that bloom there know well that I weep !"

" O youth ! in whose hand is the wine-cup of life,  
 What griefs have been thine ?"  
 " I have mourned for a hand that in sorrow and strife  
 Was aye clasped in mine,  
 For a friend that was faithful in shadow and shine."

" The music of voices, loved fondly, has drifted  
 Away from thine ears,  
 Old man, from whose loneliness rarely is lifted  
 The veil of the years ;  
 In thy heart are their memories watered with tears ?"

And the soul of the old man was stirred at her pleading,  
 With passionate ruth—  
 " I have suffered, O Mother ! a grief far exceeding  
 Thy sorrow, in truth ;  
 Oo babe have I wept, but the love of my youth !"

Then she cried : " Not alone in my grief I am left ;  
 Fast travels the wind ;  
 But faster his feet who the hearts has bereft  
 Of all human kind,  
 And never, oh never ! the home shall I find

"Whence none has been taken. All men have in sorrow  
 A brotherhood dread.  
 Yet we weep not in vain, if we learn but to cherish  
 The living," she said,  
 "With a love that is hallowed by thoughts of the dead."

WE have received from the Path Office, New York, the foresheets of letter A of "A Working Glossary for the use of students of Theosophical Literature"; it promises well and will undoubtedly be a useful and handy little volume to put on theosophical bookshelves.



## Correspondence.

### THE THIRD EYE.

*To the Editors of LUCIFER.*

SINCE my communication on this subject in the June number of LUCIFER (iv. p. 341), evidence has accumulated in favour of the information given in the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. 2. page 289.

Professor Prestwich in his "Geology" page 140, gives evidence in favour of the existence of a number of fossil forms, in which the third eye was developed. They had broad frog-like heads, long salamander-like bodies, and were covered with sculptured scales. Others are lizard-like amphibians, while some are snake-like in form. Some of this group show labyrinthine structure in their teeth, others are devoid of it. They were mostly creatures of small size.

Further evidence is given in the work of Dr. Anton Fritsch, "Fauna der Gaskohle und der Kalksteine der Perm-formation, Bohmens," 4to, Prague, 1874, &c. This work gives in detail the osteology of the smaller congeners of *Labyrinthodon* and its allies. In this he describes *Melanerpeton*, *Ophiderpeton*, *Microbrachis*, *Dendrerpeton*, *Chelydosaurus*, *Limnerpeton*, *Melosaurus*, *Osteophis*, *Hylopterion*, *Urocordylus*, *Keraterpeton*. The type of these is *Branchiosaurus salamandroides*, which is illustrated in fig. 68 of Prestwich's work.

All these forms are from the Kupfer Schiefer, at the base of the Zechstein.

We have thus evidence that the statement of H. P. B. made in the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii., p. 299. was not merely as I said, "probable," but is borne out by the careful researches of modern Geology and Palæontology. The only blank in my chain of scientific argument is now complete.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I shall not take it again\* by analysing Dr. Foy's recent communication to the "Medical Press and Circular," in which he has absolutely confused the parietal foramen with the middle fontanelle! Yours truly

C. CARTER BLAKE, F.T.S.

(Late Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, Westminster Hospital.)

\* This is in reference to an article already written by Dr. Carter Blake in answer to an attack in the "Medical Press and Circular" upon the *Secret Doctrine*, or rather upon its author who was more abused in it than her work. As the latter had evidently never been read by the writer of the attack, Dr. Carter Blake, who is certainly a greater authority on Anthropology than our kind critic, was good enough to write in defence of the *Secret Doctrine*, but his reply was courteously declined.—[ED.]

# LUCIFER

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## THE TIDAL WAVE.

*"The tidal wave of deeper souls,  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares,  
Out of all meaner cares."*

LONGFELLOW.

THE great psychic and spiritual change now taking place in the realm of the human Soul, is quite remarkable. It began towards the very commencement of the now slowly vanishing last quarter of our century, and will end—so says a mystic prophecy—either for the weal or the woe of civilized humanity with the present cycle which will close in 1897. But the great change is not effected in solemn silence, nor is it perceived only by the few. On the contrary, it asserts itself amid a loud din of busy, boisterous tongues, a clash of public opinion, in comparison to which the incessant, ever increasing roar even of the noisiest political agitation seems like the rustling of the young forest foliage, on a warm spring day.

Verily the Spirit in man, so long hidden out of public sight, so carefully concealed and so far exiled from the arena of modern learning, has at last awakened. It now asserts itself and is loudly re-demanding its unrecognized yet ever legitimate rights. It refuses to be any longer trampled under the brutal foot of Materialism, speculated upon by the Churches, and made a fathomless source of income by those who have self-constituted themselves its universal custodians. The former would deny the Divine Presence any right to existence; the latter would accentuate and prove it through their Sidesmen and Church Wardens armed with money-bags and collection-boxes. But the Spirit in man—the direct, though now but broken ray and emanation of the Universal Spirit—has at last awakened. Hitherto, while so often reviled, persecuted and abased through ignorance, ambition and greed; while so frequently turned by insane *Pride* "into a blind wanderer, like unto a buffoon mocked by a host of buffoons," in the realm of Delusion, it remained unheard and unheeded. To-day, the Spirit in man has returned like King Lear, from seeming insanity to its senses; and, raising its voice,

it now speaks in those authoritative tones to which the men of old have listened in reverential silence through incalculable ages, until deafened by the din and roar of civilization and culture, they could hear it no longer. . . .

Look around you and behold! Think of what you see and hear, and draw therefrom your conclusions. The age of crass materialism, of Soul insanity and blindness, is swiftly passing away. A death struggle between Mysticism and Materialism is no longer at hand, but is already raging. And the party which will win the day at this supreme hour will become the master of the situation and of the future; *i.e.*, it will become the autocrat and sole disposer of the *millions* of men already born and to be born, up to the latter end of the XXth century. If the signs of the times can be trusted it is not the *Animalists* who will remain conquerors. This is warranted us by the many brave and prolific authors and writers who have arisen of late to defend the rights of Spirit to reign over matter. Many are the honest, aspiring Souls now raising themselves like a dead wall against the torrent of the muddy waters of Materialism. And facing the hitherto domineering flood which is still steadily carrying off into unknown abysses the fragments from the wreck of the dethroned, cast down Human Spirit, they now command: "So far hast thou come; but thou shalt go no further!"

Amid all this external discord and disorganisation of social harmony; amid confusion and the weak and cowardly hesitations of the masses, tied down to the narrow frames of routine, propriety and cant; amid that late dead calm of public thought that had exiled from literature every reference to Soul and Spirit and their divine working during the whole of the middle period of our century—we hear a sound arising. Like a clear, definite, far-reaching note of promise, the voice of the great human Soul proclaims, in no longer timid tones, the rise and almost the resurrection of the human Spirit in the masses. It is now awakening in the foremost representatives of thought and learning; it speaks in the lowest as in the highest, and stimulates them all to action. The renovated, life-giving Spirit in man is boldly freeing itself from the dark fetters of the hitherto all-capturing animal life and matter. Behold it, saith the poet, as, ascending on its broad, white wings, it soars into the regions of real life and light; whence, calm and godlike, it contemplates with unfeigned piety those golden idols of the modern material cult with their feet of clay, which have hitherto screened from the purblind masses their true and living gods. . . .

Literature—once wrote a critic—is the confession of social life, reflecting all its sins, and all its acts of baseness as of heroism. In this sense a book is of a far greater importance than any man. Books do not represent one man, but they are the mirror of a host of men. Hence the great English poet-philosopher said of books, that he knew that they were as hard to kill and as prolific as the teeth of the fabulous

dragon ; sow them hither and thither and armed warriors will grow out of them. To kill a good book, is equal to killing a man.

The "poet-philosopher" is right.

A new era has begun in literature, this is certain. New thoughts and new interests have created new intellectual needs ; hence a new race of authors is springing up. And this new species will gradually and imperceptibly shut out the old one, those fogies of yore who, though they still reign nominally, are allowed to do so rather by force of habit than predilection. It is not he who repeats obstinately and parrot-like the old literary formulæ and holds desperately to publishers' traditions, who will find himself answering to the new needs ; not the man who prefers his narrow party discipline to the search for the long-exiled Spirit of man and the now lost TRUTHS ; not these, but verily he who, parting company with his beloved "authority," lifts boldly and carries on unflinchingly the standard of the *Future Man*. It is finally those who, amidst the present wholesale dominion of the worship of matter, material interests and SELFISHNESS, will have bravely fought for human rights and *man's divine nature*, who will become, if they only win, the teachers of the masses in the coming century, and so their benefactors.

But woe to the XXth century if the now reigning school of thought prevails, for Spirit would once more be made captive and silenced till the end of the now coming age. It is not the fanatics of the dead letter in general, nor the iconoclasts and Vandals who fight the new Spirit of thought, nor yet the modern Roundheads, supporters of the old Puritan religious and social traditions, who will ever become the protectors and Saviours of the now resurrecting human thought and Spirit. It is not these too willing supporters of the old cult, and the mediæval heresies of those who guard like a relic every error of their sect or party, who jealously watch over their own thought lest it should, growing out of its teens, assimilate some fresher and more beneficent idea—not these who are the wise men of the future. It is not for them that the hour of the new historical era will have struck, but for those who will have learnt to express and put into practice the aspirations as well as the physical needs of the rising generations and of the now trampled-down masses. In order that one should fully comprehend *individual* life with its physiological, psychic and spiritual mysteries, he has to devote himself with all the fervour of unselfish philanthropy and love for his brother men, to studying and knowing *collective* life, or Mankind. Without preconceptions or prejudice, as also without the least fear of possible results in one or another direction, he has to decipher, understand and *remember* the deep and innermost feelings and the aspirations of the poor people's great and suffering heart. To do this he has first "to attune his soul with that of Humanity," as the old philosophy teaches ; to thoroughly master the correct meaning of every line and word in the rapidly turning pages of the Book of Life of MANKIND and to be thoroughly saturated with the truism that the latter is a whole inseparable from his own SELF.

How many of such profound readers of life may be found in our boasted age of sciences and culture? Of course we do not mean authors alone, but rather the practical and still unrecognized, though well known, philanthropists and altruists of our age; the people's friends, the unselfish lovers of man, and the defenders of human right to the freedom of Spirit. Few indeed are such; for they are the rare blossoms of the age, and generally the martyrs to prejudiced mobs and time-servers. Like those wonderful "Snow flowers" of Northern Siberia, which, in order to shoot forth from the cold frozen soil, have to pierce through a thick layer of hard, icy snow, so these rare characters have to fight their battles all their life with cold indifference and human harshness, and with the selfish ever-mocking world of wealth. Yet, it is only they who can carry out the task of perseverance. To them alone is given the mission of turning the "Upper Ten" of social circles from the broad and easy highway of wealth, vanity and empty pleasures into the arduous and thorny path of higher moral problems, and the perception of loftier moral duties than they are now pursuing. It is also those who, already themselves awakened to a higher Soul activity, are being endowed at the same time with literary talent, whose duty it is to undertake the part of awakening the sleeping Beauty and the Beast, in their enchanted Castle of Frivolity, to real life and light. Let all those who can, proceed fearlessly with this idea uppermost in their mind, and they will succeed. It is the rich who have first to be regenerated, if we would do good to the poor; for it is in the former that lies the root of evil of which the "disinherited" classes are but the too luxuriant growth. This may seem at first sight paradoxical, yet it is true, as may be shown.

In the face of the present degradation of every ideal, as also of the noblest aspirations of the human heart, becoming each day more prominent in the higher classes, what can be expected from the "great unwashed"? It is the head that has to guide the feet, and the latter are to be hardly held responsible for their actions. Work, therefore, to bring about the moral regeneration of the cultured but far more immoral classes before you attempt to do the same for our ignorant younger Brethren. The latter was undertaken years ago, and is carried on to this day, yet with no perceptible good results. Is it not evident that the reason for this lies in the fact that for a few earnest, sincere and all-sacrificing workers in that field, the great majority of the volunteers consists of those same frivolous, *ultra*-selfish classes, who "play at charity" and whose ideas of the amelioration of the physical and moral status of the poor are confined to the hobby that money and the Bible alone can do it. We say that neither of these can accomplish any good; for dead-letter preaching and forced Bible-reading develop irritation and later atheism, and money as a temporary help finds its way into the tills of the public-houses rather than serves to buy bread with. The root of evil lies, therefore, in a moral, not in a physical cause.

If asked, what is it then that will help, we answer boldly:—Theo-



sophical literature; hastening to add that under this term, neither books concerning adepts and phenomena, nor the Theosophical Society publications are meant.

Take advantage of, and profit by, the "tidal wave" which is now happily overpowering half of Humanity. Speak to the awakening Spirit of Humanity, to the human Spirit and the Spirit in man, these three in One and the One in All. Dickens and Thackeray both born a century too late—or a century too early—came between two tidal waves of human spiritual thought, and though they have done yeoman service individually and induced certain partial reforms, yet they failed to touch Society and the masses at large. What the European world now needs is a dozen writers such as Dostoevsky, the Russian author, whose works, though *terra incognita* for most, are still well known on the Continent, as also in England and America among the cultured classes. And what the Russian novelist has done is this:—he spoke boldly and fearlessly the most unwelcome truths to the higher and *even to the official classes*—the latter a far more dangerous proceeding than the former. And yet, behold, most of the administrative reforms during the last twenty years are due to the silent and *unwelcome* influence of his pen. As one of his critics remarks, the great truths uttered by him were felt by all classes so vividly and so strongly that people whose views were most diametrically opposed to his own could not but feel the warmest sympathy for this bold writer and even expressed it to him.

"In the eyes of all, friends or foes, he became the mouthpiece of the irrepressible no longer to be delayed need felt by Society, to look with absolute sincerity into the innermost depths of its own soul, to become the impartial judge of its own actions and its own aspirations."

Every new current of thought, every new tendency of the age had and ever will have, its rivals, as its enemies, some counteracting it boldly but unsuccessfully, others with great ability. But such, are always made of the same paste, so to say, common to all. They are goaded to resistance and objections by the same external, selfish and worldly objects, the same material ends and calculations as those that guided their opponents. While pointing out other problems and advocating other methods, in truth, they cease not for one moment to live with their foes in a world of the same and common interests, as also to continue in the same fundamental identical views on life.

That which then became necessary was a man, who, standing outside of any partizanship or struggle for supremacy, would bring his past life as a guarantee of the sincerity and honesty of his views and purposes; one whose personal suffering would be an *imprimatur* to the firmness of his convictions, a writer finally, of undeniable literary genius:—for such a man alone, could pronounce words capable of awakening the true spirit in a Society which had drifted away in a wrong direction.

Just such a man was Dostoevsky—the patriot-convict, the galley-slave, returned from Siberia; that writer, far-famed in Europe and Russia, the pauper buried by voluntary subscription, the soul-stirring bard, of everything poor, insulted, injured, humiliated; he who unveiled with such merciless cruelty the plagues and sores of his age. . . .

It is writers of this kind that are needed in our day of reawakening; not authors writing for wealth or fame, but fearless apostles of the living

Word of Truth, moral healers of the pustulous sores of our century. France has her Zola who points out, brutally enough, yet still true to life—the degradation and moral leprosy of his people. But Zola, while castigating the vices of the lower classes, has never dared to lash higher with his pen than the *petite bourgeoisie*, the immorality of the higher classes being ignored by him. Result: the peasants who do not read novels have not been in the least affected by his writings, and the *bourgeoisie* caring little for the *plebs*, took such notice of *Pot bouille* as to make the French realist lose all desire of burning his fingers again at their family pots. From the first then, Zola has pursued a path which though bringing him to fame and fortune has led him nowhere in so far as salutary effects are concerned.

Whether Theosophists, in the present or future, will ever work out a practical application of the suggestion is doubtful. To write novels with a moral sense in them deep enough to stir Society, requires a great literary talent and a *born* theosophist as was Dostoevsky—Zola standing outside of any comparison with him. But such talents are rare in all countries. Yet, even in the absence of such great gifts one may do good in a smaller and humbler way by taking note and exposing in impersonal narratives the crying vices and evils of the day, by word and deed, by publications and practical example. Let the force of that example impress others to follow it; and then instead of deriding our doctrines and aspirations the men of the XXth, if not the XIXth century will see clearer, and judge with knowledge and according to facts, instead of prejudging agreeably to rooted misconceptions. Then and not till then will the world find itself forced to acknowledge that it was wrong, and that Theosophy alone can gradually create a mankind as harmonious and as simple-souled as Kosmos itself; but to effect this theosophists have to act as such. Having helped to awaken the spirit in many a man—we say this boldly challenging contradiction—shall we now stop instead of swimming with the TIDAL WAVE?



#### NOTICE TO THOSE INTERESTED IN THE "TRANSACTIONS OF THE BLAVATSKY LODGE."

THE discussions on the first volume of the *Secret Doctrine* which have been reported by a stenographer were of so difficult a nature that much of the substance, as it stands, is entirely useless. The revision and rewording of these reports, which had to be undertaken by one of the busiest of the 17 Lansdowne Road household, is progressing; but it has to be again revised and prepared for press, and this no one can do but H. P. B.; owing, however, to her multifarious duties the work can progress but slowly. It is to be hoped that the anxiety of our friends will be relieved by the above explanation.

G. R. S. MEAD,

Sec., "Blavatsky Lodge."

## OUR HEROES.

If the age has its great criminals it has also its martyrs, saints, and heroes, those differentiations of the diviner man from the revolting average of animalism.

The world has scarcely ceased weeping over the heroic self-sacrifice of Father Damien, when it reads the tale of another martyr of Altruism. Says the Washington correspondent of a New York paper :

"The Department of State has received from the Legation at Peking, China, under date of July 3, an account of the death and extraordinary life work of the Rev. J. Crossett, an independent American missionary in China. He died on the steamer *El Dorado* en route from Shanghai to Tientsin on June 21 last. He leaves a widow living at Schuylersville, N. Y. In speaking of Mr. Crossett, Minister Denby couples his name with that of Father Damien, the French missionary who died on the island of Molokai, and says :

"Mr. Crossett's life was devoted to the poorest classes of Chinese. He had charge of a winter refuge for the poor at Peking during several winters. He would go out on the streets the coldest nights and pick up destitute beggars and convey them to the refuge, where he provided them with food. He also buried them at his own expense. He visited all the prisons, and often procured the privilege of removing the sick to his refuge. The officials had implicit confidence in him, and allowed him to visit at pleasure all the prisons and charitable institutions. He was known to the Chinese as the "Christian Buddha." He was attached to no organization of men. He was a missionary pure and simple, devoted rather to charity than proselytism. He literally took Christ as his exemplar. He travelled all over China and the east. He took no care for his expenses. Food and lodging were voluntarily furnished him. Innkeepers would take no pay from him, and private persons were glad to entertain him. It must be said that his wants were few. He wore the Chinese dress, had no regular meals, drank only water, and lived on fruit, with a little rice or millet. He aimed at translating his ideal, Christ, into reality. He wore long auburn hair, parted in the middle, so as to resemble the pictures of Christ. Charitable people furnished him money for his refuge, and he never seemed to want for funds. He slept on a board or on the floor. Even in his last hours, being a deck passenger on the *El Dorado*, he refused to be transferred to the cabin, but the kindly captain, some hours before he died, removed him to a berth, where he died, still speaking of going to heaven, and entreating the bystanders to love the Lord.

"This man taught the pure love of God and goodness. He completely sacrificed himself for the good of the poorest of the poor. He acted out his principles to the letter. He was as poor and lived as plainly as the poorest of his patients. On charitable subjects he wrote well. The ideal to him was practical. Let this American, then, be enshrined, along with the devoted Frenchman, in the annals of men who loved their fellow men."

## MEMORY.

**M**EMORY is but a function of the mind, and the answer given to the question, "What is Memory?" must turn on the answer given to the larger question, "What is mind?" "Is there a Self, an Ego, of which mind, as we know it, is a part; or is mind only an outcome of matter in motion, so that the Self has no real existence? Is 'Mind' anything more than an ever-changing succession of perceptions and congeries of perceptions, and these the outcome of nervous activity responding to stimuli peripheral and central? Or is it a definite mode of being, with perceptions *et hoc genus omne* as material on which it works; with faculties whereby it perceives, reproduces, recollects, conceives; but no more, as a whole, to be identified with its functional activities, than the body as a whole consists of eating, breathing, or digesting?"

The famous argument of Hume in the fifth and sixth sections of "A Treatise on Human Nature," Part IV, will be familiar to the student; but I may here recall the results of his introspection:

"For my part, when I enter most intimately into what I call myself, I always stumble on some particular perception or other, of heat or cold, light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I never can catch *myself* at any time without a perception, and never can observe anything but the perception. When my perceptions are removed for any time, as by sound sleep; so long am I insensible of *myself*, and may truly be said not to exist. And were all my perceptions removed by death, and could I neither think, nor feel, nor see, nor love, nor hate after the dissolution of my body, I should be entirely annihilated, nor do I conceive what is further necessary to make me a perfect non-entity. If anyone, upon serious and unprejudiced reflection, thinks he has a different notion of *himself*, I must confess I can reason no longer with him. All I can allow him is, that he may be in the right as well as I, and that we are essentially different in this particular. He may, perhaps, perceive something simple and continued which he calls *himself*; though I am certain there is no such principle in me. But setting aside some metaphysicians of this kind, I may venture to affirm of the rest of mankind, that they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity, and are in a perpetual flux and movement."

Hume consequently denies the existence of the Self, and explains that the feeling of personal identity arises from the relations between the objects perceived.

But in reading the whole argument it is impossible to remain unconscious of the self-contradictory nature of the expressions used. "When I enter ..... I always stumble upon some perception." What is the "I" that stumbles on a perception, and is able to observe and to recognise it? Is it itself a perception? If so, of what? And can one perception in "a bundle" cognise other perceptions in the same bundle,

and separating itself from its peers scrutinise the remainder and recognise them as a bundle? The argument implies something that observes the perceptions and assigns to each its rightful name and place; despite himself, Hume cannot escape from the consciousness that he is other than his perceptions, and this universal result of introspection, the consciousness of the "I", betrays itself in the very argument aimed at its annihilation. The mind is no more identifiable with its organs than is the brain with the organs of the body of which it is part. It depends on them for its living, and its functioning, but IT IS NOT THEY.

Consider an ordinary perception, say the perception of a chair. Can that perception cognise another, or be anything more than the perception of a chair? If the mind be only a bundle of perceptions, of what nature is the perception that can cognise all the rest, can set itself apart from and above them, and say, "You are a perception of heat and you of cold, you of pain and you of pleasure"? This perception of perceptions is not very different from the Self that is denied. It is the Perceiver, not a perception.

Let anyone experiment on himself; let him shut himself up alone, free from all interruption from without; let him patiently and steadily investigate his own mental processes; he will find that the shifting contents of his consciousness are not *his*; that he is other than the feelings, the perceptions, the conceptions, that pass before him; that they are his, not he, and that he can drive them away, can empty his mind of all save Self-consciousness, can, in the words of Patanjali, become a "spectator without a spectacle."

It may be urged that introspection often yields fallacious results, and that self-observation is the most difficult of all tasks. Granted. So may our senses mislead us, yet they are the only guides to the objective world that we possess. Our recognition of their fallibility does not lead us to refuse to use them, but it makes us test their reports to the best of our ability, and compare them with the common sense of our race. And so with the results of the inner senses; we test them, we compare their reports with those of others; and I venture to say that the common sense (I use the words in the philosophical meaning, the *sensus communis*) of mankind reports the existence of the Self, the permanent Ego, amid all the flux of percepts and concepts, and that its existence is as certain as any existence around us in the Object World.

But we shall judge erroneously of the Ego, if we only take into account the everyday mental processes, and limit its extent to the extent of our normal waking consciousness. And I know of no study that can throw more light on our true Self than the study of Memory, for its phenomena prove to us that Consciousness is something far wider than the consciousness of the moment, as Energy, in the physical world, is something more than the forces acting at any given instant of time. Analogy is often useful as throwing light into obscure places and

analogy may serve us here. Physicists speak of Energy as, kinetic and potential, the active and the latent. So Consciousness may be active or latent, and the latter division is, for each individual, the greater of the twain. We "forget," as the phrase goes, more than we "remember"; but the "forgotten" has not really passed out of Consciousness, though it has become latent, any more than force is absent from the avalanche hanging quiescent on the side of a mountain. The forgotten can be recalled to the active consciousness and may revolutionise a life, as the avalanche may be set free and expand its stored-up energy in laying desolate the valley homes. No force can be annihilated on the physical plane, and no experience destroyed on the mental. That which the normal waking consciousness retains depends, according to Schopenhauer, on the Will. Bain and the English school of psychologists would say that it depends on the Attention, but a name for a phase of Will. That which is best remembered is that which has struck us vividly, *i.e.* arrested and fixed our attention; or that which has been often repeated so that our attention has been frequently directed to it: in every case the Will lies at the root of the retention. Everything that once enters into Consciousness leaves thereon its trace; the Mind is thereby modified, as Patanjali would phrase it. If this be so, the traces should be recoverable, and on this we must challenge the phenomena of Memory.

Let us note, at the commencement, that memory has two chief divisions—Reproduction and Recollection. Reproduction may occur without recollection, and then no recognition will ensue. Memory reproduces the image of a past perception: it will appear in consciousness as new, unless recollection accompany the reproduction, and instances of this are on record.

"Maury relates that he once wrote an article on political economy for a periodical, but the sheets were mislaid and therefore not sent off. He had already forgotten everything that he had written, when he was requested to send the promised article. On re-undertaking the work, he thought that he had found a completely new point of view for the subject; but when, some months later, the mislaid sheets were found, it appeared, not only that there was nothing new in his second essay, but that he had repeated his first ideas in almost exactly the same words." (Maury, "*Le Sommeil et les Rêves*," p. 440, quoted by Du Prel, *Philosophy of Mysticism*, English trans. vol. ii. p. 13.) Leibnitz is quoted by Du Prel as giving an analogous instance: "I believe that dreams often renew old thoughts. When Julius Scaliger had celebrated in verse all the famous men of Verona, there appeared to him in dream one who gave the name of Brugnolus, a Bavarian by birth, who had settled at Verona, complaining that he had been forgotten. Julius Scaliger did not recollect to have heard him spoken of, but upon this dream made elegiac verses in his honour. Afterwards his son, Joseph Scaliger, being on a journey through Italy, learned that formerly there had been at

Verona a celebrated grammarian or critic of that name, who had contributed to the restoration of learning in Italy" (pp. 14, 15). The explanation suggested by Leibnitz is that Scaliger had heard of Brugnolus, but had forgotten him; in the dream, reproduction took place but was not accompanied by recollection, so that the name and character of Brugnolus appeared new to Scaliger, and he failed to recognise the dream-presented image. It is impossible to say how much of our dreams may be of this character, and how often the absence of recognition may bestow on them the appearance of revelation. We find ourselves in some place that we have dreamed of, and recognise as real our dream surroundings. Searching our waking consciousness in vain for some record, we rashly conclude that the dream has depicted in some mysterious way an environment unknown to us; whereas it is far more probable that memory has reproduced in our sleeping consciousness the images of perceptions long since forgotten, and, recollection failing, they pass before the mind as new.

To return to the statement that "everything that once enters into Consciousness leaves thereon its trace." In the article on "Memory of the Dying," in last month's *LUCIFER*, some examples were given of the remarkable reproduction at the end of life of events and surroundings in childhood, and almost everyone must have come across instances of aged persons who recall with extreme vividness the trivial occurrences of their youth. Dr. Winslow (*Diseases of the Brain and Mind*, pp. 286, 287) remarks on some instances in which, "in very advanced life, the faculty of memory exhibits an extraordinary degree of elasticity and a surprising amount of vigour. . . . A charming illustration of this fact occurs in the life of Niebuhr, the celebrated Danish traveller. When old, blind, and so infirm that he was able only to be carried from his bed to his chair, he used to describe to his friends the scenes which he had visited in his early days with wonderful minuteness and vivacity. When they expressed their astonishment at the vividness of his memory, he explained 'that as he lay in bed, all visible objects shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in the East continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday. With like vividness, the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant and twinkling hosts of stars, which he had so often gazed at by night, or its lofty vault of blue by day, was reflected, in the hours of stillness and darkness, on his inmost soul.'"

Yet more remarkable as a proof that that which has passed out of ordinary consciousness is not destroyed, are the many cases on record describing the strange revival of memory, just ere consciousness becomes latent, which is one of the most marked phenomena of drowning. I select the following from *Du Prel* (vol. i. pp. 92, 93):

"At the approach of death, also, the extraordinary exaltation of memory, connected with a change in the measure of time, has been frequently observed. Fechner ('Zentralblatt für Anthropologie und Naturwissenschaft,' Jahrgang 1863, 774) relates the case of a lady who fell into the water and was nearly drowned. From the moment when all bodily movements ceased till she was drawn out of the water, about two minutes elapsed, during which, according to her own account, she lived again through her whole past, the most insignificant details of it being represented in imagination. Another instance of the same mental action in which the events of whole years were crowded together, is described by Admiral Beaufort from his own experience. He had fallen into the water, and had lost (normal) consciousness. In this condition 'thought rose after thought, with a rapidity of succession that is not only indescribable, but probably inconceivable by anyone who has not himself been in a similar situation.' At first the immediate consequences of his death for his family were presented to him; then his regards turned to the past; he repeated his last cruise, an earlier one in which he was shipwrecked, his schooldays, the progress he then made, and the time he had wasted, even all his small childish journeys and adventures. 'Thus travelling backwards, every incident of my past life seemed to me to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession, *not*, however, *in mere outline*, as here stated, but the picture *filled up* with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a *kind of panoramic review*, and every act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right and wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences. Indeed, many trifling events, which had long been forgotten, then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.' (Haddock, 'Somnolism and Psychism,' p. 213.) In this case, also, but two minutes at the most had passed, before Beaufort was taken out of the water."

The approach of death, like extreme old age, will sometimes revive in the memory the impressions of childhood to the obliteration of more recent habits. Dr. Winslow (*loc. cit.* p. 320) quotes Dr. Rush as recording a statement of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of Lancaster, U.S.A. who "alluding to the German emigrants over whom he exercised pastoral care, observes, 'people generally pray shortly before death, in their native language. This is a fact which I have found true in innumerable cases among my German hearers, although hardly one word of their native language was spoken by them in common life and when in health.'"

Passing attacks of disease will alter the contents of memory in the most remarkable way, so that the view seems well nigh forced upon us that the consciousness retains *all* impressions, but that the threshold, below which all is latent, shifts, as it were, up and down, now letting some images appear in the active consciousness and now others. The following three illustrative cases are from Dr. Winslow's work (pp. 320, 321). "Dr. Hutchinson refers to the case of a physician who had in early life renounced the principles of the Roman Catholic church. During an attack of delirium which preceded his death, he prayed only in the forms of the Church of Rome, whilst all recollection of the prescribed formulæ of the Protestant religion was effaced and obliterated from the mind by the cerebral affection. A gentleman was thrown from



his horse whilst hunting. He was taken from the field to a neighbouring cottage in a state of unconsciousness, and was subsequently removed to his own residence. For the period of a week his life was considered in imminent danger. When he was restored sufficiently to enable him to articulate, he began to talk German, a language he had acquired in early life, but had not spoken for nearly twenty-five years . . . . A gentleman had a serious attack of illness. When restored, it was found that he had lost all recollection of *recent* circumstances, but had a lucid memory as to events that had occurred in *early life*; in fact, impressions that had long been forgotten were again revived. As this patient recovered his bodily health, a singular alteration was observed in the character of his memory. He again recollected *recent* ideas, but entirely forgot all the events of past years."

Another class of proofs of the permanence of impressions on the consciousness, may be drawn from the recorded cases of the exaltation of memory, which frequently accompanies disease, and abnormal conditions of the nervous system. Du Prel has collected a large number of instances, from which I take the following (*loc. cit.* vol. ii. pp. 19, 21, 28):

"Coleridge mentions a maid-servant who, in the delirium of fever, recited long passages in Hebrew which she did not understand, and could not repeat when in health, but which formerly, when in the service of a priest, she had heard him deliver aloud. She also quoted passages from theological works, in Latin and Greek, which she only half understood, when the priest, as was his custom, read aloud his favourite authors on going to and from church. (Maudsley, 'Physiology and Pathology of the Soul,' p. 14.) A Rostock peasant in a fever, suddenly recited the Greek words commencing the Gospel of John, which he had accidentally heard sixty years before, and Benecke mentions a peasant woman, who in fever uttered Syriac, Chaldean and Hebrew words which, when a little girl she had accidentally heard in the house of a scholar. (Rade-stock, 'Schlaf und Traum,' p. 136.) . . . A deranged person, who was cured by Dr. Willis, said that in his attacks, his memory attained extraordinary power, so that long passages from Latin authors occurred to him. (Reil, 'Rhapsodien,' p. 304.) . . . A girl of seven, employed as neatherd, occupied a room divided only by a thin partition from that of a violin player, who often gave himself up to his favourite pursuit during half the night. Some months later, the girl got another place, in which she had already been for two years, when frequently in the night tones exactly like those of the violin were heard coming from her room, but which were produced by the sleeping girl herself. This often went on for hours; sometimes with interruptions, after which she would continue the song where she had left off. With irregular intervals, this lasted for two years. Then she reproduced also the tones of a piano which was played in the family, and afterwards she began to speak, and held forth with remarkable acuteness, on political and religious subjects, often in a very accomplished and sarcastic way; she also conjugated Latin, or spoke like a tutor to a pupil. In all which cases this entirely ignorant girl merely reproduced what had been said by members of the family or visitors."

I have quoted this last case in order to draw attention to the significant fact, that sleep may cause the shifting of the threshold, as well as sickness or insanity.

Dr Winslow (*loc. cit.* pp. 336-338) gives some cases of extraordinary

memory, characterising incipient brain-disease, and he also records many curious instances of "double consciousness," in which the patient practically lives a double life, remembering in each state only those incidents which occurred in it (pp. 332-336). Here, again, we seem to be confronted with the shifting threshold as the only tenable hypothesis.

Persons under hypnotism frequently exhibit an extreme exaltation of memory, repeating long passages read to them but once, recalling with accuracy long past and trivial events, describing minutely the insignificant occurrences of many successive days. Many instances of this kind will be found by the student in Binet and Féré's "Animal Magnetism," and in Dr. Richer's "Etudes sur la grande Hystérie."

With this rough survey of the field of memory in our minds, we must seek for some hypothesis which will resume the facts, and which, tested by fresh experiment, will explain other memory-phenomena. I put Hume's hypothesis out of court, and proceed to consider the Materialistic and Theosophical Theories of memory, to answer the question whether memory is a function of matter in motion, or a faculty of the Self, the Ego, functioning *through* matter, but not resultant from it.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

(*To be concluded.*)

#### A VERY WONDERFUL FLOWER.

"A FRENCH paper, *Les Mondes*, gives a fascinating account of a newly-discovered flower, of which rumours have from time to time reached the ears of floriculturists. It is called the snow flower, and is said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff in the most northern portion of Siberia, where the ground is continually covered with frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil only on the first day of each succeeding year. It shines for but a single day, and then resolves to its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and each about three inches in diameter. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of snow. The flower, when it opens, is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and about half-an-inch in width. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute glistening specks like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this wonderful flower. Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds and carried them with him to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for some time. On the 1st of the following January the miraculous snow flower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering Russian Royalty."—*Sheffield Independent*.

It is interesting to note that one of these wonderful snow flowers is mentioned in the *Voice of the Silence*, p. 39. The passage runs as follows:—

"Arhans are born at midnight hour, together with the sacred plant of nine and seven stalks, the holy flower that opes and blooms in darkness, out of the pure dew and on the frozen bed of snow-capped heights, heights that are trodden by no sinful foot."

Tradition adds that the flower blooms *fully* only when an Arhan is born.

## THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CANONGATE.

## THE AUTHOR'S FORE-WORD.

THE following narrative is rather an experience than a composition. The author, who is very familiar with the old parts of Edinburgh, noticed some time ago, with curious distinctness, the sensation of Spain which he has endeavoured to describe, hanging around a peculiarly squalid close, and finding that other persons quite independently had experienced the same and that no written or well-known oral tradition would account for it, he sought to pursue the subject and get clearer mental pictures. Thus bit by bit the old house, as described, grew up in shadowy form, and here and there sufficiently clear indications came to bear verification from local history and tradition, such as coats of arms of old Scotch houses standing out distinct over the shadowy gateways with dates and initials superadded. In this way a few historic facts were pieced together on which again shadowy pictures built themselves up. These pictures referred obviously to various dates, yet with little to show what was their historic sequence. Wherever verification was possible the story was borne out by recorded facts. Obviously, however, it was utterly impossible to observe any of the ordinary rules of construction in telling such a story; the only thing the author could attempt has been to set down the various pictures in as clear sequence as circumstances admit of. Those who have had similar experiences will recognise the difficulty. It only remains to say that as the portions of the story which were actually verified, involved more than one well-known Scottish family, the names, etc. have been altered, but the reader may rely on it that only absolutely necessary alterations have been made.

## I.—THE WRITER'S PROLOGUE.

IT was a great many years ago, while still the old town of Edinburgh retained its quaintness and picturesque historic flavour, which the march of civilisation has so largely destroyed of late, that there stood, just off the Canongate and fronting on one of the curious characteristic closes that branch off on either hand, an old house; so old that the very legends of its first foundation were blurred and dim. Bits of carved tracery round a window niched into one angle of the basement indicated ecclesiastical art of a date considerably older than Holyrood, and above this, in strange contrast, was sculptured the coat of arms of a noble Spanish family, whose very name had perished more than two hundred years ago in the land of their birth. The first storey projected on carved beams as in many of the old Edinburgh houses, and above were fantastic gables, pepper-box turrets, and dormer windows, looking like a strange architectural nightmare, wherein the old Scotch baronial style was blended with much of the Moresque. At the time I write of, however, the old house had fallen on evil days, dirt and neglect were over

it all, for some years it had been shut up altogether, the lower windows boarded over, many of the upper ones broken ; previously to this it had been long in the sole custody of an old half-caste servant, who sternly refused admission to any person whatsoever.

At this time I was deeply interested in the history and antiquities of Edinburgh, and priding myself, as I did, on knowing something of every building in the city of any pretension, my curiosity was greatly piqued by this queer old rambling mansion, the inside of which no one seemed to have seen, and whose story no one seemed to know, save that it was commonly rumoured to be "uncanny," if no worse.

On one special morning in the late autumn, as I was passing down the Canongate, I noticed an unusual stir, and quite a little crowd created about the head of the close I have mentioned, and drawing near enough to gather their remarks I soon learned that the authorities had condemned the old house as unsafe and that it was to be forthwith pulled down. "Now or never!" I said to myself, "if I am to see the inside of that house while it yet exists there's no time to be lost." As if in answer to my thought there bustled through the group of idlers Mr. Evan Fraser, the worthy bailie, and probable Lord Provost of no distant date, the man who could procure the realization of my wish if anyone in Edinburgh could ; portly and important, rather red in the face, his hat tilted a trifle back, his heavy gold chain and bunch of seals jingling in front across his broad expanse of waistcoat, and panting slightly as he elbowed his path away from the old house ; to him I addressed myself.

"See over yon hoose," he said ; "aye ! aye ! to be sure, weel ye ken, laddie ! its no just in my own hands, and the proprietor, he's no vara fond of letting folk gang through—something no quite the thing about the hoose maybe. Oh ! I'm no saying anything, mind ye, that should na be said, perhaps it'll be the drains that's wrang, or something like that. Still, as the hoose is to be pulled down, and seeing that ye're interested in a' that rubbish o' coats o' arms and sic like trash, and a' the world 'll be seeing the inside o' it in a few days now, I dinna think there can be muckle harm, an' I'll write a note to Mr. Dalrymple, that's the proprietor ye ken, and tell him I'd taken the liberty. Aye ! aye ! just come ye this way."

So saying the worthy man turned back with me, and leading the way to the door, he knocked ; it was cautiously opened on the chain.

"Open the door, ye donnered auld fule !" said Mr. Fraser. "Have ye no the sense to ken my knock yet ? This," he continued, turning to me, "is Mr. Dalrymple's servant, who has known this ramshackle auld place ever since he was a boy, haven't ye, Peter ? and knows all the ghosts about it, just as well as he knows the whisky shops in the Canon-gate."

"Oh, Mr. Fraser !" said Peter as he closed the door behind us, "for the love of the Lord ! dinna ye mak' fun o' they ? Man and boy I've

been here these sixty years, and they never harmed me yet ; but eh, mon, they're ower near to us to flyte at."

"Weel, Peter, I canna stay to hear your auld world stories now, but look ye ! this young gentleman wants to see all over the auld place before it's pulled down, and you must just tak' him round and let him see a' there is, right away, ye ken, frae the cellars to the attics, and the secret chambers if there are any, and tell him all your auld stories, if he has patience to listen ; I will answer to Mr. Dalrymple."

The door closed on the energetic Bailie, and I was in the entrance-hall of the old house I had so often longed to see. I looked with some curiosity at my companion ; notwithstanding his broad Scotch tongue, he had unquestionably more than a dash of foreign blood in his veins ; he was tall and slight, with great grace of movement, a sallow olive complexion, hair and moustache grizzled with time, long, restless, taper fingers, and piercingly, black eyes. I had not time, however, for a prolonged scrutiny.

"Come awa'," he said, "if ye want to see th' auld hoose, no that there's muckle to see, its a' falling to bits noo, but I mind the day when it was a real, bright, bonny hoose, about the time Mr. Dalrymple was married Aye, and before that, when the auld laird was here."

"I've heard Mrs. Dalrymple was very pretty," I said.

"Aye, was she, puir body ; a bonny lass ! Folk'll tell ye," he said suddenly turning round on me, "that it's her that walks, don't ye believe it. I've seen them that walks in this hoose, many and many a time, aye, before ever Mr. Dalrymple married, before Mrs. Dalrymple, puir thing, was born, and those that were here before me kenned them, lang ere ever I came to Edinburgh. Na, na, Mrs. Dalrymple lies quiet enough, God rest her soul," and the old man crossed himself devoutly. "Come awa' !" he said quickly leading the way up the broad uncarpeted stairs, whose rotting and worm-eaten boards looked singularly insecure.

I am bound to say I was disappointed with my tour round the old house ; clearly the outside was the most interesting part of it. Suites of rooms that had been handsome once, but decorated in the worst taste of the later Georgian period, and now with all the tawdry plaster wreaths and Cupids crumbling away, the paper hanging in festoons from the walls, and dragging the mouldering plaster with it, some rooms partly furnished, but with carpets and hangings riddled by the moth and falling into rags from very rottenness. Everywhere it was the same, the vulgar commonplace crumbling into sordid decay.

"Mr. Fraser spoke of secret chambers," I said at last, "do you know of any such ?"

"Na, na," said the old man, "it's just his duffing ; there may perhaps be a passage or so, for the wa's are gey thick, ye ken, and maybe a hiding-hole or the like, they did queer things in th' auld times, but nane o' them's known at present, and troth those that walk dinna need any hiding-

places or secret chambers ; many a time I've seen that puir lady coming doon these vera stairs towards me wi' the black lace over her bonny face, and the cross-hilted dagger in her breast, and many a time when I never saw her, I've felt the swish of her satin gown go past me on the stairs, but never past the seventh step from the bottom, she just seemed as though she passed into the wa' there. Come awa', sir, ye've just seen the whole of it noo."

"No Peter," I said, "I haven't been in there," and I pointed to a door on the left of the first landing.

"Oh, ye've seen that," he said ; "besides, there's naething there, just a room, the auld laird's room it was."

I fancied I detected something in the old man's tone as though he wished to deter me from entering, and this of course redoubled my anxiety to see the room. I sprang up the stairs again, turned the handle and entered. A commonplace room, sure enough ; a huge four-post bed occupied a great part of it, deeply recessed windows gave but scanty light, a huge mirror confronted me, rusty and dim, its silvering largely worn away and its frame broken, some sombre kind of brown patterned paper covered the walls, a dreary room altogether ; as I walked into it, the door closed behind me, not with a slam, but slowly, gently, noiselessly, as though some unseen hand were shutting it quietly. Then curiously, notwithstanding the dismal gloominess of the room, I began to be conscious of a strange exhilaration and excitement ; my heart beat thick and fast with an emotion distinctly pleasurable, and I became conscious of a faint and almost indescribable odour, recalling at one moment the scent of burning wood, then a subtle aroma as of incense, blended with a suggestion of orange flowers, and through it all an unmistakable whiff of garlic. Where had I smelt that smell before ? for it came to me as perfectly familiar, and then in my brain rose clear the memory of an artistic ramble in Spain some years before. Yes, it was Seville, that that strange subtle scent belonged to, and as it permeated my senses, the room I stood in seemed dream-like and unreal, the black-robed priests, the peasants, the dark-eyed donnas of Spain were all around me. In the embrasure of the deep window, or was it in the tall mirror ?—I could not say—was reclining a graceful form—amber satin, and a black lace mantilla. My brain seemed growing dim, a clammy perspiration was in the palms of my hands, yet my pulses throbbed with the excitement of a coming adventure. I know not why I murmured the name of "Juanita," an old sweetheart of the old wandering days in Spain. That instant the door was thrown open and old Peter appeared. "Best come oot o' there, sir," he said, "that room's no' wholesome."

"What do you mean ?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing ! just it's th' auld laird's room. I mean they say it's over the drains, ye ken, and they say there's some effluvium."

"Perhaps what I smell," I thought, but why these memories of Seville ?

However, I was glad enough to get out on the landing and draw two or three deep breaths to revive myself. Peter looked at me curiously. "Was I long in the room before you came in?" I said, for to me it had seemed like ages.

"Deed no, sir! I just followed you as fast as an auld man can follow a young ane!" he said.

At this moment my eye fell on a small picture which I had not previously noticed in the entrance hall; an old, old portrait, as would seem from its frame, the paint almost obliterated by time and dirt, yet it was impossible to disguise the strange, powerful lineaments, the piercing eyes, which, even in its present state of neglect and decay seemed to glow from the canvas and to exert almost a mesmeric influence.

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Sorrow o' me kens, sir," he answered, with a queer tremble in his voice. "There was a man came here once—it was soon after Mr. Dalrymple was married, as like that picture as two peas in a pod; Signor Hernandez, I think they called him, and he looked at that picture. 'Aye, aye,' he says, 'that's my grandfather, or my great-grandfather, or something. Fergusson, his name was, and ought to be mine by rights. Then he gave a little laugh, but I give ye my word, sir, that night that he was here I saw them as walks here, them as I've told ye of, sir, just as plain as I see you now, plainer than I ever saw them before or since, and sic' cruel, wicked looks among them. Puir Mistress Dalrymple, she was ill that night, too, and Mr. Dalrymple was nursing her; I just laid down here in the hall, sir, on a sofa in case I should be wanted, and whenever he came out he just shuddered and gasped like a man going to die. 'Deed, sir, but I was glad when that Signor Hernandez took his leave. If he wasna just Auld Clootie, he was no vara distant kin, o' that I'm sure."

I pressed a half-sovereign into Peter's hand with an intimation that I might, perhaps, be glad to have another look over the old house before it was finally demolished.

"Thank ye, sir," said Peter, "I'll be glad to tak' ye round any time ye like to come; ye're the first stranger that's set foot in here for thirty years, forby some o' the town council, and they don't count, puir feckless bodies; there's no ane amang them a' has wit eneugh to keep himself warm, unless it's Mr. Fraser."

So I went back, as the evening was now fast drawing on, to my lodgings in Northumberland Street, where my good landlady had a brisk fire burning, and very soon a comfortable little dinner. Yet for all I could do that vision of Seville haunted my brain; not a thought of the old house, scarce a memory of Peter and his quaint stories, but a constant memory of the sunny streets and the lovely girls of Spain.

"After all," I said to myself, "it's the only place for real life, I must go back. Ah! how I should like to see my little Juanita once

more. I'll go, as sure as fate, as soon as I can get away from this old country. I'm off for sunny Spain, marry Juanita, turn orange grower, or something."

I put on my hat, lighted a cigar, and strolled out, humming a Spanish love-song, with my brain full of old memories and fancies, finally turned into bed, and, as might have been expected, dreamt of Spain and Spanish demoiselles, and of kneeling with Juanita before a gorgeous altar, while, the clouds of incense floating upwards veiled the candles and the golden shrine, and then wandering with Juanita under blooming orange trees; then a nightmare, I cannot clearly remember what, but a cross-hilted dagger stood out plain against wreaths of dark, lurid cloud, and I awoke, gasping for breath, and bathed in perspiration.

Next morning came a feeling of strong curiosity about the old house, and I determined to seek out Mr. Dalrymple. Evan Fraser's chance words had informed me he was in Edinburgh, and to Evan Fraser therefore I betook myself as soon as possible after breakfast.

"Aye, aye, laddie," he said, "ye'll find him here in Queen Street." He gave me the number; "he has a suite o' apartments there; just for the time, ye ken. Stay, tak my card, wi' ye? He's no vara keen for seeing strangers."

In ten minutes more, by the passport of good Evan Fraser's card, I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Dalrymple. A very tall, very thin man, with a face as white as marble and perfectly white hair, kindly hazel eyes of strange brilliance, a very prominent, hooked nose, seeming much too large for his pinched face and sunken cheeks. He stooped terribly, and his clothes seemed to hang loosely on his shrunken frame, and as I entered he raised a handkerchief to his lips, as though to check a fit of asthmatic coughing.

There was a look of kindly interest in his eyes as I told him of my architectural and heraldic studies and my fondness for old Edinburgh, but when I spoke of the old house in the Canongate it grew troubled, as though painful memories were stirred within him. I told him how the outside of the old house had attracted me and how I had at last procured access to it, and what a loss I thought its intended demolition would be to Edinburgh.

"Better so! better so!" he said, "the town council have done well to condemn it, the old house has been a curse to all who have lived there—tell me, did you go into the room on the left of the first landing?"

It was my turn to start now, he looked at me so curiously and intently. "I did," I answered, "a melancholy room, it would give me the blues to live there."

"It was not always so," he said, "I loved that room better than any room in the house forty years ago. My bridal chamber it was."

"An unhealthy room, I fancy," I replied, "it gave me a most curious



sensation. I suppose it was the closeness or damp, or a drain smell or something, I felt like fainting."

"What! there's more than this! tell me what you felt? did you think of any country, of any place? did you dream of anyone?" cried Mr. Dalrymple, strangely moved. "Pardon me. I have a motive for asking."

"Well, yes," I said, "I smelt something, a drain perhaps, but it somehow recalled Seville, the drains are not over good out there you know, and then, I suppose from the association, I began to think of Spain till I half fancied I saw a lady in an amber satin dress and a black lace mantilla in one of the deep window recesses. 'Pon my word, I'm ashamed to tell you the story, it looks so ridiculous in broad daylight."

"Not to me! not to me!" he said with a heavy sigh. "You must be intensely sensitive. Tell me," looking straight into my eyes, "What are you thinking of doing for the next few years."

"Well," I said, rather taken aback by the suddenness of the question. "I have an idea of trying orange-growing in Spain."

"Ah! just so," he murmured, "and of marrying a Spanish lady and settling down for life in the sunny South. 'Tis a lovely dream."

I stared, his words so exactly followed the current of my own thoughts.

"Tell me," he continued. "When did you form this project—last night, was it not?"

I could only nod again. I was too astonished to speak.

"Ah!" he said, "the old curse of the house—it's terrible! it's terrible! Stay a moment, sit down where you are."

We had been standing by the fire all this time. As he spoke he pointed to a large arm-chair. I could not resist, almost without my will as it seemed I sank into it. Mr. Dalrymple laid a cool hand on my forehead, and his thin white fingers seemed to touch my hair caressingly, a grateful sense of coolness flowed through my brain, my thoughts grew clear and luminous, the feverish haze which haunted me melted away.

"Well!" he said, "what do you think of orange-growing?"

"Oh!" I answered, "a lovely dream, as you said just now, but I don't fancy the reality would be so charming. I've been in Spain and it's a fine country for a holiday, when you're young and have nothing to do, but I don't care to go back."

"Nor to marry a Spanish lady?" he queried with a slight smile.

"Oh dear no!" I said, "that is a lovely dream too, but Heaven forbid it should be more."

"Yet," said Mr. Dalrymple, slowly and impressively, "that very thing you would have done if Providence had not sent you in the nick of time to me. Look here, my young friend, I never saw you before, I may never see you again, but for the sake of my dear old friend Evan Fraser I take a great interest in you, and therefore I warn you, there are

influences all round us, of which the bulk of mankind, happily for themselves, are wholly ignorant, and which they only feel very vaguely, and when they do probably ascribe them to indigestion or drains or some such thing. You are abnormally sensitive, and it may embitter your whole life as it has done mine. Now will you light a cigar and sit down and listen patiently to an old man's garrulity, and I will tell you as well as I can the story of my own life, and of the old house in the Canongate, which, please God! I will never enter again. Mind you! I can't explain it; I can only tell you literally my own experiences, which I would never have told anyone but that I see in you a person even more sensitive than I was myself, and I believe you might develop into a spirit medium of the kind they call under-control, from which may God in His mercy preserve you, and all other sane men."

Heartily I thanked him, and lighting an excellent cigar disposed myself to listen to Mr. Dalrymple's story, which ran thus :

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

*(To be continued.)*



#### A COMFORTER.

OH, my beloved, and am I thrust aside?  
 I, who had given my very soul for thee,  
 Made sweet my heart for thy heart's sanctuary,  
 And set thee on life's altar, glorified  
 By the flame-fair crown of love? Would I had died  
 Ere yet this bitter dole were laid on me,  
 To watch thro' scorching tears, to watch and see  
 Thy face turn from my pleading, scornful-eyed!

Child! Child! if this false love had kist thine eyes,  
 They had grown blind to beckoning stars and sun,  
 Nor seen how on the cross sad waited One  
 To lead thee with pierced hands to Paradise!  
 Most blest art thou! *He* thrusteth not aside;  
 But yearning for thy love, hangs crucified!

EVELYN PYNE.

## RUSSIAN POPULAR TRACTS.

*Selections from Count L. N. Tolstoi's Tales.*

SINCE the West has shown such due appreciation of the writings of the greatest novelist and mystic of Russia of to-day, his best works have all been translated. The Russian, however, recognizes in none of these translations that popular national spirit which pervades the original tales and stories. Pregnant as these are with popular mysticism and the spirit of theosophical altruism, some of them are charming, but most difficult to render into a foreign language. Yet, one may try. One thing is certain: no foreign translator, however able, unless born and bred in Russia and acquainted with Russian *peasant* life, will be able to do them justice, or even to convey to the reader their full meaning, owing to their absolutely national idiomatic language. If the genius of the Russian literary language is so *sui generis* as to be most difficult to render in translation, the Russian of the lower classes—the speech of small tradesmen, peasants and labourers, is ten times more so. Difficult as it may seem to a foreigner, yet a born Russian may attempt it, perhaps, with a little more success. At all events, as said, one may try.

Selecting therefore, from such popular tracts,—allegories and moral stories in the form of popular tales—we have translated some for the readers of LUCIFER. The Christmas Numbers, December, January and February, will contain charming little stories, well worthy of a new translation. Two of them, “Wherein is Love, Therein is God,” “God is in Right, and not in Might,” and some others are stamped with the spirit of truly religious mysticism. Each deserves to be read by the admirers of this great Russian author. For this number, however, we have selected one of a less mystical but more satirical spirit; a cap calculated to fit the head of any drinking Christian nation *ad libitum*, and we only hope its title, translated *verbatim et literatim*, will not shock still more the susceptibilities of the opponents of the title of this magazine. Russia is afflicted with the demon of drink, as much as, though *not more* than, England or any other country; yet it is not so much the Karma of the nation, as that of their respective governments, whose Karmic burden is growing heavier and more terrible with every year. This curse and universal incubus, drink, is the direct and legitimate progeny of the Rulers; it is begotten by their greed for money, and FORCED by them on the unfortunate masses. Why, in Karma's name, should the latter be made to suffer here, and hereafter?—[ED.]

## HOW A DEVIL'S IMP REDEEMED HIS LOAF; OR THE FIRST DISTILLER.

A poor peasant went out early to plough; and as he was leaving home without breaking his fast, he carried along with him a loaf of bread. Once in the field he turned over his plough, adjusted the plough-tail, put the ropes under a bush, and over them his loaf of black bread, and covered the whole with his *caftan*. At last, the horse got tired and the *moojik* felt hungry. Then he stopped his

plough in the furrow, unhitched his horse, and leaving it to graze, moved toward his *caftan* for his meal. But when he had lifted it up—lo, no loaf was to be seen. Our *moojik* searched for it here, and he searched for it there, he shook his garment and turned it hither and thither—no loaf! He felt surprised. Marvellous doings! No one around, and yet the loaf is carried away by someone. That someone, in truth, was an Imp, who, while the peasant was ploughing, had stolen his loaf and was now hiding behind a bush, preparing to note down the man's profanity, when he would begin to swear and take the devil's name. The peasant felt a little sore. "But, after all," said he, "this won't starve me; and he who carried away my bread, perchance needed it. Let him eat it then, and good luck to him."

So, going to the well he drank some water, rested a bit, then catching his horse, he hitched it again to the plough and returned quietly to his work. The Imp felt considerably troubled at such a failure in tempting man to sin, and forthwith proceeding home to hell, he narrated to his Elder—the Chief Devil—how he had robbed the *moojik* of his loaf, who instead of cursing, had only said "to his good luck!" Satan felt very angry at this. "If," he argued, "the *moojik* had the best of thee, in this business, then it must be thine own fault; thou didst not know how to bring the thing about. It would be a bad job for us," he added, "if the peasants, and after them their women, were to take to such tricks: no life would become possible for us after this, and such an event cannot be left disregarded. "Go," continued Satan, "and make up for the failure of the loaf. And if at the end of three years thou shalt not have the best of that man, I will bathe thee in holy water."

The Imp got terribly frightened at this threat, and running up on earth again, he set himself to thinking how to atone for his guilt. Thus he thought, thought still, and thought more, and went on thinking until he had found what he had to do. Assuming the appearance of a good fellow, he offered himself as a labourer to the poor peasant; and as it happened to be a drought, he advised him to sow his seed in a swamp. Hence, while the fields of all the other peasants were parched, and their harvests burnt by the sun, the crop of the poor peasant grew high and thick, full and grainy. His household had bread to their heart's content up to the next harvest, and the surplus proved considerable. The following year, the summer being wet, the imp taught the peasant to sow his seed on the mountains. While his neighbours' corn was blasted, fell down and got rotten, the peasant's field on the hills brought forth the richest harvest. The *moojik* stored still more of the corn; and did not know what to do with it.

Then his labouring man taught him to press the corn and distill it into spirit. Having distilled plenty of it, the *moojik* took to drinking and making others drink thereof. One day the Imp returned to the Elder boasting that he had redeemed his loaf. The Chief went up to see for himself.

Then came the Elder to the *moojik*, and found that having invited the richest and wealthiest of his neighbours, he was entertaining them with whiskey. There was the mistress carrying the glasses to her guests. Hardly had she begun her round when stumbling over the table, she upset the drink. Out at her flew the *moojik*, abusing his wife to his fill.

"Behold," he cried, "the *devil's fool*. Takest thou good drink for slops? Thou, heavy handed stupid, to spill on the earth such treasure!"

Here the Imp poked the Elder in the ribs, "Observe," said he, "and see, if he won't grudge a loaf *now*."

Having abused his wife, the *moojik* begun offering the drink himself. Just then a poor labourer returning from work happened to drop in, unasked, and wishing a merry day to all, he took a seat. Seeing the company drinking, he too, craved to have a drop after his hard day's work. There he sat, smacking his lips time after time, but the host would offer him nought, only keeping on grumbling: "Who can afford to furnish with whiskey all of you!"

This pleased the chief Devil immensely; as to the Imp, he boasted more than ever: "You wait and see what will come next!" he whispered.

Thus drank the rich peasants, thus drank the host, pandering to each other, and flattering each other, with sweet words, making honeyed and false speeches. Listened the Elder to these, and praised the Imp for this, also. "Without all peradventure," said he, "this drink making them turn into such foxes, they will take to cheating each other next; and at this rate they will soon fall, everyone of them, into our hands."

"Wait and see," said the Imp, "what will come next, when each has one glass more. Now they are only like unto cunning foxes; give time, and they will get transformed into ferocious wolves."

The peasants had each one glass more, and forthwith their talk became louder and more brutal. Instead of honeyed speeches, they proceeded to abuse each other, and turning gradually fiercer, they ended by getting into a free fight and damaging each other's noses badly. Then the host took also a turn and got soundly thrashed.

As the Elder looked on, he felt much pleased with this too. "'Tis good," saith he, "very, very good."

"Wait and see," said the Imp, "something still better is in store, no sooner they will have emptied their third glass. Now they are fighting like hungry wolves, at the third glass they will have become like swine."

The peasants had their third round, and quite lost their reason. Grumbling and hiccupping, shouting at each other, and knowing not what they said, they rushed out, some alone, some in couples, and some in triplets, and scattered in the streets. The host trying to see his guests off, fell with his nose in a mud-puddle, rolled in it and unable to rise, lay there grunting like a hog. . . . This pleased the Elder Devil most of all.

"Well," saith he, "thou hast invented a fine drink, indeed, and redeemed thy loaf! Tell me," he added, "how hast thou managed to compound it? Surely thou must have fermented it first, with the blood of the fox; thence the craft of the drunken peasant, who becomes forthwith a fox himself. Then thou hast distilled it with wolf's blood, which makes him as wicked as a wolf? Finally, thou hast mixed the whole with the blood of the swine; therefore has the peasant become like a hog."

"Not so," quoth the Imp. "I only helped him to get some extra cereals. The wild beast's blood is ever present in man, but it remains latent and finds no issue so long as he has no more bread than he needs for his food; and then it is that he does not grudge to another his last morsel of bread. But no sooner

did man get more corn than he needed, than he took to inventing things where-with to gratify his passions. Then it was that I taught him the enjoyment—of intoxicating drink. And no sooner had he commenced to distill the gift of God into spirit, for his gratification, than his original foxish, wolfish and swinish blood arose in him. Let him now only go on drinking wine and liquor, and he will remain for ever a beast.”

For which invention the Elder Devil praised freely his Devil's Imp, forgave him his failure with the stolen loaf, and promoted him in Hell.



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## The Case for Metempsychosis.

BY E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

Together with a survey of its bearing on the World-Problem.

### II.

IN a very suggestive article in the July number of the "Contemporary Review" for 1878, Mr. Francis Peek upholds Metempsychosis as the interior meaning of the New Testament. Writing as he did from the standpoint of Theology, his remarks are most instructive. Certain of my readers may, also, recall the fact that in the late Dr. Anna Kingsford's works an identical interpretation is given of the esoteric teachings of Jesus, who is invested by her with the character of an initiate unveiling great truths through the medium of metaphor and allegory. "Isis Unveiled" has, also, dealt with the subject in a most exhaustive and forcible manner. There is, in fact, a mass of evidence in favour of the view that the basis of primitive Christianity was the secret mystery-religion of the East, access to which was ordinarily only possible through the portal of initiation. It deserves note in this connection that the great Founder expressly states the division of his teaching into two portions, the "mysteries of the kingdom of heaven" for his disciples, and "parables" for the multitude. But let us hear Mr. Peek :—

"How often must every thoughtful mind have felt almost crushed at the apparent inconsistency of the existence of such a world as this under the dominion of such a God as the New Testament discloses. . . . Pass through the lanes and alleys of our great cities and see the wretched children of profligate parents, half clad, half starved, covered with sores, foul both in body and mind. Wander through the wards of such an asylum as Earlswood, and contemplate the forms of the drivelling idiots sitting through life listlessly in chairs, from which they may never rise till their day of doom, and presenting faces from which humanity is absent. . . . Viewing such sights as these, we cannot but speculate and conjecture as the disciples of old did when, looking upon the man who was born blind and remembering that their divine law declared that the sins of the fathers were visited on their children, they asked, 'Master who did sin, *this man* or his parents, that he was born blind?' The reply of Christ to this question is not a little remarkable. He does not say 'Your question is foolish; how could the man have sinned before his birth?' but he replies, 'Neither has this man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God might be made manifest in him.' This is a form of words which certainly permits the conjecture that, as some cases of suffering

were undoubtedly caused by the parents' sin, so in reference to some others there might be such a thing as sin before birth visited by suffering from and after birth."

Interesting, however, as are all such attempts to exploit metaphor, the tendency of the age is to rely on less pliable sources of evidence. Mr. Peek's example ought, nevertheless, to serve as a stimulus to those orthodox minds which regard resort to such an idea as Re-incarnation heretical.

Before taking leave of this phase of the argument, I should like to direct attention to the conformity of the doctrine of Karma with that revised conception of Moral Freedom now in vogue. The "guarded liberty" which steers midway between the extreme dogmas of Free Will and Determination harmonises entirely with the requirements of our system. The Ego starts at birth handicapped or favoured, as the case may be, by the tendencies carried over from its last embodiment. It is competent to *mould* its mental "make-up," but not to revolutionize it off-hand. Professor Clifford himself admitted that we really are responsible for those "modes of thinking (and he might have added feeling) into which we knowingly and deliberately work ourselves," and the all-denying Dr. Büchner has conceded man the possession of a modified metaphysical liberty. This is quite enough for our purpose. Life is a blend of freedom and necessity. Now Metempsychosis excludes the possibility that any Ego can wreck itself by the shortcomings of one transitory existence. It may sow the wind and reap the whirlwind, but a definite quantitative and qualitative relation must subsist between an evil deed and its "karmic" consequence. Rome was not built in a day, neither is the fabric of the soul. Nevertheless just as

" Little drops of water  
Little grains of sand  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land,"

so the accumulation of experiences through many lives must surely tend to stereotype a character and mould a destiny for weal or woe. Responsibility may be termed a shifting factor the amount of which varies with the evolutionary status of the Ego. Thus the volition of the lowest savage suggests a physical basis of little more than reflex action. He is, like the tiger, the child of circumstance. But acts, which are normal to a Fuegian, may constitute "crimes" when perpetrated by a Cæsar Borgia or a Tiberius. This sliding scale of responsibility is, doubtless, in the case of a fully "adult Ego" influenced by the historical associations of any of its enforced reincarnations. As remarked by Lord Macaulay in his Essay on "Machiavelli"—"succeeding generations change the fashion of their morals with the fashion of their hats and



coaches." This relative element in applied morality unquestionably serves to complicate the question.

### 2. *The Argument from Precocity.*

The extraordinary precocity exhibited by certain children affords a striking illustration of the working of Karma. An Ego carrying over from its last incarnation a very marked mental or moral "tendency," will prematurely force the manifestation of this "tendency" \* as soon as it has attuned the plastic *neuroses* of the child-brain to its requirements. Inasmuch as Heredity contributes its quota towards facilitating this process, the Ego will gravitate to that fœtus which promises most fully to satisfy its equation. By the utilisation of the inherited bias an important economy of force is thus effected.

How frequently we note the precocity of certain young children as regards "virtue" and "vice" compared with the colourless negativity exhibited by their brothers and sisters. A premature appetite for knowledge in some juvenile scion of a stupid stock, who pores over books, while the other inmates of the nursery

"play havoc and let loose the dogs of war,"

is also an instructive phenomenon. But those rare and fascinating cases of "infant geniuses"—the child musician and composer such as Mozart, and the urchin who "lisps in numbers"—which the annals of Music and Literature record, appeal with singular force to the votary of Mysticism.

### 3. *The Argument from Heredity and Variation.*

Heredity is, as I am well aware, regarded as the reef on which the doctrine of Metempsychosis is wrecked. But attempts to invalidate it on these lines are for the most part based on a radical misconception of the point at issue. It is equally true that the characteristics of parents are transmissible to offspring, and that the Ego on rebirth picks up the threads of its mental and moral "make up" pretty much where it dropped them say fifteen or twenty centuries ago. The parents provide an organism with a definite hereditary impress—so far, so good. But they cannot endow the senseless mechanism with consciousness. "*Neurosis*" cannot evolve "*psychosis*." This latter is the contribution of the Ego which *by overshadowing* a nascent organism supplies the *potentiality of perception under specific neural conditions*. Now no Ego will incarnate in a form which does not promise to afford full scope for the manifestation of the leading points of its Karma. In other words, no embryo can mature into a perfectly organised infant—by no possibility into a conscious one—in the absence of a soul pressing forward into incarnation. Consequently, as Mr. A. P. Sinnett aptly puts it, the child is the "potentiality not the product" of heredity and atavism; for the

\* In order to prevent misconception, let me clearly signify the sense in which this seeming abstraction is employed. By "mental tendency" I understand a *potential bias* of ideation which stands in the same relation to *actual* ideation as *potential* energy does to *kinetic* energy in physics.

Ego will not inform any foetus at random, but only that one which is most easily attuned to its own nature and which will offer the further requisite of an appropriate environment. It is, therefore, inevitable that the diversion of the stream of incarnating Egos from any particular group of organisms would result in a *racial sterility*. I shall adduce evidence later on tending to confirm the truth of this supposition.

The principle of the assimilation by the Ego of an appropriate organism covers much of the ground. But when we come to consider the "variations" on parental and ancestral types the advantage is wholly on the side of the advocate of Metempsychosis.

It is just those facts which appear to break with a general law from which we learn most. From the perturbations of the orbit of Uranus, Neptune was first inferred, finally discovered. Now just as the departure of that planet from its normal course indicated the presence of some undiscovered cause, so the variations on the rigid hereditary type demand a similar explanation. Evolutionists assume the "law of variation" with unhesitating zeal, but they fail to recognize that this merely empirical law itself calls for elucidation. In the domain of the higher mental phenomena, the need of such a solution is unmistakeably apparent. Professor Ribot acknowledges that there are exceptions of a puzzling nature to the law of Heredity. Mr. Galton's case of the twins who, with the same nurture and education, developed into utterly dissimilar young men, will not be readily forgotten. Take the case of those large families which so often exhibit this differentiation in a very high degree. Take the case of the genius, the "black sheep," the book-worm, etc., who turn up in utterly hostile mental and moral *milieux*. How simply all these are explained on the hypothesis of re-incarnation.

The stationary, progressive or retrograde phases in the intellectual, moral, and political history of Nations may be similarly accounted for. The maxim "History repeats itself" has more significance than is obvious at first sight. It indicates the re-incarnation *en masse* of Egos stamped with the impress of a past epoch, and driven on to action by the irresistible might of their Karma. The appearance of the "right man in the right place" in the crisis of national evolution—an event which Buckle has ascribed to "causes yet unknown," and Mr. Gladstone to Divine providence—is another testimony to the operation of this Karmic Necessity.

#### 4. *The Argument from Memory.*

The brain being only competent to register the *neuroses* answering to the experience of one life, it is not to be expected that memories of a former incarnation should ordinarily emerge into consciousness. It is however notorious that there exist persons of a high order of intellectual power, who believe that they enjoy the privilege of such occasional glimpses of their pre-natal past. Evidence of this description is, of course, most cogent to the individual, but too sporadic and too much

bound up with the "personal equation" to be of any solid value to the scientific psychologist. But it has a claim to mention, and, indeed, might assume a position of commanding importance in the eyes of a more gifted race yet to be evolved.

. . . if through lower lives I came—  
Tho' all experience past became  
Consolidate in mind and frame—

I might forget my weaker lot ;  
For is not our first year forgot ?  
The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await  
As old mythologists relate  
The slipping through from state to state.

Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

TENNYSON.

### 5. *The Argument from the Conservation of Energy.*

It has been urged that the reincarnation of a Karma-laden Ego is deducible from the law of Conservation ; mental tendencies representing so much "energy" which finds its equivalent in a future birth or births. Expressed in this form the inference is faulty. The principle expounded by Sir W. Grove and Professor Balfour Stewart is a physical truth applicable to physical things, and we are here dealing primarily with the realm of Mind. There is, however, every reason to postulate a complementary doctrine as valid of mental *data*. Analogy is in favour of it ; the Association of Ideas and the phenomena of Attention are its expression. Proceeding to speculate on the manner in which the "Karma" of a past incarnation re-acts on and modifies the infant organism, there is clearly no need for us to posit here any *creation* of new physical energy.\* The *direction* of the so-called "potential energy" stored up in the tissues is most probably the means employed.

### 6. *The Argument from the life of Nations and Species.*

Nations all pass through the phases of birth, maturity, decline, death or suspended animation. The Assyrias, Egypts and Romes have never discovered the elixir of life. Even where disruption and disintegration are not the closing scene of the cycle, a vegetative apathy invariably supervenes. To what cause are these remarkable uniformities due? We may here speculate with Dr. Romanes † anent the possibility of a Nation-Soul distinct from individual consciousness. Or we may with the author of "First Principles" arbitrarily narrow the phenomena into an outcome of the rhythm of motion. But a far more pregnant and comprehensive solution is that which sees in the stages of national life indications of the various grades of Egos at any time seeking incarnation. ‡ Thus to take a concrete instance, the recent unexampled burst

\* Some very instructive remarks on this and kindred problems as to the relation subsisting between *Neurosis* and *Psychosis* occur in M. Paul Janet's essay on "Determinism and Moral Freedom." (Cont. R. 1878.)

† "The World as an Eject" (C. R., July, 1886).

‡ Note, for instance, an extract from Hugh Miller's celebrated essay on old Edinburgh (published, 1856) in connection with the law of karmically-adjusted rebirths. "It is perhaps *beyond the reach of philosophy to assign adequate reasons for the appearance at one period rather than another of groups of great men*. We know not why the reign of Elizabeth should have had its family of giants—its Shakespeare,

of Scientific and Economic progress in Nineteenth Century Europe serves to assure us of the quarter in which the *élite* of human souls have tended to gather.

Any great diversion of Egos from incarnation in a given race would necessarily involve its progressive extinction. It is a noteworthy fact in this connection that Ethnology is able to confront us with such examples of a *racial sterility*, for which no satisfactory explanation has yet been found. The cases of the Tasmanians, Maories, Central American aborigines and Hawaiians are especially suggestive. The disappearance of the Tasmanians—a problem which exercised Darwin to little or no purpose—is, of course, a *fait accompli*; that of the others is in progress. The extraordinary character of the phenomenon among the really “philoprogenitive” Hawaiians will be thoroughly appreciated by all who peruse the account given in Dr. Brown’s “Countries of the World.” That various local causes of one sort and another have greatly accelerated this process in most cases is not to be denied. It is the comparative immunity of the Hawaiians from these that lends such interest to their case.\*

The animal world would also seem to present analogous instances.

“Attempts have been made,” writes Professor Owen, “to account for the *extinction of the race of northern elephants* by alterations in the climate of their hemisphere, or by violent geological catastrophes and other like extraneous physical causes. When we seek to apply the same hypothesis to explain the apparently contemporaneous *extinction of the gigantic leaf-eating megatherium* of S. America, the geological phenomena of that continent appear to negative the occurrence of such destructive changes. . . . With regard to *many of the larger mammalia*, especially those that have passed away from the American and Australian continents, the absence of sufficient signs of extensive extirpating change or convulsion makes it almost as reasonable to speculate with Brocchi that species, like individuals, may have had the cause of their death inherent in their original constitution, independently of changes in the external world, and that the term of their existence or the period of their exhaustion of their prolific force may have been ordained from the commencement of each species.”

Professor Page† and Dr. Mantell‡ have expressed themselves in a simi-

Spenser, Raleigh, and Bacon; or why a Milton, Hampden and Cromwell should have arisen together during the middle of the following century; and that after their time, only men of a lower stature, though of exquisite proportions, should have come into existence, to flourish as the wits of Queen Anne. Nor can it be told why the Humes, Robertsons, and Adam Smiths should have appeared in Scotland together in one splendid group, to give place to another group scarce less brilliant, though in a different way. We only know, that among a people of such intellectual activity as the Scotch, a literary development of the national mind might have been expected much about the earlier time.

\* It is said that the ratio of male births to female is always abnormally high after bloody wars. This generalization, if valid, makes strongly for Metempsychosis.

† “Manual of Geology,” p. 468.

‡ “Geology of the Isle of Wight,” p. 339.

lar fashion. Substitute for the vague conception "exhaustion of prolific force" that of sterilisation owing to the *withdrawal of the animal egos previously 'informing' that force*, and we have the Eastern view of this aspect of Karma.

7. *The Argument from Mental Evolution.* (a) in Man, (b) in animals.

(a) Nothing is more unsatisfactory than the crude habit of regarding the human soul as a "constant." Theologians and even liberal thinkers of the traditional spiritualist school seem to imagine that all human Egos, as such, stand on the same evolutionary level. But observation acquaints us with various strata of soul development; with Buddhas, Shakespeares, and Mills as well as with Bushmen and Mincopies. It reveals to us the gulf which divides the mathematical genius of a Leverrier from the coarse-grained reason of a savage who cannot count beyond five. Differences such as these inevitably attend the pilgrimage of Egos through a multiplicity of births—a process in which Merit and Experience count for everything.

Needless to dwell upon the importance of a well-organised brain to the incarnating soul. But the helplessness of an Ego tethered to an undeveloped brain is paralleled by the uselessness of a large and developed brain dominated by an *undeveloped Ego*. Mr. A. R. Wallace has pointed out that the cerebral endowment of certain Asiatic stocks is excellent, but the intelligence which they exercise is little superior to that of apes. The Peruvians and Mexicans, who drove before them the rude Indian tribes, had smaller brains than their victims. The cranial capacity of the Cro-Magnon men of the Stone Age, of the Esquimaux, and of some rude Polynesian tribes, compares favourably with that of the average modern Parisian. So much for the skull and brains. What of the tenants?

Metempsychosis, in denying the possibility that one transitory life can serve as the ante-chamber to immortality, is enabled to solve some standing enigmas. That the cretin, the idiot, the one year old baby, the bestial savage, and other such immature and *irresponsible* creatures attain at dissolution the *entrée* to an "eternal Heaven" or Hell, is an idle conception. Such Egos are both undeveloped and neutral in point of merit. But they cannot remain stereotyped as such under the sway of the "Power that makes for righteousness." Reborn, therefore, must they be, one and all, in order to work out their salvation from the curse of terrestrial life by the exercise of a matured moral freedom.

(b). It has been justly said that most of the arguments in favour of the separability of mind and brain apply to the cases of man and brute alike. Comparative psychology, in the hands of thinkers such as Darwin, Romanes, and Büchner, has done much to break down the barrier erected between the two. As regards essentials, one thing is quite clear. We cannot possibly regard consciousness as a spiritual endowment in man and

as neural function in the animal. "Favoured nations;" clauses of this sort are supremely ridiculous. Among contemporary leaders of thought Hartmann is to be credited with the most consistent support of the view that all mental process is a manifestation of the World-Spirit. The task for us is to discover approximately with what end in view Spirit has thus reflected Itself in animal organisms. The drama of Evolution doubtless has its justification.

Bishop Butler did not see why animal units should not survive physical death. But, if so, they must progress—they cannot stagnate through the eternities as stereotyped animal units. The Ego does not represent a "constant"; it is, in obedience to the universal "law of Becoming," susceptible of development. This development, to harmonise, and be of a piece with its previous experience, is only to be secured by repeated plunges into the troubled ocean of rebirth. Our existing Humanity is thus the efflorescence of æons consumed in the evolution of mere animal egos into the level of reflective intelligence. The terrible hourly holocaust of animals around us would brand the design of Nature as fiendish on any other supposition. Optimism must embrace the problem of animal suffering or slink away dismayed. *Omnis creatura ingemiscit et parturit*. The vivisected dog and the hunted deer are items which no foe of the pessimists can afford to ignore. But on what other lines than those of Metempsychosis is the matter to be envisaged?

But how does the Ego originate? Let me here refer the reader to Mr. N. Pearson's admirable paper in the *Nineteenth Century* for Sept. 1886. With certain modifications, his answer is that of the Eastern mystics. Mr. Pearson (who accepts the doctrine of Soul-Evolution without reservation) traces the origin of the Ego to the aggregation of what Clifford called "mindstuff" in the brains of animals—an aggregation which becomes permanent with the advent of full consciousness. The mind-structure thus generated is, in his opinion, susceptible of evolution through successive incarnations. Now, that the permanent individualisation of Spirit is thus effected, no student of occultism would deny; it would, however, be erroneous to identify the means with the thing mediated. "Mindstuff" is merely a subtle order of matter serving as the vehicle of Spirit in that phase of Its manifestation. Regarded in this light a scientific expression is given to a fundamental concept of esoteric Buddhist psychology.

#### 8. *The argument of Dr. du Prel.*

Dr. Carl du Prel's "Philosophy of Mysticism" is important enough to demand a separate review. For the present the exigencies of space must stand as my excuse for a very inadequate *résumé*. It is not the originality of his conceptions and theory so much as that of his methods which appeals to the attention. The work, which has aroused great interest in Germany, is lucid in the extreme, though not entirely free from

those incongruities incidental to a pioneer's task. It confines itself to the psychology of Man.

The author, a follower of Kant, the seed-germ of whose thought he purposes to develop, argues for the reality of a Transcendental Subject, or Higher Self, not given in our normal self-consciousness. Just as according to Kant, consciousness does not exhaust its object—the world—so, according to Du Prel and indeed his master, it does not exhaust its subject—Self. It will be remembered that the neoplatonists, Plotinus and Ammonius Sakkas among others, contended that the soul is not entirely immersed in the body in which it incarnates. Kant expressed himself very strongly to this effect in his “Dreams of a Ghost seer” and even the idealistic Fichte distinguished sharply between the “pure” and “empirical” ego. Du Prel adduces in support of his thesis the evidence furnished by the phenomena of the deeper dreams and of hypnotic and somnambule clairvoyance (i. 190—332). He proves his case, though in so doing he does not in any sense exhaust the reserve of available data. If, now, this Higher Self has overshadowed our “*waking consciousness*” from the start, may it not have overshadowed many other such consciousnesses in the past. Our author answers in the affirmative, rightly regarding metempsychosis as almost a corollary of the doctrine of this spiritual overshadowing. Touching on the theories of Hartmann and Schopenhauer he observes: “Pessimism is true for the individual, but Optimism for the race, and for the Transcendental Subject *which enters into the inheritance of the earthly life*” (ii. 220). Among other suggestive views is his theory of the true lovetmatch as brought about by a birth-seeking Ego requiring an heredity which only two given persons are able to afford. This constitutes the “metaphysical” as opposed to the “physical” marriage. Hartmann had previously shown that the springs of sexual love in part well up from a sphere beyond consciousness and subserve other aims than those of the enamoured couple. Du Prel has localised the source of this impulse in the transcendental will of the soul demanding rebirth. Hence the illusions of the lovers who measure their future happiness by what they believe to be an emotion originated by themselves. Abstract its metaphysical *raison d'être* and such love becomes what Rosalind called it “merely madness.”

“Who loves, raves—’tis youth’s frenzy—but the cure  
Is bitterer still, as *charm by charm unwinds*  
*Which robed our idols*, and we see too sure  
Nor worth nor beauty (*sic*) dwells from out the mind’s  
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds  
*The fatal spell and still it draws us on.* . . .”—BYRON, *Childe Harold*, C. iv.

#### 9. The Argument from the “Dignity of Man.”

The following argument is of an ancillary character, but it ought to appeal to all minds which accept immortality as a postulate of the moral intuition. It is simple but effective. Metempsychosis vanquishes that standing objection to soul-survival founded on the caprice and vice

by which so many infants are ushered into the world. As Kant has put it:—

“Generation in the human race as well as among the irrational animals depends upon so many accidents—of occasion, of proper sustenance, of the laws enacted by the government of a country, of vice even, that it is difficult to believe in the eternal existence of a being whose life has begun under conditions so mean and trivial. . . . it would seem as if we could hardly look for so wonderful an outcome of causes so insignificant.” (Critique.)

As an offset to this difficulty the philosopher of Königsberg marshals his convictions of the ideality of time and presentation. His answer will not silence the modern cynic. Metempsychosis alone is competent to do so. It raises the matter altogether out of the domain of human folly and vice. No birth-seeking Ego, no birth.

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We have now completed our bird's eye view of the case for Metempsychosis. But before taking leave of the subject, it remains to throw out a tentative suggestion as to the relations of this great truth to the world-problem.

According to Hegel, the World Spirit would never have undertaken the labour of creation except in the hope of attaining to clear self-consciousness. But it is impossible to regard the evolution of conscious units *in connection with organism* as the final expression of that purpose. Nor, indeed, would the Hegelian dialectic admit of such a view. It justly disallows finality to any cut and dried exposition of the *raison d'être* of the Universe. Philosophers must confine themselves to formulating the problem a little more clearly than their predecessors. “The truth is in the whole”—not in the aspect.

Now, the preponderance of pain over pleasure which reaches its consummation in Man, excludes the possibility that consciousness *as known to us* constitutes an end in itself. But the World-Spirit does not build only to destroy; the millstones of Evolution do not grind to no account; the world-factory does not resound with a vain activity, which turns out no finished product. To what ulterior end does the consciousness of the terrestrial organism serve as a stepping-stone? The temptation to hazard some sort of answer is irresistible.

The ultimate dissipation of our Solar system into fire-mist will not simply restore the *status quo ante*. Physically speaking it may, and probably will; but with the physical side of things it is not our immediate province to deal. A further consideration is forthcoming. The vast material mechanism before running down will have done its work—it will have served as the theatre of processes which are now growing a crop of human souls. The harvest of Evolution will be a legion of Egos perfected through suffering and rich with the experience gleaned in the



course of infinitely varied rebirths.\* For on the unity of the Transcendental Subject the worthier memories of all lives are strung as pearls upon a string. What a range of ideation is suggested! First the animal ego, educated by tardy processes into the grade of a human soul; then the human soul warring against its inherited animal bias until it recognizes the God within it and, the bondage of Karma being renounced,

“the dew-drop slips into the shining sea.”

(EDWIN ARNOLD.)

As all Egos primarily emerge from the impersonal unity of Spirit, to that unity they must eventually return. Soaked with experience each ray is reflected back to its source. Nirvana is, thus, the “goal to which the whole creation moves.” Needless to say it is no annihilation, but the absolute culmination of spiritual being. Represent individual consciousness as a bounded circle and imagine that circle not vanishing but expanding to infinity, and you will have a symbolic conception of the glorified existence of Nirvana—that state in which

“the Universe grows ‘I,’”

and phenomenally sundered Egos are fused into unity. Consciousness is necessarily permanent in Nirvana, though not as with us in the form of a “self” radically contrasted with other “selves.” Nevertheless, intimate as must be the coalescence of any given Ego with its fellows, the experience which it has accumulated during its long planetary pilgrimage serves in a measure to differentiate it from the rest. In the unity of Nirvana Spirit attains to complete self-realisation through the perfected Egos now restored to It. Perchance the drama of Evolution has this end as its justification, and tends in consequence, as M. Rénan† has suggested, to the perfection of Deity. Hegel’s profoundly significant teaching to the effect that the Absolute is “*essentially result*”‡ cannot in this connection be too strongly insisted upon. Finality, however, in speculations such as these is beside the question.

EDWARD DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

\* What the average duration of the interval between rebirths may be we have obviously no means of determining. But it has been stated on the authority of Eastern Initiates that 1,500—2,000 years is the normal period of post-mortem rest allotted to Man before his weary terrestrial pilgrimage recommences.

† “L’œuvre universelle de tout ce qui vit est de faire Dieu parfait, de contribuer à la grande résultante définitive qui clora le cercle des choses par l’unité.” (Dialogues).

‡ “Phenomenology.” The “result” is that of the passage of Spirit from “*substance*” to “*subject*.” The apparent paradise merely represents Hegel’s method of presenting great truths in a garb calculated to provoke thought.

## MY FATE.

## A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY.

I WAS lying upon the beach, near the edge of the sea. It was a wonderful afternoon. Indeed, there was something inexpressibly strange about it. Although it was the last day of August, the weather was such as befitted a day in early June.

It had been remarkably fine for more than a week, after a lengthened spell of most unseasonable, tempestuous weather. Therefore, this sudden calmness, under which the world appeared to sleep, was all the more extraordinary. The prevailing heat and stillness of the previous week seemed to be concentrated in that breathless day. Not a wave of wind had broken the death-like slumber of the earth, from the waking of the dawn till the night again drew round its curtain over the world and all its teeming life. Nature indeed, appeared to hold her breath, as in a trance.

Not a sound fell on the ear, save those at the hand of busy men and then their echoes seemed to dwell mysteriously upon the spell-bound air.

Not a cloud was to be discerned. Not one had expanded its snowy wreath upon the heavens, from the evaporation of the morning's mist, until the shroud of darkness had again crept over the earth that seemed to fade and mingle with the ebony of space.

From the rising of the sun above the eastern sea, until its setting below the western hills, its course had been marked by a ceaseless glare. It appeared as though the world, by some fell fate, were doomed to bear the overpowering blaze for ever.

And yet the sky was one deep blue. It was a strange, un-English tint. I never saw it so pronounced before, and never since. I had read of the depth of the Italian sky, and had doubted its intensity. When I had witnessed it, at length, and had been convinced, I never believed that I should see its fascinating beauty approached in my native country.

But now I was dumbfounded. No sky of Italy was lovelier than that into which I gazed, upon that memorable autumn afternoon. I looked above me to the Heavens, in speechless awe and wonder. Its azure brilliancy was phenomenal.

As I roamed through the gorgeous open country, and had walked along the shady, winding lanes, towards the sea-beach, I had noticed that the trees were so perfectly still that they might have been petrified at the power of some magical spell. Not a tremor of a bough could be

discerned ; not a rustle of a leaf was heard. Even the birds were tuneless, and had sought their nests, as though from a sense of approaching disaster.

With a book before me, I had meditatively wandered to the glistening beach. I had descended from the overhanging heights of the mighty cliffs that reared their heads sheer hundred feet into the sky. I had stood for awhile entranced, as I turned from the pages I was reading, and gazed upon the sea beneath, and across the yawning ocean, spreading on either hand to a vast horizon.

Its deep, blue waters were silent ; level as a sheet of glass. Not even a ripple drifted here and there upon the ocean's face. Its dazzling mirror was unruffled.

Not the lightest breath of wind fanned my cheeks as I stood there hundreds of feet in the upper air. The flag suspended from the flagstaff on the topmost cliff hung absolutely motionless.

I looked around me across the death-still ocean.

Just the faintest veil of mist floated upon the farthest distance of the sea. Two ships were lying off the bay. They were as motionless as rocks. Every sail dropped uselessly from yard or spar, or clung against the masts as though they had been nailed there. Not another sign of life was to be seen upon the slumbering waters. Those vessels seemed to be enchanted, as though some awful ban had been pronounced against them and their crews.

I turned to my book again, at length, and descended to the beach. Around me lay huge boulders, fallen from the lofty bluffs that seemed to overshadow me. The weeds that dangled from the rocks in dark and tangled tresses were parched and looked like dead. The world seemed scorching up beneath the sun's remorseless rays. Little pools of water filled the numerous holes—that appeared to have been bored into the rocks by human hands—where many a tiny fish disported till the rising tide should free them from their close captivity.

I walked to the sea's bright edge, and watched the tide as it slowly sank along the shore. Not even a ripple sighed upon the shimmering strand. Truly the sea was all but dead.

I gazed again upon those distant ships. They had not moved. They lay like logs upon the offing, where the sun's fierce shafts shot down as flames of fire.

I was alone. Not a soul was to be seen. Not even a seagull kept me company.

Throwing my book upon the shingle, I lay between two rocks, and read. My soul was filled with a strange, unutterable feeling. I was soothed by the silence of the world. The peacefulness of nature had always worked a mystic influence upon me. Under the gentle awakening of the day, when the sun peeped through the fading dawn, or beneath the shadowy sleep of night, the earth's repose had ever filled

me with a strange emotion. My spirit, as it seemed, would fly from me, and soar above the clouds to spheres beyond. I seemed to free myself from the fetters of my fleshly frame, to find a peace which the noisy world of men denied me. That essence of good which hangs, as it were, upon the universe, pervading it, came strongly to my yearning bosom, bidding it nobly live and hope ; and in the air a whisper seemed to answer all the strivings of my restless soul, which *here* could find no satisfaction. I felt in touch with God ; as though I grasped Immensity-Eternity !

That inward calm swelled doubly strong within me on that afternoon. There was something so unusual in the scene. Besides, it was a curious story I was reading ; and it brought to my bosom, with tenfold force the aspirations that gave my life an object ; that afforded the only desire to live, in fact.

Mine had already been a strange, eventful history, although I had not long entered into manhood.

My spirit had fought a dreadful battle against misfortune and shattered hopes, and against the perverseness of my nature. Adversity however, had refined my soul, although my troubles often seemed to quench all hope, and destroy all chance of victory. Frequently had I stood upon despair's steep brink, peering with bloodshot eyes into the yawning precipice of Death, and what might lie beyond its pierceless gloom. But I had gained fresh strength at last, by faith and hope ; and turning away from the fatal edge, had walked into the world again to face its possibilities. And I was at peace save for one thing ; that I was lonely in the world, and found no heart to throb with mine, that beat with boundless love.

I had striven desperately with myself. My inmost life had been a ceaseless warfare. Often had I fallen from my good resolves, to look back upon my erring path with sadness, and feel the sting of a reproachful conscience. But grimly girding up my will, feeling fresh courage at every battle won, and convinced that a better part, an essence of the God-like, dwelt in the heart of every man, however base, I wrestled with my lower nature, until I held my spirit in control.

As to reasoning, my speculations on the mysteries of Creation had undergone extraordinary changes, downward and onward. I had always cultivated the habit of thinking. I had always been of an enquiring and imaginative disposition. In my sorrows and reverses, I had passed through the silent, pathless deserts of materialism. But there my thirsty soul was famishing. I found no peace, I heard no answer to my cry. I was lost in the region where all is shadow and despair.

Emerging from the world of doubt and darkness, I had entered at last into the bright and wondrous spheres of mysticism.

There I was comforted. There I assuaged my burning thirst. I saw God in every work of nature ; filling the universe, filling my yearning

soul, and driving its evil passions out. Everything that I looked upon or touched was a miracle to me ; and God was in the whole !

Immediately my life had another purpose. I had but *existed* previously. I now felt that there could be no satisfaction, neither was there any nobleness, in merely living. I beheld Eternity behind me, and before me, and that I floated on its trackless sea. I at once perceived the importance of my life, to my Creator, my fellow creatures, and myself ; and knew that I must spend it well. I was convinced that truth was only learnt by thought ; that victory was only won by labour ; that Heaven was only gained by love. Forthwith, the gloomy aspect of the world dispersed, and in my eyes lay as an eternal sunlight. The problem of existence—if not completely solved, was at least sufficiently clear to me to lead me on towards my goal unflinchingly, sustained by joy, in fervent hope. Something within told me that existence was *not* valueless. That was enough ; it was everything to me.

But I had not altogether found consolation. One thing I wanted to complete my life, and that was a day-star upon this earth, to guide me onward, up to Heaven.

I felt a void within my heart, that only some one's love could fill. I had looked in countless faces as I trod the world ; and one or two I thought could have soothed my pain. But they had passed me in the hurrying stream of life, and drifted from me as I walked, only to live again in the silent moments of remembrance.

I keenly felt my loneliness. My sympathies seemed wasted in my very love. My energies seemed worthless in my very strength. My life appeared to be a selfish one ; and melancholy often haunted me ; I felt I could be twice the man, did but a ministering angel cross my path, to fan my bosom's slumbering fires to flame, to rouse my noblest parts to action. I yearned for one in whom I could seek solace in my cares ; one for whom my life could live ; whose life would live for me !

Should I always fight on in this desertedness, I often asked myself ? Would the years of my bravest manhood pass away unsatisfied ? Would the silent grave close over me, with what I deemed my noblest aim unrealised ? The thought was hard to bear, and made me downcast as I searched my heart.

Am I not telling the pain in many a human breast ?

And yet I felt that some day she would come, and free me from my thrall ; that it would be my fate at last. And in my frequent reveries, I pictured her within my mind ; until at length I seemed to live upon my fancies, as though she actually existed, and I communed with her.

She would be beautiful and gentle when I saw her in the flesh, I said. My life would be transformed from the moment that I gazed into her thoughtful eyes.

Such became my constant dream, at length ; and so distinct was my imagination, that I had painted a picture of her lovely face !

I treasured it, and lived for it ; because I knew that some day we should meet.

Beneath the picture I had written just these words—My Fate—and left a space to fill in with her name.

Strange fancy ! But it soothed my secret sorrow. My thoughts were far away from such a day-dream now, however. I was deeply buried in the story I was reading. My soul was engrossed in the mysteries of science and philosophy.

The tide had fallen and was rising again. But I had read on through the hours, heedless both of sea and land. Those vessels were still becalmed, and were slowly fading in the haze that crept upon the stagnant sea. The sun had set behind the giant cliffs, that now seemed mightier in their silent shadows as the deepening twilight fell upon the scene. The faintest blush of red was lingering in the heavens, above the cliff's high, rugged edge, showing where the wondrous orb had sunk in all its crimson glory. The evening mist was already stealing over the mainland, heralding the approach of night.

But I was oblivious to the world. I was living in worlds unknown but in imagination, as I read through page and page of the absorbing volume. I had come to the final chapter of the story. I had reached the last page. I had arrived at the concluding passage of the work. It was this—

“ In fact, the secrets of Creation, within the Universe, the world, ourselves, are quite beyond the human understanding. The further we explore into the land of shadows, the more bewildering becomes the way. The more we learn, the more we are confounded by our ignorance. The more we think, the more we are distracted by conflicting theories. The higher we soar above the earth, the greater is our sense of littleness. The more of God we drink into our souls, the deeper is our humbleness. Existence is a paradox. As we examine it, so are we baffled. Nothing is impossible in Creation. Nature's handiworks are miracles to us. The more we investigate them, the more we wonder. All is a riddle, inexplicable. We feel that God is in us. We can only live in the hope of some day peering through the gloom that we call Death, and viewing the vast unknown beyond. We must live nobly, lifted up by Faith. Reason teaches us that. And Faith can only come through *Love* ! ”

I closed the book and raised my eyes involuntarily. I shrank back with a sudden start. There, before me—between me and the fading blush that still was lingering in the sky, and seemed to fold her in a halo—stood the loveliest creature I had ever gazed upon !

Her eyes met mine. And as they did, I felt my fate had come at last ! I trembled. Had I gazed upon an apparition ? My heart beat wildly, for I recognised her face !

Was it a dream ; had I fallen asleep over my book ? No. That which stood before me motionless and silent—*was herself !*

An indefinable emotion filled my bosom. My blood coursed hotly through my veins. What was it that possessed me ?

I could not shake the fascination off. I knew the face ! And as I looked upon it, every passion in me seemed at warfare. An unquenchable longing, adoration, love had seized me !

How had she come there, without my hearing footsteps on the shingle ? Was it a spirit that had visited me ? And for her to stand before me at the moment when I closed the book. Had I been so absorbed that I was dead to every sound ? What, too, had prompted her to stray to the lonely shore as such a time ?

It was *she !* The same fair hair, falling in golden streams upon her shoulders ; the same blue, pensive eyes ; the same sweet mouth, as I had painted in my fancies ! She was not alone. She held a little child by the hand. What brought her here, to burst upon my vision as a dream ? I only knew that my fate had come. I spoke to her at last. She answered me, but timidly.

My heart went out to hers as I listened to her voice !

She knew not what had brought her, with her little sister, to the beach, she told me. She had seen me reading on the shore, and wondered why I was alone. She had just got up to where I lay, and would have passed me, when I closed my book and met her gaze. As hers met mine, she felt mysteriously influenced.

We spoke for awhile, and then we wandered home, beneath the quickly deepening night. Was I still living in a dream ? I seemed entranced !

As I bade good-bye to her, and held her hand, I knew that I had met my fate !

I often saw her. I was miserable without her. I felt a new life thrilling through me when I stood before her.

She was the loveliest and gentlest of creatures. She was my day-star, my ideal. And as my love increased for her, I knew that I had won her own.

I looked at the picture on the wall. It was *her* face. *I had imagined the reality !* I did not tell her of my secret ; I did not show her the outcome of my curious fancy. I would conceal it till I could write her name upon it. No, she should fill it in herself.

Months flew by ; sweet months of dreams, and every day my passion had grown deeper. I often stood before the picture on the wall. I had lived for it before. I was living for its *likeness* now !

\* \* \* \* \*

My fate had come. At last I clasped her to my bosom as my bride !

She was an angel surely. I was living a new life. My only earthly longing was fulfilled. My sympathies were responded to. My aspira-

tions were encouraged. I found the sweetest solace in my cares. I had the dearest partner to my joys.

I was twice the man I had been, and suddenly I had accomplished one of my life's chief objects. It brought me fame and fortune; and I thought and spoke of her with tenfold pride, because I knew that she aroused me to the deed.

Our lives were linked together; our hearts were one. She told me that I won her heart when first she saw me on the beach. She knew not how or why, but something seemed to prompt her to the shore that evening. Surely we were destined for each other!

Truly had I read that "The secrets in the universe, the world, ourselves, are quite beyond the human understanding!"

\* \* \* \* \*

One day I took a picture from a box where I had hidden it.

"Whose face is that?" I asked.

She started back. "Who painted it?" she said.

"I did—*before I ever saw you!* Have I not drawn it faithfully?"

She bowed her head, and then she looked into my face.

"It is the picture of my dreams," I said. "You haunted me for many a day, before I found my rest in *that*. I lived for it, and worshipped it; for I knew that we should meet some day. See what I wrote beneath it; and are you not my fate? Look, too, at the space I left for your pretty signature—write it in now while I stand beside and watch you."

"Not yet," she said—"in twelve months' time. See if the picture is like me then; see if you love me then as now."

I kissed her and I let her have her whim.

\* \* \* \* \*

In twelve months' time I was a ruined man. Ruined, not in riches, but in peace of mind. My day-star was fading. She was desperately ill. I had been frantic in my grief and fears. I had hovered by her bedside night and day. I could not leave her, for her life was mine. I wrung my hands in agony.

Would she be taken from me, and I be left alone again? I groaned to Heaven in my anguish!

It was an autumn afternoon, and beautifully calm; just such a day as when we met upon that beach within the dusk. The birds were hushed: the trees were still; the world was scarcely breathing in the sun's warm glow.

She lay by the open window that looked down upon the glittering shore, and across the ocean, now so still. She took my hand in hers. My heart was breaking with its woe—"Am I like the picture *now*?" she whispered.

She was more beautiful than ever. Something unearthly glistened in her lustrous eyes.

"And do you love me as you did?" she asked.



I clasped her hands and wildly wept. I could not speak. My heart was breaking. "Fetch me the picture—I will write my name upon it now," she said.

I brought it and placed it on the bed before her. It was the very image of herself.

The pen was in her hand. She gazed into my eyes—it was a loving, lingering gaze, and an angel's smile lit up her heavenly features.

Her fingers rested on the picture. Suddenly a sigh fell on my ears ; and softly falling back upon her pillow—she was dead !

I was alone in all the world again. I shrieked in my despair, and fell upon her face, insensible ! My heart was broken !

She was too beautiful, too gentle for this earth. She belonged to heaven, from whence she must have come to me.

Twelve months had passed to the very day !

The picture was unsigned !

\* \* \* \* \*

When I recovered from my fever, they gently led me to her grave Above her name two words were carved—My Fate.

I am an old man now, and only wait to meet her. As I had lived for her in life, I live for her in memory still. No other heart has filled the void she left when she was torn from me. It could not.

I often wander by the sea, upon that lonely shore. And when the evening falls upon the silent scene, I fancy that I see her stand before me, just as I saw her when I closed the book.

Sometimes I feel that she is hovering near me ; whispering comfort, whispering hope. I may be dreaming ; but it seems so true. I often look upon the picture on the wall. Its pensive eyes seem gazing into mine, and seem to say—

Live on in hope, in patience wait  
Thro' Life's brief span of bliss and pain ;  
The grave but shadows o'er the Gate  
Where love that lives, shall live again !

Was she an angel sent from Heaven to guide me there ? I know not, but I feel that I shall know some day.

I have no further care of life. I only await the summons that 'shall beckon me away—to meet her !

JOSIAH R. MALLETT, F.T.S.



## Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

"TRACES OF INDIA IN ANCIENT EGYPT."

PART III.—(*Continued.*)

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE TRIAD.

**P**HOTIUS observes that the Triad is the first odd number in energy, is the first perfect number, and is a middle and analogy.

The Pythagoreans referred it to Physiology; it is the cause of all that has the triple dimension.

It is also the cause of good counsel, intelligence, and knowledge, and is a Mistress of Music, mistress also of Geometry, possesses authority in whatever pertains to Astronomy and the nature and knowledge of the heavenly bodies and connects and leads them into effects.

Every virtue also is suspended from it and proceeds from it.

In Mythology it is referred by Nichomachus to:

1. Saturn, Time, past, present, and future. 2. Latona. 3. The Horn of Amalthea, the nurse of Jupiter. 4. Polyhymnia, among the Muses.

Number being more increased by multiplication than it is by addition, the number 3 is, properly speaking, the first number, as neither the Duad nor Monad are so increased.

It is a "Middle and Analogy" because all comparisons consist of three terms, at least; and analogies were called by the ancients "middles."

It was considered the Mistress of Geometry because the triangle is the principal of Figures.

With regard to the Heavenly bodies, the number Three is important; there are 3 quaternions of the celestial signs, the fixed, the movable, and the common.

In every Zodiacal sign also there are 3 faces, and 3 decans, and 3 lords of their Triplicity; and among the planets there are 3 Fortunes; and 3 Infortunes; according to the Chaldeans also, there are 3 ethereal worlds prior to the sphere of our Fixed Stars.

On account of the perfection of the Triad, oracles were delivered from a Tripod, as is related of the Oracle at Delphi.

With regard to Music, 3 is said to be Mistress because Harmony contains 3 symphonies, the

Diapason, the Diapente, and the Diatessaron.

Ezekiel, xiv., v. 14, mentions 3 men who saw a creation, destruction, and a restoration; Noah of the whole world, Daniel of the Jewish world Jerusalem, and Job of his private world.

Note the Hindoo Trinity of Brahma, who consists of Brahma, Vishnu and Siva; Creator, Preserver, and Changer.

The living were of old called "the 3 times blessed" (the dead 4 times blessed).

There were Three cities of Refuge on each side of the Jordan.

Three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos.

„ Furies: Tisiphone, Alecto, Megæra.

„ Graces: Euphrosyne, Aglaia, Thalia; says Hesiod.

„ Judges of Hades: Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus.

„ Horæ: Hesiod says they were Eunomia (Order), Dike (Justice), Eirene (Peace).


Jupiter's thunder is "triformis." Hecate is always called "triple."



Neptune's spear is a trident.

Pluto's dog Cerberus had 3 heads.

There were Three founders of the Roman Empire; Romulus, B.C. 753, Camillus, B.C. 389, expelled the Gauls, and Caius Marius, B.C. 102, who overthrew the hordes of Cambrians and Teutons.

The Jewish Rabbis say that the Sword of Death has 3 drops of Gall one drops in the mouth and the man dies, from the second comes the pallor of death, and the 3rd turns the carcase to dust. See Purchas, "The Pilgrimage," 1613.

 A letter Yod within an equilateral triangle was a symbol of the ineffable name Jehovah, and was so used by the Jews.

The moderns have pointed out that this form suggests the idea that they knew something of a triune God. Other monograms of Jehovah were also triple; thus 3 rays , and the Shin , and three jods in a triangle.

Under the number 3 also we may in passing mention the Royal Arch sign, the "Triple Tau," three T T T united: the manner of its explanation, and the ideas which it represents, are not fit matters for description in this work. Note also 3 stones of the arch, 3 Principals and 3 Sojourners; 3 Veils; and in the Craft Lodges, 3 officers, 3 degrees, 3 perambulations.

In the Roman Cultus, the number 3 is of constant occurrence, as for example see Virgil, Eclogue 8, The Pharmaceutria; the priests used a cord of 3 coloured strands, and an image was carried 3 times round an altar.

"Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore."

The Druids also paid a constant respect to this number; and even their poems are noted as being composed in Triads.

Indeed it is impossible to study any single system of worship throughout the world, without being struck by the peculiar persistence of the triple number in regard to divinity; whether as a group of deities a triformed, or 3 headed god, a Mysterious Triunity, a deity of 3 powers, or a family relationship of 3 Persons such as the Father Mother and Son of the Egyptians, Osiris, Isis and Horus.

And again in the various faiths we see the chief Dignity given in turn to each person of the Triad: some rejoice in the patriarchal unity, some in the greater glory of the Son, and others again lavish all their

adoration on the Great Mother ; even in trinities of coequal males, each has his own special worshippers, note this especially among the Hindoos, where for example the followers of Vishnu are called Vaishnavas : to complicate matters too, in this case each deity has his female potency or sakti, and these also have their own adherents.

#### THE TETRAD. 4.

The Pythagoreans, said Nicomachus, call the number four "the greatest miracle," "a God after another manner," "a manifold divinity," the "fountain of Nature," and its "key bearer." It is the "introducer and cause of the permanency of the Mathematical discipline." It is "most masculine" and "robust;" it is Hercules, and Æolus. It is Mercury, Vulcan and Bacchus. Among the Muses, Urania. They also called it Feminine, effective of Virility, and an Exciter of Bacchic fury. In harmony it was said to form by the quadruple ratio, the symphony disdiapason. They called it Justice, as the first evenly even number.

As a type of Deity, we all know of the famous Hebrew title Tetragrammaton or unpronounceable name Jehovah IHVH : this name was disclosed by the Kabbalistic Rabbis as a blind to the populace, and to hide their secret tenets.

Almost all the peoples of Antiquity possessed a name for Deity consisting of four letters, and many of them considered 4 to be a Divine number, thus:—

Hebrew Yehovah IHVH, and IHIH called Eheie, and AHIH called Aheie.

Assyrian ADAD.	German GOTT.
Egyptian AMUN.	French DIEU.
Persians SYRE or SIRE,	Turkish ESAR.
Greek THEOS,	Tartar ITGA.
Latin DEUS,	Arabian ALLH, Allah.

Samarian JABE see Theodoret.

Egyptian TEUT, TAUT, THOTH.

In Sanchoniathon we find the Deity called IEVO.

In Clemens Alexandrinus „ „ „ JAOU.

The Tetractys says, Theo of Smyrna in the edition of Ismael Bullialdo 1644, page 147, was not only principally honoured by the Pythagoreans because all symphonies exist within it, but also because it appears to contain the nature of all things, hence their oath "Not by him who delivered to our souls the Tetractys" (that is Pythagoras) this tetractys is seen in the COMPOSITION of the first numbers 1. 2. 3. 4.

But the 2nd Tetractys arises from the increase by MULTIPLICATION of odd and even numbers beginning from the Monad.

The 3rd subsists according to Magnitude.

The 4th is in simple Bodies, Monad-Fire, Duad-Air, Triad-Water Tetrad-Earth.

The 5th is of the figures of Bodies, Pyramid-Fire, Octahedron-Air, Icosahedron-Water, Cube-Earth.

The 6th of Vegetative Life, Seed-Monad or point; if it increase in length—duad-line; in breadth—triad-superficies; in thickness—tetrad-solid.

The 7th is of Communities; as Man, House, Street, City.

The 8th is the Judicial power. Intellect, Science, Opinion, Sense.

The 9th is of the parts of the Animal, the Rational, Irascible and Epithymetic soul, and the Body they live in.

The 10th Tetractys is of the Seasons of the Year, spring, summer, autumn, winter.

The 11th Tetractys is of the Ages of Man, the infant, the lad, the man, and the senex.

And all are proportional one to another and hence they said "all things are assimilated to number."

They also gave a four-fold distribution of goods to the soul and Body, to the Soul, Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Justice; and to the Body Acuteness of senses, Health, Strength, Beauty.

The Objects of desire are 4: viz., Prosperity, Renown, Power, Friendship.

The celebrated 4 Causes of Aristotle, may be mentioned here:

Divinity as the cause—by which; or  $\nu\pi' \text{ ou}$  up ou.

Matter—from which; or  $\epsilon\xi \text{ ou}$  ex ou.

Form—through which; or  $\delta\iota' \text{ ou}$  di ou.

Effect—with reference to which; or  $\pi\rho\sigma \text{ ou}$  pros ou.

The Dead also are called 4 times Blessed; and the Living but thrice blessed.

The number 4 being the completion of the quaternary group of point, line, superficies and body, has also this character that its elements 1, 2, 3, and 4 when summed up are equal to 10, which is so perfect that we can go no further, but to increase we must return to the Monad.

It was also called Kosmos, the World, because it formed the number 36, when its digits were thus combined:

$$1+2=3$$

$$3+4=7$$

$$5+6=11$$

$$7+8=15$$

---


$$36$$

being the sum of the first four odd numbers with the first four even numbers.

Plutarch, De Anim. Procr. 1027, says the world consists of a double Quaternary; 4 of the intellectual World, T'Agathon, Nous, Psyche and Hyle; that is Supreme Wisdom or Goodness, Mind, Soul, Matter, and four of the Sensible world, forming the Kosmos of Elements, Fire, Air, Earth and Water; pur, aer, ge and udor:  $\pi\upsilon\rho$ ,  $\alpha\eta\rho$ ,  $\gamma\eta$ ,  $\upsilon\delta\omega\rho$ .

Four is the number of the moons or satellites of Jupiter and Uranus.

The Arabians analysed Female Beauty into nine fours ; as :

Four Black	— Hair,	eyebrows,	eyelashes,	eyes.
Four White	— Skin,	white of the eyes,	teeth,	legs.
Four Red	— Tongue,	lips,	cheeks,	gums.
Four round	— Head,	neck,	forearms,	anles.
Four long	— Back,	fingers,	arms,	legs.
Four wide	— Forehead,	eyes,	seat,	lips.
Four fine	— Eyebrows,	nose,	lips,	fingers.
Four thick	— Buttocks,	thighs,	calves,	knees.
Four small	— Breasts,	ears,	hands,	feet.

See Lane, Arabian Nights.

In the Rosicrucian writings of Behmen, Fludd, and Meyer, we find the occult dogma that the four elements are peopled by spirits, beings who may have influence on the destiny of Man ; thus the Earth was inhabited by Gnomes ; the Air was inhabited by Sylphs ; the Fire was inhabited by Salamanders ; and the Water by Undines ; these are now commonly called "Elementals." See *Lives of the Necromancers*, W. Godwin ; *Michael Maier* ; *Jacob Behmen's Works*.

The existence of Elementals, scoffed at by the educated classes, is really suggested in a large number of places in both Old and New Testaments, the inspired volume of the Christians : examine, for example, Judges ix. 23 ; I. Samuel xvi. 14 ; Psalm lxxviii. 49 ; Acts xvi. 16, xix. 13, xxvii. 23 ; Ephesians vi. 12, ii. 2.

Francis Barrett mentions the 4 Consecrated Animals, Lion, Eagle, Man and Calf, emblems of the Kerubim on the terrestrial plane ; 4 Archangels, Michael, Gabriel, Uriel, Raphael ; note, all end in the Deity name, el, *i.e.* AL, of the Hebrews.

But above all consider the meaning of the Canticle "Benedicite omnia opera" in the book of Common Prayer, "O ye stars, O ye showers and dew, O ye fire and heat, O ye winds, O ye green things, O ye mountains and hills, bless ye the Lord, praise him and magnify him for ever." These phrases are either folly, or else they recognise the spiritual essences or beings inherent in the elements and created things. Again, read hymn 269 in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, a most orthodox volume. "Principalities and powers, watch for thy unguarded hours," and hymn 91, "Christian dost thou see them, on the holy ground, how the troops of Midian compass thee around." If these are not the evil elementals, what are they ?

The Gnostics said that all their edifice rested on a 4 pillared Basis ; Truth, Intelligence, Silence, Bathos.

Note the Earth was formed on the 4th day, according to the allegory found in the Jewish "Genesis."

The figure of 4, as Ragon remarks, is the upright man, carrying the triangle or Divinity, a type of the Trinity of Godhead.

- Note 4 elements, 4 sides of a square and 4 angles ;
- 4 qualities, cold, hot, dry, damp, 4 humours ;
- 4 seasons of the year ; 4 quarters of the horizon ;
- 4 Rivers of Eden ; Euphrates, Gihon, Hiddekel and Pison ;
- 4 Rivers of the Infernal Regions ; Phlegethon, Cocytus, Styx and Acheron ;
- 4 elements of Metaphysics ; Being, essence, virtue, action.
- 4 Masonic virtues.
- 4 Evangelists and Gospels ; Matthew, Mark, Luke, John.

One of the abstruse dogmas of the Kabbalah concerns the Four Worlds of Emanation ; Atziluth, Briah, Yetzirah and Assiah ; these are not worlds in any ordinary sense, but rather planes of development and existence, the former the most diaphanous and exalted, the others becoming more and more concrete and manifest ; the ten Sephiroth exist on each plane, those of the higher planes being more sublime than those of the lowest ; each world has a secret name and number.

Vulcan gave Apollo and Diana arrows on the 4th day of their Nativity : this says Sir Thomas Browne is the Gentile equivalent to the Creation of the Sun and Moon on the 4th day.

#### THE PENTAD, 5.

From the Nicomachean Extracts we derive our knowledge of the Pythagorean doctrine of the number five.

It is an eminently spherical and circular number because in every multiplication, it restores itself and is found terminating the number ; it is change of Quality, because it changes what has three dimensions into the sameness of a sphere by moving circularly and producing light : and hence

“Light” is referred to the number 5.

Also it is the “Privation of Strife” because it unites in friendship the two forms of number even and odd ; the 2 and 3. Also Justice from throwing things into the light.

Also the “unconquered” from a geometrical reason which may be found in Alexander Aphrodisiensis, Commentaries on the 1st Book of Aristotle’s Metaphysics.

Also the “Smallest extremity of Vitality” because there are three powers of Life, vegetable, psychical, and rational ; and as the Rational is arranged according to the hebdomad, and the Psychical according to the hexad, so the Vegetative power falls under the control of the Pentad.

Proclus on Hesiod gives two reasons for its semblance to Justice “because it punishes wrong, and takes away inequality of possession, and also equalizes what is less, to benefit.”

Also named Nemesis, for it arranges in an appropriate manner all things celestial, divine and natural.

And Venus, because the male 3 triad and the female 2 or dual, odd and even are conjoined in it: Venus was sometimes considered hermaphrodite, and was bearded as well as full bosomed.

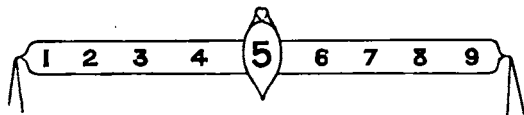
And Gamelia, that is referring to marriage.

And Androgynia, being odd and masculine, yet containing an even female part.

Also a "Demi-goddess," because it is half of the Decad, which is a divinity. And "Didymus" because it divides the Decad into two equal parts. But they called it Pallas, and Immortal, because Pallas presides over the Ether, or 5th Element (akasa) which is indestructible, and is not *material* to our present senses. And Cardiatis or Cordialis, because like a heart it is in the middle of the body of the numbers, thus:—

1	4	7
2	5	8
3	6	9

The ancients had a maxim "Pass not above the beam of the balance," that is—be not cause of injury; for they said let the members in a series form a Balance Beam



thus when a weight depresses the Beam, an obtuse angle is formed by the Depressed side and the Tongue Vertical, and an acute angle on the other. Hence it is worse to do, than to suffer injury, and the authors of injury sink down to the infernal regions, but the injured rise to the gods. Since however injustice pertains to inequality, equalization is necessary which is effected by addition and subtraction.

Plutarch in his treatise on the Generation of the Soul according to Plato, states that the Pentad is called "trophos" which equals Sound because the first of the intervals of a Tone which is capable of producing a sound, is the fifth; it is also a type of "Nature."

The Pentalpha or 5 pointed star, an endless complex set of angles, was the emblem of Health, Hygeia; it forms 5 copies of the capital letter A. It is also called the Pentacle, and erroneously the Seal of Solomon, and was said to be a device on the signet of the Ancient Grand Master of the Mysteries.



Kenneth Mackenzie remarks that being formed by the union of the first odd and even numbers, 5 was considered of peculiar value and used as an Amulet or Talisman powerful to preserve from evil, and when inscribed on a portal, could keep out evil spirits; it is found almost everywhere in Greece and Egypt.

The early Christians referred to the Pentad the 5 wounds of Christ.



Diodorus calls five "the union of the four elements with Ether." There are 5 orders of Architecture; and 5 Senses of the human body now commonly known and described (but the whole are seven). Geometry is technically called the 5th Science. In Masonry the grand scheme is the 5 points of Fellowship and note also 5 Brethren can hold a Fellowcrafts lodge. It is also called the Pyramid, from the arrangement of Monads, thus three below, then two, then one above them. Note the system of 5 regular Euclidean bodies, tetrahedron, hexahedron or cube, octohedron, dodekahedron and icosahedron.

The Emblem of health and safety the Pentacle, the Masons' signet mark (according to Stukely) was the device borne by Antiochus Soter on a war-banner, to which was ascribed the signal victory he obtained.

The Ancients esteemed this number as a measure for drinking, they mixed 5 parts of water with their wine, and Hippocrates added  $\frac{1}{2}$  of water to milk as a medical draught.

Phintys the daughter of Callicrates describes the Five virtues of a Wife: Mental and Bodily purity; abstaining from excess of ornament in dress; staying at home; refraining as females then did, from celebrating public mysteries; piety and temperance.

In Roman marriage ceremonies it was customary to light 5 tapers and to admit the guests by fives, see Plato in Leg. IV.

The Jews classed a Bride's attendants by fives—five wise and five foolish virgins.

Jewish references to five are many—5 gifts to the priests, 5 things which might only be eaten in the camp. Not to eat fruit from a tree until it was five years old. The trespass offering imposed on the Philistines, 5 golden emerods and 5 golden mice. Joseph gave Benjamin 5 suits of Raiment—Joseph presented only 5 of his brethren to Pharaoh. David took 5 pebbles when he went to fight Goliath.

There are Five Articles of Belief in the Mahometan faith—in Allah, in Angels, in the prophet, the day of judgment, and predestination.

The Five duties of a Member of the Christian church were stated by the Fathers: To keep holy the festivals; to observe the fasts; to attend public worship; to receive the Sacraments; and to adhere to the customs of the church.

St. Paul said he preferred to speak 5 words in a language understood by his hearers than 10,000 in an unknown tongue.

In arranging an Horoscope some astrologers used only 5 aspects of the planets—the conjunction, the opposite, sextile, trigonal and tetragonal; and the evil or good fortune of the person seemed to depend on them.

Among the Romans a display of 5 Wax Candles indicated that a Marriage was being celebrated; and special prayers were also made on such occasions to these 5 deities, Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Pitho, and Diana. See Rabelais, 3. 20.

One of the two main divisions of Flowering Plants is characterised by

a predominance of the numbers 4 and 5; these plants have almost a total absence of the numbers 3 and 6 in the component parts of their flowers. These are the Exogens or Dicotyledons; on the other hand the Monocotyledons or Endogens have a constant predominance of the numbers 3 and 6, and a total absence of 4 and 5 symmetry.

There are 5 kinds of intercolumniations in Architecture, mentioned by Vitruvius, determined by the proportions of height and diameter, viz: Pycnostyle, systyle, eustyle, diastyle, and aerostyle.

The Triad society of China, concerning which we find an article in the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, 1845, p. 165, boasts of great antiquity; it resembles Freemasonry in some points: five is a chief mystical number in its concerns. Its seal is pentangular, on its angles are 5 characters representing TOO or Saturn, MUH or Jupiter, SHWUY or Mercury, KIN or Venus, and HO or Mars.

In the Infernal World are 5 terrors and torments; Deadly bitterness, horrible howling, terrible darkness, unquenchable heat and thirst, and a penetrating stench; says poor old John Heydon quoting some mediæval father of the Church. He was admitted a Zelator among the Fratres Ros. Cru. but was never received among the Magistri.

Five styles of architectural columns are described: Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite.

Sir Thomas Browne, 1658, notes an ancient Greek division of vegetables into five classes:—

Dendron δένδρον, Arbor, Tree;

Thamnos θάμνος, Frutex, Bush;

Phriganon φρύγανον, Suffrutex, herb;

Poa ποα, Herba, grass; and

Askion or gymnon ασκιον or γυμνον, fungus, mushroom and sea weed.

Note the Quintuple section of a Cone—Circle, Ellipse, Parabola, Hyperbola, and Triangle. Agathe tuche, that is Good fortune, is the old title of Astrologers for the 5th house (succeedent) of the Heavens, as shewn in an Astrological Figure, and which refers to offspring, success in hazardous schemes of fortune or pleasure, and wealth.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B.

(To be continued.)



#### SPORTIANA.

“‘THEOSOPHIST’ on Nov. 9 won the Great Lancashire Handicap, over one mile, in 1 min. 47 2-5th sec. according to Benson’s chronograph, and credited his owner with £450.”

And now the breeze of *popularity* has wafted Theosophy upon the race track, good luck follows the name as it appears.—[Ed.]

## GENIUS.

"Genius! thou gift of Heaven, thou light divine!  
 Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine.  
 Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,  
 Oft damp thy vigour, and impede thy course;  
 And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain  
 Thy nobler efforts to contend with pain;  
 Or want, sad guest! . . ."—CRABBE.

**A**MONG many problems hitherto unsolved in the Mystery of Mind, stands prominent the question of Genius. Whence, and what is genius, its *raison d'être*, the causes of its excessive rarity? Is it indeed "a gift of Heaven"? And if so, why such gifts to one, and dullness of intellect, or even idiocy, the doom of another? To regard the appearance of men and women of genius as a mere accident, a prize of blind chance, or, as dependent on physical causes alone, is only thinkable to a materialist. As an author truly says, there remains then, only this alternative: to agree with the believer in a *personal* god "to refer the appearance of every single individual to a *special act of divine will and creative energy*," or "to recognize, in the whole succession of such individuals, one great act of some will, expressed in an eternal inviolable law."

Genius, as Coleridge defined it, is certainly—to every outward appearance, at least—"the faculty of growth"; yet to the inward intuition of man, it is a question whether it is genius—an abnormal aptitude of mind—that develops and grows, or the physical brain, its *vehicle*, which becomes through some mysterious process fitter to receive and manifest *from within outwardly* the innate and divine nature of man's over-soul. Perchance, in their unsophisticated wisdom, the philosophers of old were nearer truth than are our modern wiseacres, when they endowed man with a tutelar deity, a Spirit whom they called *genius*. The substance of this entity, to say nothing of its *essence*—observe the distinction, reader,—and the presence of both, manifests itself according to the organism of the person it informs. As Shakespeare says of the genius of great men—what we perceive of his substance "is not here"—

"For what you see is but the smallest part. . . .  
 But were the whole frame here,  
 It is of such a spacious, lofty pitch,  
 Your roof were not sufficient to contain it. . . ."

This is precisely what the Esoteric philosophy teaches. The flame of genius is lit by no anthropomorphic hand, save that of one's own Spirit. It is the very nature of the Spiritual Entity itself, of our *Ego*, which

keeps on weaving new life-woofs into the web of reincarnation on the loom of time, from the beginnings to the ends of the great Life-Cycle.\* This it is that asserts itself stronger than in the average man, through its personality ; so that what we call "the manifestations of genius" in a person, are only the more or less successful efforts of that EGO to assert itself on the outward plane of its objective form—the man of clay—in the matter-of-fact, daily life of the latter. The EGOS of a Newton, an Æschylus, or a Shakespeare, are of the same essence and substance as the Egos of a yokel, an ignoramus, a fool, or even an idiot; and the self-assertion of their informing *genii* depends on the physiological and material construction of the physical man. No Ego differs from another Ego, in its primordial or original essence and nature. That which makes one mortal a great man and of another a vulgar, silly person is, as said, the quality and make-up of the physical shell or casing, and the adequacy or inadequacy of brain and body to transmit and give expression to the light of the real, *Inner* man ; and this aptness or inaptness is, in its turn, the result of Karma. Or, to use another simile, physical man is the musical instrument, and the Ego, the performing artist. The potentiality of perfect melody of sound, is in the former—the instrument—and no skill of the latter can awaken a faultless harmony out of a broken or badly made instrument. This harmony depends on the fidelity of transmission, by word or act, to the objective plane, of the unspoken divine thought in the very depths of man's subjective or inner nature. Physical man may—to follow our simile—be a priceless Stradivarius, or a cheap and cracked fiddle, or again a mediocrity between the two, in the hands of the Paganini who ensouls him.

All ancient nations knew this. But though all had their Mysteries and their Hierophants, not all could be equally taught the great metaphysical doctrine ; and while a few elect received such truths at their initiation, the masses were allowed to approach them with the greatest caution and only within the farthest limits of fact. "From the DIVINE ALL proceeded Amun, the Divine Wisdom. . . give it not to the unworthy," says a Book of Hermes. Paul, the "wise *Master-BUILDER*,"† ( i *Cor.* III, 10 ) but echoes Thoth-Hermes when telling the Corinthians "We speak Wisdom among them that are perfect (the initiated) . . . *divine* Wisdom in a MYSTERY even the *hidden* Wisdom." (*Ibid.* II., 7.)

Yet, to this day the Ancients are accused of blasphemy and fetishism for their 'hero worship.' But have the modern historians ever fathomed the cause of such 'worship !' We believe not. Otherwise they would be the first to become aware that that which was 'worshipped,' or rather that to which honours were rendered was neither the man of clay, nor the *personality*—the Hero or Saint So-and-So, which still prevails in the

\* The period of one full *Manvantara* composed of Seven Rounds.

† A term absolutely theurgic, masonic and occult. Paul, by using it, declares himself an Initiate having the right to initiate others.

Roman Church, a church which beatifies the body rather than the soul—but the divine imprisoned Spirit, the *exiled* "god" *within* that personality. Who, in the profane world, is aware that even the majority of the magistrates (the *Archons* of Athens, mistranslated in the Bible as 'Princes')—whose official duty it was to prepare the city for such processions, were ignorant of the true significance of the alleged "worship"? Verily was Paul right in declaring that "we speak wisdom. . . not the wisdom of this world. . . which none of the *Archons* of this (profane) world knew," but the *hidden wisdom* of the MYSTERIES. For, as again the Epistle of the apostle implies the language of the Initiates and their secrets no *profane*, not even an 'Archon' or ruler *outside the fane* of the sacred Mysteries, knoweth; none "save the Spirit of man (the *Ego*) which is *in him*." (*Ib.* v. 11.)

Were Chapters II. and III. of 1 Corinthians ever translated in the Spirit in which they were written—even their dead letter is now disfigured—the world might receive strange revelations. Among other things it would have a key to many, hitherto unexplained rites of ancient Paganism, one of which is the mystery of this same Hero-worship. And it would learn that if the streets of the city that honoured one such man, were strewn with roses for the passage of the Hero of the day; if every citizen was called to bow in reverence to him who was so feasted; and if both priest and poet vied in their zeal to immortalize the hero's name after his death—occult philosophy tells us the reason why this was done.

"Behold," it saith, "in every manifestation of genius—*when combined with virtue*—in the warrior or the Bard, the great painter, artist, statesman or man of Science, who soars high above the heads of the vulgar herd, "the undeniable presence of the celestial exile, the divine *Ego* whose jailor thou art, Oh man of matter!" Thus, that which we call *deification* applied to the immortal God within, not to the dead walls or the human tabernacle that contained him. And this was done in tacit and silent recognition of the efforts made by the divine captive who, under the most adverse circumstances of incarnation, still succeeded in manifesting himself.

Occultism, therefore, teaches nothing new in asserting the above philosophical axiom. Enlarging upon the broad metaphysical truism, it only gives it a finishing touch by explaining certain details. It teaches, for instance, that the presence in man of various creative powers—called genius in their collectivity—is due to no blind chance, to no innate qualities through hereditary tendencies—though that which is known as atavism may often intensify these faculties—but to an accumulation of individual antecedent experiences of the *Ego* in its preceding life, and lives. For, though omniscient in its essence and nature, it still requires experience through its *personalities* of the things of earth, earthy on the objective plane, in order to apply the fruition of that abstract omniscience to them. And, adds our philosophy—the cultivation of certain aptitudes

throughout a long series of past incarnations must finally culminate in some one life, in a blooming forth as *genius*, in one or another direction.

Great Genius, therefore, if true and innate, and not merely an abnormal expansion of our human intellect—can never copy or condescend to imitate, but will ever be original, *sui generis* in its creative impulses and realizations. Like those gigantic Indian lilies that shoot out from the clefts and fissures of the cloud-nursing, and bare rocks on the highest plateaux of the Nilgiri Hills, true Genius needs but an opportunity to spring forth into existence and blossom in the sight of all on the most arid soil, for its stamp is always unmistakable. To use a popular saying, innate genius, like murder, will out sooner or later, and the more it will have been suppressed and hidden, the greater will be the flood of light thrown by the sudden irruption. On the other hand artificial genius, so often confused with the former, and which in truth, is but the outcome of long studies and training, will never be more than, so to say, the flame of a lamp burning outside the portal of the fane; it may throw a long trail of light across the road, but it leaves the inside of the building in darkness. And, as every faculty and property in Nature is dual—*i.e.* each may be made to serve two ends, evil as well as good—so will artificial genius betray itself. Born out of the chaos of terrestrial sensations, of perceptive and retentive faculties, yet of finite memory, it will ever remain the slave of its body; and that body, owing to its unreliability and the natural tendency of matter to confusion, will not fail to lead even the greatest *genius*, so called, back into its own primordial element, which is chaos again, or *evil*, or earth.

Thus between the true and the artificial genius, one born from the light of the immortal Ego, the other from the evanescent will-o'-the-wisp of the terrestrial or purely human intellect and the animal soul, there is a chasm, to be spanned only by him who aspires ever onward; who never loses sight, even when in the depths of matter, of that guiding star the Divine Soul and mind, or what we call *Buddhi=Manas*. The latter does not require, as does the former, cultivation. The words of the poet who asserts that the lamp of genius—

“If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare—”

—can apply only to artificial genius, the outcome of culture and of purely intellectual acuteness. It is not the direct light of the *Manasa putra*, the Sons of Wisdom,” for true genius lit at the flame of our higher nature, or the EGO, cannot die. This is why it is so very rare. Lavater calculated that “the proportion of genius (in general) to the vulgar, is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice, is like one in ten millions.” This is indeed interesting, though not too complimentary to *human* nature, if, by

"genius," Lavater had in mind only the higher sort of human intellect, unfolded by cultivation, "protected, proved, and fed," and not the genius, we speak of. Moreover such genius is always apt to lead to the extremes of weal or woe him, through whom this artificial light of the terrestrial mind manifests. Like the good and bad genii of old with whom human genius is made so appropriately to share the name, it takes its helpless possessor by the hand and leads him, one day to the pinnacles of fame, fortune, and glory, but to plunge him on the following day into an abyss of shame, despair, often of crime.

But as, according to the great Physiognomist, there is more of the former than of the latter kind of genius in this our world, because, as Occultism teaches us, it is easier for the personality with its acute physical senses and *tatwas* to gravitate toward the lower quaternary than to soar to its triad—modern philosophy, though quite proficient in treating this lower place of genius, knows nothing of its higher spiritual form—the "one in ten millions." Thus it is only natural that confusing one with the other, the best modern writers should have failed to define *true* genius. As a consequence, we continually hear and read a good deal of that which to the Occultist seems quite paradoxical. "Genius, requires cultivation," says one; "Genius is vain and self-sufficient" declares another; while a third will go on defining the *divine light* but to dwarf it on the Procrustean bed of his own intellectual narrow-mindedness. He will talk of the great eccentricity of genius, and allying it as a general rule with an "inflammable constitution," will even show it "a prey to every passion but seldom delicacy of taste!" (Lord Kaimes.) It is useless to argue with such, or tell them that, original, and great genius puts out the most dazzling rays of human intellectuality, as the sun quenches the flame-light of a fire in an open field; that it is never eccentric; though always *sui generis*; and that no man endowed with true genius can ever give way to his physical animal passions. In the view of an humble Occultist, only such a grand altruistic character as that of Buddha or Jesus, and of their few close imitators, can be regarded, in our historical cycle, as fully developed GENIUS.

Hence, true genius has small chance indeed of receiving its due in our age of conventionalities, hypocrisy and time-serving. As the world grows in civilization, it expands in fierce selfishness, and stones its true prophets and geniuses for the benefit of its apeing shadows. Alone the surging masses of the ignorant millions, the great people's heart, are capable of sensing intuitively a true "great soul" full of divine love for mankind, of god-like compassion for suffering man. Hence the populace alone is still capable of recognizing a genius, as without such qualities no man has a right to the name. No genius can be now found in Church or State, and this is proven on their own admission. It seems a long time since in the XIII. century the "Angelic Doctor" snubbed Pope Innocent IV. who, boasting of the millions got by him from the

sale of absolutions and indulgences, remarked to Aquinas that "the age of the Church is past in which she said 'Silver and gold have I none!' 'True,' was the ready reply; "but the age is also past when she could say to a paralytic, 'Rise up and walk.'" And yet from that time, and far, far earlier, to our own day the hourly crucifixion of their ideal Master both by Church and State has never ceased. While every Christian State breaks with its laws and customs, with every commandment given in the Sermon on the Mount, the Christian Church justifies and approves of this through her own Bishops who despairingly proclaim "A Christian State *impossible* on Christian Principles." \* Hence—no Christ-like (or "Buddha-like") way of life is possible in civilized States.

The occultist then, to whom "true genius is a synonym of self-existent and infinite mind," mirrored more or less faithfully by man, fails to find in the modern definitions of the term anything approaching correctness. In its turn the esoteric interpretation of Theosophy is sure to be received with derision. The very idea that every man with a "soul" in him, is the vehicle of (a) genius, will appear supremely absurd, even to believers, while the materialist will fall foul of it as a "crass superstition." As to the popular feeling—the only approximately correct one because purely intuitional, it will not be even taken into account. The same elastic and convenient epithet "superstition" will, once more, be made to explain why there never was yet a universally recognised genius—whether of one or the other kind—without a certain amount of weird, fantastic and often uncanny, tales and legends attaching themselves to so unique a character, dogging and even surviving him. Yet it is the unsophisticated alone, and therefore only the so-called *uneducated* masses, just because of that lack of sophistical reasoning in them, who feel, whenever coming in contact with an abnormal, out-of-the-way character, that there is in him something more than the mere mortal man of flesh and intellectual attributes. And feeling themselves in the presence of that which in the enormous majority is ever hidden, of something incomprehensible to their matter-of-fact minds, they experience the same awe that popular masses felt in days of old when their fancy, often more unerring than cultured reason, created of their heroes gods, teaching :

. . . . "the weak to bend, the proud to pray  
To powers unseen and mightier than they. . ."

This is now called SUPERSTITION . . .

But what is Superstition? True, we dread that which we cannot clearly explain to ourselves, Like children in the dark, we are all of us apt, the educated equally with the ignorant, to people that darkness with phantoms of our own creation; but these "phantoms" prove in no wise that that "darkness"—which is only another term for the *invisible* and the *unseen*—is really empty of any *Presence* save our own. So that

\* See "Going to and Fro" in *Theosophical Activities*, 1st article. p. 251<sup>8</sup>



if in its exaggerated form, "superstition" is a weird incubus, as a belief in things *above* and *beyond* our physical senses, yet it is also a modest acknowledgment that there are things in the universe, and around us, of which we knew nothing. In this sense "superstition" becomes not an unreasonable feeling of half wonder and half dread, mixed with admiration and reverence, or with fear, according to the dictates of our intuition. And this is far more reasonable than to repeat with the too-learned wiseacres that there is nothing "nothing whatever, in that darkness;" nor can there be anything since they, the wiseacres, have failed to discern it.

*E pur se muove!* Where there is smoke there must be fire; where there is a steamy vapour there must be water. Our claim rests but upon one eternal axiomatic truth: *nihil sine causa*. Genius and undeserved suffering, prove an immortal Ego and Reincarnation in our world. As for the rest, *i.e.*, the obloquy and derision with which such theosophical doctrines are met, Fielding—a sort of Genius in his way, too—has covered our answer over a century ago. Never did he utter a greater truth than on the day he wrote that "*If superstition makes a man a fool, SCEPTICISM MAKES HIM MAD.*"

H.P.B.



DESTINY.

FOLDED wings, fair eyes downcast,  
Thou hast peace sweet soul at last!

Broken wings are folded here,  
Eyes downcast to hide a tear:

Who hath wrought this ruin, say?  
Strong years wipe all tears away.

He who wrought this woe on me  
Was the great god Destiny!

Did'st thou dare such battle dire?  
Sooner might snow war with fire!

Wings were wrought to cleave blue air,  
Better die than never dare.

Daring well hath guerdoned thee,  
Bound and broken that wast free . . .

Tho, I bound and broken lie,  
One shall conquer mightily.

Yea sweet soul, but who is he?  
Wherein will he profit thee?

Bid the years thine answer bring,  
These strong years that crown my king.

Years may answer not to-day,  
Pain hath reft thy sense away.

Madness sees with clearer eye  
When the Healer passes by!

Shall He come lone child to thee,  
What his name and blazonry?

Cross and crown his blazonry  
And his name is Destiny!

EVELYN PYNE.

## PSYCHIC FIRE.

*(Continued.)*

**W**E have arrived at a general notion of the possible conditions under which a point of energy develops into a material atom; and we have been able to trace from these arguments the relation existing between psychic force, matter and fire. In fact we have found mentality and matter to be one and the same. This relation in which the things of the physical world stand to the universal mind explains why a capacity for being intelligible belongs to natural objects which we know nevertheless to be devoid of intelligence.

Now let us endeavour to conceive some of the general conditions which belong to this inner world.

The two fundamental factors with which we have to deal are Space and Time. These are the foundations of the physical and astral planes and, by alternately passing them through the metaphysical sieve and arranging the results according to scientific methods, we shall arrive at a reasonable assurance of the practical existence and a knowledge of the intimate character of these two planes.

Both are infinite, yet, on our plane of life, we live in a universe of infinite space measured by infinite units of Time, or, to speak more clearly, differentiated by motion. Our universe may therefore be called that of Infinite Space which necessitates another universe of Infinite Time, since both infinities exist while one only is manifest or visible on the physical plane. Space and Time are interchangeable values and as such they have a common underlying unity. Because they are different though equivalent, and because one manifests the other, we have a gradation of values, stretching between infinite Space, as eternal rest and infinite Time as absolute motion, in which Space predominates for one half of this life of change; while Time or motion predominates along the other. This is more clearly explained if we illustrate our meaning by a vibration which is, in itself, energy or the underlying manifesting power of the unknowable One.

It manifests simultaneously Space as amplitude, and Time as rate of vibration; or two aspects of a universal life by a single effort.

Infinite amplitude represents infinite Space; and here motion is Zero. As we recede from this grand negation we find positive life as motion manifesting the existence of Space. In fact we descend along a line of varying relations represented by successive vibrations where the rate of motion increases as the amplitude of living diminishes, starting from the first absolute negation of rest until we reach a certain position equidistant from the two extremes where these two characteristics of differ-

entiating energy are equal and opposite, namely the energy of motion equal to the space moved through or amplitude of vibration. Up to this point amplitude is the manifest of its motion, which is, in fact, through an appreciable portion of space.

After this point this order of things is reversed ; motion is the manifesting power and its amplitude in its unit measure of Space.

Thus we have a plane of physical life where Space, by its forms, shows the vitality that has produced it. While we have another plane where the opposite takes place and Time is measured by units of Space. Space characterises the physical plane. Time is the characteristic of the astral plane. Localisation takes place when life manifests on the former whereas there can be no localisation of life on the latter but only individualisation.

Therefore the first is objective and Time is Past, Present and Future engendering the Law of Karma. The second is subjective and ever present, which we may say, *en passant*, denotes a state of existence and not a locality. And yet we shall show that the subjective plane is localised through the co-relation of forms of the material universe ; for, as we have said, both planes are equal and opposite and differentiation in Space is the copy of that in Time ; for the subjective plane of motion being the plane of Life, is consequently the creative power of the objective universe.

We will now enter our two planes of being and examine their finite peculiarities. This we will do by studying the action of a vibration. The astral plane is one of free motion. It is here that finite laws live with a vitality whose form is the idea of the law. For each law is a definite quantity of motion, and, being a psychic force, its activity carries with it a meaning. It is also a vibration of energy, whose activity as a definite quantity of Time, represents individual power ; while its amplitude holds the meaning of this power, which, as a finite idea, must be a *something* which is substantial.

But what is this substance of which thoughts are made. We can only describe it metaphysically, but this description of the intangible and imperceptible carries with it far-reaching consequences to the visible universe ; for it shows the reality of negative power and its presence as an underlying foundation for the two planes. Reasoning along other lines we come upon it as Ethereal Pressure ; but to proceed with our present argument, take a given quantity of energy representing the activity of a given law ; and we find it to consist of two factors : the force of its energy as a rate of vibration which displays the power of the law, and the limit which confines this display as amplitude of vibration. The metaphysical relation between a limit and its manifestation gives us the definition of astral substance. It is therefore imperceptible to us as beings who perceive through the power of physical senses, but conceivable even while we are yet living with a physical consciousness.

This limiting power must be a something which is equal and opposite to that which it limits; therefore the one being active, the other must be passive. Passive power is negative activity; and the only way this can exist on the positive plane is as a manifested negation, which we define as: the limit which separates and distinguishes that particular activity from every other. Thus we have a negative and therefore hidden power representing the amplitude of vibration on the astral plane, and manifesting as the defining power of the law or as its form, meaning or idea. Thus it is the ethereal substance of this plane in its relation to its power of manifestation as the unit measure of this quantity of force.

Each unit is the peculiar property of the law it measures, because it is the limit of the law's form. Therefore each subjective law is a personal astral form of ever present vitality. Now let us take one of these, and we will suppose its energy of vibration is 12 units relatively to the infinite energy of which it is a part. This bears a definite meaning as form or amplitude of vibration which, as its unit measure, is 1. In other words the ratio of activity to its unit measure is 12: 1, where 1 is the negative power which receives the reflected meaning of the 12 units. The two together form a unit of psychic force or astral substance.

Any other law will always be, in like manner, a ratio of a definite amount of energy to 1 or its particular meaning.

Now the form of the law is the reflected energy of that law in the ethereal substance. This reflection is the result of subjective motion; and therefore is objective. In this way an objective universe comes into being *pari passu* with a subjective one. On the subjective plane, we have this as an invisible amplitude which is, as it were, drawn out of the heart of its activity and visibly projected into space. As a result the objective vibration must equal in its dimensions the subjective one; and therefore we have the following action. Our vibration on the astral plane is 12 units of energy to a unit amplitude. This latter, projected into space, is stretched by 12 successive pulsations of energy from the other plane, becoming thus 12 units of space, equivalent to 12 units of time. So that its physical form is a replica in Space, as amplitude of vibration, of its astral shape existing in the unseen world as an entity of living energy or vibratory motion.

By this process we see the psychic meaning of a law condensing its energy as a unit physical form which we call the involution of psychic force.

The physical counterpart of the astral body is inverted because it is negative Space instead of positive Time, whilst both are equal to one another. Therefore, since these are the characteristics of the phenomena of physical reflection, we say that the act of projection and involution is an act of reflection. The pulsation of Life, which pierces into our universe and, reflecting its ideality, spreads out into Space, is an involution of a definite amount of psychic force which, in this way, becomes the

ethereal world stuff of our universe. We call it substance, to distinguish it from matter, which is volume with an added density.

As a result of what has been previously said, we have before us two equal and opposite manifestations of life, with a line of gradation connecting them, which is in its centre, neutral. This is the definition of a magnet, and we say that the unseen universe of life is the positive pole of a magnet, whose negative pole is the visible universe; while the neutral line between them is one of equal balance, and the negation of all existence, and thus separates for ever the two planes or poles from one another. Now, if we apply this reasoning to the units of the two planes, we shall find that a physical atom is the negative pole of a psycho-material magnet, in which the positive pole is its astral form. The negative pole is, moreover, a substantial volume of energy, or a condensation of a certain given number of pulsations of positive vitality. Thus, any activity manifested on this plane must be due to the liberation of one or more of these unit values or pulsations from their confining limits as positive energy. The atom of each different element represents a different law, and therefore is measured by different units or astral forms. This peculiarity is the cause of those differences in the exhibition of polar effects, which we find to exist between the atoms of different elements. Polarity is the orderly devolution of compressed psychic energy, and is invisible to us as ideal substance; the sudden release of large quantities of this ideal substance, by what might be termed mechanical means, appears as earthly fire or the flash of free energy, as it darts back into subjective realms. In this way, the negative pole or mundane form becomes positively alive. A change in the condition of even one material atom affects the balance of two infinite Universes. The objective world bears a different ratio to the subjective world by the infinitesimal amount of atomic energy released in obedience to the influence of some outside cause. This change of relation is reflected from the astral plane as inverted power into the physical plane. Thus a positive disturbance on this plane produces a corresponding disturbance in the subjective life of the astral form, and this, reflected into the material shape, becomes a negative power equal and opposite to the polarity displayed. Thus the psycho-material magnet develops two active currents in its negative pole or material form, which causes this latter to manifest with two equal and opposite forces. Thus we see that the positive life of our plane is due to a positive polar force which is an expansive power, while negative energy is a psychic force which is due to the action of a hidden energy making itself felt as the architect of formal life. As a force it is the opposite of expansion, and therefore is a contracting one.

Thus we say that the limits of our world are set by an unseen power, and by this we mean that the re-action of psychic force from the Universal Mind impedes and directs the rush of earthly fire, while at the same

time the actual vitality which results in evolution of forms, is an earth-born fire, for it is energy set free on this plane and not in the unseen world.

We may now picture to ourselves a radiant world of Life, casting its shadow into space, which straightway bursts into a lurid glare from the glowing vitality of countless tiny magnets quivering with their compressed activity.

These are the substantial forms evolved by the involution of life on the physical plane. On the astral plane these are co-ordinated as trains of ideas, on the physical plane they become co-relations of force when active, and of things when passive. The sum of these co-relations represents the idea of the material universe, and is the relation born by Space to Time. The activity which manifests the connected meaning of the laws on the psychic plane while remaining distinct, thoughts having each one its place in the complete idea becomes, on our plane, manifest as co-relation of forces whose inter-action realises the co-ordination of the thoughts explaining the grand idea which underlies the construction of our Universe. The fiery poles of each fire magnet turn round one another, like repelling and unlike attracting, binding each other together by the head and tail like masses of coiling serpents, until the great idea has become dense with the accumulation of all its meanings. Then matter is formed and atoms have become dense by superposition and the exercise of their polarity. The ratio of poles gives molecules, which thus become compound forces. For if several unit laws of similar power have reached the density proper to the material plane, then there will be a fresh element introduced amongst the *material* atoms in the shape of ratios of masses of power or atomic weight.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

(To be continued.)



#### OBITUARY NOTICE.

With deep regret we announce the departure from this life, on the 16th October, of our esteemed erudite Colleague and Brother, M. le Docteur Renaud Thurman, F.T.S., after a brief but painful illness. His remains were cremated at Zurich, on the 22nd October. Professor Thurman was a man of exceptional ability, and had for several years been a French Fellow of our Society.

## The Talking Image of Urur.

### CHAPTER XV.—*continued.*

#### SOME SPIRIT TEACHINGS.

“**A**LL thinking minds are instruments for the influx of thoughts and ideas; in each the truth may be reflected; but only those who are in possession of self-knowledge can discriminate between the true and the false, and open the door to the true while rejecting that which is false. Absolute truth is self-existent and One; it cannot be divided, but when its rays are reflected in various minds their appearances change, while the truth which they represent remains always the same. Thus our terrestrial light comes from the sun and still the sun remains undivided. His rays are reflected in the rose as ‘red,’ in the tulip as ‘yellow,’ in the lily as ‘white.’ Roses, tulips and lilies die, the sunlight disappears from us at the approach of night, but the Sun and his light remain unchanged in space.”

“The All is an indivisible Unity, producing differences merely in the modes of its manifestations. The substance of all is essentially one; differences exist merely in their outward appearances; there can be no essential difference between Matter and Mind, nor between the essence of one being and that of another. We are all one in the spirit although we seem divided by form. All things are thoughts and all thoughts are things. Man is composed of thoughts made ‘flesh,’ and each of his thoughts represents a part of himself. Forms are conceptions of the mind, and changeable conceptions produce changeable forms; only when the truth is conceived as it is, and not merely as what it appears to be, will the true conception be found.”

“All states of consciousness from the highest down to the lowest, are manifestations of one Consciousness and as there are no breaks in the continuity of evolution, there must be numerous grades of conscious beings or intelligent powers in the universe, from the first manifestation of Divine Wisdom down to where consciousness becomes merely manifest by attraction or gravitation. There is a law of harmony, determining which sounds and which colours form harmonious accords and likewise determining the conditions of the association among superior and inferior beings. That which is not in unison with divine harmony is a discord in nature and will disappear.”

“No one can know and realise any other truth than that which exists within his own being. As the Sun is the luminous centre from which all the parts of his system receive their light, likewise there exist at the centres of the Microcosm of Man a spark of a Divine Sun from which his world receives its light. He who penetrates to that centre may know all things, for all knowledge is contained in God. Books can teach man nothing which his spirit does not already know; they are merely mirrors in which men may see their own ideas reflected; they are means by which the knowledge of the spirit may be assisted to come to the consciousness of the external understanding of Man.”

"Men imagine that they have their own independent thoughts and ideas. Nevertheless each one is a mirror in which the images of existing thoughts emanating from others are continually reflected ; most men do not think what they will, but they think what they must. Reason alone is the great arbitrator of thought. It decides what thoughts should be admitted and which ideas should be rejected. Only when men's will becomes free by being illuminated with divine reason, will men become self-thinking and free. Men do not originate new ideas ; it is the reflection of already existing ideas that become alive and conscious in their minds. Learn to shut the door of your mind to low ideas and Divinity itself will do its thinking in You. Keep your mind directed towards the source of all Light within yourself and the Light will not fail to come."

On one occasion she said : "He only is truly *Man* who possesses the dignity of Man. The snake is crawling in the dust but the eagle rises upwards towards the sunlight. I was smitten with disease when I was in darkness ; but when I found the Light I was made whole ; the clouds in my mind vanished and my soul became clear as a crystal ; the Light gave me power over the elements and spirits became my servants. When I ceased to be an animal, I became acquainted with human beings. My world was dark, but I saw the Star of the East and became transfigured by the Light. Let there be room for the Light, so that your interior senses may be opened to the perception of truth."

Such passages as the above were as incomprehensible to Pancho, as they will probably be difficult to some of our readers. He did not obtain any explanations from the somnambule, nor did he dare to ask for them ; for on such occasions she looked like a superior being, unapproachable and like one transfigured into a saint.

Thus on another occasion she said : "God needs Man for the purpose of revealing himself in his own perfection. He is the powerful spring which gives Life. The seed is only one ; but there are many powers contained in it. In the centre is God, breathing upon the soul and there the manifested One speaks the word that calls the dead to life. From the Centre comes the Light that permeates the interior chambers, illuminating the whole of the temple, even the physical body of man. In the centre is Unity, three in one, body and soul and intelligence. God is great and Man is little, but man may become great in God as a tree may grow out of a little seed. Not from one part of the world nor from another comes the Light, but from the Interior. In the Heart is the cradle in which the new-born in the spirit is breathing. When Man enters the world he inherits the sin of the flesh by the blood of which his form is generated ; but the Children of Light have cast off that which is impure and broken the shell that excluded the Light. Love is the root of the Law, it includes all powers ; seek for the heart that pulsates with Love and over which the blood has no power."

When asked about the correctness of the speculations of our modern psychiatrists, physiologists, spiritualists, theosophists, rationalists and other "ists," she said : "Those who seek for the truth in external things are in error. Their space is empty and they wander about like the blind, each one seeking to enjoy the fruits that belong to another. Those who have attained self-knowledge do not wish to triumph over them, but to aid those who desire to obtain it, and



how could they be aided better than by having a mirror held up before them in which they may recognise their infirmities? Truth is self-existent and independent of the opinions of men; it needs no one to defend it; but men need our aid to defend themselves against error. The truth is not born by men; but men are reborn by the recognition of truth. It must be found in the realm of truth and not in the realm of fancy. You who desire peace, do not enter the battle for truth; but battle against your own errors and the truth will come to your aid. 'Throw away every false belief and follow me,' says the voice of the Spirit. Renounce the illusory treasures of Egypt, deluded rationalism and dogmas, and enter the Holy Land of the spirit. Knock at the door of eternity; it is within and not outside of you. Faithfully turn your eyes towards the sublime and immortal spirit within you. Your interior heaven will be opened and you will know the mysteries which are beyond the grasp of your intellectual reasoning and argumentation. Peace be with you."

Such were some of the teachings which Pancho received through the mouth of the entranced Conchita. Whether they were the reflections of his own unconscious ideas, whether she was obsessed by spirits or inspired by members of the Mysterious Brotherhood, or whether these doctrines came from the Spirit of Truth itself, he did not know. He looked upon them with suspicion and his intellect often tried to persuade him that they were the ravings of an insane woman; but in his heart he felt that they were true and after many stormy battles his heart won a victory over the brain.

During all this time it was Pancho's desire to obtain an interview with Conchita when she was not in an entranced condition; but to this the controlling influence whatever it was, did not consent; giving, however, no other reason but that it would not be well for Conchita to see him, and Pancho did not dare to disobey.

Marietta was enjoined to keep strict silence in regard to these interviews; and Pancho told her nothing about his relations to Mrs. Smith, except that he had known her before she took that disease in which she lost her memory and before she was Mrs. Smith.

He gave Marietta a ring, asking her to present it under some pretext to Mrs. Smith. It was a ring which he had received from Conchita herself and with the letters "P. C." engraved in it. Conchita received the ring but did not recognize it.

Pancho saw Conchita only during her states of trance when her lower consciousness was not aware of his presence and his desire to see her in her normal condition became very strong. He persuaded himself that it was not mere curiosity that made him wish to see her when she was awake; but that from a scientific point of view it would be most interesting and useful to do so. Moreover, the time of the Carnival was approaching and he knew that this might offer him a chance to see and observe Conchita without being seen by her. He made arrangements with Marietta to bring "Mrs. Smith" at a certain hour to the piazza; while he himself would be there masked and disguised. Marietta promised to obey. Conchita was very anxious to see the grand masquerade and consequently two dresses were procured; that of a Neapolitan peasant woman for Marietta and for Conchita one to represent her as a Gipsy-Queen.

During all this time Mr. Hagar, or, as he now called himself, "Mr. Smith," came occasionally to Venice and went away again. Nobody knew where he went, and nobody cared to know. It was believed that he had business at Verona ; but he was not very communicative on this subject, and kept his own counsel for reasons best known to himself. Strange to say, Conchita never had any of her "fits" when he was at home.

In the intervals between his visits to the somnambule, Pancho made some attempts to follow the teachings received from her, and which he found to be identical with those of the Image. He tried to collect his thoughts and to keep them collected, and then to penetrate with them deeper within his own interior world ; but he found that it cost heroic efforts to do so ; for whenever a certain point of concentration was reached, other images and thoughts, especially that of Conchita, would float up before his mental vision and distract his attention, so that he could not enter into the depths of his own being, and thus he found that it is very difficult to rise above the realm of illusions and to cross the threshold of the sanctuary where the true Reality can be found.

The day of the great masquerade appeared, and the whole of Venice was in a state of excitement. Gay masks went through the streets, rode in gondolas upon the canals, and invaded the houses to play practical jokes. Strangers arrived in great numbers ; the hotels and boarding-houses were full of pleasure-seeking humanity ; bands played, and great preparations were made for the grand tournament, which was to be the most prominent event of the season.

Mr. Hagar had returned from one of his mysterious voyages, and seemed to be in a better humour than usual ; it seemed as if he had succeeded in some scheme, but what it was, no one seemed to know.

As it may interest some of our readers to study Mr. Hagar's character, we will pay some attention to him. He was no worse a villain than hundreds of others one daily meets in the streets, men who occupy respectable positions in the ranks of society. He would not have murdered a man for his money, nor broken into a bank, nor forged a cheque, nor done anything which would involve a risk of coming in conflict with the law. He was even believed to be a pious man, and in his younger days he had taught a class in a Sunday School. But with all that he believed that if one man could get, by his wits, the best of another, he was justified in doing so, and there was no villainy which Hagar would not have committed, provided it was not prohibited by legal enactments.

We will leave the gay throng on the piazza and go to a place near the arsenal, which was now almost deserted ; for all the working-men had a holiday and everyone who could had gone to see the great Masquerade. Here we find Mr. Hagar and a stranger engaged in conversation.

"I have put myself entirely in your hands," said the stranger, "and I hope that you will not take advantage of my faith in your honesty. A man, a word !"

"You may trust me entirely," said Mr. Hagar. "I know how to keep mum. I have looked over the plans of the factory, but I want to see myself how the engine works."

"It is the most difficult thing to introduce you into the factory," said the stranger. "No visitors are ever admitted, and all the workmen are put under

oath, bound to keep the strictest secrecy, and to never let any outsider see the machinery. If the superintendent were to find out that I have permitted you to look at the engine, I should be immediately dismissed, and I have a family to support."

"Suppose you get me the key to the engine-house," said Mr. Hagard. "I will then admit myself. The worst thing that can happen to me if I am discovered is that they will put me out."

"But what will you say if they ask you how you got in?" asked the stranger.

"I will say nothing," answered Mr. Hagard; "because I do not understand your confounded Italian; and if they ask me in English, I will tell them that I tried the door and found it open, and walked in out of curiosity."

"I will get you a key," said the stranger. "But what have you concluded in regard to the conditions which I proposed to you at our last meeting?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Hagard. "I am going to pay your expenses for going from here to Sacramento, and to give you a half-interest in the profits of the factory which I am going to establish, and of which you are to be the superintendent. You are to put up the building and the engines and to get everything in working order."

"That was the proposal," said the stranger, "and in addition you will pay me five thousand dollars when I get ready to start. I must have something to live on before the thing is in shape."

"I agree to it," said Mr. Hagard; "but I must see how the engine works. I want to know the whole process, because, if anything were to happen to you on the voyage, I and my factory would be left in the lurch."

"I have written it out plain enough for any child to understand," said the stranger. "I have made all the necessary drawings and calculations. I will hand you the papers on the receipt of the five thousand dollars, when our contract is signed. I will give you a key to the engine-house, and let you know the best time when to sneak in without being observed."

"Very well!" said Mr. Hagard. "I will leave Venice to-night and be at Trieste in the morning."

"All right," said the stranger. "I shall be at the appointed place. It is an immense scheme. There are millions in it."

"Millions!" groaned Mr. Hagard.

The stranger took leave and went away and Mr. Hagard walked off in another direction.

We will now return to the *piazza*, where we find Pancho watching the crowd near the landing-place, where according to his agreement with Marietta he was to meet his wife. At a short distance from where he stood, a harlequin amused the crowd and his remarks were received with shouts of laughter. Pancho wore no mask but the usual cloak; and his face was covered with a vizor. This circumstance gave rise to some jocular observations.

"What do you represent?" asked a mask, dressed as a monster.

"A man," answered Pancho.

"Then," said the monster, "you ought to have chosen a different costume, for a modern European dress does not represent the true character of men, it merely shows their complexity, with an irregular flap here and another one there, all

stuck together to adapt themselves to the form ; but nothing made out of the whole cloth, to show unity and simplicity as did the Ancient Greeks. Look at me, I represent a man as much as you."

"Not all men are such monsters as you are," said Pancho.

"If they were all to show their true character, you would find more monstrous ones than myself."

"Do not men usually show their true character?" asked Pancho.

"No," answered the mask. "Most men go disguised all the year round and show themselves as they are, only at the time of the Carnival."

"You are an amiable monster, but not over polite."

"Politeness itself is a mask," was the answer, "which cannot be laid aside, except at the time of the Carnival."

Just then a gondola approached the landing-place. It contained two ladies, of whom one was dressed like a Neopolitan peasant woman and the other a gipsy queen. They wore no face-masks and Pancho immediately recognised Conchita.

The gondola landed within a few yards from where Pancho stood, and the ladies stepped ashore. At this moment the monster, evidently desiring to play a practical joke, approached Pancho and pulled the vizor from his face. For a moment the Gipsy Queen stared at Pancho ; then uttering a cry she fell upon the steps that led down to the water edge. A stream of blood flowed from her mouth, her eyes closed, and she seemed like one dead.

Pancho rushed to her assistance and lifted her back into the gondola. But at this moment an unforeseen occurrence took place. The accident had attracted attention, and among the many that rushed to the spot, there was a man dressed like a Turk who recognised Pancho and called upon the police to arrest him.

"This is the man," he cried, "who stole the 'Image' from the temple of Urur. There is a reward offered for his capture."

"A church robber!" exclaimed some of the crowd.

A clown, who proved to be an employé of the hotel where Pancho lodged, interfered. "This gentleman," he said, "is no bandit. He is Mr. Krashibashi."

"No!" cried the Turk, who was none other than Mr. Puffer, who on his voyage to Africa had stopped at Venice ; "he is not Krashibashi. He is a church-breaker, a villain, a knave. He has failed in his chelaship and now he has become a black magician. Arrest him!"

"And who are you?" asked the clown.

"I am Brahmâ," answered the Turk.

The crowd increased with every moment and became excited. Some imagined that Pancho had robbed a Catholic church and others that he had murdered the woman in the gondola. Church robbery is no light offence in a Catholic country and a murderer finds little sympathy before he has been condemned by law. Soon imprecations and curses were heard and the crowd began to assume a threatening attitude ; policemen, anxious to pocket the promised reward, hurried on the scene, and in less time than it would take to describe it, Pancho found himself locked in a prison, while the Gipsy Queen was carried home.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ESCAPED.

THE cell in which Pancho was locked up was by no means so disagreeable as those which he had seen in the palace of the Doge, which in former times were used by the holy inquisition for the purpose of silencing obtrusive critics. Those who have seen the latter know that they consisted of kennels, unfit even to serve as habitations for dogs. He who entered therein a prisoner was never to see the sunlight again nor the human face divine, nor even that of the executioner, who despatched him to a presumably better world and whose block awaited him a few steps from the prison door. Pancho's cell was big enough for a person to stand upright and wide enough to allow moving about, nevertheless it was not so agreeable as to make a long stay therein eminently desirable. There was a small grated window with iron bars near the top of the wall, but it had a wooden box on the outside, so as to make it impossible to see anything beyond, except a small part of the sky.

The day being a general holiday, no commissary of police nor even a lawyer could be found, and Pancho had to resign himself to the unavoidable necessity of remaining all night in this den. He did, however, not worry about it for he was in a condition of mind that required solitude and rest, only he wanted to know about Conchita's condition. Was she dead, or had she recovered? Did her memory return, or did she still imagine herself to be Juana? He cursed his own curiosity, which had been once more the cause of his misfortune, as it had been when he left San Francisco for the foolish purpose of seeking self-knowledge in Africa.

Slowly the day wore on. From the outside could be heard the sounds of the orchestra that played on the Rialto and the shouts of the crowd; from time to time a flash of light at the window followed by a crack indicated that a rocket had burst in the sky. For a long time he paced his cell, but at last his excitement gave way to fatigue and he fell asleep.

There is a popular superstition among scientists and rationalistic philosophers, according to which dreams are the results of bodily sensations and mental impressions received during the day; but "there are dreams and dreams." There are the vagaries of fancy impressing the half conscious brain before it has again resumed its regular occupation, there are the semi-conscious states in which the mind sees its own images thrown more or less into confusion, at a time when the light of reason has not yet returned from the interior sanctuary and assumed its rule over the intellectual functions of the speculative mind. The latter then resemble a school of small boys, frolicking and amusing themselves at their own sweet will, while the teacher is absent. But there are also prophetic dreams, during which the soul may behold, as in a mirror, things of which the arguing intellect, reasoning from the material plane, can form no conception. During such moments the mind draws nearer to the divine spirit in its own centre, receiving its light and its teachings. There, in the centre, where rests the "golden egg" in which is contained all wisdom, no past and no future exists, but all things are eternally present. The soul being in closer contact with the divine spirit, may then by means of such dreams bring the knowledge of the spirit to the external consciousness of the mind.

## A VISION.

Such a "dream" perhaps it was, which Pancho dreamed that night in his prison at Venice. He saw himself floating in that rosy light, which he had seen around the head of the Talking Image. He was surrounded and penetrated by it, immersed in an ethereal realm of infinite bliss. He was Pancho no more, he neither knew nor cared to know who that personality called "Pancho" was, he only knew that he existed as an individual and self-conscious being and yet as an integral part of the infinite All. It seemed to him that he was like a globe of living light, self-luminous and nevertheless reflecting a part of a far greater light coming from some more interior centre. Far below him in space was an inferior planet, which he recognised as being the earth, and upon its surface he saw an apparently formless mass, writhing with life.

As he drew nearer, he saw that this formless mass resolved itself into a vast multitude of ever changing individual forms of human beings, and that an almost imperceptibly small portion of that rosy light penetrated each individual form, and caused a few individuals to radiate as if endowed with the glory surrounding the head of a saint. There were comparatively few men and women who knew about the existence of that rosy light or who paid any attention to its presence, they were too much engaged in running after various shadows which they mistook for realities. Some were running after fortune, some after fame, some were led on by a shadow called "ambition," others were mocked by an illusion called "love," but which seen from that height could easily be recognized as being merely an inverted image caused by the reflection of a ray of true spiritual love. Many were imagining that they saw spirits and trying to catch them, but these spirits were only the creations of their brains and had no substance, while none seemed to know the true Spirit in whom all real powers are contained. All these people among whom he at last also recognised his own image and that of others whom he knew, could not see real truth, love, justice, beauty and harmony; but they had invented artificial things which they called by such names and which presented many curious phantastic shapes. This writhing mass of humanity continually changed its form, being born, living, dying, to be born to live and to die again, while the rosy light forever remained.

As his attention became attracted towards that rosy light, he found that the light itself was the Life, filling each living form with life and being itself filled with living and ethereal forms of great beauty. Those forms were of human shapes and of a godlike aspect, looking as if they were the concentrated essence of love and intelligence, and some of them had their own images reflected in the surging mass of humanity below, just as the light of a star may be reflected in a pool of water upon the earth. But in these cases the images assumed living shapes, looking like the rest of humanity.

As he espied his own personality among that scrambling mass of mortals, he was grieved to see its many imperfections and how utterly incapable it appeared to be of comprehending and holding the light of the spirit. He now fully realized the insignificance of his own personality, which like that of the others was merely a passing shadow, a hallucination, produced by that nightmare called

"terrestrial life," which is itself the outcome of ignorance. As he conceived of being one with that personality called "Pancho" a feeling of sorrow came over him, which attracted him to that form. He struggled to free himself from this attraction, but he was irresistibly drawn in an earthward direction, for his time of liberation had not yet come. A moment of unconsciousness followed, and then Pancho "awoke."

Pancho "awoke," that is to say his terrestrial personality began again to dream the dream called "life," while the perceptive faculties of his soul entered into a semi-conscious condition and his spiritual vision became dimmed, but he remembered enough of that glorious vision to realise the immense superiority of a life in the spirit over the earth-dream of life. He longed to be forever united to that glorious being, his own higher Ego, which had obtained freedom from the bonds of matter and was existing in the realm of eternal truth.

It was early in the morning, but soon the jailor made his appearance and Pancho gave him orders for breakfast, asking him at the same time to inquire about Mrs. Smith. Breakfast came, but no news from Conchita and moreover he was informed that this was a holy day on which no official business could be transacted, and that all that could be done was to wait until after the holy days were over, when the commissary would attend to his case.

"And how long will these cursed holy days last?" asked Pancho.

"Church-robbers," answered the jailor, "have no respect for holy days, though other people have. Let me see. Yesterday was Shrove Tuesday, to-day is Ash Wednesday, to-morrow will be the feast of Saint Thomas and on Friday that of San Giovanni. Saturday is too late in the week to begin anything, and no business can be done on Sunday, but it may be that next Monday the commissary will come. You will therefore have ample time to consult a lawyer to prepare your defence, if there is any. Lawyers are usually not very strict Christians and I think Mr. Caramucho, the criminal pleader, will be here to-morrow, if you wish to see him."

Pancho expressed his willingness to see Caramucho and on the following day a little man, wearing a black moustache and gold spectacles, entered the cell.

Pancho told his story and the lawyer shook his head.

"It is a sad case," said Caramucho, "the assuming of a false name is the most serious point against you. The best thing for you to do will be to say nothing at all about Pancho, and to remain Krasi-Basi. Mr. Brahm says that Krasi-Basi is the legal owner of the Talking Image, and if you are Krasi-Basi, you have merely carried away your own property, to which you have a legal right. By the by, how much is the statue worth?"

"It is worth nothing to me," answered Pancho, somewhat irritated at being still looked upon as a thief. "It is merely a curiosity because it can speak."

The lawyer incredulously shook his head.

"That makes the case still worse," he said. "If the statue can speak, it must be a living person, and you will be indicted for murder or abduction if it is not of age. You will have to remain in prison until the authorities at the Cape are notified, when they will either send Captain Bumpkins to identify you, or request your extradition according to Paragraph 1,329, Article 3,566 of the Penal Code."

"But I did not take the statue away," remonstrated Pancho.

"That remains to be proved," said the lawyer. "If you bring a hundred witnesses to swear that they did not see you take it away, their testimony will go for nothing against the evidence of one witness who swears that he believes you took it. Circumstantial evidence goes a long way. You have been at Urur. You have been seen prowling about the temple; the Image disappeared, and you left soon afterwards. There is enough evidence to convince a jury of average intelligence that you are guilty, and to hang you on the spot. I am your attorney, and you had better tell me the truth, so that I can see my way clear. In this way I may perhaps save you a few years of hard labour in the penitentiary."

"It is all pure and unadulterated nonsense," replied Pancho. "The Image was a very extraordinary thing; it had its own will, and nobody could have taken it away, if it had not wanted to go. It was a production of Magic, and had magic powers. I should not be surprised if it were suddenly to appear in court to testify in my favour."

"That would help you nothing," said Caramucho. "Its evidence would not be admitted. Our law makers were too much enlightened to believe in magic and sorcery; our penal code does not admit supernatural things. It is known that statues cannot speak, and therefore they are not permitted to testify. Nothing that would go to prove the existence of occult phenomena is ever admitted as evidence."

"But would not the judge believe his own senses, if something extraordinary were to happen in court?" asked Pancho.

"Nothing extraordinary is permitted to happen in court," said the lawyer, "and if any witness testifies to having seen such things, he is immediately put down as a lunatic. The only way in such a case for a witness to save himself from being sent to the insane asylum is to declare that he has been cheated by some trickster."

"It is a queer state of things," said Pancho, "if one has to lie to save oneself from injustice in a court of justice."

Caramucho shrugged his shoulders and walked away.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(*To be continued.*)



# "TRACES OF INDIA IN ANCIENT EGYPT."

*Corrigenda.*

LUCIFER, September 15, 1889.

P. 24, l. 40, *for* Aringiri *read* Sringiri.

P. 26, l. 3, *for* Ammonu *read* Ammoun.

P. 26, l. 24, *for* Moti-shastras *read* Jyoti-shastras.



## Theosophical Activities.

**I**T is with the very greatest pleasure that we print the following from the Washington *People's Advocate*:

### "ARYAN SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

To a truly religio-scientific society like the "Blavatsky Theosophical Society," now incorporated in Washington, and whose first object is the formation of a nucleus of a real Brotherhood of Humanity, regardless of sect, sex or colour, and which with rare consistency to its professions has abolished the colour line, which everywhere refuses admission to the intelligent coloured man to societies of white men of a scientific, philosophical, or fraternal nature, we freely give three-quarters of a column or more (circumstantially) of space every week, asked for in order to defend and expound its doctrines.

Because not sufficiently informed on the subject, the editor cannot either affirm or deny these doctrines. We assume no responsibility further than to justly grant the freedom of our paper to a society which grants to the coloured man equality of membership. Besides, as a purveyor, and not a dictator of information to the public, *The People's Advocate*, to be consistent with its title, must concede to its readers the right of selection, and the opportunity to investigate all kinds of knowledge, freed alike from *sectarian* as well as *race* prejudices.

The above Branch owes its birth to our energetic brother Prof. Anthony Higgins, and though of recent date bids fair, according to *The Path* of October, to become "one of our most powerful Lodges." But whether the branch is young or old, it is splendidly done; not but that all our Lodges would give a hearty welcome to a "coloured" brother. But herein lies the merit that this branch has succeeded in establishing relations with their coloured brethren. This is the most important part of their undertaking, for once a point of contact is established, the current will flow freely. Truly "without distinction of race" has it been done, and such indeed is the work of true Theosophists. Nor is it in this case a small matter, for the race distinction between the negro and the white in America, is perhaps more accentuated than between geographically separated nations of different colours. May the time speedily arrive when in like manner we shall see "coloured" members in all our branches, and thus, "the colour line being abolished," our dark-hued brethren may mount the first step of the ladder of "admission to societies of white men of a scientific, philosophical, or fraternal nature."

### COLONEL OLCOTT'S LECTURES.

THE President's British tour continues to be crowned with success as regards the primary object in view, the ever multiplying press notices showing that the agitation of the public mind upon theosophical subjects is spreading throughout the whole Kingdom. Religious as well as secular papers are giving space to the discussion, a lively debate upon it is going on in the sober *National Review*, and it was even made the subject of a sermon in the ancient St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, Queen Victoria Street.

Since last month's report in LUCIFER Col. Olcott has delivered the following public addresses:—Liverpool, October 9th and 10th; Dublin, October 14th (the Hall crowded to the doors and more than one hundred turned away for

want of standing room); Limerick, October 15th; Belfast, October 17th; Dublin, October 19th and 21st; Birmingham, October 29th; London, November 1st; Leek (Staffordshire), November 4th; London (Westminster Town Hall), November 5th. Besides these he has held conversational meetings at private houses, submitted to a dozen "interviews" by press reporters, and at Dublin held a discussion at the Contemporary Club, upon Theosophy, with a number of the most learned and brilliant men of the Irish capital.

He has now fixed the date of his sailing from Marseilles for Colombo as December 29th, will stop over one steamer in Colombo to settle our Ceylon affairs and then proceed on to Madras by the ss. "Tibre." His health is now excellent.

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#### OFFICIAL NOTICE.

Those who read *Light* must have seen in its issue of November 9th the following letter from Washington headed :—

##### THE Gnostic THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

over the signature of "Elliott Coues, President, etc." In this document the latter asks to "correct the *false* statements" made "to the effect that the above-named organization is extinct." The writer then continues: "As its founder and President, I am fully informed on the question. The Gnostic Theosophical Society was never stronger nor more active than it is to-day. Its memberships and ramifications extend into nearly every State in the Union. Since October 1886, when it was formally dissolved, as an association in any way dependent upon another of similar name, and immediately re-formed on an independent basis, it has steadily grown," etc., etc. The letter closes with the words—"We desire especially to accentuate the fact that we repudiate and disclaim all connection with certain persons whose names have heretofore been identified by the public with the movement commonly called 'Theosophical.'" (Signature follows.)

As the Corresponding Secretary for life, and one of the original founders, at New York in 1875, of the Theosophical Society, whose ramifications extend into the five parts of the world—the United States being only one of the five—I hereby declare the above statements to be simply nonsensical. It is a joke, evidently. And these are our proofs and reasons :—

1. There can be no authentic Theosophical Society, or even a branch thereof, outside the jurisdiction of the "Parent" Society so called, now having its Headquarters at Adyar, Madras, India. Its title, the T. S. at large not being a chartered body, may of course have hitherto been pirated, but it cannot be so now, least of all in the District of Columbia, as will be seen later.

2. This applies especially to the "Gnostic" ex-Theosophical Society of Washington D. C., for reasons which I name below.

- (a) The Gnostic branch having been chartered by the President-Founder before 1886, the said *Gnostic* branch, if it wished to withdraw from our jurisdiction, had as in honour bound, to drop its title of "Theosophical;" therefore —

- (b) If "formally dissolved" in October 1886 and "immediately re-formed," of which no notice was ever given to Adyar, it had to remain simply the GNOSTIC Society, to which title it had, and has a perfect right; but,

(c) As it is now a matter of official record that the Branch of this name was dischartered only in May of the present year, and its President, Dr. Elliott Coues, expelled by the American Section of the General Council of the T. S., it could not, therefore, have remained from 1886 till the Spring of 1889, an association *in any way independent* of the Parent Society. Herein is the joke.

3. As there is at the present moment at Washington, D. C., a *legally chartered* Theosophical Society (the Blavatsky T. S.) formed and *duly incorporated* in July 1889 by Prof. A. Higgins its President and his associates, no other Society calling itself "Theosophical" *would now be recognized by law in that District*. The "Gnostic" therefore, if it still exists, and adds to its name "Theosophical" is an *outlaw*.

And this is why the letter of the President of the "Gnostic" Society of Washington, D. C., is a practical joke on the innocence of the readers of *Light*.

H. P. BLAVATSKY,

Corresponding Secretary of the Theosophical Society.

P.S. As to the general question of his abusive attacks upon "certain persons" who are Mr. Judge, Gen. Sec. of the American Section of the T.S. and myself, I will say this. I cannot do better than adopt the line of policy recommended by my quondam, egregiously and fulsomely flattering friend, the same Dr. E. Coues, in a letter to myself of date November 22, 1885, a few lines from which I will quote. It answers fully the closing (and would-be) contemptuous sentence of his letter to *Light*:—

" . . . You are a grand and wonderful woman, whom I admire as much as I appreciate. . . . I admire your fortitude and endurance in bearing burdens enough to kill anybody but *the Blavatsky* whose like has not before been seen, nor will be ever. . . . Never mind your enemies! They will get a spurious and vicarious reputation by attacking you, which you can afford to let them have, though you don't want to confer upon them the immortality they would get by your condescending to fight them. When History comes to be written they will appear, if at all, hanging on to your skirts. Shake them off, and let them go!

(Signed)

ELLIOTT COUES."

And so I do.—H.P.B.

#### NEW WEST INDIAN SECRETARY.

ON the third of October 1889, by resolution of the Executive Committee of the American T. S., Mr. E. D. Ewen was appointed assistant General Secretary for the British West Indies. His address is Tobago, B. W. I. There are several students and inquirers in the West Indies, and it is hoped that before long new Branches will be formed there.

#### "Going to and fro in the Earth."

EVOE!!

:p. 232<sup>9</sup>

**I**N the benevolence of their hearts, the editors of LUCIFER offer their sincere condolences to their equitable neighbours and impartial, generous critics, the English clergy and editors, whose cause has just received a bad stab under the ribs from one of their most learned and distinguished prelates. His

Grace the Bishop of Peterborough, presiding at the Diocesan Conference at Leicester, on the 25th of October last, made the following direful admission :—

The bishop, summing up a discussion on Socialism, said they must be careful, while knowing that many of the advocates of Socialism held doctrines which were very dangerous, that they gave full credit to the nobility of motive and tenderness of sympathy with suffering and wrong which had stirred many of those persons. Christianity, however, made no claim to re-arrange the economic relations of men in the State and in Society, and he hoped he would be understood when he said plainly that it was his firm belief that any Christian State carrying out in all its relations the Sermon on the Mount could not exist a week.

Henceforth, let editors disposed to hold up to public condemnation the Theosophical Society because of dissensions among members, and to write comic editorials on "Kilkenny Theosophy," be more reserved, lest this pregnant confession of the Great Anglican Bishop be quoted against them. When Col. Olcott, in his South Place Institute lecture, replying to a carping questioner who sought to confound him by charging ill-temper and uncharitableness on his colleagues, said that the theosophical ideal was so high, that few could fully realize it practically, he spoke a profound truth. If it now be alleged that the Lord Bishop has but placed Christianity and Theosophy on the same level, the natural reply will be that this should make the Christian adversaries of our Society a little more just in their behaviour towards us. There is one notable difference, however, between the Christian Churches and our Society, and it is this : Whereas every baptised child or adult is called a *Christian*, we have always drawn a clear and broad line between a *Theosophist* and a simple member of the T. S. A Theosophist, with us, *is one who makes Theosophy a living power in his life*. We have been often accused of *hating Christianity*. This is as untrue as it is unjust. Some of the teaching ascribed to Christ, teaching which he has in common with other great religious leaders, is admirable. But we would be as untruthful as our accusers, were we to show anything like a friendly feeling or sympathy for dogmas and ritual or that which the late Lawrence Oliphant called *Churchianity*. For it is this which deserves far more than the T. S. ever has, to be loudly and fearlessly proclaimed—especially after the Bishop of Peterborough's confession—"Kilkenny Christianity." VERB. SAP.

#### THE AGE OF MAN AND OF THE CONTINENTS.

WE are happy to find Mr. Grant Allen confessing to "Esoteric Buddhism" doctrines, and his agreement with the *Secret Doctrine*. For this is what he is alleged to have said to a *Pall Mall* reporter who interviewed Mr. Grant Allen upon his views.

" . . . . . All the higher forms of religion even now contain traces of the earlier stages. The human race goes so far back." Here I intervened. "Yes ; where do you cradle its infancy—in far Chaldea or, as the new theory has it, in North-west Europe, or do you hold the 'glacial-period-primæval man'?" "Oh," was the smiling reply, "in my opinion the human race goes as far back as the miocene period, so far back that our existing continents can hardly have assumed their present shapes when man first appeared, and as the whole world was then tropical in climate, man may have appeared anywhere."

The reader of the above, is asked at his first leisure to open "Esoteric Buddhism," 4th edition, at pp. 60, and compare. It is soothing to find that the *beaux esprits se rencontrent*—at any rate the antediluvian spirit of Dzyan and the spirit of modern anthropological and geological speculation as represented

by Mr. Grant Allen. But there, we believe, all agreement ceases, especially on metaphysical and physical teachings. So much more the pity—for modern science.

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AMUCK ! IN THE NAME OF CHRIST !!

OUR friends, the *Methodist Times* are at their old tricks again. Finding their own little . . . intellectual *variations on Fiction* unequal to the occasion, they call in their Madras ally—the *Christian College Magazine*, the paradoxical organ of the “heathen” College of the never-to-be-converted Hindus, which plays once more its old *fugue* in the orchestra of slander. We are told again in the “Patterson Correspondence” that Madame Blavatsky fled from India in 1885, *leaving Madras secretly*. Considering (1) that Mrs. Dr. Scharlieb’s *certificate* was published more than once in various papers; (2) the fact that a kind friend, then and to this day, one of the Madras magistrates, himself saw Mdme. Blavatsky off to the steamer; (3) that he kindly sent an invalid chair and his own police *peons* to carry in it the personality now accused of having left the country “secretly”; and that, moreover (4), her departure took place publicly, and in full daylight—the charge is rather risky!

Plain truth and known facts hold good, however, to the present day, and with all men. Therefore it is quite needless to disprove point by point the other dozen or so *ruses*, all as uncanny as this above-mentioned fabrication. As to the elegant epithets and insulting terms sent by Mr. Patterson to the address of Mdme. Blavatsky, they really do not matter. What, or where is she, when compared with the great and eminent men and even *a god*, who were far worse ill-treated than she is, by the bigots of their respective countries, and this invariably only because the victims *were in their way*? No comparison, of course, is here contemplated, as any such would be absurd. Yet the records of history are there to show *false accusations* lavished, in every case, on innocent men and women when the life and reputation of such became a danger to those who envied or feared them. Witness Socrates and Hypatia, Bruno and Joan of Arc, etc., etc. Remember the hundreds of martyrs, the latchet of whose shoes Mdme. B. is not worthy of loosening, who suffered tortures and death at the hands of unscrupulous liars, of false witnesses and fanatical murderers. Does not Jesus himself head the hosts of the martyrs for truth in the Christian era? Were the reverend detractors to exhaust the whole vocabulary of Hungerford Market to abuse and vilify her, they would still never approach, let alone surpass, the insults lavished by the Pharisees on the head of Jesus—their Christ. “Thou hast the Devil,” said these dignitaries of the “grandmother” Church, the Synagogue, to the God of the present mother Church—“the Man of Sorrows.” And did they not denounce Christ as “that *deceiver* who said . . . After three days I will arise again”? And for that “deception” was Jesus flogged, and spat upon, and crucified; all of which in no wise prevented Mr. Patterson and a host of Mdme. B.’s slanderers from worshipping that same Jesus as their God and Master. Nor does it prevent the descendants of those who put the prophet of Nazareth to death, adding, “His blood be on us, and on our children,” from holding their victim to this day as a “deceiver”; and yet prospering, the curse notwithstanding, having wealth enough to buy into bondage the whole of Christendom, and holding actually in durance vile all the crowned heads of Christian Europe!

All of which proves that fate plays ducks and drakes with gods as with mortals ; that all of us are born, live and die under Karmic law, in consequence of which law few of us can know who is who, or what is what, in this world of *maya*. Our sincere advice to the irrepressible Mr. Patterson is, not to attempt, in the words of Job, to bore leviathan's "jaw through with a thorn," lest Karma "put an hook into his (own) nose" for the trouble.

ADVERSARY.



## Correspondence.

### MY EXPERIENCES IN OCCULTISM AND OCCULT DEVELOPMENT.

I HAVE written the following because I thought it might be interesting to Theosophists, if I detailed some of my Occult experiences. As I am not a member of the Theosophical Society, these experiences may afford proof from an outside standpoint of many of the Theosophic Doctrines. I have been an investigator for 16 years. I became convinced of the existence of Unseen Intelligences by investigations in my own house, alone, and in the light. I soon found, however, that the ordinary explanations and theories of Spiritualists did not explain the whole phenomena. I was therefore, gradually drawn to Theosophy ; so much so, that I cannot but feel that the Agencies of the Adepts are not confined in their manifestations to the Theosophical Society,\* but that some of the many ramifications of their influence extend to isolated individuals, and by multiplex methods and through various channels, they are drawing many of us within the common centre of their influence. I experienced the terrible trials known as the struggle with the Dweller on the Threshold. Deceptions from the Intelligences on the astral plane, mental conflicts, intense depression and other sorrows of too private a nature to detail here. I was delivered from this, by coming into communion with my Higher Self. And, as I believe, a ray of Influence from the Adepts, piercing through the higher portion of my being, influenced me continuously. I was by this Influence told to cease all direct communion with departed Spirits. I could never since then commune with them except in an indirect manner, through this Intelligence as it were. I think this seems to agree with the Theosophic teaching as to Devachan. Under the teaching of this In-

\* Nor was it ever claimed by us. On the contrary, the hitherto very esoteric doctrine of the *Nirmanakayas* was lately brought forward as a proof and explained in the treatise called *The Voice of the Silence*. These *Nirmanakayas* are the *Bodhisattvas* or late Adepts, who having reached Nirvana and liberation from rebirth renounce it voluntarily in order to remain invisibly amidst the world to help poor ignorant Humanity within the lines permitted by Karma. These are the *real SPIRITS* of the disembodied men, and we recognise no others. The rest are either *Devachanees* to whose plane the spirit of the living medium must ascend, and who therefore, can never descend to our plane, or *spooks* of the first water. But then no *Nirmanakaya* will influence any man for the benefit of the latter for his own weal, or to save him from anything save death, and that only if the man's life is useful. By the fruit we recognise the tree. Units are as the leaves of that tree for them ; and they look forward to benefit and save *the trunk*, not to concern themselves with its every leaf, whether good, bad, or indifferent. Even living Adepts have no such right.—[Ed.]

fluence, I developed—1st, Clairvoyance, or rather the power of seeing symbolical phantasms; 2nd, a semi-trance condition, in which I received communications in poetry and music, quite above the calibre of my own mind, and I was guided in the affairs of life in the following manner. The spiritual stream of inspiration flowing through me, from being at first a mixture with my own thoughts, I found gradually to evolve certain Occult teachings, which seem much in accordance with Theosophic works, especially the Secret Doctrine. In my published works and in MSS. I have written years ago, I find hints as to Re-incarnation, the gradual descent of Spirit into matter, the interaction of the Spiritual and material planes, the existence of agencies above and below the human, the spiritual evolution of man, etc. Another method of my instruction was, if I earnestly desired a thing, if possible I was allowed to take my own course, being guarded, as I have found out afterwards, in a mysterious manner against all real harm; but I was let to go through the experience. Then often of my own accord I would turn from a repetition of the act. This seems much in accordance with the Adepts' teaching. Our passions must be burnt out.\* The experience must be gained,† and the Soul must rise superior to them, by acquiring a love for higher things. No use the exoteric methods of ascetics to outwardly keep from the act and yet desire the same inwardly. This only leads to making desire more intense. We must learn what is true and what false, and then the desire will be quenched and the Soul will mount a step higher.

This was my teaching. I have often gone through strange experiences and mental struggles and have been advised to make use of certain formulas to prevent the evil resulting from them. Then when I had conquered, it would be said: It is enough, this is required no more, or something to that effect, and it would seem as if a conquest was achieved, another page of life turned down, and soon a new set of sensations and a fresh series of trials would commence. Often between these it would be written, Now rest, and a period of rest would be given in which some time of enjoyment would be passed.

I also developed a kind of clair-audience or hearing of internal voices. These often advise and warn, and I find they are invariably true and that it is unwise to disregard them, as no doubt they proceed through higher stratas of my being from Occult Agencies. These voices often advise certain signs to be used accompanied by a sort of prayer, a form of words invoking the Divine Intelligence of Love, the All-good Power. I have found after performing these magical acts, most extraordinary changes in people, and most unexpected help coming and events occurring which were quite unforeseen, shewing that Occultism has most mysterious and far-reaching powers. Here comes in another teaching agreeing with Theosophy. I have been told that such Magic must only be exercised when the Soul is wishing for nothing but the Will of the All-good Intelligence to be done ‡ and for no selfish passion or greed, not even to save oneself from pain or sorrow.

\* Not on the physical plane, as it would come then to a deliberate gratification of all our passions, in order to get rid of them by satiety, and this is an abomination.—[Ed.]

† "Experience must be gained" of every evil as good passion *mentally*, and *overcome* in thought, by reflection. Love and longing for higher things on a Spiritual plane will thus leave no room for the lower animal longings.

‡ Whether this teaching agrees with Theosophy depends on the meaning given by the mystic to "the All-Good Intelligence." If this is a Being or "Intelligence" *outside* of us, then it would point to either a *personal* God or a spirit, which is no part of the Theosophical teachings. But if it refers to our *Higher Self*, then we are at one with the writer. Only in this case It (Atman) has no Will *of its own*, as It is no conditioned thing. The expression is faulty.—[Ed.]

Another power I have developed is, by using certain invocations. I call the Spirits of the Living, and then see a simulacrum of them and hear them speak.\* This, however, may only be risked for unselfish purposes. It is part of a very mysterious phenomenon which I find difficult to explain. Often a great depression comes over me, and I see certain phantasms and go through curious actions and struggles with them. This I find reproduced more or less accurately afterwards in real life. And as I have acted in the first drama, so do I succeed or fail in the after event. It seems as if the events in this life are but shadows thrown down from unseen realities, and that the dramas of life are acted behind the scenes. In many of my greatest difficulties the sorrow and the terror of them have been felt and conquered spiritually long before the real events came to pass, and when I had no idea such events would occur; and when they come to pass, the sting is taken out of them, they having been conquered previously on the spiritual plane. Mrs. Sedgwick in the S. P. R. Report tries to explain premonitions by the telepathic theory. Science cannot yet grasp the truth of prophecy: to do this would be to surrender to Occultism. But if there is one thing I am absolutely certain of, it is the power of the spiritual part of us aided by unseen agencies—to prophesy, to foresee, warn and even avert dangers long before they appear even on the horizon of real life.

If our scientists could get away from the more frivolous phenomena of the séance-room and realize the stupendous powers of occult Intelligences and of the human soul, they would be able better to understand Occultism. This, however, can only be done by personal experiment. The real convincing evidences proving the spiritual side of nature are those which it is often impossible to detail to another. They must be sought for and found by each individual soul. And they are certain to be obtained by every true and *patient* seeker.

I will conclude this brief account of my Occult experiences by relating one or two mysterious phenomena which have happened to me since I have been connected with the Theosophical Society. On the morning before making the acquaintance of Mr. Sinnett, I clairvoyantly saw an Indian stand by my bedside. This Indian was short, with long, straggling, dark hair which partly hid his face. I have seen him since several times, when I have been ill, making passes over me, and on each occasion I have suddenly got well; though when these attacks come upon me, as a rule, I cannot get up the whole day, but lie perfectly prostrate. I also see occasionally another Indian, a tall man, rather stout, dressed in white with a white turban. When I see him, a few hours afterwards I receive a letter from one of the leaders of the T. S. On one occasion I was in the street when I saw him by my side; on a second, he crossed the room as I was talking to a pupil, but on both occasions, about an hour afterwards, I received a letter from Mr. Sinnett, one of which letters informed me that I was made an honorary Associate of the "London Lodge" T. S. †

A few weeks ago, while staying in Kent, I clairvoyantly saw Madame Blavatsky at a table writing (she was then in Jersey) and shortly afterwards received a

\* Theosophists would call this *necromancy* and *unconscious black magic*.—[ED.]

† Surely no "Indian" nor any other adept, would go to the trouble of disturbing himself to announce such a trifling event as the one mentioned! Especially when a letter to that effect came "an hour later" and was all that was required. This was simply a case of the writer's own natural clairvoyance. What would an *adept* have to do with this?—[ED.]



letter from her. I mention these apparently trivial phenomena, as I think they show that the Influence inspiring me is in union with and drawing me to those who guide the Theosophic Movement.

I will now proceed to give a few hints as to Occult development. He who would enter the Occult Path must first realize that there is a good and loving Intelligence pervading Nature. \* He must refuse to worship all images of this Power, which do not come up to his highest ideals. The cruel Jehovah, the warlike Allah, the lascivious Jove, must give place to the purer Supreme Being of the Voysey school. This, in its turn, must also go, for it will soon become apparent to the enlightened soul that no king or photograph of man, even of his highest ideal, no resemblance of human government, no monarchical ruler or sovereign can be placed over the Universe. We must seek *in* and not above Nature for God. We must own that the drop cannot comprehend the ocean or the finite mind the infinite Whole. We must acknowledge the Divine, Loving, All-good Essence in Nature and in ourselves and strive to unite ourselves with It. To sink the selfish personal idea, the individual wants and desires in the Divine Whole. Our lives must act out the precept, Thy will be done.† We must not acquire wealth but to this end. No human love must stand in the way.

This is the first step. We are then united with the Divine Intelligence and the whole force of the Divine is at our back. This is not so hard as it appears. It seems hard because the mind will fall back on the old false ideas of God, the cruel, ascetic, capricious power. But once realise that all true pleasure, all love, all beauty is God and part of God, and by uniting with the Divine we have all that is worth having.

All we renounce is the delusive semblance of these things in the world, in which is no real satisfaction, nothing but Maya or delusion. Having made this first step, we see all things with different eyes. We realize the truth of Karma. We love all and hate none. We cease to feel bitterly and cry for revenge on our worst foes. We know that the inmost of every soul is a Divine Ego. We see the whole arcana of Nature are but the methods of educating and perfecting the Individual Egos. We see the upward march of Spirit through all the forms of nature to man. This gives us a new view of the animal creation. No longer the old idea prevails that they are created for us, for our food and use. We see that they are the embryos of ourselves, hothouse beds for the nurture of Spirit, and we must remember that all cruelty re-acts on ourselves. We now come to the lower forms of humanity, our savages, our criminals. No longer the moral shudder, no longer the hands lifted up in holy horror. Let us take some examples. Take a murderer. What is the popular view? A holy horror, a thirst for vengeance, a feeling of the utter impossibility of being like such a man. But the Occultist recognises the law of Karma working in accord with heredity, with astrological influences at birth, with educational surroundings etc.; he knows also the power of Black Magic.

He knows that the self-righteous in their churches, in their homes, by their vicious beliefs, their hard cruel ways, by these and by their prayers to a ferocious deity, invoke too often such evil Elemental forces, which go forth, like the fabled

\* Why "loving"? If *absolute*, it can have no attributes either of love or hatred.—[ED.]

† *Vide* foot note *supra*. We recognise no Being to whom such a phrase may be addressed.—[ED.]

devil, seeking whom they may devour, and finding victims in these poor, helpless persons, destitute of Will, and thus the criminal, the murderer, is manufactured. This being so, are we to rush forth and howl for vengeance? Let us be thankful that Karma has not made us so, that sufficient good influence surrounds us to ward off these Elemental forces so that they pass us by. But let us not gloat over these things, or we may get into the current and some such influence take hold of us, self-righteous as we are.

We must put aside all vengeance, all hatred; and all we are entitled to do, is to confine such poor imbeciles that they do no more mischief, and also by our White Magic of love and kindness seek to exorcise the elemental demons who control them. The common idea is that avenging punishments deter from crime. But this is so only in appearance. The only way to lessen crime is to quench the evil at its source by the magic of divine love. Beware of avenging crime by crime. The death penalty only increases the evil, and lets loose a demon to do more mischief. Having made these steps forward on the Path, we look with different eyes upon all humanity. Let us now turn to the so-called good and respectable.

When we see the dull round of their lives, without a thought beyond the present hours, merely satisfying animal wants, getting money, and obeying without question the religions and laws of the time, we feel that such have not as yet wakened their Soul-powers. They slumber still; many a life must be passed by such people in which the battle between the material and the spiritual must be fought out before they can advance far upon the Path.

There is a great fallacy in the words Good and Evil which even some Theosophists have not yet found out. We all of us are apt to measure people by the world's standard, even though we profess Occult Philosophy. Thus to us a person is good who has tamed his nature down to be a slave to the customs of the time, who never questions a tyrannical government, who acts up to his religion without reasoning or thinking about it, who conforms to the marriage laws and social fashions. Such a man is good. To break though any of these customs is evil. But this is a fallacy. It cannot be good to obey that which is founded on wrong and error. The only good is to act up to our highest ideas. These, whatever the world may say, will lead us astray. Then astray we must go. It was of Shelley, that someone said, Would that he could think for himself; when his mother replied, Would to God he would think like other people. It is this conformity to custom that the world calls good, its reverse evil; but the Occultist looks beneath the surface of things. He pities but does not feel hatred towards the criminal, only towards his crime. He sees good in all. He does not turn away from those whom the world scorns. He knows that they are fighting out the bitter conflict of Life. Neither does he worship the self-righteous and the so-called good, for he sees in them too often merely Souls in a state of somnolence. Better to fall through having a loving and sensitive nature than to avoid temptation through hardness of heart and callousness of mind. For such, though praised by the world, must go through many incarnations before their hard natures are broken up and the Divine Ego shines through.

The present civilization is a vast delusion, and the seeds of its dissolution are already sown. The only way to save the world from the horrors attending the

collapse of this civilization, is by bringing to bear upon mankind fresh influences from the Unseen side of Nature. We must bring the knowledge of Occultism to the world. We must endeavour to draw sympathetic minds from all parts to enter the Occult Path. If a sufficient number can be thus gained, they will yet save and remould Society, and form a foundation for a more Spiritual Race in the Future. Great are the duties devolving upon us, brother Occultists; may we perform them honestly and shew ourselves to be fit receptacles for the Higher Inspirations. And may the Great Masters of Occultism bless us with renewed strength and Spiritual Powers in the strife which we must wage with the delusions and falsities of the world.

A. F. TINDALL, MUS. BAC.



## Reviews.

### THE TEXT BOOK OF ASTROLOGY.\*

**T**HE Sons of Urania will be rejoiced to know that the above work is now completed by the publication of the second volume. The author is so well known as a writer upon Astrology, that it is impossible to question the authority with which he pleads the cause of Urania, and anything like a fair estimate of the study and labour necessary for the production of such a work as the "Text Book," is equally impossible. The book is practically the result of thirty years modern experience and study; it appears to embody everything that is known at present upon this most interesting subject of Astrology, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Pearce's work is as claimed "indispensable alike to the mythologist, the antiquarian, the orientalist, and the student of occult science."

### AN INTRODUCTION TO THEOSOPHY.†

**T**HIS is a pamphlet written in the spirit of perfect conviction and sincerity. The author summarizes with considerable skill the leading points in the Esoteric Philosophy for the benefit of outside enquirers into the history and objects of the T. S. As the system has brought rest and joy to his own mind, he benevolently wishes to help others to share the feeling with him. Pity that all our colleagues would not do likewise. Mr. Elliot's literary project it thus defined by himself:—

"Writing as a Fellow of the Theosophical Society, I desire to show that its endeavour is to substitute conciliation for strife, to bring ease to the weary, and save rich men from the devastation which is the sure end of wealth without wisdom. That its first step is towards bringing together rich and poor, so that they may by the light of their reason and teachings come to understand that the interests of each man are best served by a consolidated attempt of the units to build up

\* By ALFRED J. PEARCE. COUSINS & CO. 6 Helmet Court (338) Strand. Price 15/6.

† By GILBERT ELLIOT, F.T.S. London, G. REDWAY, 1889.

the destiny of the race on the strong natural foundation of mutual help, on which alone any attempt whatever can achieve real progress."

He candidly warns all to keep out of the Society if they have the notion that by entering it they would be put in the way to acquire phenomenal forces or witness exhibitions of magic by others. And plainly says:—

"I warn aspirants who aim high that the path they seek to walk in is very narrow, and full of obstacles, which they will have to overcome, at first at any rate, alone, and by the utmost degree of self-control of which they are capable."

#### CAN IT BE LOVE? \*

**C**APTAIN SERJEANT'S monograph might be styled a gospel of Altruism; the aim in view being to enforce the maxim that the Personal Self is inseparable from the Universal Being, and hence, that man should live, think and strive in unison with all mankind. The absolute and essential fraternity of all sentient beings is urged as the divine law of life. The teaching is conveyed in a dialogue between the Higher Self and the Lower Self. The teacher is figured under the guise of an Unknown, who suddenly appears in the Author's room as he muses by his fireside, answers his unspoken thoughts, dictates the contents of this Work, and as suddenly vanishes. The matter was published as a Serial, in a certain London weekly journal, and—as the Author explains—"the interest caused by its appearance, has amply warranted its republication in a volume form."

#### BALENI.†

**I**N this charming little volume of Italian poetry, Dr. Pioda has framed some of the deeper truths of Theosophy in the musical language of Italy. In a capital preface, he gives a general sketch of those echoes from an archaic past, which are found in the Secret Doctrine, and which he afterwards softens in the rythmical changes of Italian verse. Space, Life and Love are the titles of three poems, in which he brings the reader to a knowledge of some of the aspects which the Infinite one presents to us in the great drama of illusion it unfolds. Dr. Pioda, in his preface, tells us that he has chosen poetry as the expression of his thoughts, because by this means he is able to catch the music as well as the meaning of some of those songs of life, which lie around in the ethereal Space, and may thus, the more deeply, move the inner being of his reader. Man leaves behind him his works, but after death, his Ego, like a full-stringed harp, resounds with the agitation of ethereal waves, which have preserved the notes struck on life's material key-board, and forms with them the melody of his earthly career. Thus, if this idea, which seems to underlie the meaning of Dr. Pioda's words, be true, poets may catch and intone these psychic harmonies for the benefit of living men. The book is well printed, and all those who prefer the flowery paths of truth in its poetic garb to the sterner and more rugged words of prose, should read these poems.

\* By WM. C. ELTON SERJEANT. Author's Edition, London, 1889. THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, pp. 79. Price 5s.

By ALFRED PIODA, F.T.S.

# LUCIFER

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1890!

ON THE NEW YEAR'S MORROW.

"The veil which covers the face of futurity  
is woven by the hand of Mercy."

—BULWER LYTTON.

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! This seems easy enough to say, and everyone expects some such greeting. Yet, whether the wish, though it may proceed from a sincere heart, is likely to be realized even in the case of the few—is more difficult to decide. According to our theosophical tenets, every man or woman is endowed, more or less, with a magnetic potentiality, which when helped by a sincere, and especially by an intense and indomitable *will*—is the most effective of magic levers placed by Nature in human hands—for woe as for weal. Let us then, Theosophists, use that will to send a sincere greeting and a wish of good luck for the New Year to every living creature under the sun—enemies and relentless traducers included. Let us try and feel especially kindly and forgiving to our foes and persecutors, honest or dishonest, lest some of us should send unconsciously an "evil eye" greeting instead of a blessing. Such an effect is but too easily produced even without the help of the occult combination of the two numbers, the 8 and the 9, of the late departed, and of the newly-born year. But with these two numbers staring us in the face, an evil wish, just now, would be simply disastrous!

"Hullo!" we hear some casual readers exclaiming. "Here's a *new* superstition of the theosophic cranks: let us hear it. . . ."

You shall, dearly beloved critics, though it is not a *new* but a very *old* superstition. It is one shared, once upon a time, and firmly believed in, by all the Cæsars and World-potentates. These dreaded the number 8, because it postulates the *equality of all men*. Out of eternal *unity* and the mysterious number *seven*, out of Heaven and the seven planets and the sphere of the fixed stars, in the philosophy of arithmetic, was born the *ogdoad*. It was *the first cube of the even numbers*, and hence held

sacred.\* In Eastern philosophy number eight symbolises equality of units, order and symmetry in heaven, transformed into inequality and confusion on earth, by selfishness, the great rebel against Nature's decrees.

"The figure 8 or  $\infty$  indicates the perpetual and regular motion of the Universe," says Ragon. But if perfect as a cosmic number it is likewise the symbol of the lower *Self*, the animal nature of man. Thus, we augur ill for the *unselfish* portion of humanity from the present combination of the year-numbers. For the central figures 89 in the year 1890, are but a repetition of the two figures in the tail-end of 1889. And *nine* was a digit terribly dreaded by the ancients. With them it was a symbol of great changes, cosmic and social, and of versatility, in general; the sad emblem of the fragility of human things. Figure 9 represents the earth under the influence of an *evil principle*; the Kabalists holding, moreover, that it also symbolises the act of reproduction and generation. That is to say that the year 1890 is preparing to reproduce all the evils of its parent 1889, and to generate plenty of its own. *Three times three* is the great symbol of *corporisation*, or the materialisation of spirit according to Pythagoras—hence of gross matter.† Every material extension, every circular line was represented by number 9, for the ancient philosophers had observed that, which the philosophicules of our age either fail to see, or else attribute to it no importance whatever. Nevertheless, the natural depravity of this digit and number is awful. Being sacred to the spheres it stands as the sign of circumference, since its value in degrees is equal to 9—*i.e.*, to 3+6+0. Hence it is also the symbol of the human head—especially of the modern average head, ever ready to be parading as 9 when it is hardly a 3. Moreover, this blessed 9 is possessed of the curious power of reproducing itself in its entirety in every multiplication and whether wanted or not; that is to say, when multiplied by itself or any other number this cheeky and pernicious figure will always result in a sum of 9—a vicious trick of material nature, also, which reproduces itself on the slightest provocation. Therefore it becomes comprehensible why the ancients made of 9 the symbol of Matter, and we, the modern Occultists, make of it that of the *materialism* of our age—the fatal *nineteenth* century, now happily on its decline.

If this antediluvian wisdom of the ages fails to penetrate the "circumference" of the cephaloid "spheres" of our modern Scientists and Mathematicians—then we do not know what will do so. The occult future of 1890 is concealed in the exoteric past of 1889 and its preceding patronymical eight years.

Unhappily—or shall we say, happily—man in this dark cycle is

\* As shown by Ragon, the Mason-Occultist, the gnostic ogdoad had eight stars representing the 8 Cabiri of Samothrace, the 8 *principles* of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, the 8 gods of Xenocrates, the 8 angles of the cubic stone.

† The reason for this is because according to the Pythagoreans each of the three elements that constitute our bodies is a *ternary*: water, containing earth and fire; earth containing aqueous and igneous particles; and fire being tempered by aqueous globules and terrestrial corpuseles serving it as food. Hence the name given to matter, the "*nonagous envelope*."

denied, as a collective whole, the faculty of foresight. Whether we take into our mystic consideration the average business man, the profligate, the materialist, or the bigot, it is always the same. Compelled to confine his attention to the day's concern, the business man but imitates the provident ant by laying by a provision against the winter of old age; while the elect of fortune and Karmic illusions tries his best to emulate the grasshopper in his perpetual buzz and summer-song. The selfish care of the one and the utter recklessness of the other make both disregard and often remain entirely ignorant of any serious duty towards Human kind. As to the latter two, namely the materialist and the bigot, their duty to their neighbours and charity to all begin and end at home. Most men love but those who share their respective ways of thinking, and care nothing for the future of the races or the world; nor will they give a thought, if they can help it, to *post-mortem* life. Owing to their respective psychical temperaments each man expects death will usher him either through golden porches into a conventional heaven, or through sulphurous caverns into an asbestos hell, or else to the verge of an abyss of non-existence. And lo, how all of them — save the materialist — do fear death to be sure! May not this fear lie at the bottom of the aversion of certain people to Theosophy and Metaphysics? But no man in this century — itself whirling madly towards its gaping tomb — has the time or desire to give more than a casual thought either to the grim visitor who will not miss one of us, or to Futurity.

They are, perhaps, right as to the latter. The future lies in the present and both include the Past. With a rare occult insight Rohel made quite an *esoterically* true remark, in saying that "the future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads." For the Occultist and average Theosophist the Future and the Past are both included in each moment of their lives, hence in the eternal PRESENT. The Past is a torrent madly rushing by, that we face incessantly, without one second of interval; every wave of it, and every drop in it, being an event, whether great or small. Yet, no sooner have we faced it, and whether it brings joy or sorrow, whether it elevates us or knocks us off our feet, than it is carried away and disappears behind us, to be lost sooner or later in the great Sea of Oblivion. It depends on us to make every such event non-existent to ourselves by obliterating it from our memory; or else to create of our past sorrows Promethean Vultures — those "dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the Past," which, in Sala's graphic fancy "wheel and shriek over the Lethean lake." In the first case, we are real philosophers; in the second — but timid and even cowardly soldiers of the army called mankind, and commanded in the great battle of Life by "King Karma." Happy those of its warriors by whom Death is regarded as a tender and merciful mother. She rocks her sick children into sweet sleep on her cold, soft bosom but to awake them a moment after, healed of all ailing, happy, and with a tenfold reward for every bitter sigh or tear. *Post-*

*mortem* oblivion of every evil—to the smallest—is the most blissful characteristic of the “paradise” *we* believe in. Yes: oblivion of pain and sorrow and the vivid recollection only, nay once more the living over of every happy moment of our terrestrial drama; and, if no such moment ever occurred in one's sad life, then, the glorious realization of every legitimate, well-earned, yet unsatisfied desire *we* ever had, as true as life itself and intensified seventy seven-times sevenfold. . . .

Christians—the Continental especially—celebrate their New Year days with special pomp. That day is the *Devachan* of children and servants, and every one is supposed to be happy, from Kings and Queens down to the porters and kitchen-malkins. The festival is, of course, purely pagan, as with very few exceptions are all our *holy days*. The dear old pagan customs have not died out, not even in Protestant England, though here the New Year is no longer a sacred day—more's the pity. The presents, which used to be called in old Rome *strenæ* (now, the French *étrennes*), are still mutually exchanged. People greet each other with the words:—*Annum novum faustum felicemque tibi*, as of yore; the magistrates, it is true, sacrifice no longer a white swan to Jupiter, nor priests a white steer to Janus. But magistrates, priests and all devour still in commemoration of swan and steer, big fat oxen and turkeys at their Christmas and New Year's dinners. The gilt dates, the dried and gilt plums and figs have now passed from the hands of the tribunes on their way to the Capitol unto the Christmas trees for children. Yet, if the modern Caligula receives no longer piles of copper coins with the head of Janus on one side of them, it is because his own effigy replaces that of the god on every coin, and that coppers are no longer touched by royal hands. Nor has the custom of presenting one's Sovereigns with *strenæ* been abolished in England so very long. D'Israeli tells us in his *Curiosities of Literature* of 3,000 gowns found in Queen Bess's wardrobe after her death, the fruits of her New Year's tax on her faithful subjects, from Dukes down to dustmen. As the success of any affair on that day was considered a good omen for the whole year in ancient Rome, so the belief exists to this day in many a Christian country, in Russia pre-eminently so. Is it because instead of the New Year, the mistletoe and the holly are now used on Christmas day, that the symbol has become Christian? The cutting of the mistletoe off the sacred oak on New Year's day is a relic of the old Druids of pagan Britain. Christian Britain is as pagan in her ways as she ever was.

But there are more reasons than one why England is bound to include the New Year as a sacred day among Christian festivals. The 1st of January being the 8th day after Christmas, is, according to both profane and ecclesiastical histories, the festival of Christ's circumcision, as six days later is the Epiphany. And it is as undeniable and as world-known a fact as any, that long before the advent of the three Zoroastrian Magi, of Christ's circumcision, or his birth either, the 1st of January was the



first day of the civil year of the Romans, and celebrated 2,000 years ago as it is now. It is hard to see the reason, since Christendom has helped itself to the Jewish Scriptures, and along with them their curious chronology, why it should have found it unfit to adopt also the Jewish *Rosh-Hashonah* (the head of the year), instead of the pagan New Year. Once that the 1st Chapter of *Genesis* is left headed in every country with the words, "Before Christ, 4004," consistency alone should have suggested the propriety of giving preference to the Talmudic calendar over the pagan Roman. Everything seemed to invite the Church to do so. On the undeniable authority of revelation Rabbinical tradition assures us that it was on the 1st day of the month of *Tisri*, that the Lord God of Israel created the world—just 5848 years ago. Then there's that other historical fact, namely that our father Adam was likewise created on the first anniversary of that same day of *Tisri*—a year after. All this is very important, pre-eminently suggestive, and underlines most emphatically our proverbial western ingratitude. Moreover, if we are permitted to say so, it is dangerous. For that identical first day of *Tisri* is also called "Yom Haddin," the Day of Judgment. The Jewish *El Shaddai*, the Almighty, is more active than the "Father" of the Christians. The latter will judge us only after the destruction of the Universe, on the Great Day when the Goats and the Sheep will stand, each on their allotted side, awaiting eternal bliss or damnation. But *El Shaddai*, we are informed by the Rabbins, sits in judgment on every anniversary of the world's creation—*i.e.* on every New Year's Day. Surrounded by His archangels, the God of Mercy has the astro-sidereal minute books opened, and the name of every man, woman and child is read to Him aloud from these Records, wherein the minutest thoughts and deeds of every human (or is it only Jewish?) being are entered. If the good deeds outnumber the wicked actions, the mortal whose name is read lives through that year. The Lord plagues for him some Christian Pharaoh or two, and hands him over to him to shear. But if the bad deeds outweigh the good—then woe to the culprit; he is forthwith condemned to suffer the penalty of death during that year, and is sent to Sheol.

This would imply that the Jews regard the gift of life as something very precious indeed. Christians are as fond of their lives as Jews, and both are generally scared out of their wits at the approach of Death. Why it should be so has never been made clear. Indeed, this seems but a poor compliment to pay the Creator, as suggesting the idea that none of the Christians care particularly to meet the Unspeakable Glory of the "Father" face to face. Dear, loving children!

A pious Roman Catholic assured us one day that it was not so, and attributed the scare to *reverential awe*. Moreover, he tried to persuade his listeners that the Holy Inquisition burnt her "heretics" out of pure Christian kindness. They were put out of the way of terrestrial mischief in this way, he said, for Mother Church knew well that Father God would take better care of the roasted victims than any mortal authority could,

while they were raw and living. This may be a mistaken view of the situation, nevertheless, it was meant in all Christian charity.

We have heard a less charitable version of the real reason for burning heretics and all whom the Church was determined to get rid of; and by comparison this reason colours the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination to eternal bliss or damnation with quite a roseate hue. It is said to be stated in the secret records of the Vatican archives, that burning to the last atom of flesh, after breaking all the bones into small fragments, was done with a predetermined object. It was that of preventing the "enemy of the Church," from taking his part and share even in the last act of the drama of the world—as theologically conceived—namely in "the Resurrection of the Dead," or of all flesh, on the great Judgment Day. As cremation is to this hour opposed by the Church on the same principle—to wit, that a cremated "Sleeper" will upon awakening at the blast of the angel's trumpet, find it impossible to gather up in time his scattered limbs—the reason given for the *auto da fé* seems reasonable enough and quite likely. The sea will give up the dead which are in it, and death and hell will deliver up their dead (*Vide* "Revelation xx. 13"); but terrestrial fire is not to be credited with a like generosity, nor supposed to share in the asbestosian characteristics of the orthodox hell-fire. Once the body is cremated it is as good as annihilated with regard to the last rising of the dead. If the occult reason of the inquisitorial *autos da fé* rests on fact—and personally we do not entertain the slightest doubt of it, considering the authority it was received from—then the Holy Inquisition and Popes would have very little to say against the Protestant doctrine of Predestination. The latter, as warranted in Revelation, allows some chance, at least, to the "Damned" whom hell delivers at the last hour, and who may thus yet be pardoned. While if things took place in nature as the theology of Rome decreed that they should, the poor "Heretics" would find themselves worse off than any of the "damned." Natural query: which of the two, the God of the Calvinists or the Jesuit of God, he who first invented burning, beats the other in refined and diabolical cruelty? Shall the question remain in 1890, *sub judice*, as it did in 1790?

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But the Inquisition, with its stake and rack and diabolical tortures, is happily abolished now, even in Spain. Otherwise these lines would never have been written; nor would our Society have such zealous and good theosophists in the land of Torquemada and the ancient paradise of man-roasting festivals, as it has now. Happy NEW YEAR to them, too, as to all the Brethren scattered all over the wide globe. Only we, theosophists, so kindly nicknamed the "sevening lunatics," would prefer another day for *our* New Year. Like the apostate Emperor, many of us have still a strong lingering love for the pætical, bright gods of Olympus and would willingly repudiate the double-faced Thessalonian. The first of Januarius was ever more sacred to Janus than Juno; and *janua*, meaning

"the gate that openeth the year," holds as good for any day in January. January 3, for instance, was consecrated to *Minerva-Athene* the goddess of wisdom and to *Isis*, "she who generates life," the ancient lady patroness of the good city of Lutetia. Since then, mother Isis has fallen a victim to the faith of Rome and civilization and Lutetia along with her. Both were converted in the *Julian* calendar (the heirloom of pagan Julius Cæsar used by Christendom till the XIIIth. century): Isis was baptized Geneviève, became a beatified saint and martyr, and Lutetia was called Paris for a change, preserving the same old patroness but with the addition of a false nose.\* Life itself is a gloomy masquerade wherein the ghastly *danse Macabre* is every instant performed; why should not calendars and even religion in such case be allowed to partake in the travesty?

To be brief, it is January the 4th which ought to be selected by the Theosophists—the Esotericists especially—as their New Year. January is under the sign of Capricornus, the mysterious *Makara* of the Hindu mystics—the "Kumaras," it being stated, having incarnated in mankind under the 10th sign of the Zodiac. For ages the 4th of January has been sacred to Mercury-Budha,† or Thoth-Hermes. Thus everything combines to make of it a festival to be held by those who study ancient Wisdom. Whether called Budh or *Budhi* by its Aryan name, *Mercurios*, the son of *Calus* and *Hecate* truly, or of the *divine* (white) and infernal (black) magic by its Hellenic, or again Hermes or Thoth its Greco-Egyptian name, the day seems in every way more appropriate for us than January I, the day of Janus, the double-faced "god of the time"—*serviers*. Yet it is well named, and as well chosen to be celebrated by all the political Opportunists the world over.

Poor old Janus! How his two faces must have looked perplexed at the last stroke of midnight on December 31! We think we see these ancient faces. One of them is turned regretfully toward the Past, in the rapidly gathering mists of which the dead body of 1889 is disappearing. The mournful eye of the God follows wistfully the chief events impressed on the departed *Annus*: the crumbling Eiffel tower; the collapse of the "monotonous"—as Mark Twain's "tenth mule"—Parnell-Pigot alliteration; the sundry abdications, depositions and suicides of royalty; the *Hegira* of aristocratic Mahomeds, and such like freaks and *fiascos* of civilization. This is the Janus face of the Past. The other, the face of the Future, is enquiringly turned the other way, and stares into the very depths of the womb of Futurity; the hopeless vacancy in the widely open eye bespeaks the ignorance of the God. No; not the two faces,

\* This festival remains thus unchanged as that of the lady Patroness of Lutetia=Paris, and to this day *Isis* is offered religious honours in every Parisian and Latin church.

† The 4th of January being sacred to Mercury, of whom the Greeks made *Hermes*, the R. Catholics have included St. Hermes in their Calendar. Just in the same way, the 9th of that month having been always celebrated by the pagans as the day of the "conquering sun" the R. Catholics have transformed the noun into a proper name, making of it St. *Nicanor* (from the Greek *nican*, to conquer), whom they honour on the 10th of January.

nor even the occasional four heads of Janus and their eight eyes can penetrate the thickness of the veils that enshroud the karmic mysteries with which the New Year is pregnant from the instant of its birth. What shalt thou endow the world with, O fatal Year 1890, with thy figures between a unit and a cipher, or symbolically between living man *erect*, the embodiment of wicked mischief-making and the universe of matter! \* The "influenza" thou hast already in thy pocket, for people see it peeping out. Of people daily killed in the streets of London by tumbling over the electric wires of the new "lighting" craze, we have already a premonition through news from America. Dost thou see, O Janus, perched like "sister Anne" upon the parapet dividing the two years, a wee David slaying the giant Goliath, little Portugal slaying great Britain, or her *prestige*, at any rate, on the horizons of the torrid zones of Africa? Or is it a Hindu Soodra helped by a Buddhist Bonze from the Empire of the Celestials who make thee frown so? Do they not come to convert the two-thirds of the Anglican *divines* to the worship of the azure coloured Krishna and of the Buddha of the elephant-like pendant ears, who sits cross-legged and smiles so blandly on a cabbage-like lotus? For these are the theosophical *ideals*—nay, Theosophy itself, the divine Wisdom—as distorted in the grossly materialistic, all-anthropomorphizing mind of the average British Philistine. What unspeakable new horrors shalt thou, O year 1890, unveil before the eyes of the world? Shall it though ironclad and laughing at every tragedy of life sneer too, when Janus, surnamed on account of the key in his right hand, *Janitor*, the door-keeper to Heaven—a function with which he was entrusted ages before he became St. Peter—uses that key? It is only when he has unlocked one after the other the door of every one of the 365 days (true "Blue Beard's secret chambers") which are to become thy future progeny, O mysterious stranger, that the nations will be able to decide whether thou wert a "Happy," or a *Nefast* Year.

Meanwhile, let every nation, as every reader, fly for inquiry to their respective gods if they would learn the secrets of Futurity. Thus the American, Nicodemus-like, may go to one of his three living and actually reincarnated Christs, each calling himself Jesus, now flourishing under the star-bespangled Banner of Liberty. The Spiritualist is at liberty to consult his favourite medium, who may raise Saul or evoke the Spirit of Deborah for the benefit and information of his client. The gentleman-sportsman can bend his steps to the mysterious abode of his rival's jockey, and the average politician consult the secret police, a professional chiromancer, or an astrologer, etc., etc. As regards ourselves we have faith in numbers and only in that face of Janus which is called the Past. For—doth Janus himself know the future? —or

. . . . "perchance himself he does not know."

\* It is only when the cipher or nought stands by itself and without being preceded by any digit that it becomes the symbol of the infinite Kosmos and—of absolute Deity.

## NAMES AND THINGS.

**I**N the imagined extent of our knowledge we often overlook entirely the character of such knowledge as we possess. Such knowledge as we possess serves only to reveal our own ignorance. We have ideas that are at best phantasms, and we clothe these ideas in words that masquerade like puppets in a play, and this phantasmagoria we imagine to be real knowledge, actual existences. Men talk learnedly of the discoveries of science, of the progress of science, as though there were any such thing as science. Science is, at best, man's *idea* of nature, what it is, and how it works; what makes the wheels go round. But Nature itself is another thing entirely. The greatest revelation of so-called science, to the greatest of its advocates and followers is the revelation of his own ignorance, how little, after all his searching, he really knows. If so-called civilized man were at one stroke swept from the earth, how long would science remain? There would indeed remain Nature and her laws, which to a new race of men would appear to be a very different thing indeed from what it seems to us. There might, however, arise a new science as different from ours as the habits, thoughts, and occupations of the Orient now differ from the Occident. It is true that what we call the Force of Gravitation would still exist, and its laws and relations, whatever they really are, would remain unchanged; but the new race would call this law by a different name, representative of different ideas, of greater or lesser discoveries, of more or less knowledge, and yet this knowledge, unlike our own boasted science, would still be a phantasm, as compared with "the thing in itself," viz., Nature. In our conceit and ignorance at the extent of our knowledge we thus continually overlook the character of our knowledge. This conceit it is that puts us to open shame, for in this apotheosis of ignorance is our progress toward all real knowledge barred. How is that individual to be taught, or to make any real progress in knowledge, who imagines that he already knows enough? A knowledge of our own ignorance is to the mind what a healthy appetite is to the body, viz.: the demand for sustenance. A mind filled with conceit and ignorance is like a stomach filled with wind; it increases hunger and unrest, but destroys appetite, and ends in atrophy. Unmask and analyse that which to-day is called the "authority of science," and it will be found to be far less dignified, less consistent and less beneficent than the authority of the church that science so much despises. That which is called science to-day is a very different thing from what it was yesterday, or what it will be to-morrow. A few facts have indeed been verified and recorded, and a few laws have been approximately formulated; but all this is subject to revision or even reversion to-morrow. Give to so-called science the largest extent and most liberal meaning claimed for it, and still it has no existence outside

of man. It in no sense stands for Nature, but is, at best, Nature reflected in the beclouded and contradictory mind of man. Nature deals with realities; man with shadows and phantasms.

The same is true also of religion and philosophy. We are apt to look upon these as real entities; but neither science, philosophy, nor religion have any existence outside the mind of man, though the real substance of which these are a passing shadow, exists in Nature. This existence in Nature is the GNOSIS, but it is not split into fragments, inharmonious, contradictory, fighting for supremacy, cutting each other's throats. All this discord arises solely from man's ignorance. The Gnosis is *One: silent*: perfect harmony, and perfect peace. If Great Mother Nature were what the ignorance of man has ever imagined her to be, the crack of doom would long ago have sounded the knell of creation. Even Nature's cataclysms are modes of her larger beneficence. When Nature turns destructive and sinks a continent, or burns a world, she but ploughs the field of matter for richer harvest of spirit. Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva are one, not three. To create, to preserve, to destroy, is for Nature but the conjugation of the verb, *to be*. The lower *manas*, the animal-human mind, never rises above names, and deals with these as children play with toys. When they seek to discover what makes the wheels go round the toy is broken, yet the mystery unsolved; then more toys and new mysteries! Is it any wonder that life is a cheat, a delusion, a snare? How many are ready to put away childish things? Alas! how few! Man builds a hut to cover his head and straightway imagines that he has intercepted the sun in his orbit because he is himself in darkness. Superstition builds an altar to fear and self-conceit, crects an idol of stone, or wood, or brass, christens it Jove or Jah; and lo! man has compassed religion, and is ready to cut throats to maintain it. The phantasms of a discordant imagination mingle with the dispirited speculations of the mind; these, bedecked with the pride of the peacock, and seasoned with animal greed, are labelled philosophy, and straightway man imagines that he is wise. 'Tis thus that man walls himself in, mistaking names for things, shadows for substances, ignorance for knowledge, and becomes incapable of enlightenment. Never until man tears down his walls, gets rid of his conceit and greed, and begins to hunger and thirst after truth and righteousness will his enlightenment begin to dawn. Then will he indeed be ashamed of his nakedness, and learn to know good and evil.

With the first flush of the new dawn will come a new danger that has already wrecked many, who, with great enthusiasm, born largely of curiosity, have joined the T. S. They now begin to find faults in others, and to discover flaws in their brothers. They allow carping criticism to root out the young and tender shoots of brotherhood. They are ready to dissect everybody but themselves, and are as ready to criticise and condemn a Mahatma as a mountebank. It requires no spirit of prophecy

to discover the outcome. Utterly unmindful of the beam in their own eye, they allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the motes in the eyes of others. All along the toilsome way which for the past fourteen years the T. S. has come, may be seen these wrecks. Some are carping still. One cannot help feeling sorrow for these stranded souls, because they are often too conceited and blind to feel sorry themselves. Had these deluded ones sought out the cause of evil *within their own souls*, they would not only have found no time to condemn others, but they would have learned charity for faults which were in no wise greater than their own. They would have learned to appreciate, and to approve and seek to emulate, many noble examples of courage, fortitude, and self-sacrifice.

These lessons are continually being repeated. So has it always been ; so will it ever be. These are the earliest and the easiest trials that beset the neophyte when he mistakes persons for principles, names for things, shadows for substance, folly for wisdom. Many are to-day dissatisfied at their own slow progress through just these causes. These are jealous of favours which they imagine have been shown to others, when in truth these others have worked for years without thought of reward, and been rewarded by suspicion and abuse by their fellows. They have heard it repeated again and again, "No favours are shown to *anyone*," and yet these carpers are foolish enough to seek for masters whom they credit with lying ! These unhappy ones cry out against "authority," when they have been told repeatedly that *there is no authority for anyone* save their own judgment and intention ; the authority of their own higher selves. Pitiable as is the case of these individuals, the greater burden is borne by the Society itself ; that suffers detraction, and has to carry such a dead weight, and is credited with so many casualties. Every possible effort has been put forth by the leaders and the few earnest workers to help, to encourage, to explain, and to enlighten.

Many have come to the very entrance of the "golden gates," and turned away because the gate was not what their fancy had painted it. The gates have stood wide open, and while these deluded ones have stopped to inspect its date, its armorial bearings, and take accurate measures of its dimensions, lo ! it has closed to them for ever. These have indeed grieved the spirit, their own *Atman*, and it cannot again be drawn down in the present incarnation, for the re-bound has sent them to find out husks and to wallow with the swine. The door may be still open, but their curiosity is satisfied. Even so passes the bridegroom, and so sleep or wake the foolish and the wise virgins.

Many will still mistake names for things, for as Huriel puts it :

"Man only understands that of which he has the *beginnings* in himself."

HARIJ, F.T.S.

## THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CANONGATE.

(Continued.)

“**I** WAS not sorry to go to the ball that night, if only to escape the horrible associations which the former night and that morning had left about the little landing.

“Lady Scott’s house was sumptuous ; every appointment beyond praise, she herself an ideal hostess. The ball-room, with its exquisite decorations and masses of tropic flowers and ferns (then far less common even among the wealthy than they are now), was a dream of beauty. You may perhaps have heard of Sir Robert Scott ; he claimed some kinship with Michael Scott, the wizard ; he had been knighted for some service or other in the East, where he acquired fabulous wealth. And so they blazed the comets of a season in Edinburgh. The chief attraction of their house, to me, was a noble library, arranged on the best of all systems, the cellular, with a low vaulted roof and rows of small compartments, wherein one could bury oneself in one’s favourite authors, without fear of disturbance. But I am wandering away from the ball. I danced a good deal and for the time forgot altogether the strange experiences of the last few weeks (it was then, I think, only six or seven weeks since I first came to Edinburgh).

“The evening was wearing on ; heated and somewhat tired, I walked out into the entrance-hall for a breath of fresh air. Suddenly my pulses stood still a second, then every vein in my body throbbed at express speed ; through the foliage of a great magnolia that grew in a large wooden box at the foot of the marble staircase, I caught a gleam of amber satin and black lace, and the well-remembered and now to me almost sacred odour of sandal wood, floated on my senses. In an instant it was gone, but something whispered me to follow. The library lay in that direction. I hurried into its cool, dimly lighted recesses, the seventh on the right hand had been on previous visits my favourite haunt, containing Spanish books, mainly of a mystic character. To this recess instinctively I bent my steps, and so highly strung was my mind, that I was scarcely surprised to see there, half reclining in the semi-darkness, the same form I had seen in the mirror at the old house ; the same amber satin and black lace, only now with the addition of a ruby-coloured fan, and now no shadow, no phantasm, but a warm, living, breathing reality. I sprang forward. ‘Mercédès!’ at last, I cried ; she drew back slightly, the fan pressed close to her lips, while she extended the other hand towards me ; for my life I could not have ventured nearer to her, I sank on one knee and covered her hand with kisses. ‘I expected you,’ she said softly, ‘but not here, not thus do we meet or part. Come to me in the Cathedral, at Seville, two months from to-day ; you can do me a great service, which no one else can do ;



now adios, remember !' She withdrew her hand and stately as a queen she glided out of the recess. I turned to follow, but she was gone. Not among the guests that night, nor anywhere in Edinburgh at that time, did I again see my beautiful Mercedes.

"Needless to say I resolved at once that, come what might, I would not fail of the tryst. Two months seemed an interminable time to wait, yet as I sat half dreaming before the fire in the stately old room, I thought, or rather I felt, that the spirit of Mercedes was close beside me there, but that if I went away I should be separated from her. My uncle too grew more confidential and I was surprised to find in him an amount of knowledge and scientific research I had not suspected in that avowed *viveur* and man of the world. Spain was evidently very familiar to him, especially Salamanca. 'Twas there,' he said, 'I met my dear friend Hernandez, a connection of ours I think.' My eyes turned instinctively on the portrait, you remember it, hanging in the hall. 'Aye,' said my uncle, interpreting my glance, 'it's very like him, that's his great grandfather though, Fergus Fergusson. He was one of our family and lived here, I believe, somewhere in the seventeenth century or sixteenth or something. Then he or his son went to Spain and changed the name to Hernandez—why, I can't tell you, I never knew much of these old family stories—however, I met Hernandez at Salamanca, he was a professor when I was a student; he's coming here to Edinburgh and I want you to ask him to come here.'

"Why, of course. Any friend of ours is welcome. But he must be old.'

"Old, bless the boy, he's about 40 !'

"O come, uncle, if he was a professor when you were a student, he must be older than you at any rate, and you're a good 65, I know !'

"God bless me, you're right,' said my uncle, 'I never thought of that. I suppose he is; I can't think of him as past 40 though. Why hang it ! he must be 75 if he's a day, wonderful man, wonderful !'

"I didn't see that a man of 75 was necessarily wonderful, but I held my peace.

"One day my uncle asked to see my little dagger again. I brought it from where I kept it, for I didn't carry it about with me.

"It's a pretty toy,' he said, looking closely at the handle, and as he spoke he touched the extreme end of the handle which seemed to tremble under his finger; he pressed it and the strange carved work of the hilt parted into an egg-shaped garland, then into a perfect circle. My uncle held it up in triumph, then pointing to the characters on the blade he read them off. I will not weary you now with all he told me of the use of this dagger and the symbolism wrought into its handle and written on its blade, and the faiths of old archaic nations which were, as it were, crystallized in this curious old weapon, legends of Isis, of Ashtoreth and Aphrodite, and of the great temple of Cyprus, for my uncle was

a man of wide culture and extensive travel. I was glad to some extent to hear him talk, for his words partly dispelled the feeling of superstitious dread with which I had regarded the dagger since the vision in the ebony table. At some points, however, I must have smiled incredulously, for my uncle said, 'Come now, let us put it to the proof.' I dreaded any further visions in my uncle's company after the last, but somehow I was unable to make any resistance, and I followed my uncle into his little sanctum, by the way, that queer ecclesiastical-looking window belongs to it. I had never been in here before—my uncle seemed greatly averse to intrusion—and I had always desired to humour all his whims. It is a queer stone-vaulted little room, but it looked like a bric-a-brac shop, so thickly was it hung and strewn with curios of all kinds, but what most attracted my notice was a series of seven silken curtains of the seven prismatic colours, which as the full sun shone in seemed to dazzle my eyes, till I almost seemed to fancy a strange mist between me and them, like the appearance of the white of an egg dropped into a tumbler of water.

"My uncle lighted a small lamp, notwithstanding that it was broad noonday, and set it on a little geometrically-shaped table, and soon a rich heavy sensuous perfume filled the room. My uncle laid the dagger in the palm of his right hand, and directed me to place the palm of my right hand over it, while his left hand and mine rested on a little table which stood between; very shortly I felt my hand and arm begin to burn and tingle, the heavy scent stole up to my brain, sensuous images began to rise in my thoughts. My uncle grasped my hand closer and murmured some kind of Hebrew or Arabic chant, the prismatic curtains seemed swayed by some breeze which we could not feel, and the opalescent mist moved and stirred and coagulated, forming itself gradually into lovely forms of women, floating, gliding here and there. My senses were entranced with a wild rapture, though I felt at the same moment as though all my vitality were being drained away. Momently I was growing weaker; with a violent effort of will at last I said to myself 'this won't do. What can be happening to me? I shall faint in another moment.' I drew in a long deep breath, shut my teeth and my lips hard and held my breath a moment, as I looked steadily and firmly at the fleeting shapes, and wherever I looked, there then were none of them, a void hole as it were, with circling forms all round; through one of these voids I saw the amber of one of the curtains, and as it were a simulacrum of black lace over it. Instantly I became conscious of a new power in the force of my will. I put forth all its strength, commanding the obscene herd to disappear. As I did so I felt my uncle's hand grow cold and clammy; he loosened his grasp and the dagger fell to the floor; he was panting and utterly exhausted. I filled a glass of liqueur from a small silver tray that stood on a side table, and in a few moments after swallowing it he was himself again. But

for me, never again did I pass the door of that little room without a shudder.

"A few days later Señor Hernandez arrived. I have seen this remarkable man often since, but never can I forget the first impression made upon me: my uncle's account had prepared me for an elderly gentleman, instead I saw a man apparently in the prime of life; not a grey thread in his jet black hair, not a wrinkle in his clear olive-hued face, the finely-cut features of which might have been wrought in metal so impassive were they. I tried hard to greet him as an ordinary guest, but the curious mixture of terrified repulsion and yet a curiosity amounting almost to attraction was such as I had never felt before, and made it impossible to treat him as a simple casual acquaintance. He looked hard at me with piercing eyes which seemed to dazzle all my senses, and made me feel as in a trance. 'So you are the owner of this old place now,' he said. 'Well, many have come and gone since my—my ancestor's—portrait yonder was painted here. You ought to have some powers—eh? Clairvoyant I should think, perhaps you might tell me some things I want to know.' But the experiences of the past with my uncle had warned me, and I replied that I would never play with such subjects. Señor Hernandez, still looking fixedly at me, said it was a wise resolve. We were standing all this time together in the hall. 'Your grandfather wished he had made such a resolution,' he said, 'before he brought that Spanish bride of his home.' I started, I could not help it—so there was Spanish blood in my own veins then—I had not known of this before. 'Oh, yes,' said Señor Hernandez, 'a lovely girl she was—by the way, you are going to Spain, I may see you there. You wonder how I know. Thought travels quicker than light, and there are those who can read thoughts, even as far off as Spain.' I thought to myself that this man was a very transparent humbug pretending to extraordinary powers, and that he had somehow heard of my intended journey, and made the most of the information. But as I stood talking to him a most strange faintness came over me, a great swell of magnificent organ harmonies seemed surging through my brain, I gasped for breath, my eyes grew blinded; all at once I became conscious that Hernandez was holding his right hand opposite my forehead, and that innumerable threads as it were of pale blue luminous gossamer were streaming from it into my brain. Faint and dim and far away I heard his voice—I was just conscious of sinking into an arm-chair—I heard the distant voice enquiring what I saw, and then, clear as a picture, came the vision of a desolate ridge of a hill with a precipice on either hand, and, mistily outlined in the background, the familiar form of Arthur's Seat: on the midmost point of the ridge stood a species of cromlech, and at its base, a large flat stone, a troop of wild men and women with gipsy faces and wild matted hair pressed around, a form bound with seemingly interminable networks of linen bands interlaced

with swaiths of willow was laid on the stone, an old man with flowing white hair and beard, and a crown of green leaves on his head, raised a large knife; then to my horror I saw the victim was a young girl—a mist came over the altar stone—I could see that it was raised—but I could see no more, save that cruel ghastly rills of blood rippled round it; then, as it faded, the face of Hernandez showed through the mists with a diabolical expression of triumph.

“Again the mists seemed building themselves into pictures, and now I heard the swell of a Christian hymn, and I saw a little chapel with kneeling worshippers, all draped in dark-coloured, coarse woollen clothes of no particular shape, all rough and fierce-looking, both men and women, yet bending in humble adoration. To my intense surprise, I recognised the mouldings of that little room which formed, as I have told you, my uncle’s sanctum. I know not how, but in some strange way I was conscious that under the altar there was a hollow, and that into this hollow I ought to see.

“It seemed, also, as though Hernandez stood beside me, saying, ‘Look below the altar’; but ever that strange, blinding mist floated there and baffled my best endeavours; but as I strained my eyes, a form seemed to float between me and the altar—a kneeling figure, amber silk and black lace—and the faint perfume of sandal-wood floated towards me instead of incense, and in a second all my senses rallied. Some hellish art had overcome my will, and forced me into a trance condition, but I would break from it, even though the effort should tear every nerve. I strove with might and main to free myself, to cast off the heavy cloud that seemed resting on my brain. It felt as though ten thousand tiny filaments all embedded and entangled in the sensitive mass of the brain were being slowly dragged out, each with a separate pang, but the unreal vision vanished; I felt as though awaking from a heavy sleep, and at that moment I heard the voice of Hernandez saying, ‘A thousand devils! the boy’s too strong for me!’ Far away the voice sounded. With a great gasp I came to myself; I was sitting in a big arm-chair in the hall, my uncle and Señor Hernandez standing over me, the former, with a glass of water in his hand. ‘Why, nephew,’ he said, ‘what on earth has come to you? What do you mean by going off in a dead faint like that and scaring us out of our wits?’

“Hernandez said nothing, but a faint smile, more sinister than ever, came round his mouth, but moved no other feature of his face.

“There were but a few days left before my departure for Spain; in those days of slow travelling and probable delays I resolved to allow at least a month, lest by any chance I might miss the tryst at the Cathedral of Seville. Of those few days I remember little, save that the old house seemed more eerie than ever, and the forms, whose presence I dimly felt sometimes on stairs or landing, appeared more palpable, and charged with a magnetism whose evil influence sometimes

almost dominated my will, strive as I would. The image of Mercèdes, too, seemed now to press close beside me, as though seeking protection, but two days before my departure it disappeared altogether. Left alone in the old haunted house (for my uncle and Hernandez almost lived in the little sanctum, save at meal times), you may guess I was glad enough when I embarked at the Port of Leith for the sunny South.

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be continued.)



I FEEL A STRIFE WITHIN MY HEART.

I FEEL a strife within my heart, For good and ill a ceaseless strife ; That takes a hold on ev'ry part, And makes a battle of my life.	Temptations hover thro' my brain, To turn my thoughts from high resolves ; And lead me to some seeming gain, Which, as I fondly grasp—dissolves !
Dark passions sweep across my soul, And toss my Spirit in their rage ; Like tempests over seas that roll Too wild to weather or assuage.	Inherent blemishes combine, To check the purpose of my will ; Which, in its striving, would incline To court the good and shun the ill.
Lust lingers in my bosom, like A leering, whispering fiend, that waits To drag my conscience down, and strike With sins that trembling Virtue hates.	All these are constantly at war With what is noblest, what is right ; And Oh ! my breast bears many a scar To show the fierceness of the fight !
Blind Anger strikes me like the blast, Calls up my blood, my reason dims ; Till cold Regret reviews the past, When madden'd Thought no longer swims.	But still I live in patient hope That Time will bring reward at last ; That Wisdom's gath'ring strength will cope Against the storm's relentless blast.
Pride, like a serpent, lifts its head, To poison all my manliness ; Until my bosom were as dead To Nature's sweet impulsiveness.	Till sin surrenders up its pow'r, And peace, triumphant, fills the breast ; Till Age finds solace in its hour, And looks to an Eternal Rest !
Deceit will oftentimes point the way To profits—false as they are brief— And softly strives to lure astray To paths, <i>retrod</i> thro' shame and grief.	I feel a strife within my heart, For good and ill, a ceaseless strife ; That takes a hold on ev'ry part, And makes a battle of my life.
Wild Pleasures haunt me to my cost, And bid me falter at my goal ; To join their gay, enticing host That wrestle with my restless soul.	

JOSIAH MALLET, F.T.S.

## AWAKENING.

“**M**Y surroundings and the teachings in which I have been brought up have seemed to me hitherto the only world there is ; and now I feel that there are other worlds quite distinct from what has been mine, and I feel awed, and almost as if I had been rudely shaken out of a dream.”

This extract (from a letter) typifies a common experience, an experience, indeed, which falls to the lot of everyone who *lives* ; and that not once or twice only, but again and again. The “Happy Valley” of childhood seems to us the universe, and we are struck breathless when we discover that there is an indefinitely vast world beyond the encircling hills. But even then we have no adequate idea how vast is that world ; and as the horizon widens and yet widens, time after time, often enough we feel indeed as if we had been “rudely shaken out of a dream.” And it was such a pleasant dream ! We had made ourselves so comfortable, we felt so much at home, reconciled gradually to the larger world, and fondly supposing we had attained finality at last ; when suddenly, lo——!——. After a series of these awakenings, if one has risen to each occasion as it came and trained oneself in courage and wisdom, they lose to a very great extent their discomfiting aspect, and are taken calmly and manfully. But let not those who have thus “reached a purer air” be unmindful of their own early sorrows, and impatient of the reluctance and hesitation and timorousness with which others who have not yet been through like year-long discipline shrink from the awakening. Very tender and gentle should they be with all such, knowing that the pain is keen, and often prolonged.

For the pain *is* keen. The desire for peace and quiet is one of the strongest passions of humanity ; and it is with a heavy heart the mandate “Arise ! this is not your rest !” is heard. It is hard to lay aside our opinions, our ideas, our ways of looking at things. Custom and habit have made them so familiar and natural, that it seems like parting with a portion of the very self to part with them. Nor is this all, by any means, in the great majority of cases. For in the Inner Life men seldom move forward by families or in groups. The call is individual, unheard save by the fated one, and too often disbelieved in and denied by others. And bitter indeed is it when it begins to dawn on us that on matters of transcendent import we are no longer able to think with our friends—ah me ! perhaps not with our nearest and dearest. A Hand beckons us which they cannot see. What is a new earth (and perhaps a new heaven) to us is empty space to them. We try to explain—it is impossible ; they cannot understand us. Alone—happy indeed if not saddened by reproaches and fettered by well-meant hindrances—we have to endure the shock of the awakening.

And this bitter experience is one which may recur more than once, and which loses none of its bitterness because it is a familiar pain. Although we awaken each one for himself, yet as a rule we presently gather with others who have passed through the like palingenesia, and in their society we find compensation for the communion we have lost. But it well may happen that a further awakening comes to one of the group which is not shared in by the others; and too often, forgetful of the treatment under which they themselves once groaned, those others mete out even the like to their comrade, who has to pass for a second time through the ordeal of fire. Indeed, such second sorrow is often fiercer than the first. For the heart had clung in the sacred fellowship of suffering to those who had traversed its own thorny path; and sharp indeed is the pain of having to leave even those chosen friends. Besides this, their opposition is often stronger than that first encountered. For they say, weary of wandering, "Surely we have come far enough! Surely you may be content to stay where we are satisfied to rest! Are you so much wiser than we? Have you not had proof that we dare to leave all for the Truth? And if we, thus daring and doing, consider that we have reached the goal, beyond which is only the boundless waste, who are you to dream that there lie still fairer lands beyond, which our eyes, keen and trained as they are, cannot see?" Yet the beckoning Hand will not forbear, and they who have crossed an Atlantic to find an America, are driven to cross the continent in turn to find a Pacific. Let no man envy the forlorn hope, the *enfants perdus* of Humanity! It is a lot to be accepted bravely and with solemn gladness if it so befall; it is not a lot to be lightly sought.

"The forlorn hope"—in its dangers, as well as its sorrows. For those who thus undertake unusual exertion of brain and soul are subject—as is obvious and well-known—to the inexorable Law of Reaction. The vitality that would have sufficed for many days in the quiet valley is exhausted in a few hours of struggling to scale the peak. And then, when the dark hour comes, when one is weary of thinking, weary of feeling, weary of effort—oh! the temptation to cease, to go back! What has been left seems peaceful, beautiful, sufficient as it never seemed before; what has been sought seems unattractive, cold mysterious, forbidding; the glory of the "Alpine bloom" faded, and only the bare nakedness of rock and earth left. There is only one thing to be done then:—to dumbly hold on, to wait till overborne nature has recovered from the strain. Woe to those who yield and go back! Either they have to traverse the self-same ground, inch by inch, over again, shame-weakened and more prone to fall back than ever; or they drag out the rest of their existence in a sphere whose imperfection they perceive without having nerve to leave it, victims of a hungry unrest, tormented by dreams they cannot banish and will not fulfil.

This danger, it has been said, is obvious and well-known. There is a

yet greater one, far more subtle and seldom recognised, which we would do well to analyse and understand.

The essential unity of man is a fact never to be lost sight of for a moment. Emphatically, man is *One*. What are called thought, feeling, emotion, memory, and else, are only different facets of the one gem, called by different names for convenience sake. When a powerful impulse comes to a man, the wave of vitality sweeps through his being, quickening into activity latent potentialities of good—but also of evil.

What a moribund school of theology would call the “backsliding” of “converts” is a psychic fact capable of a rigidly scientific explanation. In the soil of the heart, saturated with an intenser warmth than hitherto known, unsuspected weeds as well as unsuspected flowers germinate. Evil tendencies whose very existence was undreamed of, or which were cut down and supposed to have been killed years ago, manifest terrible life. Seeking to evoke a saint, one is horror-struck at the apparition of a fiend. It is a stern experience ; and befalling one who is unprepared for it, most dangerous. But a wise student of himself will be prepared for it, and on his guard against his unknown Lower Self, when he seeks to develop his unknown Higher Self. *Never is the aspirant in such danger of falling as the moment after he has successfully resisted temptation.* And this, from the laws of his being.

And when will the long-drawn series end? when will the last awakening come, the Ultimate Reality be seen and gained? I know not. Only, for most of us, it will not be for ages yet. Meanwhile?

“And does the road lead up hill all the way?

Yes; to the very end.

And will the journey last the whole, long day?

From morn to night, my friend.”

Yes, it must be even so. Only by travail-pangs and birth-throes can the Ego be born again, time after time into higher and yet higher life. Say not the prospect is an unhappy one. Remember, “There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness.”

The way is rough, though habit will render it ever easier. Still, it is rough. And it is long. And oftentimes it is lonely.

But—*sic itur ad astra.*

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F.T.S.



“THERE was a morning when I longed for fame,  
There was a noontide when I passed it by,  
There is an evening when I think no shame  
Its substance and its being to deny.”



## PSYCHIC FIRE.

(Concluded.)

**I**N our last article we held that every atom of matter in the visible universe is a psycho-material magnet, and we endeavoured to give some of the reasons which led us to this conclusion. Man's shell, or material body, is a congeries of atoms. It must be therefore a complex psycho-material magnet. Let us look at the two planes, the astral and the physical, microcosmically. To do this we must enter the domain of metaphysics, which may be defined as the study of the effects produced at the positive pole of the human magnet, and the realm of physics which reveals to us the action of the negative pole or material form. By connecting the results obtained from these two different inquiries we shall render the former science practical, and the latter theoretical in its exhibition of facts, giving a comprehensive view of the general idea which underlies the facts and theories of life. Philosophy is generally considered as distinct from Science, while religion and the study of the mind have been developing hitherto along separate lines. Science, denying to both these latter a real and positive value, runs between them casting lurid lights first on one side, then on the other, which confuse the even sequence of events and blind us to their common relationship. In truth, Religion may be called the science of the Spiritual Soul, metaphysics that of the human soul, and physics the science of the animal soul. These studies are so closely related that to seek to explain one except by the aid of the other two must lead to only partial and one-sided results.

The Spiritual Soul becomes the observer when the science of human and animal life is considered. Uniting itself with the higher faculties of the Ego, and in this manner individualising its own Infinity, the Spiritual Soul of man becomes for the other two (the human and animal souls) simply an outside power which, as *consciousness*, pervades their activities, and connects them into personal and individual shapes. The Ego or human Soul, saturated with divine consciousness, consciousness (divine simply because infinite) is capable of receiving and localising, through its contact with the material world, every possible ideal impression.

Our religious tenets should consist in generalities into which all finite ideas may be received and co-related amongst themselves, thus partaking of the character of Infinity which rightly belongs to the truly Spiritual. No difficulties would then arise between the agreement of the three great studies which a human life develops.

The Spiritual Ego of the visible universe is the Infinite and Negative One, which receives into its passionless depths the reflections cast from the many coloured fires of life. These fiery shadows are the finite units, which, blended together, form up a mass of power which thrills through

the universe and fills with the glare of positive forms the tranquil majesty of Perfect Light.

So it is with that Ego of man whose function it is to generalise. It resembles the Spiritual Soul of the World in its colourless consciousness, into which are reflected his growing perceptions, flashing and sparkling with the many coloured thoughts which fly from the brain in an ever-deepening aura. These collectively represent a definite quantity of energy, a given point of force, which quivers at first with the gentle heat of low potential but, gradually warming with a stronger current as the man develops, it burns with a central fire which leaps into flame and casts a changeful and uncertain shadow into a conscious universe, revealing a comparison between its own finality and circumscribing Infinity. Thus does the *earthly* man light with his sense perceptions a torch which shows him the infinite oneness of all things: and seeing, he becomes aware of an overshadowing might, a Spiritual power which gathers round him, growing in substance with the light he sheds, and which it reflects with a clearer and surer radiance, until at last the strength of the flame is lost in the heat of its reflection. Thus, first the flame, then flame and shadow where the shadow seems the flame, the flame the shadow, and then the greater light slowly absorbing all.

Thus the Ego advances out of the Infinite Consciousness, and warms into a spiritual and psychic life. The colours of the rays which flash from the material man mirror themselves within the limpid depths of infinite consciousness, and form a personality; then, as this latter assumes a definite form, localised by its roots plunged in the Universe of Space, it becomes a unit reflection from the Absolute and thus summarised as a definite amount of living energy it forms a direct ratio with Infinity and awakens to a consciousness of spiritual unity in which it loses its characteristic personalities. If these latter are looked at as being a bundle of finite ideas, they become a number of minor laws resumed in a major law, and representing the substance and shape of the astral body. This comprehensive law, astral form, or personal Ego, forms a definite ratio with the Infinite, and thus acquires an overshadowing spirituality, and a direct infusion of divine power. Infusion takes place because each component idea of the bundle may set up its own ratio with the overshadowing one which results in the astral form becoming alive with Spiritual affinities. These are the connecting links which bind the different ideas to one another. On the psychic plane this bond shows us the ratios of ideas amongst themselves; these appear as shadows in the purer light of the Spiritual ratios; and resumed in one, we have the Personal Ego darkening the light of Infinite perfection. By this action a definite quantity of Spiritual rays is separated out from the rest becoming the Spiritual affinities resulting from psychic development, and forming a human soul, warmed by the double reflection from the Astral and Spiritual planes.

This human Soul, or individuality, changes with the personality, forming fresh ratios with earth and heaven. Being a flame, its light deepens or weakens in the mental atmosphere in which it lives, and casts a more or less defined shadow above. With the awakening of Spirit come other powers ; but since we treat only of the lower planes we will not attempt to enquire into these deeper mysteries. Let it suffice that the Spirit in man is to his psychic power as the attentive observer to the actors observed.

In what we have just written we have attempted to explain our position with regard to the astral and physical planes in these articles in order that it may clearly be understood that these two planes and their progeny are looked upon as being outside and apart from an Ego who observes and feels the action of these psychic currents ; but we do not profess to have attempted to give more than an outline painting, a picture localising in a half-indefinite way the lower planes of life with reference to the higher. We may now return to the physical plane and resume the development of psycho-material forces. Our Universe is the home of fire which, as living substance, volume without density, manifests the depths of Space. This world-stuff consists, as we have said, of countless fiery magnets, which, under the influence of collective and universal laws, collect into vast fiery masses ; these eventually condense, under the influence of the Universal Mind, into matter forming up, around the unseen universe of thought, a physical brain. Thus the visible Universe is the brain of the mental universe or subjective world of law ; and, as the one is the negative pole, equal and opposite to the other, every subjective activity at the positive pole is reproduced on earth with the release of fire and the apparent life of solid things.

Man, like the world he lives on, is a psycho-material magnet. He possesses a brain or negative pole ; a mind or positive pole.

But he is a more complex material form than the earth ; for his negative pole has developed into a complex material magnet, alive with self-induced currents of electricity which have produced in their turn re-actions on the psychic and spiritual plane, resulting in extra cosmic (that is to say purely human) materialisations. Thus the Ego, the I am I, is the consciousness of a psycho-material magnet whose magnetism is due to the activity of psychic force. The Ego, as Consciousness, reflects these two poles as two different qualities of perception.

The psychic pole is conscious meaning ; the material pole is conscious feeling ; and the reaction on the negative pole or material form of these two constitutes the earthly life of man. The re-agent is positive, psychic force and negative, psychic fire. Now we all know how to think in a greater or lesser degree. The quality of these thoughts, the keenness of conscious mentality, the repetition of thoughts, and the force with which they are vitalised, are factors which the Ego has freedom to use as he pleases. For him Feeling and Meaning are the two activities which lie

in the neg. — and posit. + poles of his psycho-material magnet. If Feeling predominates then the physical world reigns over the psychic world, and the vitality which the Ego disposes of is earthly and personal. Let us examine the effect produced when a bodily feeling sets into activity the currents of our psycho-material human magnet. The negative pole acts as incitor to the subjective plane, and the psychic fire, thus roused, intensifies the magnetism of the whole magnet. This results in animal heat. For the negative pole is increased by a reflex pulsation from the mental world, and we know that increased energy manifests on the physical plane as heat. This increase of vitality is the negative current ; and is equal and opposite to the positive current which, in the astral plane, has no distinct localisation except that which it obtains as a reflected value from the physical world. Therefore the effect of feeling when acting subjectively is to develop heat. The disturbance of the bodily balance is felt by the brain, which must be looked on as being twofold. First, as sensitive matter it is a conductor. Secondly, as psychic condensation it is that which it conducts. It is the main conductor of the material part of the psycho-material magnet and therefore the primary current in this magnet where there are such countless secondary and induced ones. To Kabbalists, who remember that the brain (?) is the seat of Neschamah this will be suggestive. As the primary current it induces secondary ones, known as the complex organisms of the body. The brain acts as a register and notes the disturbance of power as a definite change of atomic force affecting the balance of the body or — pole with its mentality or + pole.

This force is expansive in its initial stage, as sudden release of energy and increased vigour are apparent ; fire or heat is developed, which is the measure of its activity. In its second stage, or that of passing from negative to the positive plane, its initial vigour is lost in its expansion and coolness follows. This indicates the arrival of the impulse at the astral pole ; and the instant reflection thence, due to the necessity of readjusting the balance, is accompanied by the activity of law on the psychic plane which eventuates in increased energy or heat on the physical plane at the exact point whence it started.

So that we have two kinds of heat developed by the action of one feeling. (1.) Nascent heat or positive electricity, visible in the instant of time in which it is capable of manifesting on this plane as a flash of light, or by heat. (2.) The reflex energy or animal heat which is negative electricity. The first, beginning in matter, bursts into the meaning of a law. The second carries this meaning back to the physical plane where it condenses, and the two currents together give us animal magnetism.

Animal magnetism is therefore the action of the astral plane upon the physical plane, where this is primarily excited from the latter.

It is also the method by which the physical Universe builds itself up and evolves under the ægis of laws roused to material interaction. And

here the parallelism existing between man and the world he inhabits becomes again apparent. The world as a whole is the brain of its psychic power. As a whole it is a main conductor or a primary current at rest.

The animal world, distinguished by the possession in each unit development of a cerebral centre, resembles in this the macrocosm. Both are active with animal magnetism and both may re-act on one another through this electrical power as distinct and mutually modifying entities. Feeling, the incitor of animal magnetism, as negative power, is the direct reflection of the Infinite. It is that universal quality out of which the five senses have been separated. It is the consciousness of the Ego reflected through five different universes; for each sense is of infinite perception, or perhaps we should say that the objective field for perception within the range of each of the five senses is infinite. Feeling is that quality by which motion becomes objective; it is the amplitude of vibration, the wing of life which flashes the form of power into objective being. It is in fact the root of motion in the universe of Time, which pierces the unseen world into the visible and becomes incrustated in space as the objective and material plane. In other words it is the foundation of form and is, in itself, on the upper plane the limit which gives meaning to the law. It is therefore the negative power *par excellence*, the absolute one, receiving into its own tranquil immensity the reflection of finite actions and thereby becoming manifest by contrast. It is more than this, for, as the meaning of the law, it is the colour which distinguishes the lights of life vibrating as different laws. Thus we see that when Feeling dominates the astral plane, we have the personality, the vivid hues of life, flashing with renewed vigour under the influence of the increased energy which the disturbance it has effected on that plane rains down on this one. In other words this means that animal magnetism, such as we have described it, is the builder and invigorator of man's personality. For it is a compound of feeling and vitality. As the first it represents the world stuff, its atomic development into bodily form and molecular action. / As the second it represents the laws of these which, with their vitality constantly irritated into activity by material, chemical and physical action, give conscious life to the body. The net result being that the body, a complex unit of feelings, corresponds to a complex unit of laws, or a *mind*, which as long as animal magnetism, in obedience to the conditions of man's earthly life, continues to act, will be kept in a constant state of activity. Hence nervous energy breeds mental vitality. Confusion or inharmonious interaction amongst material particles will confuse the mind which will reflect back on to the fevered part increased fever accentuating the evil.

Thus we conclude that every bodily emotion or feeling affects the mind of man and increases the power of the physical plane over the psychic.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

## SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT FAIRIES.

**T**HERE is a great deal of pleasure in turning out the contents of an old forgotten dusty cupboard, the hiding-place of ancient toys, childhood's treasures. Broken odds and ends of every kind ; the first boat made and launched with such glee and pride, the kite, battered and wind-tossed, side by side with armless dolls and legless animals in amicable confusion, all alike relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

Finally old books, with well-thumbed corners, whose dim lettering and quaint pictures arouse tender memories of the keen delight they gave us before the matter-of-fact world had dulled our senses and made everything seem stale and common. And amongst these old books we find a volume of fairy tales, cast aside with these other relics of childhood as if only fit for that period. So soon do we shut one of the windows of the soul ; indeed, modern childhood declines to look through this window at all, and regards the wonderful lore of the fairy world as a tangle of worn-out superstitious fancies, not to be tolerated in this science-loving age.

Let us forget for awhile modern enlightenment, and peep into this so-called realm of fancy, and try to appreciate the beauty and grace of it, and to discern the no less certain truth underlying the myriad tales and traditions of the world of fairy folk. In each element we find them ; in our world atmosphere, radiant airy beings on airy wing cleaving the blue sky ; resting on cloud banks, climbing the rainbow arch, and visible to those who will see them in the white beam of moonlight which makes a silvery path from earth to heaven.

Then on earth, fairy feet in forest or on moorland, hiding in dells, or dwelling on the scarred barren summits of mountains amid ice and snow. Making gay homes for themselves in ferny copses or under deep hedgerows, leaving their traces of fairy encampments in the dark green rings on meadow land, or amid the woods. Signs and tokens of their presence everywhere. They are diminutive creatures, tiny copies of men and women, varying in size from the airy speck that nestles in a lily cup, to that prankish elf of about a foot high whose mad exploits are related in the person of Puck. Gay frolicsome laughing little beings with as purposeless a life as the merest butterfly, never serious, full of fun and fantasy, destitute alike of tragedy and true comedy. Mere bubbles of intelligent life, fleeting and evanescent ; not powerful either for good or evil. They have, however, their beneficent aspect, as tales of the "good people" so amply prove. Dwelling side by side with men, and venturing into the sleeping drowsy homesteads on moonlit nights, cleaning and tidying for the careful thrifty housewife who rewards their kindly aid by entire belief in their existence.

Votive offerings of food and drink are, however, reserved for the mischievous ones who, unpropitiated, might work evil, and these are placed at stated intervals outside human dwellings, and act as charms in securing peace to the

household. Though it is to be noted that the elves are said to appear in Yuletide as mice, and cakes are placed for them.

To the elves is also given a power of alluring song, and whoso listens to it will invariably die. The story of the Erl-King is an example of this. But this weird music is more associated with water sprites and sirens than with the earth fairies.

Their worst recorded crimes are, however, the occasional theft of a human baby and an uncanny elf-like thing left in its place, which grieves the mother's heart, though she never refuses nourishment and a certain amount of awed affection to the unwelcome stranger.

And whilst these fairy folk dwell on the earth or flit through the air, underground there are troops of somewhat similar forms, dwarfs, gnomes, trolls, cave-haunters, inhabitants of gloomy, sunless depths. These have no beauty of face or form, but are grim, fantastic, crooked; they delve in fairy mines and build their underground cities of crystal and stone. They fashion strange jewels and ornaments and forge magic swords which men have long since wielded, chains too, such as bound the fierce wolf Fennis of Norse legend. Rings have they wrought also of wondrous power, fateful and terrible.

And deeper still than these dwell the salamanders, spirits of fire, living intelligences born in and of that dread element. Who that has looked into the glowing heart of the fire can have failed to catch glimpses of fantastic shapes, leaping in the flames or crouching amidst red embers, their home and birthplace in the great central fires of our earth.

Look also at that other mighty element, water. Who has not felt the magic of the sea? That wild waste of never-resting ocean—full of ceaseless energy under the summer sunshine and the winter howl of the hurricane.

Amid its illimitable expanse and mystery the mind of man gains a better idea of infinity than in any wide-stretching breadth of earth or upward towering mountain.

The sea teems with its own life, animal and vegetable in countless forms—but is this all? Does this mighty world of water contain no intelligent creature, other than a mere animal, abiding in its calm depths or revelling in the tossing waves on its sun-kissed surface? Here is space and enough for sea-fairy folk; so we have undines, mermaids and mermen, water-kelpies, nixies, strom-karls, creatures born of and in the water, some haunting mountain streams and lakes and still, quiet pools, and others dwelling in that larger world of sea-water.

A belief in intelligent beings in more or less human form, but not of human kind, has been almost universal, common to every race and country in every age. The same tales and traditions appear in varying forms and with every variety of detail, but all founded upon the same profound belief in, and unshaken conviction of, the existence of semi-material beings, mostly in human form, with more or less human attributes. At times beneficent to the human race, occasionally malignant, spiteful, elfish, working mischief and ill. Some have seen them, spoken with them, even lived with them, as the famous Thomas of Ercildoune, who lived for seven years in the under ground land and returned to earth under the condition that he should go back to fairyland if summoned. He was finally re-called and is still believed to be living with the fairies. There are various versions of this story in many lands.

Two curious points to be noticed are : 1st, that those decoyed always return to the fairy folk. 2nd, that time, as we understand it on this earth, is of no account, years seeming to be but moments.

Now the chief arguments generally brought forward against the reality of this fairy world, may be divided as follows :

1st. No one has yet been proved to have either seen or conversed with a fairy.

2nd. Their existence is contrary to natural laws.

3rd. The belief in them is only to be found amongst uneducated people.

With regard to the first objection of no credible witness to the existence of a fairy—all the traditions and tales which have been alluded to are declared absolutely incredible. Those who bear witness to their truth have been classed as either self-deceived visionaries or wilful impostors, feeding the human love for the marvellous with the creations of their own morbid fancy.

That no fairy has ever yet been dissected under the microscope is of course to some minds a conclusive proof of non-existence, and those whose world is bounded by microscopic limits are very difficult to convince of anything outside their own narrow experience.

With regard to the second argument, that a fairy's existence would be contrary to natural laws, we have only to put one or two questions. Has our modern very wise man absolutely become possessed of certain knowledge regarding all natural laws? Or is it within the bounds of possibility that natural laws exist of which he, as yet, knows nothing, and that the world of fairies may be subject to such unknown laws?

There is nothing *super*-natural, that is above or beyond the *natural*. It is a paradox. Everything is natural, and under laws, but we do not know entirely the bounds of nature, nor do we understand all the laws which govern it.

Finally, the argument that a belief in fairies is only held by uneducated people, is to be disposed of in two ways. 1st. It is not quite true, as many highly developed minds have believed in them.

2nd. Where it is true, it proves that the development of the logical or reasoning faculty tends to destroy the perceptive and intuitive faculty.

We find, then, that man has either perceived something external to himself on which he has founded his belief, or that he has created the image in his own mind.

It is incredible that the latter should be a fact, for if it is seriously maintained that all these tales are the growth of man's own morbid imagination, a mere collection of superstitious fancies—then we have the curious spectacle of puny insignificant man peopling with his wondrous creative thought, void realms of air, earth, fire and water, left empty of intelligent life by the All-knowing, All-creating Intelligence, who has in every other way allowed no single inch of His marvellous work to remain untenanted and void of spirit incarnate. Can thought be more creative than He who created thought?

We may therefore dismiss this supposition on the ground that such a universal belief must have had at least some germ of truth and fact, and cannot be entirely the result of man's unaided and creative fancy. If man has at some time or other perceived these intelligent beings, we must then proceed to enquire how he has become possessed of any knowledge of them.



Knowledge of the external world is obtained by means of our five senses, and these have to be helped by mechanical agencies such as the microscope and telescope, and so assisted we can arrive at much knowledge which would otherwise remain hidden.

If thus our five senses are by no means adequate by themselves to acquaint us with the external material world, how powerless they must be to give us any knowledge of that more ethereal and intangible world of spirit.

Even the most material of all our philosophers will grant that there is something above and beyond matter, some subtle essence which eludes dissection under the microscope, and of which they therefore believe it impossible to obtain any information.

But why should man, with his insatiable craving for knowledge, be content to sit down with that hopeless cry, "We cannot know; thus far our learning will take us, but no farther." No farther, certainly, whilst our five senses are the only methods used. No learned creature, armed with magnifying glass, with scalpel and forceps, soberly and scientifically investigating nature's marvels, is ever likely to dissect a fairy, nor even to behold the ethereal realm such a being inhabits.

But if the wise man will but, metaphorically speaking, turn himself inside out, he will find that he is the fortunate possessor of another sense.

He will, of course, be indignant at this very unscientific idea, and will probably be as little able to comprehend it as a blind man can be made to understand the sense of sight.

Imagine a man in possession of this sense, lecturing to a number of blind men on the wonderful gift of sight.

How could he, with argument or learned reasoning, set about convincing his audience? There they would be 50 or 100 against him, each blind man would corroborate his fellow in denying the sense of sight; all the balance of experience so far, would be against our lecturer, yet we, who can see, know what the blessed sense of sight means.

The blind man may believe that others see, but he cannot understand or appreciate the sense. The world of sky and mountain and water, the faces of his fellow men are dark, they have no existence visually. But our learned man is better off than the blind man. He has this sense if he will only use it; it may be dim and undeveloped, but it is there. One could not blame a blind man for not seeing, but what would one think of a man who by diligent trying could see, could make his capacity for seeing grow and develope, and yet chose rather to sit in the dark, shut his eyes, and deny that anyone could see?

It is very difficult to persuade people that they have this additional power of acquiring knowledge of the external world.

As a common instance of a perception of external circumstances by an inner sense, take the certain knowledge some people have of an approaching storm. This is a consciousness of change in material conditions, and man to a large extent shares this perception with the lower animals.

In the world of thought, however, there are numberless phenomena which are not to be explained solely by such change in material conditions.

We are told that thought results from certain definite changes in the matter composing the brain; but will this meagre explanation account at all for that won-

derful thought transference, that mental telegraphy which nearly everyone now will admit to be a fact? Will material reasoning explain this thought-reading and transmission, and the power of second sight, so common with some people in some places? Will it explain epidemics of feeling, raging over multitudes? Religious excitement, loyal acclamation, mob-rage, fear, cruelty, lust and greed; almost all human passions passing at intervals over whole races at one or more periods in their existence. There is something subtle, mysterious here, beyond the capability of the five senses to grasp or explain.

Neither will the reasoning faculty of man explain this inner sense. It is in no way an outcome of the logical faculty, but often in direct opposition to it. For want of a better name we call it the sixth sense, the intuitive faculty, the eye of the soul.

With this eye man can gaze into worlds not realised, not present nor existing to his material vision, but more real, true, and living to his spirit than anything which appeals to his five senses alone.

What is it but this faculty that has taught man that there exists a something above and beyond matter, that brings his spirit into contact with the eternal spirit permeating all things.

In proportion to our own development of this spirit within us do we perceive, know, and recognise this same spirit in things outside of ourselves, hence it must be by the intuitive sense that we perceive the finer shades and gradations of intelligent and spiritual life.

There are nowhere in nature any great chasms between one form of life and another; everything is one link in the great chain, the gradual series of developing steps. But looking at the purely material aspect of forms of life there would appear to be a great and wide gulf between man and the lower animals; may not this gap in the long chain be filled by intelligent beings, akin to the animals in their apparent want of a moral life, akin to man in their intelligence, with perhaps also a dormant soul yet waiting for development? The gay delight in existence of these fairy beings is shared by them with the whole animal creation; their fresh, innocent, *unmoral* state betokens also an animal existence, but superadded to this is a greater power of thought and reasoning faculty, a certain cunning and capacity for mischief. Not conscious sin, for that implies a moral sense, and all the tales and traditions show us no conscience in the fairy folk. The tales of their love for mortals and the leading of a life with one of human kind for the sake of such love, point to their capacity for developing a soul in some after existence.

As to their materiality, there must be many and divers theories.

Fairy folk may have their being under totally different laws and on a different plane of existence from ours. But all matter is not visible, nor under certain attenuated conditions able to be perceived by any of the five senses. The air we breathe is not usually visible, the still more wonderful and intangible ether permeating all things is matter as far as we know it, but not visible nor ponderable.

Man's spirit, his personality, is clothed in matter, tangible, ponderable, perceptible by the five senses. It is not very difficult to carry this idea a little further and grant the existence of intelligent beings, personalities also, clothed in more ethereal, intangible matter; such a minute germ of spirit, for instance,

as clothes itself in the tiny semblance of a human being, and dwells invisible to mortal eye in a flower cup; then the stronger spirit germ that attracts a larger amount of more ponderable matter and appears as a wood elf or water sprite, and so on through an infinitely graduated series, more or less ethereal, till we come to the changeling, so sufficiently visible and material as to deceive the mother, who is yet dimly conscious of the difference of spirit between her lost human baby and the weird personality which has taken its place. Again nearer still to man, the beautiful Undine, with yearning wish to develop a human soul, loving mankind because of that subtle attraction her own fast-developing soul has to the fully grown soul of a man. Such fairy beings have always been human in exterior form, tangible, passing amongst men and women as one of themselves, but with sufficient difference of spirit to mark them as of another kind of being. As the animal shows the evolution of man's material self, so do the fairies help to point out the evolution in his spiritual self.

That mankind should have seen and described beings composed of such intangible matter as some of the inhabitants of the fairy world, seems difficult of belief, and yet the various aspects that certain traditional eerie forms have assumed to different eyes prove that though the human being in each case was seen to a certain extent, the seeing has been preceded by an inner perception and consciousness of the presence of an intelligent being, not human, and the strong perception has affected the physical organ of sight to such an extent that a visible embodiment of the perception has been produced.

The spectre, who by turns appears as a peasant to a peasant, as an armed knight to the armed knight in search of adventure, and in many another guise, shows how the individual mind of each seer has coloured the vision. Our argument, then, is that there are beings, intelligences, capable of being perceived by the inner sense of man, that from their very nature these cannot be seen *first* by the physical organ of sight, but only by this organ in proportion to the strength of the inner perception, and that the individual mind necessarily colours these visions according to its own nature.

Uneducated people, women and children, all those in whom the logical faculty is undeveloped and dormant, are much better able to perceive with this inner sense; their natures are more open to impressions, hence the colouring of the fairy world, as seen in tangible form, has always been more gay, innocent, bright and childlike than gloomy, and dark, and evil.

We are making a mistake, now, in our methods of developing the mind. We have looked so closely into the tiny space at our feet, that we have put out of focus the great world-picture which we should do better to try and understand more generally as a whole. In close scrutiny of details, and slavish devotion to microscopic truth, we are losing the larger truth, the fine sense of harmony in every part. And it is the inner sense alone that can help us to see things from this wider point of view.

And herein lies the true meaning of education, a *drawing out*, a development of the inner man, not forcing the surface of things into human minds and killing with merciless logic all efforts to use the soul's eye.

There are the senses, instruments for the mind to use and develop, channels through which to gain knowledge of the external world, each to be used in turn, not one in its own place more than another, for it is the harmony of all that

brings true knowledge, and within there is that blessed inner sense, transcending all the rest, sharpening them all to finer uses, turning the messages they bring into golden lessons of clearest truth.

And round the child's mind let us build no walls, "This you can know—this you can see, but no further."

So many steps on the road, and then a warning finger of prejudice—"Here stop; nay, go back!" And so the starving soul, hungry for knowledge, languishes on crumbs within sight of a feast. Or rather, the soul with striving pinions eager for flight is caught and prisoned in miserable cages of ignorance and unbelief, as if all the universe were not indeed lying open, ready, a clear, plain book wherein all may read who have eyes.

So in these glimpses into worlds not realized in a material sense, man may see a larger, fuller life possible for himself in the future. Matter irradiated with spirit, till both are identical, and the more man can perceive this light of the spirit shining through everything, the greater will be his own spiritual life and development.

And thus we plead for the fairies, not to revive belief in what has been judged a mere fanciful superstition cast aside on the lumber-heaps of the past, but as living actual present intelligences, capable of being perceived by the inner sense of man, one more means of attaining knowledge, one more proof of the reality of things not seen, one more link in the divine chain which binds our human spirits to the Great Spirit who gave them life. FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



#### THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE present year, now rapidly drawing to a close, will be memorable among the years of the nineteenth century as having seen the practical completion of the greatest work of constructive engineering which the history of the world has witnessed. We allude, of course, to that mighty structure—a characteristic product of modern daring, knowledge, and practical engineering skill—the Forth Bridge. Perhaps no structure which engineers have yet attempted marks so definitely the enormous extension of human power and control over nature, while at the same time contrasting so forcibly the advance in liberty and humanity with the comparative disregard for human life and limb which was formerly so common among civilised races where constructive works were concerned. . . . .

"This bridge is a grand example of the extension of man's feeble power by invention and thought.

"Mr. Baker and Sir John Fowler, the distinguished engineers to whom the inception and perfect design of the structure are due, have very modestly disclaimed originality of principle, and have informed us repeatedly, in speeches and lectures, that the cantilever principle is many hundreds of years old, and was adopted at least 230 years ago in a wooden bridge of 112 feet span, in a country so remote as Thibet. The Chinese, also, who seem to have anticipated all inventions, if historians are to be credited, are said to have used the principle."

The writer of this article, which we copy from the "PRACTICAL ENGINEER" (of December 27, 1889), adds, that "they" (The Thibetans and Chinese bridges), "are *no doubt*, just as Newcomen's crude contrivances were steam-engines," . . . they are "the development of the beautiful modern engine from the crude machine of Newcomen," and he speaks quite disrespectfully and flippantly of the Egyptian pyramids. Well, if we watch, we may yet read some day of the building of an artificial man hatched from an ostrich egg, with the boastful remark, that this "beautiful human engine, the production of modern Science, is the splendid development from the *crude* machine of nature—called man."

## WAS CAGLIOSTRO A "CHARLATAN"?

To send the injured unredressed away,  
How great soe'er the offender, and the  
wrong'd  
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak and vile—  
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a  
king.

—SMOLLETT.

THE mention of Cagliostro's name produces a two-fold effect. With the one party, a whole sequence of marvellous events emerges from the shadowy past; with others the modern progeny of a too realistic age, the name of Alexander, Count Cagliostro, provokes wonder, if not contempt. People are unable to understand that this "enchanter and magician" (read "Charlatan") could ever legitimately produce such an impression as he did on his contemporaries. This gives the key to the posthumous reputation of the Sicilian known as Joseph Balsamo, that reputation which made a believer in him a brother Mason say, that (like Prince Bismarck and some Theosophists) "Cagliostro might well be said to be the best abused and most hated man in Europe." Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the fashion of loading him with opprobrious names, none should forget that Schiller and Goethe were among his great admirers, and remained so to their deaths. Goethe while travelling in Sicily devoted much labour and time to collecting information about "Guiseppe Balsamo" in his supposed native land; and it was from these copious notes that the author of *Faust* wrote his play "The Great Kophta."

Why this wonderful man is receiving so little honour in England, is due to Carlyle. The most fearlessly truthful historian of his age—he, who abominated falsehood under whatever appearance—has stamped with the *imprimatur* of his honest and famous name, and thus sanctified the most iniquitous of historical injustices ever perpetrated by prejudice and bigotry. This owing to false reports which almost to the last emanated from a class he disliked no less than he hated untruth, namely the Jesuits, or—lie incarnate.

The very name of Guiseppe Balsamo, which, when rendered by cabalistic methods, means "He who was sent," or "The Given," also "Lord of the Sun," shows that such was not his real patronymic. As Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.T.S., remarks, toward the end of the last century it became the fashion with certain theosophical professors of the time to transliterate into Oriental form every name provided by Occult Fraternities for disciples destined to work in the world. Whosoever then, may have been Cagliostro's parents, their name was not 'Balsamo.' So much is certain, at any rate. Moreover, as all know

that in his youth he lived with, and was instructed by, a man named, as is supposed, Althotas, "a great Hermetic Eastern Sage" or in other words an Adept, it is not difficult to accept the tradition that it was the latter who gave him his symbolical name. But that which is known with still more certainty is the extreme esteem in which he was held by some of the most scientific and honoured men of his day. In France we find Cagliostro,—having before served as a confidential friend and assistant chemist in the laboratory of Pinto, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta—becoming the friend and *protégé* of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan. A high born Sicilian Prince honoured him with his support and friendship, as did many other noblemen. "Is it possible, then," pertinently asks Mackenzie, "that a man of such engaging manners could have been the lying impostor his enemies endeavoured to prove him?"

The chief cause of his life-troubles was his marriage with Lorenza Feliciani, a tool of the Jesuits; and two minor causes his extreme good-nature, and the blind confidence he placed in his friends—some of whom became traitors and his bitterest enemies. Neither of the crimes of which he is unjustly accused could lead to the destruction of his honour and *posthumous* reputation; but all was due to his weakness for an unworthy woman, and the possession of certain secrets of nature, which he would not divulge to the Church. Being a native of Sicily, Cagliostro was naturally born in a family of Roman Catholics, no matter what their name, and was brought up by monks of the "Good Brotherhood of Castiglione," as his biographers tell us; thus, for the sake of dear life he had to outwardly profess belief in and respect for a Church, whose traditional policy has ever been, "he who is not *with us* is *against us*," and forthwith to crush the enemy in the bud. And yet, just for this, is Cagliostro even to-day accused of having served the Jesuits as their spy; and this by Masons who ought to be the last to bring such a charge against a learned Brother who was persecuted by the Vatican even more as a Mason than as an Occultist. Had it been so, would these same Jesuits even to this day vilify his name? Had he served them, would he not have proved himself useful to their ends, as a man of such undeniable intellectual gifts could not have blundered or disregarded *the orders of those whom he served*. But instead of this, what do we see? Cagliostro charged with being the most cunning and successful impostor and charlatan of his age; accused of belonging to the Jesuit Chapter of Clermont in France; of appearing (as a proof of his affiliation to the Jesuits) in clerical dress at Rome. Yet, this "cunning impostor" is tried and condemned—by the exertions of those same Jesuits—to an ignominious death, which was changed only subsequently to life-long imprisonment, owing to a mysterious interference or influence brought to bear on the Pope!

Would it not be more charitable and consistent with truth to say that

it was his connection with Eastern Occult Science, his knowledge of many secrets—deadly to the Church of Rome—that brought upon Cagliostro first the persecution of the Jesuits, and finally the rigour of the Church? It was his own honesty, which blinded him to the defects of those whom he cared for, and led him to trust two such rascals as the Marquis Agliato and Ottavio Nicastro, that is at the bottom of all the accusations of fraud and imposture now lavished upon him. And it is the sins of these two worthies—subsequently executed for gigantic swindles and murder—which are now made to fall on Cagliostro. Nevertheless it is known that he and his wife (in 1770) were both left destitute by the flight of Agliato with all their funds, so that they had to beg their way through Piedmont and Geneva. Kenneth Mackenzie has well proven that Cagliostro had never mixed himself up with political intrigue—the very soul of the activities of the Jesuits. "He was most certainly unknown in that capacity to those who have jealously guarded the preparatory archives of the Revolution, and his appearance as an advocate of revolutionary principles has no basis in fact." He was simply an Occultist and a Mason, and as such he was allowed to suffer at the hands of those who, adding insult to injury, first tried to kill him by life long imprisonment and then spread the rumour that he had been their ignoble agent. This cunning device was in its infernal craft well worthy of its primal originators.

There are many landmarks in Cagliostro's biographies to show that he taught the Eastern doctrine of the "principles" in man, of "God" dwelling in man—as a potentiality *in actu* (the "Higher Self")—and in every living thing and even atom—as a potentiality *in posse*, and that he served the Masters of a Fraternity he *would not* name because on account of his pledge he *could not*. His letter to the new mystical but rather motley Brotherhood the (Lodge of) Philalethes, is a proof in point. The Philalethes, as all Masons know, was a rite founded in Paris in 1773 in the *Loge des Amis Réunis*, based on the principles of Martinism,\* and whose members made a special study of the Occult Sciences. The Mother Lodge was a philosophical and *theosophical* Lodge, and therefore Cagliostro was right in desiring to purify its progeny, the Lodge of Philalethes. This is what the *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia* says on the subject :—

"On the 15 February 1785 the Lodge of Philalethes in solemn Section, with Lavalette de Langes, royal treasurer ; Tassin, the banker ; and Tassin, an officer in the royal service ; opened a Fraternal Convention, at Paris. . . Princes (Russian, Austrian, and others), fathers of the Church, councillors, knights, financiers, barristers, barons, Theosophists, canons, colonels, professors of Magic, engineers, literary men, doctors merchants, postmasters, dukes, ambassadors, surgeons, teachers of languages, receivers-general, and notably two London names,—Boosie, a merchant, and Brooks of

\* The Martinists were Mystics and Theosophists who claimed to have the secret of communicating with (Elemental and Planetary) Spirits of the ultramundane Spheres. Some of them were practical Occultists.

London—compose this Convention, to whom may be added M. le Count de Cagliostro, and Mesmer 'the inventor' as Thory describes him (*Acta Latomorum*, vol. ii. p. 95), 'of the doctrine of magnetism!' Surely such an able set of men to set the world to rights, as France never saw before or since!"

The grievance of the Lodge was that Cagliostro, who had first promised to take charge of it, withdrew his offers, as the "Convention" would not adopt the Constitutions of the Egyptian Rite, nor would the *Philaethes* consent to have its archives consigned to the flames, which were his conditions *sine qua non*. It is strange that his answer to that Lodge should be regarded by Brother K. R. H. Mackenzie and other Masons as emanating "from a Jesuit source." The very style is Oriental, and no European Mason—least of all a Jesuit—would write in such a manner. This is how the answer runs:—

... "The unknown grand Master of true Masonry has cast his eyes upon the Philaethes. . . Touched by the sincere avowal of their desires, he deigns to extend his hand over them, and consents to give a ray of light into the darkness of their temple. It is the wish of the Unknown Great Master, *to prove to them the existence of one God—the basis of their faith; the original dignity of man; his powers and destiny.* . . . It is by deeds and facts, by the testimony of the senses, that they will know GOD, MAN and *the intermediary spiritual beings (principles) existing between them;* of which *true* Masonry gives the symbols and indicates the real road. Let then, the Philaethes embrace the doctrines of this real Masonry, submit to the rules of its supreme chief, and adopt its constitutions. But above all let the Sanctuary be purified, let the Philaethes know that light can only descend into the Temple of Faith (based on knowledge), not into that of Scepticism. Let them devote to the flames that vain accumulation of their archives; for it is only on the ruins of the Tower of Confusion that the Temple of Truth can be erected."

In the Occult phraseology of certain Occultists "Father, Son and Angels" stood for the compound symbol of physical, and astro-Spiritual MAN.\* John G. Gichtel (end of XVIIth cent.), the ardent lover of Boehme, the Seer of whom St. Martin relates that he was *married* "to the heavenly Sophia," the Divine Wisdom—made use of this term. Therefore, it is easy to see what Cagliostro meant by proving to the Philaethes on the testimony of their "senses," "God, man and the *intermediary* Spiritual beings," that exist between God (*Atma*), and Man (the *Ego*). Nor is it more difficult to understand his true meaning when he reproaches the Brethren in his parting letter which says: "We have offered you the truth; you have disdained it. We have offered it for the sake of itself, and you have refused it *in consequence of a love of forms.* . . Can you elevate yourselves to (*your*) God and the *knowledge of yourselves* by the assistance of a Secretary and a Convocation?" etc.†

\* See the *Three Principles* and the *Seven Forms of Nature* by Boehme and fathom their Occult significance, to assure yourself of this.

† The statement on the authority of Beswick that Cagliostro was connected with *The Loge des Amis Réunis* under the name of Count Grabionka is not proven. There was a Polish Count of that name at that time in France, a mystic mentioned in Madame de Krüdner's letters which are with the writer's family, and one who belonged, as Beswick says, together with Mesmer and Count St. Germain, to the Lodge of the Philaethes. Where are Lavalette de Langes' Manuscripts and documents left by him after his death to the Philosophic Scottish Rite? Lost?



Many are the absurd and entirely contradictory statements about Joseph Balsamo, Count de Cagliostro, so-called, several of which were incorporated by Alexander Dumas in his *Mémoires d'un Médecin*, with those prolific variations of truth and fact which so characterize Dumas *père's* romances. But though the world is in possession of a most miscellaneous and varied mass of information concerning that remarkable and unfortunate man during most of his life, yet of the last ten years and of his death, nothing certain is known, save only the legend that he died in the prison of the Inquisition. True, some fragments published recently by the Italian *savant*, Giovanni Sforza, from the private correspondence of Lorenzo Prospero Bottini, the Roman ambassador of the Republic of Lucca at the end of the last century, have somewhat filled this wide gap. This correspondence with Pietro Calandrini, the Great Chancellor of the said Republic, begins from 1784, but the really interesting information commences only in 1789, in a letter dated June 6, of that year, and even then we do not learn much.

It speaks of the "celebrated Count di Cagliostro, who has recently arrived with his wife from Trent *via* Turin to Rome. People say he is a native of Sicily and extremely wealthy, but no one knows whence that wealth. He has a letter of introduction from the Bishop of Trent to Albani. . . . So far his daily walk in life as well as his private and public status are above reproach. Many are those seeking an interview with him, to hear from his own lips the corroboration of what is being said of him." From another letter we learn that Rome had proven an ungrateful soil for Cagliostro. He had the intention of settling at Naples, but the plan could not be realised. The Vatican authorities who had hitherto left the Count undisturbed, suddenly laid their heavy hand upon him. In a letter dated 2 January, 1790, just a year after Cagliostro's arrival, it is stated that: "last Sunday secret and extraordinary debates in council took place at the Vatican." It (the council) consisted of the State Secretary and Antonelli, Pillotta and Campanelli, Monsignor Figgerenti performing the duty of Secretary. The object of that Secret Council remains unknown, but public rumour asserts that it was called forth owing to the sudden arrest on the night between Saturday and Sunday, of the Count di Cagliostro, his wife, and a Capuchin, Fra Giuseppe Maurijio. The Count is incarcerated in Fort St. Angelo, the Countess in the Convent of St. Apollonia, and the monk in the prison of Araceli. That monk, who calls himself 'Father Swizzero,' is regarded as a confederate of the famous magician. In the number of the crimes he is accused of is included that of the circulation of a book by an unknown author, condemned to public burning and entitled, 'The Three Sisters.' The object of this work is 'to *pulverize* certain three high-born individuals.'"

The real meaning of this most extraordinary misinterpretation is easy to guess. It was a work on Alchemy; the "three sisters" standing

symbolically for the three "Principles" in their duplex symbolism. On the plane of occult chemistry they "pulverize" the triple ingredient used in the process of the transmutation of metals; on the plane of Spirituality they reduce to a state of pulverization the three "lower" *personal* "principles" in man, an explanation that every Theosophist is bound to understand.

The trial of Cagliostro lasted for a long time. In a letter of March the 17th, Bottini writes to his Lucca correspondent that the famous "wizard" has finally appeared before the Holy Inquisition. The real cause of the slowness of the proceedings was that the Inquisition, with all its dexterity at fabricating proofs, could find no weighty evidence to prove the guilt of Cagliostro. Nevertheless, on April the 7th 1791 he was condemned to death. He was accused of various and many crimes, the chiefest of which were his being a Mason and an "Illuminate," an "Enchanter" occupied with unlawful studies; he was also accused of deriding the *holy* Faith, of doing harm to society, of possessing himself by *means unknown* of large sums of money, and of inciting others, sex, age and social standing notwithstanding, to do the same. In short, we find the unfortunate Occultist condemned to an ignominious death for deeds committed, the like of which are daily and publicly committed now-a-days, by more than one Grand Master of the Masons, as also by hundreds of thousands of Kabbalists and Masons, mystically inclined. After this verdict the "arch heretic's" documents, diplomas from foreign Courts and Societies, Masonic regalias and *family relics* were solemnly burned by the public hangmen in the *Piazza della Minerva*, before enormous crowds of people. First his books and instruments were consumed. Among these was the MS. on the *Maçonnerie Egyptienne*, which thus can no longer serve as a witness *in favour* of the reviled man. And now the condemned Occultist had to be passed over to the hands of the civil Tribunal, when a mysterious event happened.

A stranger, never seen by any one before or after in the Vatican, appeared and demanded a private audience of the Pope, sending him by the Cardinal Secretary a *word* instead of a name. He was immediately received, but only stopped with the Pope for a few minutes. No sooner was he gone than his Holiness gave orders to commute the death sentence of the Count to that of imprisonment for life, in the fortress called the Castle of St. Leo, and that the whole transaction should be conducted in great secrecy. The monk Swizzero was condemned to ten years' imprisonment; and the Countess Cagliostro was set at liberty, but only to be confined on a new charge of heresy in a convent.

But what was the Castle of St. Leo? It now stands on the frontiers of Tuscany and was then in the Papal States, in the Duchy of Urbino. It is built on the top of an enormous rock, almost perpendicular on all sides; to get into the "Castle" in those days, one had to enter a kind of open basket which was hoisted up by ropes and pulleys. As to the

criminal, he was placed in a special box, after which the jailors pulled him up "with the rapidity of the wind." On April 23rd 1792 Giuseppe Balsamo—if so we must call him—ascended *heavenward* in the criminal's box, incarcerated in that living tomb for life. Giuseppe Balsamo is mentioned for the last time in the Bottini correspondence in a letter dated March 10th 1792. The ambassador speaks of a marvel produced by Cagliostro in his prison during his leisure hours. A long rusty nail taken by the prisoner out of the floor was transformed by him without the help of any instrument into a sharp triangular *stiletto*, as smooth, brilliant and sharp as if it were made of the finest steel. It was recognized for an old nail only by its head, left by the prisoner to serve as a handle. The State Secretary gave orders to have it taken away from Cagliostro, and brought to Rome, and to double the watch over him.

And now comes the last kick of the jackass at the dying or dead lion. Luigi Angiolini, a Tuscan diplomat, writes as follows: "At last, that same Cagliostro, who made so many believe that he had been a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, who reached such fame and so many friends, died from apoplexy, August 26, 1795. Semironi had him buried in a wood-barn below, whence peasants used to pilfer constantly the crown property. The crafty chaplain reckoned very justly that the man who had inspired the world with such superstitious fear while living, would inspire people with the same feelings after his death, and thus keep the thieves at bay. . . ."

But yet—a query! Was Cagliostro dead and buried indeed in 1792, at St. Leo? And if so, why should the custodians at the Castle of St. Angelo, of Rome show innocent tourists the little square hole in which Cagliostro is said to have been confined and "died"? Why such uncertainty or—imposition, and such disagreement in the legend? Then there are Masons who to this day tell strange stories in Italy. Some say that Cagliostro escaped in an unaccountable way from his aerial prison, and thus forced his jailors to spread the news of his death and burial. Others maintain that he not only escaped, but, thanks to the Elixir of Life, still lives on, though over twice three score and ten years old!

"Why" asks Bottini, "if he really possessed the powers he claimed, has he not indeed vanished from his jailors, and thus escaped the degrading punishment altogether?"

We have heard of another prisoner, greater in every respect than Cagliostro ever claimed to be. Of that prisoner too, it was said in mocking tones, "He saved others; himself he cannot save. . . . let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe. . . ."

How long shall charitable people build the biographies of the living and ruin the reputations of the dead, with such incomparable unconcern, by means of idle and often entirely false gossip of people, and these generally the slaves of prejudice!

So long, we are forced to think, as they remain ignorant of the Law of Karma and its iron justice.

H. P. B.

## MATTER.

**A**LTHOUGH the principal quarrel of Occultism at present is with Materialism, it is necessary in order to avoid injustice to the latter, to define at the outset how far the two opposing views agree, before discussing their fundamental differences. For there is a transcendental form of the latter, apart from the grosser kind, with which Occult Philosophy has much in common. If we take, for instance, the Atomic system founded by Democritus, we find mystic elements in it, such as his views on the constitution of the gods, souls, etc., very far removed from Materialism in its coarsest modern form. The system of this philosopher, who, by the way, is said to have been inspired with a desire for knowledge by certain Magi left by Xerxes at Abdera his birth-place, was taken not many years ago as a text for an eloquent and learned address by Professor Tyndall at Belfast, who however discarded, for some mysterious reason, the spiritual portion of the teachings of his guide. The minds of modern eminent scientists nearly always exhibit this downward bent, due doubtless to the character of the age.

The materialist conceptions of the Universe against which Occultists will always fight, are those which glorify Matter with its inseparable characteristic Motion, making of Life and Consciousness at the same time merely a process of these. Mr. S. Laing says in his work, "Modern Science and Modern Thought," the Universe is composed of Matter, Energy and Ether. If such is the case, an Occultist naturally inquires, if the latter is Matter or not. If it is Matter, why state it separately? This admission would moreover prove that the Occult conceptions of Matter are correct, as we shall presently see. If on the other hand Ether is not Matter, then its admitted existence renders the purely materialist position untenable. For this hypothesis assumes the Universe to be composed of Matter and Energy plus *something*, thus opening the door to endless possibilities under the head of Existence. The Atomic Theory supposes everything to be composed of Atoms, less than  $\frac{1}{6,000,000}$  of a line in diameter; but questions then arise respecting the divisibility or otherwise of these Atoms. That prince of Materialists, Büchner, sees clearly the danger of admitting the infinite divisibility of atoms, when he says, "to accept infinite divisibility is absurd, and amounts to doubting the very existence of Matter." Certainly there can be no such thing as Matter, using the term in a gross sense, if its infinite divisibility is admitted. If on the other hand, atoms are said to be indivisible, and consequently inelastic, why are all bodies able to contract and expand? From this difficulty Materialists cannot escape. They must either

accept the Occult conceptions of Matter or sacrifice all reason, logic and facts. Professor Fiske in his work, "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," a system founded on that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, develops a destructive criticism of the Atomic Theory, showing the existence of atoms of which all bodies are composed to be inconceivable for cogent reasons. Professor Tyndall in his Belfast address to the British Association resolved his scientific conceptions of Matter into States of consciousness. If, said he, you say, "I see you," you experience a sensation of the optic nerve; if you say, "I touch you," you have an agitation of the sense of touch. In fact the totality of our sensuous perceptions makes up the Consciousness of this plane. As Dr. Hartmann observes, "the term consciousness signifies realization of existence relative to certain things,"\* and in order to bring this about, there must be an establishment of harmonic relations between objects. The five senses of Man constitute so many channels for the conduct of such relations. In the case of the sense of sight, those differences in the vibrations of the Ether, which we call colours, furnish the sole means for distinguishing forms on the physical plane. The optic nerve is incapable of registering impressions from vibrations more rapid than those from the Violet end of the solar spectrum, or slower than those from the Red on the opposite side. In like manner the nerves of the ear receive the sevenfold sound waves, being unable to perceive those above or below a certain number of vibrations per unit of time. Inasmuch as the remaining senses of smell, taste and touch are subject to the same laws as the other two, we see within what narrow limits the purely physical consciousness of Man is confined.

We have just now seen that the hypothesis of the infinite divisibility of Matter destroys the theories of gross Materialism. Speaking on this subject and referring to the profound speculations of Leibnitz, the "Secret Doctrine" says: "It became evident that external or material things presented the property of extension to our senses only, not to our thinking faculties. The mathematician, in order to calculate geometrical figures, had been obliged to divide them into an infinite number of infinitely small parts, and the physicist saw no limit to the divisibility of matter into atoms. The bulk through which external things seemed to fill space was a property which they acquired only through the coarseness of our senses. The atoms lost their extension, and they retained only their property of resistance; they were the centres of force."

We shall presently be able to see how this idea gives the key to a reasonable and satisfactory explanation of some of the most perplexing and consequently most doubted Occult phenomena.

If the conceptions of Matter now developed appear, to readers practically acquainted with experimental Chemistry, to clash with facts, there will be no difficulty in showing this to be quite an error. For the clever

\* "Magic, White and Black," p. 176.

propounder of the Atomic Theory, Dalton, went outside the requirements of practical Chemistry in his zeal on behalf of his hypothesis. He theoretically carried the laws governing combining proportions of *weighable* quantities into the realm of *unweighable* quantities, or Ultimate Atoms. But as the celebrated French chemist, Dumas, logically showed, a chemical atom might be capable of separation by mechanical force, and then, ceasing to be a chemical atom, might split up into an indefinite number of physical atoms. Taking this view it is obvious that chemical atoms need in no way be confounded with ultimate atoms, which brings the matter back to the position and dilemma for Materialists before indicated.

Every Occultist is acquainted with the statement of his philosophy that matter exists in several states beyond the gaseous; let us now see therefore what support orthodox Science gives to it. We noted that the existence of Ether was admitted by Mr. Laing, and saw the possibilities thus opened up to the acceptance of Occult views eventually, and it will perhaps be well to deal with this subject first. Modern Science was compelled to assume the existence of some medium filling all interstellar space, in order to account for the action of heavenly bodies, planets and suns on each other. For it is obviously inconceivable that any force or energy could act through a *perfect vacuum*.

How, in such case, could light pass from sun to planet, or the force of Polarity (generally misnamed Gravity) act at all? Thus Newton says, in his third letter to Bentley, "It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate on and affect other matter without mutual contact, as it must do if gravitation, in the sense of Epicurus, be essential and inherent in it, and this is one reason why I desired you would not ascribe innate gravity to me. That gravity should be innate, inherent and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a *vacuum* without the mediation of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to the other, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent be material or immaterial, I have left to the consideration of my readers." We see, therefore, that Science has been driven by grim necessity to admit the presence of something in the Universe of which it is positively unable to affirm, that it is material or immaterial. If it is material, then as it is known to offer no resistance to the movements of celestial bodies, such, for instance, as the Earth in its passage round the Sun; it is matter in a *state* essentially distinct from the ordinary solid, liquid and gaseous conditions, and consequently governed by laws peculiar to itself. This is the contention of Occultism as all Occultists know. If, however, Science says

that the Ether is immaterial, we leave it to kindly explain how it can be at the same time both *something* and *nothing*.

Moreover, we may inquire now, we are dealing with this subject, whether Ether is atomic or non-atomic. If Science declares it atomic, then the insuperable old vacuum difficulty appears again in some form. For it is just as great an absurdity to suppose Force or Energy transmitted over the innumerable but infinitesimal gaps which would exist supposing the Ether to be atomic, between the planets and the Sun, as over a number of miles of vacancy. The principle is precisely the same in each case, as anyone can see who thinks. On the other hand great modern scientific authorities will not believe Ether to be non-atomic or continuous, on account of sundry mechanical and mathematical difficulties that stand in the way, respecting its motion, &c. Thus are we driven to conclude that Science admits the existence of something in the Universe, of the nature of which it knows nothing. Occultists will add that it never will, unless it accepts the profound philosophical truths put forth on this subject by the "Wise Men of the East."

It is not necessary to search very far in the astronomical field, to discover more proofs of the present existence of matter in a mysterious condition, we mean of course mysterious to the ken of ordinary physical science. We refer to cometary matter. A quotation from the "Masters" will be now useful. "Let the modern chemist be asked to tell one whether this matter is in any way connected with, or akin to, that of any of the gases he is acquainted with ; or again, to any of the solid elements of his chemistry. The probable answer received will be very little calculated to solve the world's perplexity, since, all hypotheses to the contrary notwithstanding, cometary matter does not appear to possess even the common law of adhesion or of chemical affinity. The reason for it is very simple. And the truth ought long ago to have dawned upon the experimentalists, since our little world (though so repeatedly visited by the hairy and bearded travellers, enveloped in the evanescent veil of their tails, and otherwise brought in contact with that matter) has neither been smothered by an addition of nitrogen gas, nor deluged by an excess of hydrogen, nor yet perceptibly affected by a surplus of oxygen. The essence of cometary matter must be—and the 'Adepts' say *is*—*totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which the greatest chemists and physicists of the earth are familiar*—all recent hypotheses notwithstanding. It is to be feared that before the real nature of the elder progeny of Mulaprakriti is detected, Mr. Crookes will have to discover matter of the *fifth or extra* radiant state ;" *et seq.*\* It does not require a profound acquaintance with Science, to see the truth of these remarks. For instance the comet of 1811 had a tail 120,000,000 miles in length, which it threw out against the force of so-called gravity, in the face of the Sun.

\* Five Years of Theosophy, p. 241.

We may now bring forward another question of similar import. It is a great puzzle to scientific men how the Sun's heat is maintained, considering the problem from the point of view, of what is known of matter in a state of combustion on this plane. For supposing the Sun to be simply a mass of burning matter (using the term in an ordinary sense) it should have cooled down long ago. Nor does Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory founded on the Nebular Hypothesis, remove the difficulty. He supposes that the crash of the planets, as they fall against the Sun, generates sufficient heat to restore the entire solar system to a nebulous condition, thus starting it afresh each time for a new cycle. As he is obliged to admit, however, that the positive loss of heat in space necessitates a smaller system reformed each time, the day of total collapse is only postponed, not abolished. A few years ago an eminent scientist, Dr. William Siemens, advanced a theory respecting the fuel of the sun, which made it keep up its heat, by burning and reburning the same material. Of course his idea was sharply criticised, but what struck him as peculiar, was, that the chemists raised objections to the mathematical factors involved, whilst the mathematicians complained of the chemical portion. This confusion of authorities said a great deal for the soundness of his hypothesis, and we may here note its nearness to the Occult view of this subject. The Adepts "deny most emphatically (*a*) that the sun is in combustion, in any ordinary sense of the word; or (*b*) that he is *incandescent*, or even *burning*, though he is *glowing*; or (*c*) that his luminosity has already begun to weaken and his power of combustion may be exhausted within a given and conceivable time; or even (*d*) that his chemical and physical constitution contains any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry in any of the states that either chemist or physicist is acquainted with." \*

It may be here observed that Occultists do not care what conclusion Modern Science comes to ultimately respecting the nature of Light, whether that it is wave motion of the Ether, or a substance in itself. The occult views of matter in its various states remains unaffected in either case.

The way is now cleared for the purely Occult conceptions of matter to be reviewed. We have noted that Modern Science can offer no positive resistance to them; that on the contrary it is involved in serious difficulties itself, in the shape of contradictory and varying theories, from which it will not escape without the help of Occultism. Let us see then where the latter leads, and note the connection and bearing of its ideas, upon the possibility of the performance of certain Occult phenomena, the occurrence of which has been stoutly denied by Materialists, chiefly owing to their erroneous conceptions of Matter and Force. The Occult view of matter has been stated, viz. Matter probed to its depths resolves itself into simple mathematical points without extension, having only

\* Five Years of Theosophy, p. 252.



the property of resistance. The Secret Doctrine says: "Every elemental *atom* in search of which more than one Chemist has followed the path indicated by the Alchemists, is, in their (the Occultists,) firm belief (when not *knowledge*) a SOUL; not necessarily a disembodied soul, but a *jiva*, as the Hindoos call it, a centre of *Potential Vitality*, with latent intelligence in it, and, in the case of compound Souls—an intelligent Active Existence, from the highest to the lowest order, a form composed of more or less differentiations." \* "Matter or Substance is septenary within our World, as it is so beyond it. Moreover, each of its states or principles is graduated into seven degrees of density.† "An 'Adept,' then, knowing well the laws governing these innumerable centres of force, which we call Matter, produces harmony or discord among them by his manipulation, thus accomplishing the disintegration and reintegration of objects, feats impossible to ordinary persons by reason of their ignorance of these occult laws. With regard to the phenomenon of making objects disappear suddenly from view, referred to in the works of Paracelsus (readers of Zanoni will remember an incident of this kind in that clever novel), it can be produced by interfering with the connection between the observer and object, which causes consciousness of it. This becomes understandable when we remember the limits of colours, consequently of forms, by which human sight is bounded. With regard to all kinds of Occult phenomena, including those of clairvoyance, hypnotism, thought-transference, etc., unless Modern Science changes its notions of the nature of Matter and Force, it will continue hopelessly bewildered by such incidents (which seem to become more numerous as the end of this small cycle approaches) and will be unable to afford a rational explanation of them. It is now as the Secret Doctrine says, honeycombed with working hypotheses, some of them by no means far removed from Occult doctrines. Can we hope, therefore, that it will soon take the necessary steps towards reform? Time alone will show. E. ADAMS. F.T.S.

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FROM JEAN INGELow.

"And can I see this light? It may be so;  
 'But see it thus and thus,' my Fathers said  
 The living do not rule this world; ah no!  
 It is the dead—the dead."

"And that same God who made your face so fair,  
 And gave your woman's heart its tenderness  
 So shield the blessing He implanted there  
 That it may never turn to your distress."

"Shall I be slave to every noble soul,  
 Study the dead, and to their spirits bend?  
 Or learn to read my own heart's folded scroll  
 And make self-rule my end?"

\* Secret Doctrine, Vol. I. p. 567.

† Secret Doctrine, Vol. I. p. 289.

## HER FALSE RIGHT HAND.

**G**WENDOLIN HARDCASTLE and Brian Enderby had only met each other six months before, and now it was the eve of their wedding day! Despite the disparity in their ages (he being forty, and she twenty-two) they had mutually fallen in love at first sight, at a soirée given in honour of the celebrated African explorer Brian Enderby, the man who had penetrated the densest and most malarious jungles of that deadly central plain, had climbed Kilimanjaro, and faced death in almost every form the enemy is capable of assuming. As he stood in animated discussion amid a group of leading scientists, his eyes had fallen on a girl clad in shadowy green, as she entered the room, and struck by her beauty and charm he had broken off to ask who she was, and to beg an introduction, and as she looked up with glad interest on hearing his name, their eyes met in a long look, and from the look sprang love! The two were soon deep in one of those intimate desultory talks which mark epochs in our knowledge of kindred spirits, for we cannot measure love or friendship by days and years; if life lasted so long it would be possible to live centuries with many people, excellent people, people we respect and admire, and yet never reveal to them even the merest passing glimpse of our true selves, and then one day we clasp hands with some stranger and lo! the closely barred doors spring open at a word, and we find ourselves leading the new comer through the secret garden of our heart into the very innermost sanctuary of our soul!

Thus had it been with Brian and Gwendolin, and now on the night before their wedding, a merry party had assembled in the Hardcastles' drawing-room; Gwendolin sat a little apart from the others, waiting for Brian; she was a tall pale girl with great masses of red gold hair, and a strange luminous whiteness of complexion, as of alabaster behind which a silver lamp was burning; she wore a half-loose dress of her favourite pale green, that subtle green which Rossetti, and Rossetti alone, could set against deep blue, and from the apparent discord evolve a visible music; and as she sat against a heavy blue plush curtain with reddish pink anemones laid in her hair and on her bosom, in the pose of the small head so heavily laden with its glorious hair, in the large blue-green eyes looking straight before her, in that unseeing fashion which yet sees so much and so far, and the long slender hands, on one of which like a tangible spark of fire, gleamed the great ruby of her engagement ring, she recalled in an almost startling manner that marvellous picture in which the Master has expressed the mystery and passion of the

unfathomable sea, whose human symbolism with its unutterable yearning and terrible cruelty attracted him so powerfully.

Suddenly her cousin Percy Dare, a young man with curly brown hair and a boyish expression, looked up and said, "Oh, Gwen, do come and let Davenant read your hand."

For of course there was a palmist present; what drawing-room is without them now-a-days? Gwendolin hesitated, "I think I would rather not," she said.

"Oh, you must, you must," clamorously insisted the other young people, so she rose rather reluctantly, and gave her right hand to Davenant, a pale young man with long sandy hair and dreamy light prominent eyes; he studied it attentively, evidently quite forgetting the owner in his scrutiny of its lines.

"Ah," he said in a low tone at last, "the rarest and most beautiful of all hands, the true psychic hand: genius, idealisation, poetry; head and heart lines equal and harmonious, success leading up to a happy marriage; life-line . . . Ah! what is this? Life line broken . . . surely not . . . yes it is . . . life line broken immediately after happy marriage, that means . . . death . . . yes death . . . but wait . . ." Gwendolin shivered and drew her hand hastily away, while a scared silence fell over the laughing group; the palmist looked up, in his dreamy way, "the other hand," he murmured, "let me look at the other hand," but Percy interfered.

"What nonsense, Davenant!" he said, "of course nobody really believes in it, but we won't hear any more to-night; come, let us have some music," and he tried to break through the hush which had fallen over the party, and to disperse the shade in his cousin's face by sitting down to the piano and dashing into a gay valse. At this moment a tall dark man entered the room, and Gwendolin, a lovely flush on her pale face, went to meet him; after the usual greetings, he whispered:

"Come out on to the terrace, I have something to show you," and the two passed through the long window and found themselves in a wonderful moonlight land: they went down a flight of steps leading into a trellised walk, over which roses, red, yellow and white, clustered, and as the night-wind gently stirred their delicate blossoms the luminous air grew full of delicious fragrance: Gwendolin gathered a crimson bud and fastened it into Brian's coat; he turned, his dark eyes shining, and taking her into his arms, passionately kissed the golden head against his breast.

"My rose of life!" he whispered; "my queen! are you quite sure you love me, quite sure you can give me a wife's trust and loyalty?"

"Quite sure," she answered softly, her face still hidden; "I think it is almost more than love I feel for you Brian . . . it is worship . . . life without you now would be . . . ah dearest, I dare not think what it would be . . . without you I should feel buried alive, knowing that the

sunrise was shining above my grave, down on the daisies and grass, whose roots grew out of my heart, and held my lips silent with their cold fingers. . . . Brian, do you not feel that I love you—love you—*love* you?"

"Yes, my own!" he exclaimed straining her to him yet more closely; "Look, I have brought you a wedding gift," and he drew a necklet of pearls from his pocket.

"Oh! how lovely, how perfect!" cried the girl, who had all a woman's love of dainty gifts, despite her sibylline appearance, and she touched the strings and chains of small pearls held together by large oval stones which shimmered in her hands like tangible moonbeams, and looked long at the clasp which was wrought into a semblance of two closely-joined hands. "Like ours will be to-morrow," he whispered, fastening the glimmering pearls and kissing the lovely warm white throat as he did so. And as they wandered on, talking of their future life together, the palmist's prediction was forgotten, nor was there a shadow in their hearts or on their faces when, on the following day after the ceremony, Brian Enderby and his wife drove away amid the usual tearful congratulations and shower of old shoes. They had arranged to spend their honeymoon in Cornwall and their first resting place was a quiet little village forty miles from any railway: it was perched on the edge of a high cliff looking across the wild western sea, and was approached on the land-side through great stretches of drifted sand, amid whose blown and billowy hillocks a strange old carven stone cross raised its weatherbeaten head, and pointed (according to the legends) towards a church which once, centuries ago, had been buried with its priest and people in one of the sudden violent storms which in winter sweep across that perilous coast. In this quiet spot the happy days sped on very quickly for Brian and Gwendolin: each morning bringing, with the glory of its sunrise, a new sense of love and trust; each evening, with the tender radiance of its moonlight, a tranquil feeling of peace and rest, as tho' after long battling in the open sea they had reached at last a safe and quiet haven . . . . .

One day Ben, their landlady's son, came in great excitement to tell them the church of St. Piran, which had been buried for eight hundred years, had suddenly appeared again, a high wind during the night having drifted the sand in an opposite direction. Brian, who was writing a book in his leisure moments on "*The truth contained in ancient legends*," at once started off to see and sketch the old church, leaving Gwendolin to write some letters. "Good-bye, my darling," he said, kissing her; "I shall be back to dinner, and for a stroll in the moonlight afterwards." She smilingly watched him go, and after finishing her letters went out to post them; after which, feeling very lonely, she walked back to the edge of the cliff, and seeing the bright sunshine gleaming on the blue water and making fantastic patches of light and shade as it crept in and out of the

wonderful natural arches into which the rocks had been fashioned by the waves, she could not resist going down to the shore. There was a steep but perfectly safe path from where she stood, but as she went down she met Ben. "Take care, lady," he said, "the tide's coming in, and there's no way of getting up the rocks between here and Scragg's Ladder." Now Scragg's Ladder was, as Gwendolin knew, an almost impossible climb. She answered smiling, "Thank you, Ben, I shall not go far," and went on, thinking of Brian and their great happiness, and wondering what he was doing at that particular moment; then a little poem came into her head, and she sat down on a smooth bit of rock, and taking an old letter from her pocket began to write it down: it took her some time, because it was so difficult to disentangle her thoughts from the whirling wings and shrill cries of the sea-gulls and other birds, who, resenting the presence of a stranger and being on that desolate coast as tame as London sparrows, came crowding round her, now flying in graceful but perplexing circles overhead, now walking, or rather huddling, along the sands, in their ungainly fashion, just as clumsy words describe the winged thoughts imprisoned in our souls, thought Gwendolin. Gradually, however, as she sat there, the sound of the incoming tide, the cries of the birds, and the distant moan of a rising wind, wove themselves into a tangled dream, and the girl, her golden head resting against a tall rock, fell fast asleep, the strange birds creeping nearer and nearer as if seeking to guard her against the swiftly advancing waters. . . . . Even in her sleep however, their moaning cries filled her with a sense of uneasiness, for she dreamed that the palmist was holding her hand and his touch felt like sharp ice. . . . "the psychic hand, yes, but the life line is broken. . . . broken. . . . broken. . . . it means. . . death. . . death. . . death. . . ." and with these words ringing in her ears she awoke.

For a few moments she could not remember where she was, for the whole atmosphere was ringing and swaying round her with shrill cries which seemed the echoes of her dream, "broken . . . broken . . . broken: it means death . . . death . . . death . . ." then with a sudden thrill of deadly fear she recognised her position. While she had been asleep the weather had changed, a sharp shrieking wind had driven the cowering clouds up before it until the sun was hidden, and a thin grey misty rain had begun to fall in that hopeless apathetic fashion it does sometimes in the summer, all the glorious colouring of rock and water had faded to one leaden pallor, but worse than this, the tide was coming in faster and faster, and as Gwen looked along the shore she could see nothing but seething water covering the path by which she had come, dashing thro' the arches and flinging itself against them as tho' striving to drag them down into the chaos of broken rocks at their feet. She started up and looked wildly round for Scragg's Ladder, which she knew was her only chance of life. Clinging as best she could to the sharp rocks she scrambled on, and after five minutes of breathless climbing paused to

look for the next practicable step, and saw the waves beating over her late resting-place, and wriggling up swiftly after her, with their cruel curly white heads almost touching her dress. She struggled on again, only keeping just in front of them for some minutes longer, when she again stopped, utterly worn out, her hands torn and bleeding, her hair, which the wind had loosened, wet with the rain, scourging her face and neck like sharp cords. In front of her, a few feet higher up, she knew there was safety, as she saw by the look of the rocks the sea-line was nearly reached; but between her and it there was a short stretch of sharp broken rocks, with spaces between them, over which she must leap. With a great effort she sprang forward, safely reached the last ridge, but here unluckily her foot slipped on an unsteady piece of rock, which fell forward, imprisoning her ankle, and when struggling up, for she had fallen on her back, she strove to extricate her foot, she found she could not move it an inch, and all her frantic efforts only succeeded in fixing the sharp edges of the rocks more firmly into her bruised and bleeding foot. With a little weary cry poor Gwen at last sank back again; she could hear the measured swish of the waves as they came nearer and nearer, and it added to the horror of her position that she could not see them or judge how long it would be before they swept over her face, so that with every rhythmic plash she suffered the agony of feeling the salt water blinding her straining eyes and suffocating her: the gulls and kittiwakes who had followed her wild scramble whirled above her in dizzy circles or swooped down close enough to peer into her agonised face, mingling their wailing cries with the moaning of the wind, until the poor girl, overcome by the horror of such a death, fell into a deep swoon with one last cry, "Oh Brian, my love, come to me, help me!" as the first wave reached her pale lips and broke over her shuddering body. . . . .

Brian had been longer than he expected sketching the old church, and absorbed in his work had not noticed how the afternoon was changing; suddenly, however, finding a spot of rain blurring his picture, he sprang up hastily, gathered his things together and made the best of his way home. When he arrived at the little inn where they were staying he rushed upstairs, saying "Have I been very long, Gwen, my darling?" but no answer came, the room was empty. "Where is my wife?" he asked the landlady; she had gone out early in the afternoon, he was told, Ben had met her on her way to the shore, and they had supposed she had met her husband as she did not return. . . . "Good God!" he exclaimed, "on the shore, and the tide is in!" Here Ben appeared and said the tide was in two hours ago, and he thought had now gone out again far enough for them to search for the lady; so the miserable husband followed the gruff but kindly fisherman, and now wading, now leaping from rock to rock, they made their way as far as Scragg's Ladder. A pale moon had risen and lighted up the fantastic crags and blown pools of grey water on the shore, while far above their heads, nearly at the top of the ladder

itself, the men's attention was drawn to the strange movements of hundreds of gulls, which, wailing and shrieking, were circling round and round one particular spot on the cliff. Brian gazed intently for a moment, and his practised eye, accustomed to note the slightest sign of life by the movements of birds or animals in the African swamps, caught a glimmer of hope as he sprang up the broken path in front of Ben now, saying, "Look there, it is she, thank God!" The fisherman followed him with nimble feet, tho' the path in that uncertain light was almost invisible, and after a breathless climb they reached the unconscious girl; there she lay, looking like white marble in the pale moonlight, her golden hair wet with spray spread out on the rock as it had been left by that last terrible wave, and the restless grey wings circling round her continually, with strange shrill cries. Brian fell on his knees and tried to lift her, but the agony of the strain on her wounded foot called her back to life, and she opened her eyes with a little shuddering cry, "My foot!" Then, seeing her husband's white agonised face bending above her, she tried to smile, but fainted again. The two men, after great efforts, succeeded in moving the rock, and carrying Gwen to the little inn: "If the water had been two inches higher ——!" said Ben; he did not finish his sentence, nor was it necessary: Brian knew only too well the meaning of that "if."

The village doctor, after examining his patient, pronounced Gwen's foot to be severely sprained, and the shock to her system so severe that her beautiful hair must be at once cut off as he feared brain fever, but he hoped with perfect rest and quiet that in a month she would be able to go home: he was much surprised to hear the girl say in a weak little voice:

"Then my life-line could not have been really broken after all, could it, Brian?"

"No, my darling!" her husband answered with a half sob, as he fell on his knees and covered her hand with kisses. Then, turning to the astonished doctor, who evidently thought she was wandering, he told him of the scene with the palmist the night before their wedding: his shrewd grey eyes bore a somewhat mocking, yet very kindly, expression as he answered, gently taking his patient's left hand, and feeling her pulse: "Ah! I'm a bit of a palmist myself, and I know you can never judge from seeing only one hand. . . . I see in *this* one," gently tapping it, "the line of life is quite unbroken, and runs on to the age of eighty at the very least; so think no more about your false right hand, Mrs. Enderby!"

EVELYN PYNE.

## Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

### PART III.—(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER III.

**T**HE Chaldean notion seems to have been that 7 was a holy number which became nefast under certain conditions. The opposite sides of a die added together are always seven in total numeration, the 4 opposite 3, 6 opposite 1, and so on.

It used to be asserted, says John Heydon, that every seventh Male born without any female coming between, can cure the King's Evil, by Word, or Touch.

St. James, iii. v. 17 gives the 7 characters of wisdom.

After Birth the 7th hour decides whether the child will live, in 7 days the cord falls off, in twice 7 days the eyes follow a light, thrice 7 days turns the head, 7 months gets teeth, twice 7 months sits firmly, thrice 7 months begins to talk, after 4 times 7 months walks strongly.

After 7 years, teeth of second set appear.

After 14 years is the arrival of generative power.

After 21 the hair of Manhood is completed.

After 28 we cease to grow, at 35 is the greatest strength, at 49 is the greatest discretion, and 70 is the natural end of Life.

The Moon passes through stages of 7 days in increase, full, decrease, and renewal.

Naaman was ordered by Elisha (an initiate) to take

Seven dips in Jordan, to cleanse himself from Leprosy ; note the

Seven years for Repentance ; 7 churches of Asia (or Assiah),

Seven Angels with Trumpets, 7 candlesticks of the Holy Places,

Seven seals, 7 trumpets, 7 kings, 7 thousands slain,

Seven vials of wrath to be poured out, *pace* the Apocalypse,

Seven members make a lodge perfect, although 5 may hold one.

Francis Barrett, in his "Magus" catalogues 7 Birds, Fishes, Animals, metals, stones, and members of the Body.

It has been said there are seven apertures of the skull to correspond with the planets.

There are Seven Degrees in the Oriental Order of Sikha and the SAT B'HAI. (7 Brothers); but I have grave doubts of the authenticity of the present order of the name.

From the relative length of their courses the ancients constructed a Planetary Ladder, with Vowel Symbols, thus :

Moon	Merc.	Venus	Sun	Mars	Jupit.	Saturn
a	e	ee	i	o	u	oo



These symbols were used in mystical knowledge, as an Inscription at the Temple of Apollo at Delphi shews, where E I meant the Sun and its nearest Planet, *i.e.*, Sun and Mercury; and Mercury was often represented as a Dog, following a Sun Man.

The Oracle of Claros (Macrobius, Saturnalia, i. 18) said that  $\text{IA}\Omega$  (the Gnostic Deity), was the Sun and the first and last of the planetary set, hence the 7 Concentric spheres.

Duncan assigns these Minerals and Animals to the 7 old Heavenly Bodies.

Moon, Bull, Silver

Mercury, Serpent, Quicksilver

Venus, Dove, Copper

Sun, Lion, Gold

Mars, Wolf, Iron

Jupiter, Eagle, Pewter

Saturn, Ass, Lead

Note also the number of 7 pipes in the Musical instrument at the mouth of the old deity Pan, the Great Whole, a Sun God (not the later Rural Pan).

An ancient symbol of the universe was a Ship with seven pilots, in the centre of the ship, a Lion; possibly from an idea that the Sun first rose in Leo.

Note Aries has now supplanted Taurus, as the sign of the Vernal equinox; Taurus was the sign at the early fabulous periods of the earth—it was displaced about 300 B.C.

The sign becomes changed every 2,160 years by the precession of the equinoxes: Pisces will follow Aries.

Mr. Subba Row describes the Seven Primary Forces of Nature as six powers resumed in a seventh. These are called Sakti (Mahamaya) and are related to Kanya *i.e.*, Virgo, as the 6th Zodiacal Sign: they are Parasakti, force of light and heat; Inanasakti, intellect; Itchasakti cause of voluntary movements; Kriyasakti, energy of will; Kundalini sakti, the life force shewn in attraction and repulsion, positive and negative; Mantrika sakti, the power of sounds, vibration, music, words and speech; these are summarized in Daivi prakriti—the Light of the Logos.

Our physical senses known as 5, are an incomplete set, there are indeed 7 forms or modes of perception, as appears in the highest developments of the "Chabrat zereh aur bokher," and as described in the oldest Sanskrit occult science of the Upanishads;—smell, taste, sight, touch, hearing—and 6th, Mental perception, with 7th, spiritual understanding: the two latter were not dwarfed and materialized into noticeable organs in this fifth Race of beings, to which Man now belongs. For a fuller explanation see the "Secret Doctrine" of Mme. Blavatsky. The Archaic scheme recognized Seven States of Matter;—homogeneous, aeriform nebulous or curdlike, atomic, germinal fiery elemental, fourfold vapoury, and lastly that which is cold and dependent on a vivifying Sun for light and heat.



16 to 12 is sesquitertian . . . . .	}	Venus
16 to 8 is duple . . . . .		
18 to 12 is sesquialter. . . . .	}	Sun
18 to 9 is duplex . . . . .		
21 to 9 is duple sesquitertian . . . . .		Mars
24 to 18 is sesquitertian . . . . .	}	attributed to Jupiter
24 to 12 duple . . . . .		
24 to 8 is triple . . . . .		
18 to 12 sesquialter . . . . .		
12 to 8 " . . . . .		
32 to 24 sesquitertian . . . . .	}	Saturn
32 to 8 quadruple . . . . .		
36 to 24 sesquialter . . . . .	}	Are ascribed to the 8th or Inerra- tic Sphere which comprehends all the rest
36 to 18 duple . . . . .		
36 to 8 quadruple . . . . .		
24 to 18 sesquitertian . . . . .		

Hence the ogdoad was also called "Cadmeia," because Harmony was looked upon as the wife of Cadmus; and Cadmus meant the Sub Lunary World, as Olympiodorus says. Eight was called also Mother, and Rhea, Cybele and Dindymene, from being the first cube, and a cube representing the earth.

The eight persons saved from the flood of Genesis, are synonyms of many octaves of gods, such as the 8 Cabiri great gods of Samothrace; see Bryant and Faber on this myth.

There are 8 Beatitudes of the Christian religion, Matthew, cap. v.

Eight is the number of the Moons of Saturn.

There have been several Masonic orders concerned with this Noachite Ogdoad, as the Prussian masons, Knights of the Royal Axe, or Prince of Libanus, the Noachites, and the Royal Ark Mariners, which is a subsidiary order to the Mark Master Masons.

Macrobius says the Ogdoad was the type of Justice, because it consists of evenly even numbers, and on account of its equal divisions.

John Heydon tells us that 8 Events befall the Damned, and that there are 8 rewards of the Blessed.

The number 8 is sacred to Dionysos, who was born at the 8th month: the isle of Naxos was dedicated to him and it was granted to the women of Naxos, that their children born in the 8th month should live, whereas it is usual for such to die, although those born in either the 7th or the 9th month are usually reared.

The Jews were accustomed to practise Circumcision on the 8th day.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., F.T.S.

(To be continued.)

## Ecclesiastical Christianity.\*

### THE WORLD'S VERDICTS.

#### JESUS OF NAZARETH.

"He hath a devil;" "a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber;" "a friend of publicans and sinners;" "a Sabbath-breaker;" "mad;" "blasphemous;" "perverting the nation;" "that deceiver;" "a malefactor."— *New Testament.*

"A thaumaturgist;" "a crucified sophist;" "a criminal." *The Jews; Roman philosophers.*

#### PAUL.

"This babbler;" "a setter forth of strange gods;" "a defiler of holy places;" "unfit to live;" "a pestilent fellow;" "mad." *The Jews; Roman magistrates.*

#### EARLY CHRISTIANS.

"Followers of a mischievous superstition;" "abjects and vile publicans;" "impious impostors;" "despicable fanatics;" "illiterate clowns;" "fools;" "deceivers;" "wizards and sorcerers;" "atheists;" "detestable criminals;" etc. *Roman contemporaries.*

#### REFORMERS AND SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERERS.

"Vile heretics;" "fools;" "immoral persons;" "atheists;" "sorcerers;" "leaguers with the devil;" "magicians;" "conjurers;" "Antichrists;" "false prophets;" "liars;" "diabolical innovators;" "fanatics;" "seducers from the faith;" etc. *Priests and Schoolmen.*

#### SEERS AND RADICALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Fools;" "deluded idiots;" "victims of hallucination;" "mad persons;" "blasphemers;" "dreamers;" "sorcerers;" "impostors;" "vulgar cheats;" "tricksters;" "hypocrites;" "convicts;" etc. *Scientific and religious bigots and the popular Press.*

The subject-matter of the following pages has long been buried in a small volume, which, owing to unexpected circumstances, may be said never to have seen the light of day. Dealing, as it does, with the undeniable history of churches which have been, and still are, regarded as well-nigh infallible by their followers, it seems serviceable to the cause of truth and reform that it should be rescued from oblivion, and, in a slightly revised form, reprinted. The logic of facts is severe, and it is to the facts of a long series of centuries that we look for confirmation of the statement, so often made in these latter days, that the church needs the broad light of spiritual truth, before it can be other than a blind guide to the people at large, sunk as they are in material cares and pleasures. Fear must be replaced by intelligence; ignorant platitudes and misapprehension of Scripture, by knowledge of spiritual laws; vicarious salvation by individual responsibility; useless ecclesiastical domination by liberty of thought. If the church—and in that word may be included all Western sects—fails to recognise her opportunity, she is doomed.

It is designed to show by an appeal to unquestionable historical facts in this brief outline of the past, that the spirit which animated Jesus of Nazareth in his short life-work has rested on the heroic martyrs for progress and reform of all ages, and that the system of ecclesiasticism, and the union of Church and

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State, so far from representing the sublime and eternal principles he taught, have outraged them by superstitions and cruelties which have been a curse to mankind ; which formed a hell in the past, which have degraded religion in every nation in Europe, and which still survive in diminished forms, and exercise a deadly influence on the spiritual development of man, at the present hour.

When Stephen yielded up his last breath on a charge of blasphemy, uttering the divine prayer of Jesus that they who murdered him might be forgiven ; when the faithful followers of Christ perished, some at Rome, some at Alexandria, some at Jerusalem ; when the early Christian martyrs stood in the arena at Rome and faced tortures and death in their most terrible forms for the sake of the truth which their souls had recognised, because by a heaven-decreed law no truth can ever be born in vain—Christianity was a free religion. The little band of men called Christians who were torn by wild beasts, burnt in public gardens, tortured with all the ingenuity that human fiends could devise by command of emperors who were ruling a kingdom in the last stage of its decay—and who were many of them as infamous in life as they were perverted in intellect and moral sense—were men who possessed free minds. If they shared the Calvary of Christ they also shared the spirit which impelled the beautiful and fearless utterances by the shores of Galilee, on the brow of Olivet, and within the very precincts of the doomed Jerusalem, utterances which were spoken outside the synagogue and the temple, above and beyond the authority of the priests, and which appealed to the reason and the conscience of the human throngs who heard them. Such a religion as this could indeed brave death. Such a religion as this, which had not only taught truth, but “brought immortality to light,” might well have inspired its martyrs, and one would have said it ought to have rung around the wide world. But it was otherwise ordained. The Prophet of Nazareth told his disciples that “his kingdom was not of this world,” and the religion he taught was one which appealed to the most divine instincts in the soul of man ; it was to be woven into no creeds ; to be used as no instrument of priestly dominion ; to be a weapon of no State ; to be the possession of no particular class of persons. It was a great *spiritual power*, and it was born into the world when it needed it, to be henceforth kept alive through the heroic struggles and sufferings of men who, step by step, pressed forward in the path which had been pointed out by an unerring hand, till the hour should come when its light, the light of all true religions, should dominate the world in a liberty of the spirit which should be for ever above both church and creed.

Nearly two thousand years ago, Christ entered the sphere of human life on a divine mission, which was twofold : some of the truths he taught had been uttered before, but he placed them before men in a burning light and lived them out ; the greatest truth of all, the immortality of man, had been variously recognised by other races and by other teachers ; Christ *demonstrated it*, so far as it can be suggested or demonstrated by the manifestations of a body capable of existing on more than one plane of being. His life, including his power over matter, his spiritual insight, and his victory over death, was lived in strict accordance with laws which operated from his birth, and to which in the course of human progress, the race of man, as foretold by John, his “beloved disciple,” will eventually be subject. It was a great prophecy. The life and works of Christ were no more a violation of natural law than the life of civilised man is

a violation of the law which once forbade any form of existence higher than that of the saurian. In the latter case the spiritual is developing, subject to planetary conditions : in the former it was developed, and overcame them.

But, living so far before the era of the coming spiritual race, he was indeed a "strong son of God." He died to demonstrate immortal truth ; he spake the words of wisdom without the knowledge and practice of which such a victory is impossible. His spirit was in harmony with the Father, and he attained to that high plane which lived in purity of thought as well as deed. A "greater than Solomon" indeed stood at last within the walls of Jerusalem ; a mighty work was indeed accomplished there.

Nothing could be more opposed than the work of Moses and that of Christ, and it was easy to see that the followers of the one could never accept the other. The one was a lawgiver, regulating real and fancied morality by minute external details, and severe and often barbarous punishments ; the other furnished a motive-power of action in pure, spiritual life, teaching that wrong-doing brought its own punishment, virtue its own reward : the one was an instrument of the Hebrew Jehovah ; the other the messenger of a God of love : the one offered "sacrifices for sins," with the blood of animals ; the other "did the Father's will," and for a godlike truth sacrificed himself : the one was silent about a future life ; the other realised it as a fact : the one belonged largely to his age and to the earth ; the other to all time and to the world of spirit : the one gave death-sentences and died ; the other spoke of a life that was eternal, and triumphed at last over all that makes it possible that man should die. The religion of Christ was and is a religion of virtue, self-sacrifice, charity, liberty, and love ; of outspoken denunciation of all wrongs, no matter in what interests committed ; of perfect trust and freedom ; of uncompromising attachment to human good ; of embodied perfection. It is a religion of *life*. This is the gospel of immortality against which were an angel to preach, he would indeed, be accursed.

Let us contrast it with the religion of priests.

More than a century and a half had elapsed after the events of this grand and beautiful life, before the idea was fully entertained that the various gospels and the writings of the apostles were of "divine authority," in the sense now popularly understood. The evidence that such was the case is now too well known and too complete to be met with denial. The gospels and the epistles comprised many more books than are admitted in the canon of Scripture, which includes at the present time more than one epistle, the authenticity of which is known to be doubtful ; and the so-called "scriptural authority" of a later period simply rested on the speedily-acknowledged best written testimony of those most closely related to Christ, or who had laboured most zealously in behalf of the work he had accomplished. The very differences among the apostles (Acts xv. 39 ; Gal. ii. 11) show that the little gatherings called churches at Corinth, Galatia, or Philippi, had no conception of a series of infallible dogmas. Their very errors (I. Cor. vi. 6, 7, 8 ; xi. 21) prove their human imperfections. A book, a man, a church, that could not err, was an idea alien to the spirit of the time, which was struggling to follow, on firm and broad principles, though at a great distance, in the footsteps of the Master. There is no question that Paul kept Christianity alive, but in his letters it exhibits certain marked differences

from the Christianity of Christ. He rose to it in his realisation of the proofs and teachings given of the true nature of man, in his undaunted courage in declaring him to be the long-foretold messenger who was to appear among the Jews, which set Jerusalem "in an uproar," and for which he was made a "spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men;" in his fearless and uncompromising determination to keep the new light free from all connection with the old, useless rites of Judaism believed to have been God-ordained; in his truly inspired chapter on immortality: he fell below it in his silence with regard to slavery, which was one of the most demoralising of the Roman institutions, in his apparently Jewish ideas of a propitiatory sacrifice to God rather than a divine sacrifice for man, and in his incidentally expressed views on the nature of womanhood. But he never dreamed of worship, or of standing in the place of God, and his very arguments are often lengthy appeals to the minds of others, which soared far beyond the deep-rooted prejudices of his age.

Had these facts been openly acknowledged, and had the founders of the so-called Christian Church of a later date taught the main principles of the new religion in freedom, and in the faith which could recognize that they required no human laws to uphold them, the terrible history of bigotry and suffering which has been the consequence of this first error would never remain to rise up in judgment against her now. From the time that a final and authoritative canon of the New Testament was established, with a view to place the truths which had been given through some great and good human souls in a position which God alone can ever occupy, ecclesiastical power arose. Moreover, the desire to illustrate the gospels by the Pentateuch, to connect the new truth with the old forms, with the legends of an irrevocable fall of man and the idea of an atonement, completely overshadowed the whole spirit of the mission of the Master, and to a large extent, the heroic preaching of Paul. Immortality and the pathway to it were almost forgotten; death and submission to literal authority, scriptural and hierarchical, were everywhere dwelt upon. Moses, the "types," and the priesthood, eclipsed the light of the new message, and Genesis was ransacked by the Fathers to furnish reasons for, and illustrations of, the life and teachings they failed to understand. Tertullian defended the Christian faith; in a brief period Augustine dominated it. It has furnished a remarkable answer to the so-called philosophical statement that man is the author of his own religion. In one sense alone is this true, but that is in his very *failure* to appreciate the highest truths manifested to him until he is mentally and morally on a plane to grasp them. Does the North American Indian accept the civilisation of Boston or New York, or the savage of Australia the new life of its colonial cities? Christianity was unquestionably received, but it was popularised only by expanding on man's level, and not Christ's. On this plane, Judaism in another form was preserved, something in common was found even in Paganism, and opposition in Rome, the great centre of early Christian activity was rapidly broken down. But, in reality, it had only assumed another form. The spiritual religion of the great Teacher was obscured by the most wearisome disputes among the bishops of the early church on points of doctrine, and out of these disputes arose pious frauds,\* pious errors,

\* That interpolations in the original scriptural MSS. were made at different times is a fact known to scholars, and even if they may be of no great importance, they prove a principle. 1 John v. 7 is an admitted addition to the original text, and by no means stands alone. The Council of Trent, in 1545, declared the Vulgate version of Jerome in Latin, issued in 405, to be authentic. Wycliffe translated from the Vulgate; Tyndale from the original Greek.

and finally the pious use of physical force. Council after council was held to prove or disprove by the vote of an intriguing majority the "consubstantiality of the Son with the Father," and controversy after controversy took place between Arians and Athanasians, each decision as a rule being reversed by the following one, till at last, in the year 325, at the Council of Nice, and in 381, at the Council of Constantinople, the doctrine of a "Trinity" of three persons finally triumphed, and Mary, of the Gospel records, became "the Mother of God." The original Nicene Creed anathematised all who dared to differ from it, and Constantine decreed that whoever refrained from destroying the works of Arius should be put to death. In the fifth century it had become a dogma to dispute which was to imperil the soul.

The influence of Platonism, the encouragement and the territory bestowed by the worldly-minded Constantine, and the decision of the Nicæan Council, all aided powerfully to pave the way for the establishment of a system which rapidly culminated in the papal power of Rome. To quote to any extent from the leading Fathers, and to show the materialism which had already converted religion into mere theology, would only weary the reader. It need only be stated that the saints, as they were designated, Augustine and Fulgentius, both declared that no one could be saved outside the "Church," and that all Jews, heretics, and schismatics would depart into eternal fire; and so far did error develop mental slavery, that until the ninth century not a person existed who disputed the "eternal damnation" of infants dying unbaptised. Disputes about transubstantiation, the incarnation, the sacraments, predestination, election, original sin, the state of "the dead," and the "atonement," well nigh blotted out the mission of love lived out in Palestine but a brief period before, and educated the minds of men for the follies and the crimes which were destined to rise to their height in the Middle Ages.

The union of Church and State soon produced a system which taught religion at the point of the sword. The quarrels of the bishops about "apostolic succession," the polemical wranglings, and mutual excommunications of those who had the presumption to style themselves "God's elect;" the fierce and often bloody contests which arose on the occasion of a vacant see; the rising worship—nothing less—of the "Virgin Mary;" the increasing wealth of the church, and at last the complete repression of science and philosophy owing to the influence of the Fathers, all united to create that ecclesiastical authority which can only exist side by side with ignorance and error. It bore the inevitable fruits. At the instance of the clergy, the Italian wars were undertaken under Justinian, through which millions of lives were sacrificed, and a brief period later beheld the fruitless crusades, which lasted for centuries, and during which some millions of human lives were again wasted to rescue the *tomb* of Jesus from Mahomedan dominion. When Jerusalem was finally taken by Godfrey de Bouillon, all, without distinction of age or sex, were put to the sword, and the licentiousness and cruelty which accompanied the "holy wars" which were successively urged on European princes by the popes, had already linked the name of Christianity to deeds of barbarism and blood. The establishment of papal infallibility, the love of theological dogmas of no value to either reason or religion, the veneration of relics—thigh-bones and thumbs—inevitably amounting with the ignorant masses to actual worship, even where



there were several of the same kind; the adoration of saints and the early martyrs, the phenomena of pilgrimages, penances, indulgences and their sale, spangled dolls, rosaries, genuflexions, absolutions, Latin services, perpetual miracles and shrine-wonders similar to the pagan marvels, increased the rising tide of superstition. Philosophy yielded to useless metaphysical subtleties, and science gave place to legends of the saints.

The progress of the monastic movement is known to every reader of history. In the first instance it was doubtless prompted by a spirit of reaction against the profligacy of the age, and a desire to escape persecution, but it rapidly degenerated into a system which was not only an undisciplined rebellion against the divine laws of God written in nature, but which itself became a fertile source of misery and widespread immorality. In the fourth century thousands of hermits and monks began to overspread Egypt, Palestine, and Italy, some of whom can be compared to no class of men so completely as certain of the Hindoo fakirs. They fled to the desert, abandoned every tie of affection and kindred, and dwelt alone in caves and solitary places. Their lives consisted of a series of penances; washing was discountenanced, and, half-starved and covered with filth and vermin, these would-be saints in their "zeal for the church" would speedily have dragged back human progress to the state it must have exhibited in the age of the original cave-men, had not other influences intervened to favour the more gregarious forms of devotional life established in the monasteries. The monastic life of which this was the commencement speedily developed itself all over Europe.

A philosophical view of these facts will doubtless recognise that the ascetic principle has manifested itself among the most varied races of men, and that the Essene, the Brahmin, and the Cynic, alike illustrate the tendency, and even its utility; but the point which claims our attention is its enormous and, at last, disastrous influence over those who professed more than they had the knowledge to accomplish, and who claimed to be followers of a Master who spent his life among the people, and whose whole method of teaching was opposed to mere selfish seclusion. The devotion of many of the earlier anchorites and monks is unquestioned, but, like all piety which refuses to recognise reason, it became, and very rapidly, a stronghold of both superstition and vice. A Columba was the exception; a fanatic and ignorant mendicant, or a dissolute friar, the rule.

For some five hundred years during the Dark Ages, the clergy reigned supreme, and owing to the ignorance and credulity which everywhere existed, what was called "heresy," the result of the love of inquiry and the free use of reason, could hardly be said to exist. The priests were the guardians of the scanty knowledge of the age, and learning possessed by laymen was considered dangerous. The papacy had by this time become firmly established: the popes were styled "vicars of Christ;" papal supremacy and infallibility were undisputed, and from the sixth to the tenth centuries there were only some three or four men in all Europe who dared to think for themselves. What the lives of those were who occupied the papal chair from the eighth to the eleventh centuries is too well known to need comment. It suffices to say that they were uniformly immoral, and at times infamous. From the eighth to the twelfth centuries ecclesiastical immorality likewise reached its height in the monasteries, and the increasing wealth and power of the clergy made them a most formidable enemy

to human progress. 'Thousands of women became dissolute owing to the forced celibacy of the clergy; in England, the monastic lands amounted to half the kingdom, and in other countries the proportion was even larger. The church now possessed the temporal power to enforce "conversion," and this the popes relentlessly did all in their power to accomplish. Excommunications and anathemas struck terror into the hearts of kings, and held whole countries in subjection; emperors held the stirrups of the pope, it was considered an honour to kiss his feet, and the Holy See, under Innocent III., became a kingdom, which attempted to rule the entire continent. In the year 992 hardly anyone in Rome knew the first elements of learning; in Spain, in the time of Charlemagne, not one priest in a thousand could write a common letter, and in England not one understood the prayers he repeated, or could translate Latin into his mother tongue. The Latin which was at one time familiar to all, was in the eleventh and twelfth centuries hardly understood. Laymen had been taught to look upon the Scriptures, which no one understood, in the place of Deity; they were now considered too holy even to be read. The zeal which could incite men to slay their fellow-creatures for the sake of the possession of a spot of earth far too sacred to be associated with strife and bloodshed, was exchanged for the zeal which impelled their descendants to torture and murder all who ventured to dispute the dogmas of the church. How far removed already from the heroic spirit of those early Christian martyrs who suffered under the Roman persecutions of the first centuries, was the Latin Church, will now be seen. That church itself took the place of the pagan power, and the martyrs for truth and liberty, their real successors, were those who perished, no longer at the bidding of a Roman emperor, but, at her unhallowed hands. The spirit of St. Augustine and the Levitical law of the Hebrew nation, with its examples of barbarous severity, seemed everywhere to triumph.

S. E. G. F.T.S.

(*To be continued.*)



#### CURIOUS, ISN'T IT?

"C. L." asks in *The Morning Post* :—

"SIR,—Can any of the meteorologists give an explanation of the extraordinary readings of the temperature between December 3, when Bodö, on the Arctic Circle, was 20 deg. warmer than Oxford, and to-day (18th), when Nairn is reported 17 deg. warmer than Nice?"

[No "meteorologist" will, but Occultists may, and their answer is—change of cycles, and the end of a very important one Study Occultism.—Ed.]

## The Talking Image of Urur.

### CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

‘**H**OW do you do, Mr. Puffer?’ said Pancho.

“Don’t call me Puffer,” said the patient. “I am Brahm. Puffer is merely the name of that illusive and evanescent personality which I created for the purpose of manifesting myself. This personality has now attained the four states of knowledge and needs no more books. First, it has arrived at the conviction that it knows everything that can possibly be known. Secondly, it believes that there is nothing more to learn. Thirdly, it sees that all impediments to its knowing everything have been destroyed, and fourthly, that it is now in possession of perfect knowledge.”

“Then,” said Pancho, “if you know everything, please tell me what has become of the Talking Image and where is my wife?”

“Alas,” answered the unfortunate man, “I know it very well ; but I cannot make my personality understand it.”

“Then it seems,” said Pancho, “that your personality has not yet attained full knowledge, and that you are Brahm merely in your imagination.”

“In my capacity as Brahm,” said the patient, “I do not care a straw for that personality which they call Mr. Puffer, and do not want to have anything to do with it. In fact I now know that this man ‘Puffer’ is a great simpleton, and it would be advantageous for him if you could get him out of this place.”

Pancho promised to attend to it.

“We would not keep you here,” said Sellerio, “if you would speak rationally instead of imagining yourself to be all sorts of things.”

“Brahm is nothing,” solemnly replied Mr. Puffer.

“Just listen to him,” exclaimed Sellerio. “First he says that he is Brahm and then he says Brahm is nothing. How can we let a man loose upon the community, if he talks such arrant nonsense?”

“He means to say,” explained Pancho, “that Brahm is not a thing ; but that universal principle from which originates the power that produces all things in the universe. It is often very difficult to express such ideas correctly, while an incorrect expression always gives rise to very serious misunderstandings.”

Then Mr. Puffer lifted his hand and solemnly spoke the following words :

“Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. I am Brahm and Brahm is nothing and I am the All ; but the All does not exist. I am Brahm who has created that illusion called the world for the purpose of deluding mankind. There are no bodies ; that which is called a body is merely an appearance ; there is no soul ; for the power of the body perishes at the time of its death. What is called the soul is nothing but the active force or attraction in man, which when he dies must die with him. All nature is created out of myself and I am nothing ; but out of nothing nothing can be produced. Nirvana is nothingness and it requires a pure soul of nothingness to live in it.”

"I think," said the director, "it is now time to administer our Ipecac."

They left, while Mr. Puffer was still talking and expounding his theories.

"He is decidedly getting worse," said the director. "He begins to talk about a soul living in nothingness."

"I am sorry for him," said Pancho. "He was a very amusing fellow; but there will be no light in occultism for outside investigators before those people learn how to correctly express what they mean."

Pancho left the asylum and went to his room. There sitting down at his table he took up a sheet of paper and began to write a letter to Sellerio, explaining his views about Mr. Puffer; but he soon discontinued it and leaving the unfinished letter upon the table he threw himself upon a lounge thinking which one of the two was more insane, Mr. Puffer or Dr. Sellerio. They were both deluded. The former revelled in his imagination, the latter was rooted firmly in his own ignorance; both clung to the opinions which they had formed—not on the basis of direct perception of internal truths—but from external observation and the reading of books. Each imagined that he knew, while neither had real knowledge.

"External observation," said Pancho to himself, "does not directly reveal internal truths; logic may err, real knowledge results only from direct perception and understanding. Books are useful and necessary adjuncts for those who wish to attain real knowledge and who have not the power to perceive internal truths; but to those who have attained the power to see the truth as it is, books describing what others believed about it are as useless as crutches to a sound person able to walk without them."

While meditating upon such subjects he entered into the interior condition and his external consciousness faded away, while that of his soul was fully alive. Suddenly he saw himself surrounded by a bright and rosy light, similar to that which he had seen at the time of his interview with the Image, and the stranger whom he had seen before in his dreams stood before his interior vision and spake the following words:

"The Talking Image is in imminent danger. The vultures of destruction are assembling around it, desiring to tear it to pieces to find out the cause of its divine inspiration and the power that enables it to speak. Unless it is saved from the dissection by which it is threatened, the instrument which the sages have prepared to give superior information to this sinful world and to lead mankind up to a higher region of thought, will be destroyed. If you wish to save it, hasten to its relief."

The apparition then faded away and Pancho "awoke;" doubting whether or not this vision had been the product of his own imagination. Where was the Image, and if it was in danger, where should he go to save it?

He arose and his glance fell upon the unfinished letter upon the table, and there upon the space not written over by him, he saw a strange handwriting, in which were written the identical words spoken to him by the stranger, and moreover the address of the present owner of the Image was added, which proved to be that of a judge in a little Polish town near Krakau. The letter was signed by "An agent of the Mysterious Brotherhood."

This was surely a true "occult letter," at least it had been written by some occult means. We will not enter into metaphysical speculations to find some

plausible theory by which might be explained how it could have been produced. We can see no possible advantage in attempting to persuade the sceptic to believe in something of which he has no knowledge and no experience. We, therefore, leave it to those who like to amuse themselves in this manner, to guess whether or not our account can be true, and, if so, whether there may be persons that can manipulate thoughts and project their images upon material substances; whether the ideas were first impressed upon his own brain, there formed into sentences and then projected out upon the paper by the power of a superior will; or whether they were alchemically precipitated by means of an Elemental; or whether Pancho during his ecstatic condition arose and himself wrote unconsciously the letter; whether it was done by a good or evil spirit, or by some impossible trickery. All such questions we leave to those to guess about who are inclined to pass their time in that manner; to the experienced Alchemist these things are no mystery and he needs no instruction about it. As to Pancho, he was neither astonished nor surprised; he knew that there is a bridge leading from the "subjective" to the "objective" realm of phenomena, and that to the untutored savage the writing of an ordinary letter is not less astonishing than the manipulating of "spiritual" substances is to those who do not know that such things exist. His own intuition told him that the contents of the letter were true, and he made up his mind to go and to save the Image from destruction by the hands of ignorant "science."

On that very evening Pancho left Venice for Vienna.

The night was dark. The train after leaving the plains of Italy entered into the mountain regions of the Alps, winding its way upwards in snake-like contortions, creeping up on inclined planes and through narrow gorges and valleys. Several tunnels and bridges were passed and it approached the highest point of the mountains, to descend again into the valleys.

Pancho had ample time for meditation. He thought about the uselessness of destructive science and how their deluded scientific people are like small boys, who destroy a valuable watch to see what produces the ticking. They, in their ignorance, imagine that they can solve the mystery of sound by breaking the instrument, or discover the secret of light by smashing the lamp. How is such a proceeding more absurd than to imagine that the cause of conscious intelligence and life can be found by dissecting the organism in which these powers become manifest?

This train of thought led Pancho to think of the nature of life. He perceived that it was not a product of the forms which it inhabits; but of a universal principle which by its activity produces living forms. As the light of the sun renders objects luminous, likewise the divine principle in nature made those objects, which were adapted to such a purpose, living and conscious and as the light of the sun, after disappearing from the horizon, leaves some objects dark, while others have the power to retain it and remain luminous for a while; likewise the principle of life departs from the physical form at its death, but there are some elements belonging to the soul, though still of an earthly nature, that may remain for awhile living and conscious even after the self-conscious spirit has departed from them.

To illustrate this truth, Pancho's interior guide opened his inner senses and he saw himself in the spirit in the midst of a graveyard. The earth offered no

obstacle to the perceptive faculty of his soul, and he could see into the habitations of those silent hermits whom the world believes all to be peaceful and dead. Then he saw that not all the tombs were entirely dark; but in many the ethereal counterparts bound to the corpse were still illuminated by a remnant of consciousness left by the departed spirit and endowing them with sensation. Many of the graves were thus illuminated by the murky glow of passion and unsatisfied desires, while the entities to which these remnants belonged were tortured by evil memories, useless remorse for past misdeeds, and by the evil spectres which their perverted imagination had called into existence. There were suicides that had not outlived their allotted time upon the earth and who were still bound to their own disintegrating corpses, which made them suffer. True, enough, they did not feel physical heat or cold or suffer from the narrowness of the grave in which the corpse was confined; they did not suffocate from the want of air; but they could not breathe the free atmosphere of the heavenly spirit; they were like persons in a dream suffering from some horrible nightmare. Their bodies still exhibited a phosphorescent glow of some remnant of animal consciousness which caused them agonies, and thus Pancho saw that the nightmare, called terrestrial life, may project its horrid illusions even far beyond the portals of death to the other side of the tomb.

He had been so deep in his meditations that he had not noticed the stopping of the train and the entrance of a man into the carriage; but now he heard the voice of a stranger say, as if in response to his own thoughts:

"The most fortunate thing in life is that we do not know its true nature."

Pancho looked up, and for a moment he believed that he saw before him the identical form of that person whom he had seen in his visions; there was the same high forehead, the dark brown hair, the Roman nose, the finely-cut mouth, and the curiously-trimmed beard. But, no, it could not be the same individual seen in his dreams, for while the latter was of an extremely refined and ethereal, if not divine, aspect, the former looked coarse and material. He seemed to be a labouring man, for his clothes were soiled, he carried an axe, a bundle of blankets, and a travelling-bag, and Pancho immediately dismissed the idea of his being the man seen in his dreams. In fact he was somewhat annoyed by the intrusion.

"I hope that these bundles are not in your way?" said the stranger, piling them upon the seat.

"There is room enough," somewhat gruffly answered Pancho.

The train moved again, and for a while they rode together in silence, Pancho lighting a cigar for want of something better to occupy himself with. After a while the stranger asked:

"Have you any whiskey with you?"

"No," replied Pancho, somewhat displeased with the request. "I am no friend of whiskey."

"It is sometimes very useful to have it," said the man.

Pancho looked in disgust at the stranger. If there was anything he despised, it was the sight of a drunkard. How was it possible that he could, even for a moment, mistake a whiskey-drinker for the ideal of his dreams?

Pancho made no reply.

After a little pause, the stranger again-spoke out and said:

"Whiskey in a cold night like this is good to warm the blood and keep up the spirits."

"I should think," answered Pancho, "that you have enough blankets to keep you warm, and that for once you could get along for a little while without whiskey."

"These blankets will presently be needed," said the man, "as we will have to step out of this car."

"Not I," replied Pancho. "I am going to Vienna."

"You will not go to Vienna by this train."

"Are you going to prevent me?" asked Pancho, sarcastically.

"No," said the man; "but we are going to have a serious accident."

Pancho looked up in surprise. Was he in company of a madman? What if this fellow were to take a fit and become unmanageable? Pancho made a motion to secure to himself the axe.

"This axe and these blankets," said the stranger, unconcernedly, "I took with me because I foresaw that we shall need them, and as there will be a number of people severely wounded, I wish I had brought some stimulants with me. I forgot it, being in a hurry."

"Did you dream that we are going to have an accident?" asked Pancho.

"I did not dream it, I saw it," answered the stranger. "Between the next station and the one after that something is going to break, and the engine, with three of the cars, will tumble down over a precipice. Nothing will happen to this car. It is the fourth, and will remain on the track."

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Pancho, "If you know all these things, why do you not stop the train, and speak to the conductor?"

So saying, he took up the axe, and was going to break with the handle the glass that covers the electric button, by which a signal may be given to stop the train in cases of imminent danger.

"Just keep still," said the stranger. "What will you tell the conductor? Do you want us to be laughed at and fined for stopping the train? Although I have foreseen the accident, I cannot tell the exact nature of the cause of the danger. If you say that we are going to have an accident, and you cannot give any intelligible reason for it, you will not be believed. After the accident has taken place, you will be arrested, because it will be said that if you had not something to do with its cause, you could not have known of it. Moreover, if the accident could be prevented and were not to take place, I could not have seen it happen. I can only foresee things which exist in the future, and not those which are non-existent."

Pancho saw the force of this logic. He remembered a case in which a clairvoyant had correctly described the place in which some stolen money was hidden, and how, after the property was recovered, the seer was imprisoned for complicity in the theft, because it was said that he could not have known the hiding-place, if he had not assisted the thief.

"Is it then impossible," he asked, "to prevent things which are thus foreseen?"

"As impossible," answered the stranger, "as to make undone anything that has happened in the past."

"Did you see me in your vision?" asked Pancho.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I saw you aiding me in attending to the wounded."

"Then," said Pancho, "if I were to leave the train at the next station, your vision would not have been true."

"You will not leave it," replied the man; "for if you were to leave it, I would have foreseen it too."

"You are right; I shall remain."

He now regarded his companion more clearly, and as he looked with the eye of the soul below the rough external appearance of the stranger, he saw that he was undoubtedly the man seen in his dreams, although the outward shell resembled the spiritual man no more than an unfinished model in clay is equal to the perfected marble statue, coming from the hands of the master artist. He then asked the man whether he remembered that they had met before in the spirit, and what he knew about the Talking Image. To this the stranger replied:

"There are many things which the soul of man may accomplish, while the body is asleep, and which we do not remember when awake. Every state of consciousness has its own modes of perception, and its own tablets to record past experiences. Animal man remembers his animal experiences; the spirit in its spiritual state remembers that which occurs when conscious of divine things. If we could raise our consciousness up to that part of our being which is immortal, we should also partake of its memory and recollect our past lives upon this and other planets. As to the Talking Image, I have heard of it, but know at present nothing of its whereabouts; it is quite a curiosity, but in some respects not more so than other persons, because I regard every person who does not create his own thoughts, as being merely a Talking Image, through which universal thought is expressed, or as a crucible, in which the essences, principles, and ideas existing in the world are mixed and purified, calcinated, amalgamated, sublimated and refined, until there results the true gold of spirituality, self-existent, pure and immortal."

The train now arrived at a station near the highest altitude of the pass. After a few minutes it began to move again, and soon the rapidity of its motion indicated that they were on the descending slope of the mountain. In the meantime a storm arose and the wind blew with such fury that it threatened to overthrow the train. Perhaps ten minutes passed away in silence, when the stranger exclaimed:

"Hold on to the cushions, sir!"

Pancho did as directed. At that moment a terrible shock occurred, which caused the carriage to shake. At the same time a crash and a rolling noise was heard, followed by cries of distress. Pancho and the stranger went out of the car and a fearful sight met their eyes. They were standing at the brink of a precipice, while below them, in a gorge, was the engine, from which rushed sparks of fire and hissing steam. Three passenger coaches were lying in a heap. The rising moon threw a ghastly light over the scene.

"Let us be quick!" said the stranger. "The coals of the engine will set fire to the cars."

They descended cautiously. Already one of the coaches had begun to burn, and now Pancho saw for what purpose the stranger had brought the axe with



him; for with the dexterity of an expert he cut a hole in the side of the car and extricated a woman whose body had been imprisoned between broken splinters and pieces of wood.

We will spare the readers a description of the heartrending details that followed upon this accident; some of them may have read accounts of it at the time when a train was overturned by the force of the *Bora*, whose destructive power is well known on the *Karst*. There were a few persons killed and many severely wounded.

The stranger, aided by Pancho, rendered the necessary services to the injured, and made them as comfortable as possible until such aid as could be obtained at the nearest town arrived at the place of the accident. At last another train arrived and Pancho continued his voyage. The stranger remained, but gave to Pancho his address in Vienna.

"You will easily find the place," he said, "it is an odd-looking house and there is a cross with a rose in the centre sculptured over the door."

Pancho wanted to ask some more questions; but the whistle sounded, the train began to move, and soon the place of the accident was out of sight.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be concluded.)



## Reviews.

### GREAT THOUGHTS.\*

A weekly journal of wide scope and high aims, covering all fields of interest to persons in all classes in life. The articles are extremely well chosen.

The Christmas number contains some excellent illustrations, portraits and gleanings of "great thoughts" from poet, scientist, religionist and historian.

But, while dealing with all subjects, it never descends to the commonplace or sensational, and its tone is of the purest culture and morals. We wish it all the success it deserves.

### THE VEGETARIAN.†

This penny Weekly is by no means devoted solely to the disseminating of dietetic ideas, but is a paper that all thinkers will enjoy reading, as a mention of many of its contributors will show. Among them are Miss Ellice Hopkins, for whose "White Cross" work all mothers feel grateful; A. F. Hills, T. R. Allinson, the gifted and lamented Dr. Anna Kingsford and her friend and colleague, Edward Maitland.

The philanthropic tone and effort of the paper deserve the kind wishes and attention of all who, like ourselves, work for the betterment of the great orphan—Humanity.

Of course there is the usual letter from the young enthusiast who yearns to flog his hobby to death, and is fain of "ignoring animal products altogether." And so our vegetarian Don Quixote proceeds to run a tilt even against milk. Ere long we shall expect to see the "advanced" vegetarian isolating the babe from its mother's breast in order to raise a real "pucca" herbivorous vegetarian

\* A. W. HALL, 132, Fleet Street.

† MEMORIAL HALL, Farringdon Street, E.C.

purist. We fear, however, that all the king's horses and all the king's men of this "ultramontane" school of vegetarianism will fail to place their objections on a basis of fact, for the alchemy of nature teaches that milk is far less an *animal* product than cereals and vegetables raised from manure.

### LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.\*

THERE are some interesting chapters in this small volume, especially when the author touches on Education and the theories of Graty on Logic, and Boole on the laws of thought. As for the rest, take some logic and mathematics and a small quantity of metaphysics, mix them with strange misconceptions of two or three of the great world religions, go out of your way to glorify the Jewish nation, and you will have *Logic Taught by Love*. We are asked to believe that: "Far back in the ages a tribe was differentiated, to be to the other races of the earth what the Unseen Logos is to Humanity as a whole . . . The Race of Israël is the hereditary priesthood of that Unity whose action is Pulsation." Now listen to the marriage hymn of science and religion: "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Logos, the Hidden Wisdom, the Principle of Rhythmic Pulsation . . . ." Do not smile, gentle reader, for the writer who speaks of a "Seer of Messianic Singular Solution," and dubs Jesus the "High Priest of Pulsation," knows all about you, that is, if you are interested in Theosophy, and will probably call you worse names than these. You will be pleased to hear that: "occasionally an impulse of atavism seizes on a whole mass of people, *too many to be locked up or ignored*. Such a mass, *ignorant of ancestral history*, and therefore not knowing to what their own sensations point, start some weird fantastic movement, related to some portion of ancestral history . . . . The great Revolution in France, Mormonism in America, Maurice-ism and Hinton-ism here, 'Salvation,' Table-turning, Homœopathy, and *Esoteric Buddhism*—each was produced by some stratum of the ancestral past forcing itself into the consciousness of an *irreverent and forgetful posterity*."

Well, well! We have heard that the deceitful waves of Maya have the power of reflection. We would, therefore, respectfully advise the "Pulsationists" to study *reverently* what the hoary Wisdom of the East teaches about the "Great Breath" and to disentangle the following skein of *ancestral history* which they have been good enough to vouchsafe us. We find under the heading of Trinity Myths, explained presumably by the *Logic Taught by Love* system, the following strange table of correspondences:

Brahma	Vishnu	Siva
Elohim	God of Israel (perhaps also Jehovah)	Adonai
God the Father	[God the Son]	Holy Spirit.

The middle correspondence of the third ternary is not given, but cannot escape being supplied. Rule for the above: Take any three gods from any three systems, shuffle and arrange them in three rows.

### A CHAPLET OF AMARANTH.†

IN the *Chaplet of Amaranth* we have a neatly bound and printed little booklet of the aphoristic class. The sentences on Scripture, the Futility of Creeds and Hell

\* By MARY BOOLE. London: FRANCIS EDWARDS, High Street, Marylebone.

† From the writings of the Author of "From Over the Tomb." London: JAMES BURNS.



## Theosophical Activities.

### TRANSACTIONS OF THE "LONDON LODGE" OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

#### KARMA IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

THE subjects of Reincarnation and Karma have formed the texts for many papers and much discussion among the members of the Theosophical Society as well as among occult students outside this Society. It is only natural that this should be so, as the themes are and ever must be of the most vital importance in the consideration and right understanding of soul evolution on this Planet. But it has often been asked, and the question seems replete with difficulties—How do Karma and Reincarnation affect, or what part do they play in the Animal Kingdom?

The same inequalities of condition, happiness, suffering, disease, and struggle are found in animal as in human life. And although there can be no doubt that animals have souls, yet the highest and most intelligent of them are not possessed of a *self-conscious* Ego, which is, however, the birthright of man, no matter how rudimentary and barbarous he may be. We can, therefore, scarcely suppose that without this self-conscious Ego animals are sufficiently differentiated to make individual reincarnation possible, and in that way work out, in the long run of many lives, the equalisation that brings about in the human kingdom the justice that must necessarily operate in the universe and all its innumerable worlds. The consideration of Karma or the lack of it in the Animal Kingdom has been working for some time in my mind, and I venture to offer a few suggestions on the subject, the result of these reflections.

It has been sometimes said by advanced students of the esoteric doctrine, and reason gives support to the statement, that animals of even the most intelligent species do not as a rule and broadly speaking reincarnate, and that Karma, in the sense of responsible action, does not yet exist in this kingdom of nature. What then, one immediately asks, is the deciding cause of the ever-varying degrees of misery and well-being to be seen around us. One day a dog goes mad and the life is battered out of him, of necessity no doubt, to prevent his injuring human beings or others of his own kind; or a cat is perhaps hunted or tortured to death in a horrible manner by a person so debased that he enjoys the sight of the suffering he inflicts. There are, again, the victims of the vivisectionist as well as those of the slaughter-house, and many others too numerous to mention. On the other hand, there are the pets of kindly, loving people, whose companionship appears to awaken into life emotions and feelings quite exceptional in the species to which such animals may belong, and which receive luxuries, comforts, kindness and love, that thousands and thousands of our fellow beings are strangers to even in imagination. Where, then, are we to look for the justice and reason of these differences of condition, when there is neither a past life of causes to account for the present nor a future life of individual growth which could in some way recompense the undeserved suffering? I believe the explanation must be looked for along the lines of correspondences and in a broader and more comprehensive manner than is possible on the principle of individual responsibility.

We know that there is a form of life and growth even in the Mineral Kingdom ; that, though apparently inert, there is a slow development observable by those specialists who devote themselves to this branch of science. Rocks, crystals, metals, etc., follow a system of formation ever repeating itself according to the affinities of their molecules, *i.e.*, the particles, say, of rock crystal will not ally themselves with those of granite any more than the seed of one fruit will fructify and yield another kind. We may also accept the idea that there is a plane of consciousness belonging to so-called inert matter, quite as difficult for human beings to realise as that consciousness which involves the development of our sixth sense. Such a plane of consciousness must have a Spiritual Monad, which, speaking roughly and not metaphysically, incarnates in the whole Mineral Kingdom. This consciousness from our point of view is exceedingly limited, and the Monad's power of manifesting correspondingly shackled by the density of the body, and the lack of vehicles or principles. Perhaps here it will be as well to consider briefly what is meant by the term Spiritual Monad, which is by no means identical with the Spiritual Human Ego, although there is a certain resemblance in regard to their functions. The Spiritual Monad at this stage of evolution consists, according to this theory, of the sixth and seventh principles, equivalent to the Para Brahm and Logos of the Eastern philosophy ; and, if we may materialise the idea for a moment, is in search of a fifth principle.

The Mineral Kingdom, as we know it, is without the third, fourth, or fifth principles ; or, at all events, these are so absolutely latent and unevolved, that it is only within comparatively recent years that scientists have acknowledged the very close resemblance that exists between the most complex forms of crystal and the lowest examples of vegetable life. It has, of course, a physical body and an astral counterpart, but the third or life principle, as also the fourth and fifth, are still locked tightly within the unresponsive masses of the earth. In the slow process of incarnation in this mineral world the faint glimmer of this third or life principle slowly commences to manifest until in some of the more complex forms of crystals, whatever may be the force or action that brings them together, the result is a structure very closely allied to life organisms. Following this line of thought, the Vegetable Kingdom will also have its Spiritual Monad, which manifests now, with its life principle well established, in the more varied life that is beautiful to the eye and abundantly sufficient for the support of humanity. Here again the sphere of consciousness is within narrow bounds, but the system of growth and development is infinitely more rapid than in the minerals, and can be studied and observed by ordinary humanity with greater facility than is possible in the slower growth of the mineral world. For the third or life principle has been evolved and brought into obvious action. This principle will now gradually expand, gathering from the more improved conditions around it the glimmering indications of the fourth or animal soul principle. The first faint dawning of instinct now shows itself, more especially among the higher forms of vegetation, and this appears again in full working order in what we now reach in the upward scale, the animal kingdom. This, like those leading up to it, has again its Spiritual Monad, which incarnates in the ever varying forms and species, the occupants of earth, air, and water. Now is more clearly seen the mutual importance of the awakening of the principles as vehicles for the outbreathing of the spiritual essence through the

incarnations, and again its inbreathing of the higher aspects of the experiences of these incarnations. This Spiritual Monad of the Animal Kingdom corresponding with that of the individual Human Ego, draws through the magnetic currents of its developed fourth principle in connection with this physical plane, the nourishment or experiences which, by degrees, colour the unconscious Spiritual Monad with a tinge of what eventually becomes the fifth principle or human soul or self-consciousness.

Let us now turn to the subject of the paper, viz., Karma in the Animal Kingdom, and let us, by way of illustration, regard this Kingdom as one enormous body with innumerable limbs and members in the shape of all the various animals, great and small, all over the earth. These are continually meeting with adventures and accidents, good and bad, as the case may be. The loss by misadventure of some or emancipation by evolution of others does not affect at all the existence of the one body at large. The Karma of that body is intact, and if some members or limbs suffer and get lopped off, such Karma is not individual to the limb any more than in the case of a man who meets with an accident and loses his leg. The *man* suffers, certainly, through the loss of the limb, and will probably regret it all his life, but the leg itself, as soon as severed from the body, dead and buried, cannot be consoled with and does not appeal to our sympathies: it is the man's Karma and his suffering entirely. In such a way as regards the Karma, must the ordinary suffering and death of animals be considered. They are the members of one great whole, and when dead they are like the man's leg, with no individual Ego that can be either glad or sorry, because differentiation or self-consciousness, apart from the Spiritual Monad, has not yet taken place. To carry out the illustration a little further, it may be suggested that the better, the more healthy and hard working the limbs become, and supposing they do not meet with accident and amputation, the better it must be for the body or Monad. For instance, there are some of the smaller and less intelligent animals that are capable of being trained out of their natural instincts, but that are still, by reason of their inferior organisms, unfit for or incapable of severance from the soul of the kingdom to which they belong. Little birds, mice, and even sometimes insects, are receptive to care and affection, and learn to discern between the hand or presence of their owners and others, but these would not be open to the realms of human incarnation, and at death would still belong to the Monad of their Kingdom. Still, as limbs, they have worked well and to the extent of their individual progress as small members have enriched and aided the development of the animal soul itself, and the more of such successful members there are and the more the budding emotions of creatures can be aroused and cultivated, the more does the Monad's unconsciousness become tinged with the self-consciousness of the fifth principle. This will then again react beneficially on the spirituality of the incarnate kingdom at large. For this Spiritual Monad of the Animal Kingdom, like the Human Ego, has to evolve through the absorption of the higher aspects of the experiences of these earthly incarnations, and these experiences are, as we can see for ourselves, though limited in regard to capacity, at the same time, almost unlimited in regard to opportunity.

This it seems to me, is the rule broadly, but then come in the great class of exceptions, and it is among and due to these that the change from one Kingdom to another may be sometimes looked for and found.

Animals of the more intelligent and highly organised kind that are brought into close contact and companionship with man, and whose opening powers of emotion and affection are aroused, have taken by such contact the first step towards differentiation. The dog who is the trusted, loved and educated friend of his master, is in the process emancipated from the Monad that presides over his Kingdom, and henceforth is individualised. After death his newly-awakened and differentiated soul remains, we may suppose, for æons of time happy in the realms of the higher Karma Locas until in another Manvantara, perhaps, or when the world will be in a condition to accommodate and exactly fit the requirements of these young Egos—incarnates for the first time as a human being, and starts on his own upward progress a self-conscious being, responsible to the extent of his knowledge for his actions and thoughts.

Probably exceptional suffering would have the same effect on the progress of the animal as unusual kindness; neither can be endured or enjoyed excepting from close intimacy with man, for animals in a perfectly natural state cannot meet with either intense suffering or human love. The danger or fear that a wild animal has of being eaten up or hunted by larger and stronger beasts is born with him, and his instinct provides him with armour of one sort or another, and teaches him how best to avoid the evil as long as possible. When, in spite of all the defences his instinct has raised to protect him in the struggle for existence, the inevitable overtakes him, this cannot be considered as exceptional suffering or a painful death. On the other hand, when such creatures are caught and tamed the possibilities of life become much more complicated, and their natural weapons no longer avail either to ward off or avoid the trouble, and their sufferings and pleasures immediately increase. Thus it seems to me that this close touch with humanity, whether the animal in life is educated, loved or ill-treated, evokes in it emotions and possibilities that would equally tend towards the emancipation of its soul and prepare it for human incarnation and the burden of its own Karma.

I do not, however, suggest or think that all domestic animals are necessarily ripe for human incarnation or separation from their own kingdom of nature. The vast majority of these meet with nothing that can arouse their latent fifth principle. Sheep, oxen, pigs, and all those creatures that are bred merely for human food and slaughtered by the million, must have, through successive generations of such treatment, become, we may suppose, inured to the life and death through the law of heredity, and such experience, therefore, cannot be regarded as any more exceptional than that which the wild animals of the prairie and jungle undergo in the course of their existence.

The elephant, which by some naturalists is considered the most intelligent of all animals, while in his natural wild state, according to this theory, would be no more fit for human incarnation than would the chamois, squirrel, or any other perfectly untamed creature. But let the elephant be captured and his natural intelligence excited and stimulated, he then becomes in and by the process, as it were, a candidate for the higher evolution, because his natural organism and capacity for such development are above those of many other members of that kingdom, and what, until that period in his life, had been only a superior form of instinct, now assumes many of the qualities or attributes of reason, only

requiring a human organism to bring out the flower of self-consciousness and Egohood. Considered, therefore, from this point of view, the apparently undeserved suffering among domestic animals may be in some degree accounted for outside of Karmic responsibility, and in saying earlier that the explanation of such suffering must be looked for along the lines of correspondences, I meant that just as humanity is working slowly and, perhaps, almost unconsciously in the mass, towards Godhood or divinity, through the evolution of the soul by Reincarnation, so the animal kingdom, still more unconsciously, but just as surely, is progressing also through incarnations not yet differentiated towards individuality and Egohood. Just as some, a small minority among the human family, are thirsty and eager for Spiritual and Divine Truth, which can be attained only through union with the universal consciousness, so the more highly organised animals by contact with humanity gather unto themselves the attributes that pertain to the fifth principle or human soul. And this universal Monad or essence, after manifesting feebly in the mineral kingdom and more freely in the vegetable, at last in the animal begins almost imperceptibly at first to differentiate until in the higher animals, as said above, it evolves or develops gradually the principle or quality of self-consciousness. The Monad, the sixth principle animated by the seventh, the universal spirit, produces the fifth principle, and only attains individual *self*-consciousness by absorbing back into itself the higher part of that which it has given out—that is to say, the Spiritual or Divine Monad produces the fifth principle, Manas, mind, reason, and this gradually develops in itself from its cycle of experiences, or contact with even limited opportunities, the perception of “*I*.” This is absorbed back into the sixth, giving colour to the colourless Monad. This perception of the “*I*” or Ego belongs to the fifth principle. The first aspect of the fifth principle is represented by instinct, memory, and even reason, when in the higher animals; but it is only at the final moment of complete differentiation that self-consciousness and therewith Karmic responsibility sets in. The Divine Monad can possess *absolute* consciousness or Knowledge, but cannot possess self-consciousness till coloured by the fifth or human soul principle. And, as we know, from the moment such self-consciousness awakens the great object and effort of future progress must be to draw from the spiritual soul so much of its Divine essence that the human soul becoming, as it were, saturated with its influence, pours it back, tinged with its own incarnate experiences, the higher principle then becoming truly the Higher *Self*, a permanent individuality. It was probably this that Jesus meant when he said, “*I in Thou, and Thou, Father, in me, that we may be perfect in one;*” or also, as Mme. Blavatsky expresses the same idea in the *Voice of the Silence*, “*Thou shalt not separate thy being from Being . . . but merge the ocean in the drop, the drop within the ocean . . . so shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives.*”

(MRS.) P. SINNETT.

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#### BRITISH SECTION COUNCIL MEETING.

The Council of the British Section met at 17, Lansdowne Road, on Wednesday, Dec 18th, Colonel Olcott, the President of the Theosophical Society, in the Chair. Delegates represented the “*Blavatsky*,” “*Cambridge*,” “*Liverpool*,” “*Edinburgh*,” and “*Dublin*” Lodges. H. P. Blavatsky sat beside the President



the two Founders united once more in body as always in spirit. The consideration of the Propositions to be submitted to the Annual Convention at Adyar, in May, 1890, was relegated to a sub-committee, who are to bring up a report to the adjourned meeting of the Council, early in the New Year. The Council elected Colonel Olcott as its delegate at the Annual Convention. The amended rules of the British Section were then brought up and considered, and various amendments were made; it was decided that the meetings of the Council should be in April and October, the annual election of officers to take place in October; the financial year will end on September 30th, so that the annual balance-sheet may be circulated among the Lodges, in time for the delegates to receive instructions thereon prior to the Annual meeting at the end of October. The amended rules being passed, the Council proceeded to the consideration of the reports from the Lodges. The "Blavatsky Lodge" reported that it held a meeting for discussion every Thursday evening, and had specially studied during the year: the Stanzas from the Book of Dzhan, as given in Vol I. of the "Secret Doctrine"; and the esoteric meaning of the Gospels. The number of members and associates had grown rapidly during the year. The "Liverpool Lodge" reported that it met for discussion, the reading of papers, etc., on the third Saturday in every month, and had special meetings as required. Members were carrying on active work in the press, and many enquiries about Theosophy had been received. The "Dublin Lodge" stated that it held weekly meetings, alternate meetings being open to the public, while the others were reserved for members only: Colonel Olcott's visit had drawn much attention to the work of the Society. The "Edinburgh Lodge" reported that, owing to the death of its President and other local causes, it had done but little work in the past, but was now becoming very active and hoped shortly to become one of the strongest lodges in the United Kingdom. The "Cambridge Lodge" explained that it had many practical difficulties to face, from its members leaving—having finished their University course—just when they were becoming most useful, but on the other hand it sent out into the world missionaries of Theosophy. The reports were adopted.

The officers were then elected: General Secretary, W. R. Old; Treasurer, F. L. Gardner; Auditors, W. Kingsland and H. Burrows. The Council presented a memorial to Col. Olcott, pointing out that the distance of the British Section from Head-quarters gave rise to many Executive difficulties, and asking him to vest his presidential authority, so far as the Section was concerned, in H. P. Blavatsky, appointing a Council to assist her with advice. The President promised to do so, before leaving England. The business of the Council concluded with a resolution expressing the thanks of the Section to the Colonel for the work he had done in England, and adding fraternal greetings to the Indian brethren. The Council adjourned.

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#### RULES OF THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

*Adopted by the Council of the Section at the Annual Meeting, on Dec. 18th, 1889.*

1. The British Section of the Theosophical Society shall consist of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

2. For all purposes of organization, the Section shall consist of all Lodges (or Branches) of the Theosophical Society within the above limits, provided that the said Lodges shall be duly chartered by the Theosophical Society or by such other authority as shall be deputed for that purpose.

3. The government of the Section shall be vested in a Council, which Council is an integral portion of the General Council of the Theosophical Society, and shall consist of the following : the Presidents of Branches, *ex officio* ; one delegate from each Branch for every 25 members ; the General Secretary, and the Treasurer.

4. The General Secretary, the Treasurer, and two Auditors, shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Council in October of each year.

5. During his tenure of office, the General Secretary shall be responsible for the carrying on of the routine business of the Section, and for the due execution of all instructions conveyed to him by the Council.

6. The General Secretary shall further keep a register of all the members of the Section, and it shall be the duty of Secretaries of Lodges to furnish him from time to time with the names and addresses of members of their Lodges. This register shall be open to the inspection of Presidents of Lodges, and members of the Section, at the discretion of the Secretary.

7. No person shall be considered a member of the Section whose name is not on the list of the General Secretary.

8. The financial year of the Section shall end on September 30 and an Annual Balance Sheet shall be prepared by the Treasurer, and forwarded by the Secretary to each Lodge at least 21 days before the October meeting of the Council.

9. The Council of the Section shall meet in London during the months of March and October, and at such other times as may be considered expedient. Notice of such meetings, together with notices of resolutions to be moved, or business transacted, shall be forwarded to every Lodge at least 21 days before the date fixed for such meeting. Special meetings shall be summoned by the General Secretary, at the request of the representatives of any two Branches, in which case notice shall be given to all Branches, as above.

10. At meetings of the Council, the members present shall elect their Chairman for the meeting ; during such election the General Secretary shall take the chair *pro tem.* : the quorum of the Council shall consist of one representative from each of three Lodges.

11. Each member of the Council has one vote on any question about which a division is made. Proxies, general or special, shall be allowed. In case of a tie, the motion shall stand adjourned to the next meeting.

12. The Council of the Section shall have power to issue charters to Lodges and diplomas to members. It shall further have power to suspend charters or diplomas, pending an appeal to the President-Founder or his appointed Representative in the United Kingdom.

13. Each Lodge shall determine for itself the qualifications of its members or Associates ; but no member of the Section shall have power to vote, or be eligible to office in more than one Lodge.

14. All difficulties or questions arising within Lodges or between unattached members of the Section, may be referred at the desire of either party to the decision of the Council of the Section, and final appeal shall be to the President-Founder, or his appointed Representative in the United Kingdom.

15. The Section shall have its Head-quarters in London, where a room or rooms shall be provided and furnished as a reading-room for the use of members of the Section. A library of works on Theosophy and Occultism shall be formed for their use ; and the expenses shall be defrayed out of the funds of the Section.

16. The expenses of the Section shall be defrayed by an annual subscription

from each member thereof. In the case of members belonging to a Lodge, the Secretary of that Lodge shall be responsible to the Council for the collection of their subscriptions.

17. The annual subscription of each member of the Section shall not be less than 5s. per annum, but members residing within 20 miles of London shall pay an additional subscription of 5s. ; this being subject to the decision of the Council in special cases.

18. The contributions of the Section to the Head-quarters of the Society, or for other purposes outside the particular work of the Section, shall be subject to the action of the Council from time to time.

19. Alterations of these Rules may be made by the Council, subject to the provisions as regards notice, as above specified.

W. R. OLD.

Gen. Sec. British Section Theosophical Society.

At the request of the BRITISH SECTION, Col. Olcott, before leaving for India, drew up and signed the following document :

OFFICIAL ORDER.

Theosophical Society, President's Office,  
London, 25 December, 1889.

In compliance with the unanimous request of the Council of the British Section, and to obviate the inconvenience and delay of reference to Head-quarters of current local questions requiring my official adjudication : I hereby appoint H. P. Blavatsky as Chairman, and Annie Besant, William Kingsland, and Herbert Burrows as Members, of an appellate Board to be known as "The President's Commissioners" for Great Britain and Ireland ; and furthermore :—

I hereby delegate to the aforesaid Commissioners for the United Kingdom the appellate jurisdiction and executive powers conferred upon me under the Constitution and Rules of the Society ; and declare them to be my personal representatives and official proxies for the territory named, until the present order be superseded.

Provided, however, that all executive orders and decisions, made on my behalf by the said Commissioners, shall be unanimously agreed to and signed by the four Commissioners above designated.

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.

Attest : W. R. OLD,

General Sec. British Section, T. S.

"BLAVATSKY LODGE."

At the "Blavatsky Lodge" meeting of December 19th, the President of the Lodge, W. Kingsland, in the chair, a resolution of sympathy with, and thanks to Colonel Olcott for his work in England was unanimously passed. Annie Besant was called on to move the resolution, and to bid the Colonel farewell in the name of the Lodge ; she alluded to the work done by the Colonel in the various parts of England, Wales, and Ireland that he had visited, and the loving memory and respect in which his name would be kept by all English Theosophists. She asked Colonel Olcott to carry back with him to India a message of brotherly affection to the Indian Theosophists, and to tell them that their English brethren looked to them to keep the flame of Theosophy burning in that country which must ever be the Holy Land to every true

Theosophist. Herbert Burrows seconded the resolution in a few brief sentences, expressing the affectionate regard in which Colonel Olcott was held among all who knew him. Colonel Olcott, in reply, thanking the Lodge for the kindly feeling expressed towards him, said that he always tried to do his duty, and, whether in England or in India, his life would be devoted to the cause of Theosophy. He expressed the pleasure it had given him to be once more with H. P. B., his dear colleague and teacher, in the body, as always in heart and spirit, feeling as he did that, when they were separated, each was less than half what they were together.

As the meeting broke up, the members clustered affectionately round their President, shaking hands and wishing him well.

At a business meeting of the "Blavatsky Lodge" held at 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park W., on January 2nd, 1890, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, Annie Besant; Vice-President, W. R. Old; Hon. Secretary, F. L. Gardner; Hon. Treasurer, Countess Wachtmeister. The following revised Rules were also adopted.

#### RULES OF THE "BLAVATSKY LODGE" OF THE T. S.

1. The Lodge shall be called the "Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society."
2. The Lodge shall be constituted in accordance with the Rules of the British Section of the Theosophical Society.
3. The object of the Lodge shall be to train its members in Theosophical knowledge by study and discussion, and to serve as an active centre for Theosophical work.
4. The Council of the Lodge shall consist of the Officers, viz. a President, Vice-President, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, and of three other members to be chosen by the Lodge; three of whom shall form a *quorum*.
5. Officers and members of the Council shall be elected annually at a meeting of members at the end of September: at which meeting the Lodge shall also elect its representatives on the Council of the British Section for the ensuing year. Vacancies occurring in the Council during the year shall be filled up by the election of the Lodge.
6. The Lodge shall consist of members and associates.
7. The right to attend and vote at all meetings of the Lodge shall be confined to members only.
8. Members and associates shall have the privilege of introducing visitors at three of the ordinary meetings; but if after the third visit such visitor does not become an associate or member, he can no longer be admitted.
9. Any visitor interested in Theosophy, but not yet prepared to take up full membership, may become an associate of the Lodge for three months. At the expiration of this period, he must either become a member or cease to attend the Lodge meetings and resign his associateship.
10. Applications for membership and for associateship shall be made in writing to the Hon. Secretary, who shall place the names of applicants on the notice board of the Lodge fourteen days before the date of election. Any objections to such election shall be sent in writing to the Hon. Secretary seven days before the date of election, and the Council shall take such action as is necessary.
11. There shall be no subscription to the Lodge, save that which is required from each member as a member of the British Section. The Lodge expenses shall be defrayed by voluntary contributions from its members and associates.
12. The Lodge shall meet regularly once a week at such time and place as may be

appointed by the Council, and these meetings shall be open to members, associates and visitors.

13. The Council may appoint other meetings to which members only shall be admitted.

14. Alterations and additions in these Rules may be made by the Lodge.

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H. P. Blavatsky, ere Colonel Olcott left England, handed to him the following paper :

Theosophical Society, Esoteric Section,  
London, 25th December, 1889.

I hereby appoint Colonel H. S. Olcott my confidential agent and sole official representative of the Esoteric Section for Asiatic countries.

All correspondence relative to admission into, and resignation from, the Section shall be referred to him, and all *Instructions* transmitted by him, and his decision is to be taken and accepted as given by myself. Such correspondence to be invariably marked "Private" on the envelope.

(Signed) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

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The members of the Esoteric Section in London and the surrounding district have formed themselves into a Lodge, for the purpose, among other things, of stimulating Theosophical activity and organizing members of the Society into active groups of workers. It is hoped that, in this way, they may become useful to the Society at large.

No member need apply for admission into the E. S. unless he is prepared to adopt *in full* the three objects of the T. S. and to become practically an earnest worker for Theosophy.

H. P. B.

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### AMERICAN SECTION.

The American Section of the T.S. held a Convention of the Pacific Coast Branches in October last, and we have received the printed report of the proceedings. The spirit animating the delegates seems to have been that of the purest Theosophy, the principle of Universal Brotherhood underlying the speeches and directing the methods proposed. Thus, Mrs. M. H. Bowman, of the Bandhu Branch, read a paper entitled, "Try to lift a little of the Karma of the World." In this paper Mrs. Bowman, speaking of progress, says both truly and eloquently:—

"All about us are those, flesh of our flesh and soul of our soul, who sit clothed in darkness by that inexorable Karma, which we perhaps have but now outgrown; those who still wear the soiled garment, tabooed by social laws, made more desperate by that ostracism; those who tell us the story of the strong temptation, and the weak nature, of injustice against which there was no defence; of the endless procession of misfortunes, and no help, no refuge. Is it not such as these whose eyes have lost the power to weep? such as these who 'wash the feet of the soul in the blood of the heart'? Is it over such as these we shall set ourselves as judges, and say, 'It is Karma, and therefore justice'? Or rather shall we, remembering only that our brother suffers, try to lift a little of this dreary burden?"

Rightly did Mrs. Bowman conclude:—

"If we could thus make our Theosophical ideal of 'Brotherhood' an ever-present living factor in our lives, there would be small need to ask how best to show forth the truth to the world."

Miss L. A. Off read a paper entitled, "A few Suggestions Regarding the Higher Life"; to overcome separateness, to subdue the senses, to root out lust,

avarice and unchastity, to practise the ten transcendental virtues, these are the roads to the Higher Life. Miss Off winds up her brief paper by saying :

"No fixed standard or vow can affect the interior choice and destiny of the soul ; no monastery creates a saint, but a true saint radiates peace and love in whatever circle he may move. What loftier mission can be filled by the true Theosophist than to do away with the modifications of being, to transcend the 'five places of passion,' and thus reveal the tranquil, changeless essence of pure spirit."

These papers were followed by three on the three objects of the T.S., written respectively by Allen Griffiths, Miss Marie A. Walsh and Mrs. Sarah A. Harris. Dr. Griffiths, calling on all to work, rightly says :—

"Universal Brotherhood does not, nor could not in simple justice, adopt any particular method or procedure, or line of operation, as its universality includes all ways, all things, and all men, for it recognizes that underlying all is that saving element of truth which both causes all to be, and gives impulse to growth and progress. So it does not specialize, nor show partiality, but boldly says to all, 'Here is an unlimited field of possibility, enter it and take possession of that portion to which your ability and capacity entitle you by virtue of your own motive and power to serve your fellows.' If a certain order of minds clearly perceive one phase of Universal truth, and have ability and inclination to pursue it upon special and particular lines, within the circle of Universal Brotherhood, every opportunity exists for the following of that inclination and the exercising of that ability. The world is large, and numberless avenues are always open, so that no one need feel circumscribed, nor restricted, nor handicapped, in the pursuance of his chosen and particular scheme, whose object is the welfare of all men."

Miss Walsh brings out strikingly in two passages the moral superiority of the Indian teachings over the Semitic, and of the manners of the people over those of the western world :—

"The hero finds himself in heaven. He asks for his loved ones. They are in hell. 'Then let me go to them, I, at least, can help them suffer.' And he turns his back upon the joys of heaven to seek his loved ones ! What a scathing rebuke to that virtue which contemplates serenely the torments of the lost ! Fortunately, for our sympathy, the hero is but tested, and on the brink of the inferno he finds his loved ones and—heaven." "The literature of India, especially the drama, shows the people to have been simple in their habits, spiritual in their tendencies, and most gentle in their manners. While the civilized (?) Romans clapped their jewelled hands at the death of the gladiator, and shouted applause when youths and maidens were torn to pieces by wild beasts, the Hindoos shrink from the very suggestion of physical pain upon the stage ; and their plays were entirely free from cruelty or grossness."

Mrs. Harris dealt very ably with the third object. She began by pointing to the unity underlying multiformity.

"In dealing with nature's forces we may, from a theosophical point of view, see them as a differentiation of the primal force spirit, and the matter through which spirit manifests, as the crystallization into objective form of primal substance—man, as to his physical body and the force which works through him, being a part of the manifested universe, while in his psychical powers and spiritual nature he is called to that which is interior to this material plane, each power of body or mind being differentiations of the Universal ; for as there is in reality but one force spirit, so there is but one sense feeling, of which the five so-called senses are the out-speaking. In reality, there are no external senses. When the one unit of consciousness speaks through the eye of animal and man, it becomes sight ; through the ear, it becomes hearing, thus functioning the various organs of the body and relating them through the consciousness to the external world."

She then spoke of the force of thought, and its effects, and the influence of man's thought on lower planes of being, winding up with the lines :

"Thought in the mind hath made us. What we are  
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind  
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes  
The wheel the ox behind.  
All that we are is what we thought and willed ;  
Our thoughts shape us and frame ; if one endure  
In purity of thought, joy follows him,  
As his own shadow sure."

Dr. T. Docking gave the last paper, set to the keynote "Be all things to all men," and going, we think, somewhat too far in the effacement of distinctively Theosophical doctrines in the effort to avoid giving offence.

One piece of advice, given by Dr. Docking, we recommend to Theosophists in England as well as to those in America.

"As a further suggestion for increasing the efficiency of the work of all branches of the Theosophical Society, wherever established, or about to be established, we would urge upon all members of the various lodges the great desirability, we may add necessity, of members cultivating the society of each other, meeting together as often as practicable at each other's houses, where no lodge-room is permanently available. At such meetings the central aim should be to discover how nearly these good people can come together in thought and feeling, and what particular spheres of usefulness they may individually occupy best. It is of little advantage for people to join societies and acknowledge their adhesion to a great bond of union, if they do not embrace and seek to create opportunities and occasions for mutual converse and help. The work of many a society languishes because of the members not acting in accordance with a due recognition of the tie of brotherhood, while much inspiration is lost by two or three fluent speakers or able writers being looked to at all times, under all circumstances, to furnish food for the mental digestion of all the rest; timidity and bashfulness should have no place among brothers and sisters; fear of criticism or of being misunderstood should never seal the lips of anyone who feels he has aught to say for the edification of the assemblage; to underrate our powers, or mask our gifts, to fight off insinuations and disown ability, is not humility but puerile masquerading as its opposite virtue."

Members of the "Blavatsky Lodge," please note!

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The following paragraph from the *Washington Post* reaches us:

A public meeting was held last night by the "Blavatsky Branch of the Theosophical Society" at 923 F Street North-West. The audience was large. B. Keightley, of England, private secretary to Madame Blavatsky, spoke on the Socialistic phase of Theosophy, and Miss Musaeus read a paper in defence of Madame Blavatsky.

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### THEOSOPHICAL LIBRARIES.

A free Theosophical library is being formed at Merthyr Tydfil, great interest being shewn there in Theosophy by the mining population, among whom—as everyone who has lectured to them knows—are found men of strong intelligence. Mr. Thomas, 18 Park Place, Merthyr Tydfil, will gladly receive and acknowledge any gifts of Theosophical books for this purpose. A great wish has been expressed to read *Lucifer*, and we hope that some well-to-do Theosophist will pay a year's subscription, for a copy to be sent each month to the new library.

Through the kindness of some members of the T. S. three more Theosophical lending libraries have been formed, at Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Penrith.

A similar effort is shortly to be made in Whitechapel, and it would be well if, in each town, a group of Theosophists would take up this work, and open a free library and reading-room for the benefit of poorer enquirers. No missionary work is more permanently useful than this spreading of our literature.

Those who are able to assist in this good work should confer with Countess C. W.—, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. She has already sent the first instalment of books to the above-named libraries.

All books for Theosophical Lending Libraries can be purchased at 7, Duke Street, at 25 per cent. discount off the published price. Subscriptions to *LUCIFER* for the above-named Libraries would be thankfully received.

## THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.

The *Indian Mirror*—known to all who take an interest in the movement now going on in Hindustan, for its patient and steadfast work for the redemption of that great land from ignorance and oppression—has a leading article on the Theosophical Society which will be read with pleasure by all Theosophists, and to which we gladly give publicity in this organ of the Theosophical Society. The *Indian Mirror* does no more than justice to the Society, and probably nothing less than the passionate belief of its Founders could have awakened India from a sleep which was fast passing into lethargy. Those who have read Colonel Olcott's lectures, given in the great cities of Hindustan, will readily understand how his burning words on Aryavarta lit a corresponding flame in Indian breasts. The *Indian Mirror* of Nov. 22nd says :

"The Theosophical Society has done more for India than some people are aware of. Though constantly *en evidence* before the public, Theosophy and the Theosophical Society are still abstractions to many men even in India. We, however, who have watched the Theosophical movement from its initiation at New York, the transference of its activity to these shores ten years ago, and the unexampled success of its ideas ever since throughout the country, must acknowledge that if the affairs of India now command universal attention in both hemispheres, the Theosophical Society ought to have every credit for it. When the founders of the Society landed at Bombay in 1879, they did not find even half a dozen Indians ready to receive their ideas of an Universal Brotherhood, and not even the idea of an Indian Brotherhood. Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, who had come to India, as they said, to learn and acquire the wisdom of the East at the feet of Indian sages, found that the sages were at a discount in the country of their birth and work, that the educated Indians knew them not, and that those whose pride it should have been to worship Sankaracharya and Buddha Gautama, worshipped Huxley and Herbert Spencer instead. In fact, the Light of Asia had been completely quenched, so far as India at least was concerned. With an enthusiasm, however, which only a conviction of the sacredness and potentiality of their mission alone could generate, the founders of the Theosophical Society went to work, and proceeded to create order out of chaos, and light out of darkness. And they were mightily misunderstood. The people held aloof from them. Europeans jeered at them. The Government followed their movements with suspicion and distrust. But it was shortly acknowledged that the Russian lady and American gentleman were terribly in earnest. They had not the slightest intention of retiring from the field. They made many and large sacrifices. They literally *slaved* at their work. Colonel Olcott spoke frequently before the public, and Madame Blavatsky toiled *eighteen hours at a stretch* at her desk in order to find the wherewithal to feed her beloved Society. What charlatan ever did honest work or endured a tithe of the privations, which Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott went heroically through in order to force the claims of the Theosophical Society on the public? Theosophical ideas at length began to spread. Ceylon was taken by storm, and the Christian Missionaries, who had long held sway in the island, retired in favour of yellow-robed priests of Buddha, and the five sacred precepts were heard once more loud in each Dagobah's rounded pile. In



India the Theosophical Society began gradually to increase in numbers, and to grow in influence. Its leading ideas were found to be practicable. Its claims on behalf of Eastern philosophy and science and literature were recognised in quarters where they used to be before laughed out as absurd and preposterous. The educated community in India, the thinking portion of it at all events, turned to examine the lore left to them by their ancestors. And soon a community of spiritual thought and purpose began to spread through the land. The Hindu, the Moslem, the Jain, the Parsi, commenced an union of intellectual brotherhood, and as they fraternised more and more, they wondered why they had held aloof, each from the other, so long, and how they should have neglected to claim their common legacy. Soon every large town had its branch of the Theosophical Society. The annual conventions at the head-quarters of the Society, the precursors and models of the National Congress, brought hundreds of the representatives of the most different and distant communities together, and they became periodical jubilees of the revived affection among the hitherto divided members of the great Indian family.

"To become good Theosophists was to become good citizens. The Theosophists were not only to be brothers among themselves, but also brothers to all men with whom the world brought them in contact. Theosophists in India, therefore, began to look about them to see if they could not ameliorate the lot of their fellows. They realized that life was real and earnest, and accordingly they worked with a zeal for their fellow-Indians, and the common cause of their country. Whatever may be our own personal impressions, we will not in this place claim the triumph of the National Congress as the triumph of the Theosophical Society. It is far too wide a demand to be conceded without demur. But this much we will undertake to say that the Theosophical Society brought the people of India together, proved their inheritance, and made them deservedly proud of this beloved Bharat Khund. Another claim which we may with confidence urge on behalf of the Theosophical Society, is the recruiting of influential foreigners in the cause of India. The first important convert to Theosophical ideas from among Englishmen was, strangely enough, the then Editor of the *Pioneer*, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. And Mr. Sinnett brought Mr. Hume, our dear, old long-trying friend. At one time, Mr. Hume was idolised by Theosophists, as he is now being idolised by the country at large. Was it not a great and marvellous fact that this Englishman, affluent, eminent in service, and proud of the race from whom he sprang, should meekly bow his head before the holy Indian cause, and adopt India as his home for which he was prepared to make any and every sacrifice? This marvel, then, is the work of the Theosophical Society. And we further claim that it has fully accomplished its mission in India. Its work now lies in other fields. The Light of Asia is slowly reaching the West. Europe and America look upon the phenomenon with bewildered wonderment, but they still look on. In England Theosophical ideas are compelling public attention, and the discourses of Colonel Olcott are being heard with intelligent respect. Theosophy has a great future before it in England. It has already put forth a wonderful phenomenon in London. It has converted Annie Besant, the famous hard-headed materialist and agnostic, into an expectant enquirer of Theosophical truths. The influence of Mrs. Besant in England is widespread and far-reaching. She has for years been the fellow-worker in the

English people's cause of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. And behold another marvel still, these so-called atheists, once the horror of mankind all over the world, compel to-day the world's attention, and the world is in a manner at their feet. And these two great souls are leagued to-day to work for the amelioration of pantheistic Hindus and Parsis and Buddhists and theistic Mahomedans. Who could have dreamt of these wonders a few years ago? And yet, as we write, we feel that we have not yet exhausted the marvels. More wonderful events have still to follow. Happy those who have seen, and who will see, with fear and yet with hope!"

#### DUBLIN LODGE.

The Dublin Theosophists, acting in their capacity of members of the Vegetarian Society, gave a very bright Christmas Eve to some hundreds of poor little Dublin children. The Lodge collected £20 in money, 500lbs. of cake, and 2,000 apples and oranges, as well as toys and sweets innumerable for its little guests. The *Irish Times* says:

"Some hundreds were present of different ages and of different degrees of poverty, and the proceedings were of a very jolly character. Tea was first served, and when that was discussed, a little concert, more or less of an impromptu kind, with conjuring and ventriloquial exhibitions, was given by some of the members of the society. Needless to say the little ones were highly delighted and mystified with this, to them, very novel performance, and they gave noisy expression to the pleasure which the merry-making afforded them. After this there was a big attraction, and one appealing more to the younger portion of the little guests—namely, the distribution of toys from a Christmas tree which occupied the central position on the platform. It would be difficult to describe the eager excitement with which this portion of the programme was watched, as one by one the children went up to receive their gifts in the shape of dolls, monkeys, rattles, and everything that a well-regulated Christmas tree should contain. But this was not all, for as the children passed out of the hall they were loaded with apples, oranges, and barmbracks, which were there in profusion for distribution. Indeed it was no easy matter for some of the younger children, even with their pinafores and cloaks, to carry away the load of presents and good things which were given them. The children behaved themselves extremely well, waited patiently for their turn, and appeared all quite satisfied with the shares allotted to them.

"The arrangements, which were carried out by Miss G. Johnston, Mr. F. Allen, and other members of the society, assisted by a number of ladies, were admirable. This is quite a novel feature in Christmas charities, and the society is deserving of every praise for having inaugurated it."

About 100lbs. of cake and a barrel of fruit remained over, after all the hungry little mouths were satisfied, and these were carted off to the Catholic Boys' Home as a gift. £15 remained in the hands of the members, and are to be used for a treat in the summer.

It is sad to know that if our Irish comrades had acted nominally as Theosophists, the children would have been forbidden by the priests to enjoy this harmless *fête*. Roman Catholicism, now as ever, is bitter against all who will not submit to its sway, and would rather darken the already sad lives of the children than allow them to be brightened by heretics.



#### "Going to and fro in the Earth."

IN America, as in England and every other civilised country, complaints are heard from the press of the failure of Christianity to influence the lives of the people. We have just come across an article in an American paper on "The Failure of Christianity in villages," in which our contemporary declares that

"Nothing is more marked in American social life, or more to be regretted, than the manifest decay of religious activity and the loss of vitality in our American towns and villages, especially in the rural districts. New England presents this failure in one form, and the North-west presents it in another, but in nearly all American villages, wherever you go, the Christian religion in the existing forms in which its friends try to commend it to the public is set forth in ways which for the most part are not attractive to the average man, and do not impress the people with much respect for the truths which are behind them."

The truth is that the age is outgrowing the dead-letter rendering which materialises truth into falsehood. Everywhere empty hands are outstretched into the darkness groping after Truth. It is for the Theosophists to chase away the darkness with the "light from the East."

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Theosophists, and more especially Occultists, will be interested in learning that Dr. Albertini has discovered that colour-blindness is accompanied by a corresponding deafness to certain notes. Persons who cannot see *red* cannot distinguish the note *Sol*; those who cannot see *green* cannot distinguish *Re*. Thus, from time to time, do the discoveries of Western science confirm Eastern knowledge; and as science presses nearer to the heart of things, we may look to see these confirmations increase.

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In Lucifer's wanderings up and down, he came across the following article from the *Boston* (U.S.A.) *Courier* of July 18, 1886, and brought it on for publication in our pages, as an interesting testimony of the view taken *at the time* of the S. P. R. clumsy attempt to stab Mme. Blavatsky. Theosophists are, of course, fully aware of the contempt with which the proud and exclusive Hindus regarded the blundering efforts of a self-confident young European to investigate and measure their most sacredly treasured beliefs; but in view of the attempted revival of his discredited report—so unwisely adopted by the S. P. R.—the following will be read with interest:—

"The London Society of Psychical Research has perhaps fulfilled the hopes of none of its friends in its discoveries, its investigations and its manifestoes, but it has made no more egregious blunder than its report on Theosophy. We have no especial desire to enter into a defence of esoteric Buddhism, since in the first place it is abundantly able to stand upon its own merits, and in any case the sort of attacks which are made are so generally unintelligent and so prejudiced as to merit no attention whatever, while, it may be added, it is not our plan to become its champion, most of the so-called expositions are but more or less pitiful displays of the ignorance, or the flippancy, or the malice of the writers, and as such may be left to work the confusion of their authors.

"The report of the Psychical Society, as coming authoritatively from a body including many men of wide reputation, is likely to receive more attention and be accredited with more weight than really belongs to it. It has already been shown in a pamphlet published by Mr. Sinnett, upon how flimsy a foundation the evidence of the report rested, and it is of interest in this connection to read the following protest which has been sent from Negapatam, signed by nearly seventy people of standing, not one of whom is in any way connected with the Theosophical Society:

"We, the undersigned, are much surprised to read the report of the "Society for Psychical Research on Theosophy." The existence of the Mahatmas or Sadhus was not invented by Madame Blavatsky or any other individual. Our forefathers who had lived and gone long before the birth of Madame Blavatsky and the Coulombs had full belief in the existence of the Mahatmas and their psychical powers, and even had personal interviews with them. There are persons in India, even at the present day, who have no connection with the Theosophical Society, and yet have interviews with such superior Beings. There are many reasons to prove these well-established facts, but we have no time and it would be useless to go into details. Let Mr. Hodgson and the Committee, if they are in earnest, make deep researches into the matter and find that their conclusions were not only hasty but also entirely unfounded. The report of Mr. Hodgson, and the conclusion of the Committee thereon, cannot at all affect in the least our belief in the existence of the Mahatmas, but will only betray their grossest ignorance of the Occult history of the Hindus."

SIGNATURES FOLLOW.

"The truth is that Mr. Hodgson, sent out by the London society to India, to investigate Madame Blavatsky, was so entirely unfitted for the work confided to him that he fell a victim to errors the most egregious. He set down to the credit of Madame Blavatsky's inventive powers theories and statements which may be found even in plenty of English works upon Indian religions, published in London a century or more ago; and the society can hardly be willing to attribute to Madame a term of life so extended as to suppose her to have instigated the writing of books so old. The report proved by far too much, and is on the face of it absurd. The question, of course is not here upon the reality of the Sadhus, but of the origin of the belief in them; and nothing is easier than to prove that this faith has been prevalent in India from time immemorial.

"Of course, as far as the truth or absurdity of Theosophy goes, what Madame Blavatsky or any one else may or may not be is not of the slightest importance. An ethical system stands or falls by its own merit, judged by the facts of human life and what man has been able to discover of the universe. There has never been a religion or a philosophy that has not numbered among its professed upholders, and usually among the most prominent of them, men of worthless character, who made it merely a means to their own base ends. If Theosophy falls to the ground it will not be because Madame Blavatsky or another is proved to be worthless and designing; and equally, if it stands, it will not be because the character of these or any other of its adherents is placed above suspicion and reproach."



#### ERRATA IN PSYCHIC FIRE, NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Page 234.—A universe of infinite space measured by *finite* units of time. (18th line from top.) For one half of this *line* of change. (27th line from top.)

Page 235.—Motion is the manifesting power and its amplitude *is* its unit measure of space. (6th line from top.)

# LUCIFER

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VOL. V. LONDON, FEBRUARY 15TH, 1890. No. 30.

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## The Last Song of the Swan.

"I see before my race an age or so,  
And I am sent to show a path among the thorns,  
To take them in my flesh.  
Well, I shall lay my bones  
In some sharp crevice of the broken way ;  
Men shall in better times stand where I fell,  
And singing, journey on in perfect bands  
Where I had trod alone. . . ."

THEODORE PARKER.

Whence the poetical but very fantastic notion—even in a myth—about swans singing their own funeral dirges? There is a Northern legend to that effect, but it is not older than the middle ages. Most of us have studied ornithology ; and in our own days of youth we have made ample acquaintance with swans of every description. In those trustful years of everlasting sunlight, there existed a mysterious attraction between our mischievous hand and the snowy feathers of the stubby tail of that graceful but harsh-voiced King of aquatic birds. The hand that offered treacherously biscuits, while the other pulled out a feather or two, was often punished ; but so were the ears. Few noises can compare in cacophony with the cry of that bird—whether it be the "whistling" (*Cignus Americanus*) or the "trumpeter" swan. Swans snort, rattle, screech and hiss, but certainly they do not sing, especially when smarting under the indignity of an unjust assault upon their tails. But listen to the legend. "When feeling life departing, the swan lifts high its head, and breaking into a long, melodious chant—a heart-rending song of death—the noble bird sends heavenward a melodious protest, a plaint that moves to tears man and beast, and thrills through the hearts of those who hear it."

Just so, "those who hear it." But who ever heard that song sung by a swan? We do not hesitate to proclaim the acceptance of such a statement, even as a poetical license, one of the numerous paradoxes of our incongruous age and human mind. We have no serious objection

to offer—owing to personal feelings—to Fénélon, the Archbishop and orator, being dubbed the “Swan of Cambrai,” but we protest against the same dubious compliment being applied to Shakespeare. Ben Jonson was ill-advised to call the greatest genius England can boast of—the “sweet swan of Avon ;” and as to Homer being nicknamed “the Swan of Meander”—this is simply a posthumous libel, which LUCIFER can never disapprove of and expose in sufficiently strong terms.

Let us apply the fictitious idea rather to things than to men, by remembering that the swan—a symbol of the Supreme Brahm and one of the *avatars* of the amorous Jupiter—was also a symbolical type of cycles ; at any rate of the tail-end of every important cycle in human history. An emblem as strange, the reader may think, and one as difficult to account for. Yet it has its *raison d'être*. It was probably suggested by the swan loving to swim in circles, bending its long and graceful neck into a ring, and it was not a bad typical designation, after all. At any rate the older idea was more graphic and to the point, and certainly more logical, than the later one which endowed the swan's throat with musical modulations and made of him a sweet songster, and a seer to boot.

The last song of the present “Cyclic Swan” bodes us an evil omen. Some hear it screeching like an owl, and croaking like Edgar Poe's raven. The combination of the figures 8 and 9, spoken of in last month's editorial, has borne its fruits already. Hardly had we spoken of the dread the Cæsars and World-Potentates of old had for number 8, which postulates the *equality of all men*, and of its fatal combination with number 9—which represents the earth *under an evil principle*—when that principle began making sad havoc among the poor Potentates and the Upper Ten—their subjects. The Influenza has shown of late a weird and mysterious predilection for Royalty. One by one it has levelled its members through death to an absolute equality with their grooms and kitchen-maids. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Its first victim was the Empress Dowager of Germany ; then the ex-Empress of Brazil, the Duke d'Aosta, Prince William of Hesse Philippstal, the Duke of Montpensier, the Prince of Swarzburg Rudolstadt, and the wife of the Duke of Cambridge ; besides a number of Generals, Ambassadors, Statesmen, and their mothers-in-law. Where, when, at what victim shalt thou stop thy scythe, O “innocent” and “harmless” Influenza ?

Each of these royal and semi-royal Swans has sung his last song, and gone “to that bourne” whence *every* “traveller returns,”—the aphoristical verse to the contrary, notwithstanding. Yea, they will now solve the great mystery for themselves, and Theosophy and its teaching will get more adherents and believers among royalty in “heaven,” than it does among the said caste on earth.

*Apropos* of Influenza—miscalled the “Russian,” but which seems to be rather the scape-goat, while it lasts, for the sins of omission and commission of the medical faculty and its fashionable physicians—what is it? Medical authorities have now and then ventured a few words sounding very learned, but telling us very little about its true nature. They seem to have picked up now and then a clue of pathological thread pointing rather vaguely, if at all, to its being due to bacteriological causes; but they are as far off a solution of the mystery as ever. The practical lessons resulting from so many and varied cases have been many, but the deductions therefrom do not seem to have been numerous or satisfactory.

What is in reality that unknown monster, which seems to travel with the rapidity of some sensational news started with the object of dishonouring a fellow creature; which is almost ubiquitous; and which shows such strange discrimination in the selection of its victims? Why does it attack the rich and the powerful far more in proportion than it does the poor and the insignificant? Is it indeed only “an agile microbe” as Dr. Symes Thomson would make us think? And is it quite true that the *influential* Bacillus (no pun meant) has just been apprehended at Vienna by Drs. Jolles and Weichselbaum—or is it but a snare and a delusion like so many other things? Who knoweth? Still the face of our unwelcome guest—the so-called “Russian Influenza” is veiled to this day, though its body *is* heavy to many, especially to the old and the weak, and almost invariably fatal to invalids. A great medical authority on epidemics, Dr. Zedekauer, has just asserted that that disease has ever been the precursor of cholera—at St. Petersburg, at any rate. This is, to say the least, a very strange statement. That which is now called “influenza,” was known before as the *grippe*, and the latter was known in Europe as an epidemic, centuries before the cholera made its first appearance in so-called civilized lands. The biography and history of Influenza, *alias* “grippe,” may prove interesting to some readers. This is what we gather from authoritative sources.

The earliest visit of it, as recorded by medical science, was to Malta in 1510. In 1577 the young influenza grew into a terrible epidemic, which travelled from Asia to Europe to disappear in America. In 1580 a new epidemic of *grippe* visited Europe, Asia and America, killing *the old people, the weak and the invalids*. At Madrid the mortality was enormous, and in Rome alone 9,000 persons died of it. In 1590 the influenza appeared in Germany; thence passed, in 1593, into France and Italy. In 1658-1663 it visited Italy only; in 1669, Holland; in 1675, Germany and England; and in 1691, Germany and Hungary. In 1729 all Europe suffered most terribly from the “innocent” visitor. In London alone 908 men died from it the first week; upwards of 60,000 persons suffering from it, and 30 per cent. dying from catarrh or influ-

enza at Vienna. In 1732 and 1733, a new epidemic of the *grippe* appeared in Europe, Asia and America. It was almost as universal in the years 1737 and 1743, when London lost by death from it, during one week, over 1,000 men. In 1762, it raged in the British army in Germany. In 1775 an almost countless number of cattle and domestic animals were killed by it. In 1782, 40,000 persons were taken ill *on one day*, at St. Petersburg. In 1830, the influenza made a successful journey round the world—that only time—as *the first pioneer* of cholera. It returned again from 1833 to 1837. In the year 1847, it killed more men in London than the cholera itself had done. It assumed an epidemic character once more in France, in 1858.

We learn from the St. Petersburg *Novoye Vremya* that Dr. Hirsh shows from 1510 to 1850 over 300 great epidemics of *grippe* or *influenza*, both general and local, severe and weak. According to the above-given data, therefore, the influenza having been this year very weak at St. Petersburg, can hardly be called "Russian." That which is known of its characteristics shows it, on the contrary, as of a most impartially cosmopolitan nature. The extraordinary rapidity with which it acts, secured for it in Vienna the name of *Blitz catarrhe*. It has nothing in common with the ordinary *grippe*, so easily caught in cold and damp weather; and it seems to produce no special disease that could be localized, but only to act most fatally on the nervous system and especially on the lungs. Most of the deaths from influenza occur in consequence of lung-paralysis.

All this is very significant. A disease which is epidemic, yet not contagious; which acts everywhere, in clean as in unclean places, in sanitary as well as in unsanitary localities, hence needing very evidently no centres of contagion to start from; an epidemic which spreads at once like an air-current, embracing whole countries and parts of the world; striking at the same time the mariner, in the midst of the ocean, and the royal scion in his palace; the starving wretch of the world's White-chapels, sunk in and soaked through with filth, and the aristocrat in his high mountain *sanitarium*, like Davos in *Engadin*,\* where no lack of sanitary arrangements can be taken to task for it—such a disease can bear no comparison with epidemics of the ordinary, common type, e.g., such as the cholera. Nor can it be regarded as caused by parasites or microscopical microbes of one or the other kind. To prove the fallacy of this idea in her case, the dear old influenza attacked most savagely Pasteur, the "microbe-killer," himself, and his host of assistants. Does it not seem, therefore, as if the causes that produced influenza were rather cosmical than bacterial; and that they ought to be searched for rather in those abnormal changes in our atmosphere that have well

\* "Colonel the Hon. George Napier will be prevented from attending the funeral of his father, Lord Napier of Magdala, by a severe attack of influenza at Davos, Switzerland."—*The Morning Post* of January 21, 1890.



nigh thrown into confusion and shuffled seasons all over the globe for the last few years—than in anything else?

! !

It is not asserted for the first time now that all such mysterious epidemics as the present influenza are due to an abnormal exuberance of ozone in the air. Several physicians and chemists of note have so far agreed with the occultists, as to admit that the tasteless, colourless and inodorous gas known as oxygen—"the life supporter" of all that lives and breathes—does get at times into family difficulties with its colleagues and brothers, when it tries to get over their heads in volume and weight and becomes heavier than is its wont. In short—oxygen becomes ozone. That would account probably for the preliminary symptoms of influenza. Descending, and spreading on earth with an extraordinary rapidity, oxygen would, of course, produce a still greater combustion: hence the terrible heat in the patient's body and the paralysis of rather weak lungs. What says Science with respect to ozone: "It is the exuberance of the latter under the powerful stimulus of electricity in the air, that produces in nervous people that unaccountable feeling of fear and depression which they so often experience before a storm." Again: "the quantity of ozone in the atmosphere varies with the meteorological condition *under laws so far unknown to science.*" A certain amount of ozone is necessary, they wisely say, for breathing purposes, and the circulation of the blood. On the other hand "too much of ozone irritates the respiratory organs, and an excess of more than 1% of it in the air kills him who breathes it." This is proceeding on rather occult lines. "The real ozone is the Elixir of Life," says *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I. p. 144, 2nd foot-note. Let the reader compare the above with what he will find stated in the same work about oxygen viewed from the hermetic and occult standpoint (*Vide* pp. 113 and 114, Vol. II.) and he may comprehend the better what some Theosophists think of the present influenza.

It thus follows that the mystically inclined correspondent who wrote in *Novoyé Vremya* (No. 4931, Nov. 19th, old style, 1889) giving sound advice on the subject of the influenza, then just appeared—knew what he was talking about. Summarizing the idea, he stated as follows:—

... "It becomes thus evident that the real causes of this simultaneous spread of the epidemic all over the Empire under the most varied meteorological conditions and climatic changes—are to be sought elsewhere than in the unsatisfactory hygienical and sanitary conditions . . . The search for the causes which generated the disease and caused it to spread is not incumbent upon the physicians alone, but *would be the right duty of meteorologists, astronomers, physicists, and naturalists in general*, separated officially and substantially from medical men."

This raised a professional storm. The modest suggestion was tabooed and derided; and once more an Asiatic country—China, this time—was sacrificed as a scapegoat to the sin of FOHAT and his too active

progeny. When royalty and the rulers of this sublunary sphere have been sufficiently decimated by influenza and other kindred and unknown evils, perhaps the turn of the Didymi of Science may come. This will be only a just punishment for their despising the "occult" sciences, and sacrificing truth to personal prejudices.

Meanwhile, the last death song of the cyclic Swan has commenced; only few are they who heed it, as the majority has ears merely not to hear, and eyes—to remain blind. Those who do, however, find the cyclic song sad, very sad, and far from melodious. They assert that besides influenza and other evils, half of the civilized world's population is threatened with violent death, this time thanks to the conceit of the men of *exact* Science, and the all grasping selfishness of speculation. This is what the new craze of "electric lighting" promises every large city before the dying cycle becomes a corpse. These are facts, and not any "crazy speculations of *ignorant* Theosophists." Of late Reuter sends almost daily such agreeable warnings as this on electric wires in general, and electric wires in America—especially:

Another fatal accident, arising from the system of overhead electric lighting wires, is reported to-day from Newburgh, New York State. It appears that a horse while being driven along touched an iron awning-post with his nose, and fell down as if dead. A man, who rushed to assist in raising the animal, touched the horse's head-stall and immediately dropped dead, and another man who attempted to lift the first, received a terrible shock. The cause of the accident seems to have been that an electric wire had become slack and was lying upon an iron rod extending from the awning-post to a building, and that the full force of the current was passing down the post into the ground. The insulating material of the wire had become thoroughly saturated with rain. (*Morning Post*, Jan. 21.)

This is a cheerful prospect, and looks indeed as if it were one of the "last songs of the Swan" of *practical* civilization. But, there *is* balm in Gilead—even at this eleventh hour of our jaw-breaking and truth-kicking century. Fearless clergymen summon up courage and dare to express publicly their actual feelings, with thorough contempt for "the utter humbug of the cheap 'religious talk' which obtains in the present day."\* They are daily mustering new forces; and hitherto rabidly conservative daily papers fear not to allow their correspondents, when occasion requires, to fly into the venerable faces of *Cant*, and Mrs. Grundy. It is true that the subject which brought out the wholesome though unwelcome truth, in the *Morning Post*, was worthy of such an exception. A correspondent, Mr. W. M. Hardinge, speaking of Sister Rose Gertrude, who has just sailed for the Leper Island of Molokai suggests that—"a portrait of this young lady should somehow be added to one of our national galleries" and adds:—

"Mr. Edward Clifford would surely be the fitting artist. I, for one, would willingly contribute to the permanent recording, by some adequate painter, of whatever manner of face it may be that shines so saintly a soul. Such a subject—too rare, alas, in England—should be more fruitful than precept." †

\* Revd. Hugh B. Chapman, Vicar St. Luke's, Camberwell, in *Morning Post*, January 21st.

† *Loc cit.*

Amen. Of precepts and tall talk in fashionable churches people have more than they bargain for ; but of really practical Christ-like work in daily life—except when it leads to the laudation and mention of names of the would-be philanthropists in public papers—we see *nil*. Moreover, such a subject as the voluntary Calvary chosen by Sister Rose Gertrude is “too rare” indeed, anywhere, without speaking of England. The young heroine, like her noble predecessor, Father Damien,\* is a true Theosophist in daily life and practice—the latter the greatest ideal of every genuine follower of the Wisdom-religion. Before such work, of practical Theosophy, religion and dogma, theological and scholastic differences, nay even esoteric knowledge itself are but secondary accessories, accidental details. All these must give precedence to and disappear before Altruism (real Buddha and Christ-like altruism, of course, not the theoretical twaddle of Positivists) as the flickering tongues of gas light in street lamps pale and vanish before the rising sun. Sister Rose Gertrude is not only a great and saintly heroine, but also a spiritual mystery, an EGO not to be fathomed on merely intellectual or even psychic lines. Very true, we hear of whole nunneries having volunteered for the same work at Molokai, and we readily believe it, though this statement is made more for the glorification of Rome than for Christ and His work. But, even if true, the offer is no parallel. We have known nuns who were ready to walk across a prairie on fire to escape convent life. One of them confessed in an agony of despair that death was sweet and even the prospect of *physical tortures* in hell was preferable to life in a convent and its *moral* tortures. To such, the prospect of buying a few years of freedom and fresh air at the price of dying from leprosy is hardly a sacrifice but a choice of the lesser of two evils. But the case of Sister Rose Gertrude is quite different. She gave up a life of personal freedom, a quiet home and loving family, all that is dear and near to a young girl, to perform unostentatiously a work of the greatest heroism, a most ungrateful task, by which she cannot even save from death and suffering her fellow men, but only soothe and alleviate their moral and physical tortures. She sought no notoriety and shrank from the admiration or even the help of the public. She simply did the bidding of *her* MASTER—to the very letter. She prepared to go unknown and unrewarded in this life to an almost certain death, preceded by years of incessant physical torture from the most loathsome of all diseases. And she did it, not as the Scribes and Pharisees who perform their prescribed duties in the open streets and public Synagogues, but verily as the Master had commanded: alone, in the secluded closet of her inner life and face to face only with “her Father in secret,” trying to conceal the grandest and noblest of all human acts, as another tries to hide a crime.

\* *Vide* “Key to Theosophy,” p. 239, what Theosophists think of Father Damien.

Therefore, we are right in saying that—in this our century at all events—Sister Rose Gertrude is, as was Father Damien before her—a *spiritual mystery*. She is the rare manifestation of a “Higher Ego,” free from the trammels of all the elements of its Lower one; influenced by these elements only so far as the errors of her terrestrial sense-perceptions—with regard to religious form—seem to bear a true witness to that which is still human in her Personality—namely, her reasoning powers. Thence the ceaseless and untiring self-sacrifice of such natures to what appears *religious* duty, but which in sober truth is the very essence and *esse* of the dormant Individuality—“divine compassion,” which is “no attribute” but verily “the law of laws, eternal Harmony, Alaya’s SELF.”\* It is this compassion, crystallized in our very being, that whispers night and day to such as Father Damien and Sister Rose Gertrude—“Can there be bliss when there are men who suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the others cry?” Yet, “Personality”—having been blinded by training and religious education to the real presence and nature of the HIGHER SELF—recognizes not its voice, but confusing it in its helpless ignorance with the external and extraneous Form, which it was taught to regard as a divine Reality—it sends heavenward and outside instead of addressing them inwardly, thoughts and prayers, the realization of which is in its SELF. It says in the beautiful words of Dante Rossetti, but with a higher application:

..... “For lo! thy law is passed  
That this my love should manifestly be  
To serve and honour thee;  
And so I do; and my delight is full,  
Accepted by the servant of thy rule.”

How came this blindness to take such deep root in human nature? Eastern philosophy answers us by pronouncing two deeply significant words among so many others misunderstood by our present generation—*Maya* and *Avidya*, or “Illusion” and that which is rather the opposite of, or the absence of knowledge, in the sense of esoteric science, and not “ignorance” as generally translated.

To the majority of our casual critics the whole of the aforesaid will appear, no doubt, as certain of Mrs. Partington’s learned words and speeches. Those who believe that they have every mystery of nature at their fingers’ ends, as well as those who maintain that official science alone is entitled to solve for Humanity the problems which are hidden far away in the complex constitution of man—will never understand us. And, unable to realize our true meaning, they may, raising themselves on the pattens of modern negation, endeavour, as they always have, to push away with their scientific mops the waters of the great ocean of occult knowledge. But the waves of *Gupta Vidya* have not reached these shores to form no better than a slop and puddle, and serious

\* See “Voice of the Silence,” pp. 69 and 71.

contest with them will prove as unequal as Dame Partington's struggle with the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Well, it matters little anyhow, since thousands of Theosophists will easily understand us. After all, the earth-bound watch-dog, chained to matter by prejudice and preconception, may bark and howl at the bird taking its flight beyond the heavy terrestrial fog—but it can never stop its soaring, nor can our inner perceptions be prevented by our official and limited five senses from searching for, discovering, and often solving, problems hidden far beyond the reach of the latter—hence, beyond also the powers of discrimination of those who deny a sixth and seventh sense in man.

The earnest Occultist and Theosophist, however, sees and recognizes psychic and spiritual mysteries and profound secrets of nature in every flying particle of dust, as much as in the giant manifestations of human nature. For him there exist proofs of the existence of a universal Spirit-Soul everywhere, and the tiny nest of the colibri offers as many problems as Brahmā's golden egg. Yea, he recognises all this, and bowing with profound reverence before the mystery of his own inner shrine, he repeats with Victor Hugo:

"Le nid que l'oiseau bâtit  
Si petit  
Est une chose profonde.  
L'œuf, oté de la forêt  
Manquerait  
A l'équilibre du monde."



#### THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Ut cibum puer à matre non accipit nisi quem ipsâ monstrante percussit (*Vide* Jo Boemus Aubanus de moribus gentium—Balears) l. 3, c. 26.

Oh, thou stern mother of a sturdy race  
Of noble warriors of undaunted brow!  
Regarding thee through the long ages now  
An older mother's image we can trace,  
Watching her sons with stern relentless face,  
Calmer and even more severe than thou;  
Bidding her children in obedience bow—  
The only penalty death's dark disgrace!

Yet can we doubt, oh mother, that thy love  
Deep hidden in thy bosom warmly glows?  
And Faith would teach us that in heaven above  
A secret tide of rich affection flows  
As deep, beyond gross matter's veiling glove,  
For Nature's struggling children as for those?

C. E. B.

[The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for any opinions, whether religious, philosophical or social, expressed in signed articles.]

## Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

### PART III. — (Continued.)

#### THE ENNEAD. 9.

**T**HE Ennead is the first square of an odd number, it was said to be like the Ocean flowing around the other numbers within the Decad ; no further elementary number is possible, hence it is like the Horizon because all the numbers are bounded by it. We find that it was called Prometheus, and "Freedom from Strife," and "Vulcan," because the ascent of numbers is as far as 9, just as the ascent of things decomposed by fire is as far as the sphere of Fire (the summit of the air), and Juno because the Sphere of the air, is arranged according to the novenary system, and "sister and wife to Jupiter" from its conjunction with the Monad. And "Telesphorus" or "Bringing to an end" because the human offspring is carried 9 lunar months by the parent. And *teleios* or perfect for the same reason, and also called "Perfect" because it is generated from the Triad, which is called "Perfect."

Attention is called to its being an emblem of Matter which ever varying is never destroyed ; so the number 9 when multiplied by any number always reproduces itself, thus :—9 times 2 are 18 and 8 plus 1 are nine : and so on as below :

$9 \times 3 = 27 ; 2 + 7 = 9$	$9 \times 12 = 108 ; 1 + 8 + 0 = 9$
$9 \times 4 = 36 ; 3 + 6 = 9$	$9 \times 13 = 117 ; 7 + 1 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 5 = 45 ; 4 + 5 = 9$	$9 \times 14 = 126 ; 6 + 2 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 6 = 54 ; 5 + 4 = 9$	$9 \times 15 = 135 ; 5 + 3 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 7 = 63 ; 6 + 3 = 9$	$9 \times 16 = 144 ; 4 + 4 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 8 = 72 ; 7 + 2 = 9$	$9 \times 17 = 153 ; 3 + 5 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 9 = 81 ; 8 + 1 = 9$	$9 \times 18 = 162 ; 2 + 6 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 10 = 90 ; 9 + 0 = 9$	$9 \times 19 = 171 ; 1 + 7 + 1 = 9$
$9 \times 11 = 99 ;$	$9 \times 20 = 180 ; 8 + 1 + 0 = 9.$

In John Heydon's Holy Guide 1662, we find that he asserts the number 9 to have other curious properties :—"If writ or engraved on Silver, or Sardis, and carried with one, the wearer becomes invisible, as Caleron, the Brother-in-law of Alexander, did, and by this means lay with his Brother's concubines as often as he did himself. Nine also obtaineth the love of Women. And the 9th hour our Saviour breathed his last ; on the 9th day the ancients buried their dead ; after 9 years Numa received his laws from Jove ; note the 9 Cubits stature of Og king of Basan, who is a type of the Devil, and there are 9 orders of Devils in Sheol (what we call Hell). It prevails against Plagues and

Fevers; it causes Long life and Health, and by it Plato so ordered events that hedied at the age of nine times 9."

There are Nine orders of Angels, says Gregory A. D. 381., in Homily 34. Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels, and Angels.

From a Christian point of view the numbers represent:—

1. Unity of the Godhead
2. the hypostatic union of Christ.
3. Trinity.
4. Evangelists.
5. Wounds of Jesus.
6. is the number of sin.
7. Gifts of the spirit. Rev. i. 12. and Jesus 7 times spoke on the cross.
8. Beatitudes.
9. Orders of Angels.
10. Commandments.
11. Apostles beside Judas.
12. Original Apostolic College.
13. College completed by St. Paul.

The Nine Muses of ancient Greece were called daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne (Memory), and were Calliope, poetry; Clio, history; Melpomene, tragedy; Euterpe, music; Erato, love, inspiration and pantomime; Terpsichore, dancing; Urania, astronomy; Thalia, comedy; and Polyhymnia, eloquence.

The Novensiles are the nine Sabine Gods: viz.—Hercules, Romulus, Æsculapius, Bacchus, Æneas, Vesta, Santa, Fortuna and Fides. The Sabines became merged with the Romans about 266 B.C.

The Nine gods of the Etruscans were Juno, Minerva, Tinia, Vulcan, Mars, Saturn, Hercules, Summanus, and Veditus; the Etruscans also became united with the Romans.

Note in Macaulay's poem of "Horatius" "Lars Porsena of Clusium by the *nine* gods, he swore," in 596 B.C. Lars Porsena, led the Etruscans; they were then most powerful: from the Etruscans the Romans took much of their law, custom, and superstition.

It is by nines that Eastern presents are given, when they would extend their magnificence to the greatest degree, as mentioned in Compté de Caylus' Oriental Tales, 1743.

Barrett's Magus notes also 9 precious stones, 9 orders of devils, 9 choirs of angels—he copies from John Heydon.

Note in this connection the Nundinals, the Romans marked the days by letters into parcels of 8 days, and on every 9th day the people left their pursuits and went to the towns to market; these nundinals are a type of our Dominical letters, a set of seven marking out the 8th days. They also held a purification ceremony on Male infants on the 9th day of Life, hence the presiding goddess of this rite was called Nundina.

There is a Masonic order of "Nine Elected Knights," in which 9 roses, 9 lights and 9 knocks are used.

The Mahometans have 99 names of the deity. Some Jews have taught that God had 9 times descended to earth; 1st in Eden, 2nd at the

confusion of tongues, 3rd at the destruction of Sodom, 4th to Moses at Horeb, and 5th at Sinai, 6th to Balaam; 7th to Elisha; 8th in the Tabernacle; and 9th in the Temple at Jerusalem; and that his 10th coming as the Messiah would be final.

The ancients had a fear of the number Nine and its multiples, especially 81; they thought them of evil presage, indicating change and fragility.

Nine choirs of Angels, 9 orders of Devils, at the 9th hour the Saviour died.

Nine is also "earth under evil influences."

John Heydon "Holy Guide," and Ragon in his *Maçonnerie Occulte* thus associate numbers with the Planets.

Sun 1 and 4	Venus 6
Moon 2 and 7	Saturn 8
Jupiter 3	Mars 9
Mercury 5	

and the Zodiacal Constellations thus :—

1 Leo	2 Aquarius	3 Capricornus	4 Sagittarius
5 Cancer	6 Taurus	7 Aries	8 Lilia
9 Scorpio	10 Virgo	11 Pisces	12 Gemini.

#### THE DECAD, 10.

The Decad, number ten, or PANTELEIA which meant "All complete" or "fully accomplished," is the grand summit of numbers, which once reached can not be passed; to increase the sum we must retrograde to the Monad.

The Pythagoreans were entranced with its virtues and called it, Deity, Heaven, Eternity and the Sun.

Ten being the recipient or receptacle of all numbers was called Decad, from *dechomai*=to receive, and hence Heaven, which was ordained to receive all men.

Like the Deity it is a Circle, with visible centre, but its circumference too vast for sight.

It is the sum of the units of the number four as previously mentioned, a holy and Deistic number, thus  $4+3+2+1$  are 10, and thus ten gains splendour from its parentage.

Also spoken of as "Eternity," which is infinite life, because it contains every number in itself, and number is infinite.

It is also called Kosmos, that is the "Universe." Proclus says: The decad is mundane also, it is the world which receives the images of all the divine numbers, which are supernaturally imparted to it.

It is called "the fountain of eternal nature," because if we take the half, five as the middle number, and add together the next above and the next



below, viz., 6 and 4 we make 10 and the next two in a similar manner 7 and 3 are 10; and so on 8 and 2 and 9 and 1 give the same result.

All nations reckon by the Decimal scale of notation, to which they were no doubt led from the convenience of counting the ten digits of the hands.

It is also spoken of as *Kleidoukos*, that is, "having custody of others," the magazine of the other numbers, because other numbers are branches from it: also called Fate, which comprises all sorts of events: Age, Power; Atlas, because it supports the 10 spheres of Heaven; Phanes; Memory; Urania; and "The first Square, because it consists of the first four numbers."

Two old conceits were that the Tenth Wave of the Sea is always larger than others; and that Birds laid the 10th egg of a larger size than the others.

The word Ten was used by the Hebrews, instead of "a large number," so that care must be exercised in translating this, and thus Nehemiah interprets "ten generations" of Deuteronomy, 23, v. 3, to mean "for ever." Nehemiah, 13, 1.

The Kabbalists called 5, 6 and 10 circular numbers, because when squared, the result shews the same number in the figure thus:

5 times 5 are 25	and	5 times 25 are 125
6 times 6 are 36		6 times 36 are 216
10 times 10 are 100		10 times 100 are 1,000.

An old periphrasis mentioned by Shakespeare is, "I'd set my Ten Commandments in your face," meaning her finger nails, for scratching. See 2 Henry VI. 1. 3.

The Mahometans say that ten animals are admitted to Paradise.

1. Kratim, the dog of the Seven Sleepers.
2. Ass of Balaam.
3. Ant of Solomon.
4. Whale of Jonah.
5. The Calf offered to Jehovah by Abraham instead of Isaac (not Ram).
6. The Ox of Moses.
7. The Camel of the prophet Salech.
8. The Cuckoo of Belkis.
9. The Ram of Ismael.
10. Al Borek, the animal which conveyed Mahomet to heaven.

"We find 10 generations from Adam to Noah, 10 from Shem to Abraham; and 10 spiritual graces of Christianity, Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, prudence, meekness, and temperance," says Dr. G. Oliver; although where he gets 10 generations from Adam to Noah, I know not.

Under 10 also falls the mention of the Pythagorean Triangle, Tetractys consisting of an equilateral triangle enclosing ten YODS: thus the upper is the Monad, the second line the Duad, the third the Triad, and the 4th the Quarternary or Tetrad: representing the four forms of point, line, superficies and solid. A similar form is given by Hebrew Kabbalists, to form 72 the deity number by placing in a triangle four Yods, three Hehs, two Vaus and onc Heh final, being the letters IHVH of the Tetragrammaton.



Note that ten is used as a sign of fellowship, love, peace, and Union, in the masonic third token, the union of two five points of Fellowship.

In the Bible we notice 10 Commandments, 10 instruments to which Jewish Psalms were sung, 10 strings in the Psalter, and that the Holy Ghost descended ten days after the Ascension.

Tucer, Rabanus, and Raymond Lully associate the numbers 8 to air, 5 to Fire, 6 to Earth and 12 to Water.

Apuleius states that among the Egyptians it was customary to fast 10 days, before sacrificing.

The Ten Sephiroth form the essence of the Hebrew dogmatic Kabbalah, a subject which is too vast and complex to be entered up in this volume on numerals. A mere glance at the Sephirotic emanations of the absolute Deity from the mathematical point of view is all that can be attempted; the Kabbalah Unveiled of my Rosicrucian Frater, S. L. Macgregor Mathers, viii° should be studied.

From the Absolute Passive Negativity, AIN proceeds AIN SOPH the Limitless, and then AIN SOPH AUR Boundless Light which concentrates in the first manifestation of the Sephiroth, which is the Crown, KTR, Kether: from Kether proceeds CHKM, Chochmah, Wisdom, an active masculine potency, and BINH, Binah, Understanding, as passive feminine power.

These three form the Supernal Triad. The fourth and fifth are CHSD, Chesed, Mercy, active and male, and GBVRH, Geburah, Strength, passive and female.

The sixth sephira is the notable TPART, Tiphereth, Beauty, the central sun, the logos, the Manifested Son: this completes a second triangle, the reflection of the former.

Number seven is NTZCH, Netzach, Victory, active, and the eighth is HVD, Hod, Splendour, passive; the ninth is YSVD, Yesod, the Foundation, completing the third trinity, or triangle.

MLKT, Malkuth, the Tenth Sephira, completes the emanations, she is the Bride of Microprosopus, the Son, the Sun, logos, she is the inferior Mother, Queen, and the Manifested Universe. The whole Ten are viewed as reigning over Four Worlds or Planes of Existence; there are the Worlds of Aziluth, Briah, Yetzirah, and Assiah. Malkuth on the plane of Assiah alone is the visible tangible universe.

These ten Sephiroth are the prototypes of everything spiritual, and also of every part of creation: they are traced in the angelic host and in our universe, three superior, and seven succedent exist in all things; the lower seven are obvious to the uninitiated, but in some manifestations the supernal triad is veiled to the profane.

Some occultists phrase it thus—three are subjective and unattainable to *man*, seven are objective and comprehensible; thus, seven archangels are commonly named, and we have known only of seven great planets of our system.

But in some cases even the whole of seven are unknown; we acknowledge but five senses in man, but there are two more awaiting comprehension.

These Ten Sephiroth are not only viewed as triads from above below, but are also imaged in three columns entitled the Pillars of Severity, and Mercy, with the median of Benignity or Mildness.

But this scheme is not for this treatise, nor can the Sephirotic alliance with the Planetary symbols, the angelic host, the divine names, and the Book of Thoth, or Tarot be here described; these subjects present a gold mine of wisdom all concealed and undreamt-of by the outer world, but amply explained and illustrated in the secret rituals and dogmas of the mystic order now partly known to the world as the "Hermetic Students of the G. D." being the old Kabbalistic "Chabraith zereh aur bokher," from whose parent stem the Rosicrucian Fraternities also arose.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., F.T.S.



#### CHRISTIANIZING THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

"LIEUTENANT WOOD of the United States Navy, says: 'It is not extravagant to say that the work of the missionaries in China and Corea has been absolutely without any result, except to hold them up to the ridicule of the natives. It has before been stated, and I concur in the belief, that there is not a Chinese convert to Christianity of sound mind to-day within the entire extent of China.' And this after all the vast sums of money expended, and large number of brave lives sacrificed to 'carry the gospel to the heathen.' It seems that the bible has never been translated into the pure Chinese of Confucius, but into a sort of lingo that bears about the same relation to Chinese that pigeon English does to pure English. Our missionaries to China are looked upon with pitying contempt by the better classes of Chinese, and by the common people with contempt without the element of pity—about the same as the people of this country (America) regard the Salvation Army, only considerably more so. It is no light task to convince an intelligent Chinaman that the Christian's bible is any improvement on the moral teachings of Confucius."—(*Golden Gate.*)

## A Sakia.

SOME years ago business took me to Central America, and in the course of my wanderings there I had occasion to go to Cape Gracias, a small native settlement at the mouth of the Segovia River; the population of the village was about three or four hundred, of a mixed race of Indian and Negro blood, the latter predominating; many superstitions and customs of the African tribes existed amongst these people. Their principal occupation is fishing; this, and the cultivation of a few scanty patches of Indian corn and beans, being their means of subsistence.

No vessels now visit this place, excepting, perhaps, a small coasting craft occasionally. There was once a fine harbour, and the place was the headquarters of the buccaneers in these seas two centuries ago, but the harbour is now filled up with sand, and there is no trade.

Two Europeans lived here, from whom I received much information and many favours. As I was likely to be detained here some weeks I soon began to find time hang heavy on my hands, and mosquitoes and sand-flies made life so lively that even a cowboy would have failed to express his feeling in appropriate terms. Under these circumstances I was delighted when Mr. A. proposed that I should accompany him on an expedition up the River. He was about to pay a visit to a tribe with whom he had done a little trade, living in a range of mountains on the northern coast, known as the Congrehoy Mountains, which, although they are not more than 60 or 70 miles in length, rise to an elevation of 10,000 feet. Mr. A. had never been amongst these people, and had only on two occasions seen any of them, when they had come down the Segovia in canoes and had bought some goods from him. They had invited him to pay them a visit, giving him some directions as to how to find them, and upon the strength of this we started.

We had one canoe, or *pit-pan* as the natives call it, manned by six stout fellows, and with a small supply of necessities we started from Cape Gracias at daylight. The men handled their paddles well, but the current of the river was strong, and our progress slow. About 10 a.m. we landed and had breakfast; the heat from this time till 4 or 5 p.m. is oppressive, the sun being then too high to throw any shade on the river.

We enjoyed a hearty meal of stewed iguano—for which one is likely to have a better appetite if the animal is not seen before being cooked—and at about 4 p.m. we resumed our places in the canoe, and pushed on up the river; not stopping again except for half-an-hour's rest till 10 p.m. We then camped for the night, setting a watch and keeping a large fire burning as a protection against the jaguars, of which there are

plenty in these forests. The banks of the river here began to be precipitous, the country being well wooded, with patches of savannah covered with long grass and bushes at intervals. The following day we continued our journey in the same order as before, but shortly after starting in the afternoon we were obliged to land and tow the canoe up a rapid, at a point where the river rushes through a vast gorge in the mountains; the fall in the river bed is not great, but the width of the passage being only about one third of that of the river above, the rush of water is very strong. The cliffs rise sheer from the water on both sides to a height of about 300 feet and the path by means of which we towed the canoe appeared to be the work of hands long since crumbled to dust. It required our united strength to tow the empty canoe about a mile and a half, and we were nearly three hours in making that distance. Having passed through the gorge we camped for the night, tired out. The river above the gorge was broader and shallower than below, with a slower current. The scenery became every moment more picturesque, for here the profuse vegetation of the tropics strove to cover the wild ruggedness of the huge broken masses of rocks, scattered in the wildest confusion by some bygone earthquake.

Out of every crack and rent grew lianas and creeping plants of great variety and luxuriance, which covered the rocks and trailed in the water, forming a scene of wild beauty. Another day's paddling brought us, early in the evening, to the mouth of a small river flowing into the Segovia, from the north. Up this we turned and in two hours' time arrived at what seemed to be the source. This place was a deep basin, nearly in the form of a horseshoe, surrounded on three sides by sloping masses of rocks overgrown with tropical plants and trees; a small stream tumbled down the rocks on one side and plunged into the pool over a ledge about 20 feet high.

Here we camped in the usual way, and slept soundly. Next morning, after a plunge in the pool and a light breakfast, Mr. A. and I started alone, as the Poyas had warned him not to bring any natives with him.

Following the directions Mr. A. had received, we found a path leading towards the mountains and followed it all day, halting for rest and refreshment for two hours; the path led upwards but not very steeply, nor was travelling difficult; we crossed several streams during the day, and as we saw no signs of the Poyas at dusk, we concluded to camp for the night. We chose a flat piece of ground under an overhanging rock, and having collected a good supply of wood, which was plentiful, we slept alternately without being disturbed. In the morning we again followed the path, and at about 9 a.m. we met six men; they had come from their settlement to meet us, we having been seen by one of their hunting parties the day before; a man had been sent at once to the settlement with the news, while the hunters had kept us in

sight since, which was very kind of them, but not sociable, since we were not aware of their proximity. These men were about as tall as the average European, of very fine physique, with black hair and eyes, and of an olive complexion; they were clothed with a kind of cloak of jaguar skin, worn over the shoulders, trousers of cotton, reaching to the knees and tied round the waist with a kind of scarf, made of the fibre of some plant unknown to us, and dyed in various colours; they wore sandals of hide on their feet, tied with strings of plaited leather and coloured. They were armed with bows about four feet long and very strong; the arrows were short but beautifully made and tipped with copper; they carried spears also, with copper heads and bamboo shafts about seven feet long; besides these, four of them were armed with the *Pocuña*, or blow gun. They spoke to us in Spanish, which only two of them understood indifferently well. They said they had orders from the "old men" to conduct us to the village; they asked us no questions and spoke in a grave and dignified manner. After stopping for some dinner and a rest, during which both parties were surprised to find that the use of tobacco was equally well known to each, we pushed on and reached the village about 5.30 p.m.; a messenger had been sent on ahead while we rested, and so we found the whole population turned out to receive us.

The village consisted of one continuous row of houses, built against the foot of a cliff some 700 feet high, with a small open plain in front, through which ran a stream, while opposite rose a huge mountain peak. As we came out upon the plain we were met by a body of men of venerable appearance; there were about 20 in number and some of them seemed to be extremely old. As we approached they bowed to us, at the same time drawing the left hand gently across the lips, evidently their mode of salutation. One of them then bade us welcome in a few words of bad Spanish, which we soon found was a language few of them understood at all. Their own language is soft and sonorous, and spoken with great rapidity. They conducted us to a house at the extreme end of the village, one which was evidently quite new, and was to be our quarters during our stay; one of the young men who first met us was appointed as interpreter for us, the rest then took leave; we were informed we should be expected to dine with them shortly, so we took advantage of the interval to improve our personal appearance as much as our limited means would allow.

While waiting for dinner, I may as well give some account of our surroundings. The house was built entirely of bamboo, strongly and very neatly put together; it was very deep from back to front, probably 60 feet, and about 20 feet wide, and contained several rooms of various sizes which all opened into a passage, running through the house along one side; there were no doors, only grass mats hanging over the openings; these were quite soft and dyed in various colours and patterns: ham-

mocks were suspended in one large room ; the rest of the furniture consisted of stools made of bamboo, a table in one room, which was a fixture, various vessels of glazed earthenware, some yellow, some black, chiefly for cooking, and two large jars full of water. Having taken in the details of the house, we began to study our neighbours' manners and customs. In front of the whole row of houses extends a verandah some 20 feet wide, and here are to be seen nearly all the female population of the village, for all the cooking is done in the open air, and all other domestic work also. These ladies do not make a very elaborate toilette ; their costume consists of a cotton garment without sleeves which extends to the knee ; and in the evenings, which are often chilly, they throw over them a large piece of their native cloth, which is dyed in various bright colours, and which they wear with considerable grace. They all take great pride in their hair, which is fine and black ; they plait it in a peculiar manner and fasten the plaits with two combs made of shell and many of them curiously wrought. Some of the girls wore necklaces of what looked to us like small nuggets of gold. They regarded us with much curiosity, but at a respectful distance, nor were we able to make any closer acquaintance with them during our stay. We remained with these people six days, and very pleasant days they were, spent mostly in hunting and in exploring the country ; during these expeditions we came upon many scenes of great beauty and grandeur and in two instances on ruins of towers. The evenings were mostly spent in chatting with the "old men" and smoking, the whole population being generally asleep by 8.30 p.m. ; during these conversations we were often puzzled by hearing allusions to "The Sakia" and at last we enquired of one of the "old men" what the Sakia was ; he seemed rather troubled by this question, and at last said he would consult the rest of the council as to whether he could tell us or not.

Nothing more was said on the subject, but the following night about 9 o'clock, the "old man" came to our house and said that if we wished to know more about the Sakia we must go with him at once. In a few minutes we were ready and set off with our guide in a direction in which we had not hitherto been.

He told us the Sakia was a wise woman who knew everything and could do everything, and they always consulted her on affairs of importance. We followed our guide in silence over many crooked but not difficult paths, the moon being nearly full ; at last, after some two hours' tramp, we began to see that we were amongst the ruins of a city of larger dimensions than either of those we had seen before : then we saw the light of a fire, which appeared to be in the mouth of a cave, but upon a closer inspection was found to be in what was once the entrance of a temple or some such building. The space enclosed by the massive stone walls was about 30 feet square ; the fire was in the centre of the floor, which was nearly covered with skins. As we approached

the arched entrance, we were startled by a fierce growl from within, and the figure of a large jaguar rose up from beside the fire; he crouched for a spring and we prepared to shoot, but the "old man" stepped in front and called in a low tone to someone within; a word in reply caused the jaguar to resume his sleep by the fire, and the strange inhabitant of this strange habitation stood before us. We had expected from our guide's description to see some withered old crone; what was our astonishment to behold a young woman of perhaps 20 years, tall and graceful, with a proud and dignified air. She was clothed in a garment made of the skin of the black jaguar, leaving the arms bare and descending to the knees; her black hair was loose and fell in heavy masses over her shoulders; she wore bracelets or bangles of gold upon both wrists and ankles, but we had no opportunity of examining them closely. Our visit seemed displeasing to her; she spoke to our guide with great animation for a few moments and appeared to cause the old man great uneasiness, and then disappeared in the hut. Our friend took us a few steps off, and then told us he was afraid we should have to go away, as the Sakia was angry with him for allowing us to see her; however we waited a few minutes, when we heard her begin to sing in a low, soft voice. After some moments the old man advanced to the door and spoke a few words; she then came out with a small wand in her hand and gave some brief direction to our guide; he at once began to collect wood for making a fire, and when he had a small pile he lighted it with a brand from the fire inside. While this was being done, the girl stood gazing, lost in thought, but when the fire had burned well up, she walked to a clump of bushes a few yards from the fire and poked amongst them with her wand, when a snake about 4 feet long crawled out and with a spiteful hiss reared himself for a spring. We recognized the snake at once as the Tamagassa, whose bite is always fatal within half-an-hour.

We were horrified to see the girl face this reptile and both of us were about to fire, when, with an imperious gesture, she stopped us, and holding out her right hand the snake sprang and hung from her wrist. She quietly advanced to the fire and shook the snake off into it, and, making no attempt to escape, the reptile was burned to ashes. We looked at the girl's wrist and saw the two marks of the snake's teeth, which had now turned blue, but without inflammation; she walked quietly back to the hut and sat down beside the fire, silent for awhile; then she began a conversation with our guide, which lasted nearly half-an-hour. After this, she rose and went out, we following, and she led us to what must once have been the terrace of this ancient temple. Some 40 yards from her hut the ground sloped down steeply, and was clear of trees or bushes; only here and there were scattered huge fragments of stone, the ruins of some large building. Upon the edge of this terrace she stopped, and waving her arms, she began to sing in a



low voice a chant ; her voice was singularly sweet and pleasant to hear. The song gradually increased in power till it rang out clear and distinct in the still night air. We were so intent upon watching our beautiful prima donna that we observed not the effect of her song ; our guide soon drew our attention to a number of dark forms, moving stealthily and rapidly towards us between the fragments of stone in front. We easily saw in the moonlight that these were jaguars, both yellow and black, probably about 20 or 30 in number. When within about 15 yards they all stopped as though they had reached some barrier they were unable to pass ; there they crouched, snarling and growling with rage and fury. Suddenly the song changed to a soft, sweet tone ; the effect upon the jaguars was curiously prompt ; their howlings ceased, and they lay on the ground, still, and with an evident sense of enjoyment. The Sakia continued this for some minutes and then suddenly ceased. The jaguars at once rose to their feet, but she spoke a few words in a quick, sharp tone, when they all turned and trotted off to the bush whence they came. The Sakia walked slowly back to the temple, and throwing herself on a pile of furs appeared much exhausted by her efforts. Our guide spoke a few words to her and then signed to us to leave. We returned to the village by the way we had come, reaching it just before daylight. When parting with us at our door, the old man said : "When you asked me what the Sakia was I did not tell you of these things which you have seen, for you would not have believed them ; now you have seen and know that these things are." We left the village the following day and returned to the spot at which we had left the canoe, being accompanied nearly all the way by a party of young men. We found the canoe and men there all right, and returned by the river much more quickly than we had come, having spent a very pleasant and interesting ten days.

WAIKNA.

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### THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

LIKE a flash of light the through express

Flies over the silvery line,

Bearing its burden of human souls—

On, on through the gay sunshine.

There, at the throttle-bar, brown and grim,

His deep eyes looking ahead,

The engineer, in his oily clothes,

Stands firm and free from dread.

The track is his own, all must give way,

Yes ! See at the town, on there !

The morning freight on the siding waits ;

All is right ; no call for care.

Ah, God ! an open switch ! One move

And his bar is quickly reversed ;

Then the air-brakes drag. Jump, jump ! or death

On your soul will do his worst.

The engine lurches upon the switch ;

Just ahead there stands the freight.

He can save his train if he keeps his post ;

For himself ? Ah well, ask Fate !

A frightful crash ; the passengers saved,

With their faces white and dread ;

But under his engine, crushed and torn,

The brave engineer lies dead.

Think, as you fly 'mid the sunshine bright,

Or through the storm and rain,

B day and night, o'er plain and gorge,

Of the engineer of the train,

Think of the thousand of souls he holds

In his grasp, without a fear ;

Think of the strain upon nerve and on brain,

And pray for the engineer.

## The Old House in the Canongate.

(Continued).

### III.—THE WRITER REVISITS THE OLD HOUSE.

**M**R. DALRYMPLE paused, and rising from his chair, said, "I fear I must have wearied you, and you must think it strange that I should thus disclose the deepest and most sacred history of my life to a complete stranger—a history which has never passed my lips before. The cause is simple; you are, whether you know it or not, a natural sensitive, gifted with abnormal powers, and you are the first individual for many years who has penetrated into that old house. Hence you are exposed to dangers you have not the least idea of, and to me, the duty of warning you is as clear as it would be to lead a blind man whom I might find ignorantly straying into a nest of robbers and cut-throats, or wandering on the brink of hideous precipices. The duty is made still plainer by the fact that the house is mine, and therefore I am morally as responsible for the evil caused by it as though I kept a man-eating tiger. True, it was by no will of mine you were admitted, still you have been there, the influence has seized you to some extent, and I must protect you if I can, and I can do so only by telling you my own story, painful and gruesome as it is. I see, however, that my time is up for the present. Will you pardon me now, and come again to-morrow, if you are not over-wearied with an old man's tale, which no doubt sounds to you much like the wanderings of a superstitious dreamer lapsing into dotage.

I hastened to assure him that, on the contrary, I had listened with the utmost interest, and longed to hear the end of a tale more wonderful than anything I had ever read. Meantime I begged that I might be allowed to visit the old house once more.

"Yes!" he said, "there can be no objection now you have been once, only beware; keep your will active and your senses about you; there are many influences and they are evil. Allow them no foothold, yield not for an instant; the house is accursed, and the dwellers therein will be restless so long as one stone remains on another."

He bowed and was gone, and I slowly walked out into the bright sunshine, with a strange eerie feeling of having been in some other existence and of some great change having come over one. It was past midday, and I made my way as quickly as possible to the old house, determined to lose no chance of exploring it while it yet stood, and before the workmen had begun to despoil and ruin the old-world

flavour of it. The temporary excitement of the previous day seemed to have departed, only the ordinary High Street loafers were prowling about, the old house stood grim and secretive as ever, looking as though a whole world of secret wickedness were hidden behind its dull heavy walls. Strange, I thought, as I looked at it, that Mr. Dalrymple's experience should so curiously tally with my own, or rather that the influence, which evidently had dominated all his life, should have been felt by me, a total stranger, and felt at once on entering the house for the first time. Strange, too, that as he half indicated, his experience should be in a way the repetition of that of his grandfather; the whole thing seemed weird whatever way you turned it, and though at that time I always wanted, if possible, a material explanation, and strove hard to find one in this case, the complicated chain of coincidences appeared almost greater than the mind could grasp; yet I could not lay my finger on any one point in the story and say it was supernatural; everything might be explained by coincidence, nightmare or hallucination, allowing of course some latitude for imposture. It was the extraordinary hanging together of it all that made it seem the most improbable of all possible theories to attempt a materialistic interpretation.

With these thoughts in my head I knocked at the door; once more it was cautiously opened by old Peter, who looked cautiously out, and seeing who it was took down the heavy door-chain which he had kept up meanwhile and admitted me.

"Eh, sirs," he said, "but ye're sune back. Hae ye seen Mr. Dalrymple?"

I replied that I had and he had given me permission to come to the house as often as I pleased.

"Weel, weel," said the old man, "it's the first time I ever heard o' the master doing the like o' that; however I suppose it's all right, but tak' ye heed, young sir! ye cam' unco near seeing some o' them that walks here the last time ye were through the hoose, and min' ye though yon puir leddy, that folk say is Mrs. Dalrymple, is harmless eneugh, there's other's that's aboot as wicked as old Clottie himsel'; no' that I've ever seen them, they never interfered wi' me, and I dinna heed them, but I ken far awa' doon among the foundations somewhere, there's that that a man shouldna name."

"Nonsense, Peter," I said, "down among the foundations I expect there are some beastly rotten drains, that ought to be dug out and disinfected as soon as possible."

The old man shook his head and muttered low:

"Aye! aye! Youth thinks it knows everything."

"Now Peter," I said, "I want to explore a bit, by Mr. Dalrymple's leave, and I won't trouble you; it's just this little room beside the hall, and what you call the Auld Laird's room that I particularly want to look at."

"Gude save us!" said Peter, "the verra twa places that ye'd better let alone. Weel! weel! Wilful youth maun hae its way; but see ye, if anything flegs ye, just ye cry on to me. I'll no be very far awa'."

So saying he gravely and solemnly withdrew to the back premises, and I walked eagerly towards the little room with the strang ecclesiastical mouldings; as I did so a strange scent came floating towards me, at first the musty smell common to all old houses, a smell of dust and decaying wood, yet withal faintly aromatic; the aromatic quality increased as I laid my hand on the carven door; it was a subtle, sleepy, sensuous perfume, suggesting luxurious vice, immorality in trappings of purple and fine linen. I opened the door; the light was dim, a fragment of what once had been a rose-coloured silk curtain hung over part of the window, the lower part had been boarded, a tiny bit of stained glass filled one space of the curious tracery. I suppose the dust and dirt and decay were as conspicuous here as in other parts of the house, but in the dim light they were not so visible; in fact the miscellaneous litter and rubbish of the room assumed strange, quaint and beautiful shapes. Still that curious perfume, which reminded me somewhat of patchouli and of musk, but was not gross as these are, but rather the inner soul of the scent as it were. Something moved on the wall—I started—it was only an enormous spider; the room felt hot, probably from the fact that the afternoon sun now just caught one angle, shining full on two of its outside walls, and one ray penetrating through a broken pane shot clear across the room, making a strange track of light on the floating dust and motes, and gleaming full on a strange-shaped brass implement, the like whereof I had never seen before, engraved with curious figures, and something like Hebrew letters within a double circle. I sank into a tattered arm-chair to try and take in the curious scene. Old Peter had carefully kept me out of this room on my previous visit. As I did so a fresh cloud of dust rose from the ancient cushions and circled round my head, gleaming in the sun and vanishing in the shade like living things, and all charged strongly with that strange clinging perfume. My eye fell on a torn scrap of writing close to my hand. I picked it up and tried to gather its contents; it was in a woman's hand and seemed to contain passionate pleadings by the writer, to some person of whom she stood in great awe, not to drive her to the commission of a crime.

"Is it not enough," so ran one passage, "that you have forced me again and again to go through the same horrible scenes—must I in yet another body expiate the old sin? Let me expiate it and go. I cannot and will not do that horrible thing again. The centuries that sap your forces have given me a new birth and increased strength."

Here the writer broke off into some incoherent phrases of Spanish, and as I was trying to master these I felt my hands tingle as though from an electric battery. The shock seemed to run right up both arms,

nearly paralysing them, and at the same moment a sensation like a cool delicate hand grasping my right wrist, and a distinct attempt to pull the paper from its grasp. I had almost lapsed into a state of dream, but this experience roused all my energies. I remembered Mr. Dalrymple's injunction, to allow no foothold to the influences, and with a great effort I shook off the sleepy feeling and got to my feet. I suppose I must have been half dreaming, and perhaps my arms resting on the elbows of the chair had got cramped, but when I got up I felt just as though I were waking from a troubled dream, with a half remembrance of having seen troops of beautiful ladies dancing in gaily decorated halls. Still there was the paper in my hand, and I carried it off with me. Sooth to say, I was afraid to stay in that queer little room any longer. As I passed out through the hall, my eyes fell on the picture said to be like Signor Hernandez; a ray of brilliant light from the now low westering sun fell upon it, and it gleamed with a strange distinctness, every line seeming to be thrown into strong relief, and at the same moment came across me the memory that in my dream in the little room that face had bent over me, while the beautiful ladies were dancing behind, those cruel sneering eyes had dominated my will, but how? or why? for I had never seen the original and until this moment his features had never appeared plainly to me. A dreamy feeling was coming over me which I did not like at all. I drew several deep breaths to try and banish it, but, instead of the renewed vigour I expected and looked for, I experienced a very curious sensation, as though with such breath the old house became more and more part of me—or I of it—I could not clearly tell which it was; my consciousness seemed, as it were, to pervade every hole and corner of it, till I thought I could see every room, every passage, at once, and feel and touch them all; those who have ever experienced the feeling will know what I mean; those who have not will never realize it from any amount of description; this, however would not do; it was plainly morbid and unhealthy, moreover I felt like falling asleep or into a trance; instinctively I doubled my fists and struck out several times as though boxing; anyone who had seen me would have thought me a lunatic, but it had the desired effect, I became calm and reasonable and wide awake again, and went upstairs to pursue my investigations. It was the room off the first landing that I naturally went to first, the Auld Laird's room as they called it, all just the same as when I was there before, and the same subtle aroma which even more instantly than yesterday suggested Spain to me; but in the rusty old mirror all was dim, no Spanish demoiselle now reclined there, or in the room.

I recalled Mr. Dalrymple's story, and resolved to open the little door which was in the corner beyond the bed, on the other side from the one by which I had entered, the looking-glass being in the opposite corner diagonally. Never in my life had I felt such repugnance to anything as I now did even to go near that door. I would have given almost any-

thing to turn and flee out of the house altogether, only pride kept me from doing so. Something horrible was there I felt ; an exhalation as it were exuded from it and while it made my flesh quiver, and stirred the roots of my hair, yet it drew me with a certain ghastly fascination ; I obeyed, and bracing myself as though for a supreme effort in a race, I went to the door and opened it. I was surprised, and if you will a little disappointed, to see nothing—a little landing, an old wooden stairway going down to the kitchens or offices probably, a few shelves with some worthless tattered books—novels of fifty years ago and the like—a little window looking on a sort of back green, such as was not quite unknown in Edinburgh at the time I write of, the whole papered in a dull sombre brown ; but as I stood looking down a strange feeling of sinking or floating away came over me, a feeling that my body was too light, such as I once felt when under the influence of opium, and then I became vaguely aware of a figure descending the steps. I did not see it with mortal eyes but just became aware of it, as sometimes one becomes aware that a person has entered the room, though one's back is to the door. Immediately all my senses became vividly alive, and my attention was fixed with a concentration, which had in it something of horror and apprehension, on the descending figure, and the impression of it became more and more clear, till I seemed quite certain that it was myself who was going down into the unknown depths. This strange duality I had felt before in dreams, when I sometimes seemed to stand apart and look at my body with curious pitying eyes, but never when broad awake before ; at the same time I felt icy cold, and as though all my vitality were being drained from me, the palms of my hands grew clammy, and I felt my hair growing moist. Still that figure, that was myself, descended the stairs, and still my consciousness followed it, though to the eye the lower part of the stair was invisible. At the foot of the stair was a large flat stone, part of the stone paving of the offices, and this seemed to the eye of my waking dream to grow transparent, as though its scarred and stained surface were but slightly tinted glass. It was a curious effect, which dreamers may perhaps recognize, but few others—at the top of the stair just inside the door from the Auld Laird's room stood I, myself, that is to the ordinary eye of the world, and I suppose any friend who had been there would have said that beyond all question I was there in as full material presence as I had walked down the High Street an hour ago ; but far down below, and at that moment passing through the flagstone, as though it had been but a magic-lantern image thrown on smoke, was this phantasm of myself, my Doppelganger as I suppose the Germans would call it, and to my own consciousness what seemed I myself was conscious of both, of the material body leaning helpless in semi-trance condition against the door, with wide-open staring eyes, a body which, though I saw and knew every portion of it, I was utterly powerless for the moment to affect or control, and that strange phantasm which was my

body too, descending those dreary depths, drawn by I know not what horrible fascination, and with a growing terror, which seemed to react on the material body, whose cheek blanched, and a terrified cry seemed strangled in its throat. It was a horrible nightmare, intensified by the broad waking consciousness, but such as I am persuaded we sometimes go through in sleep, when we wake exhausted and terrified, yet mercifully oblivious of what we have been through. Vainly I strove to regain control of my body, to move, to cry out. Vainly I tried to recall that strange projected phantasm which seemed to have sucked out my vital force—my will was paralysed, only perception was enormously more acute and the horrid dream, if dream it were, went on.

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be continued.)



## About the Ego and the Unmanifested Being.

### SECTION I.

**T**HE CASE FOR METEMPSYCHOSIS, by Edw. Douglas Fawcett, (LUCIFER, Nos. of October and November), is an instructive, suggestive and learnedly-written treatise, which I have read with much interest and profit. There are, however, two important points to which I beg to demur, taking my stand upon Theosophical teachings, and inferences I have drawn therefrom. These last are possibly wrong, nor do I presume to offer them for more than they may be worth, which is not for me to judge. In the first place, is there such a thing as an "animal Ego," and is the human Ego a progress thereupon? In the SECRET DOCTRINE it is shown that the two monads, the *higher* and the *lower*, proceed from *opposite* points of the circle of evolution (vid. Vol. I. pp. 177, 178, Vol. II. pp. 45, 103, 421, 422). Seeing that Theosophical terminology is still somewhat backward, and in order to a clearer understanding between writer and reader, I shall, in this article, apply the word *soul* exclusively to man—and entities higher than man—as that which is *the vehicle of the Ego*; and *monad*, to that which, in the lower entities, is *the vehicle of consciousness* variously graduated. (Consciousness, in its wider sense, does not necessarily imply egoity.)

Now, the human soul proper is a resultant of the *fall* from a "higher" (albeit imperfect, or *inexperienced*) sphere of existence; whilst its *lower element* signifies a *rise* of the *monad* (the *animal monad*, as the latter means a rise for the *vegetable monad*, and this a rise for the *mineral monad*). I am considering the phenomenon in its *initial* stage or aspect. That lower *spurious* element, or *animal* psychic essence, is what is cast off, in Kama Loka, by the human soul, so far as it can be cast off. Ergo, the sphere of Kama Loka is the *nec plus ultra* of the monad, as it finally manifests itself in the human soul.

And this is quite logical, in that it is on a corresponding plane that the monad *began* its career, *i.e.*, what is usually termed the "astral" sphere, the world of prototypes. In this said world the last comer was the human prototype Human only by the grace of *form*; the respective entity could claim to be o. no higher category than the *sub-human*, the uppermost principle of which was the *monad*. So that there were four principal grades of the monad, originally, as there still are in the astral planes, *viz.*, mineral, vegetable, animal and *sub-human* (not human proper). It was by the union of *gravitating* "souls" with the "monads" of the *sub-humans* (and therefore with monads on the *rising* scale) that *human* entities first appeared—this is what the SECRET DOCTRINE denominates "perfected" or "finished" men (in contradistinction to the "mindless" men, or sub-humans), and simply owing to the *Ego's* advent. Hence, how can there be such a thing as an "*animal Ego*"? But of this anon.

Leaving, now, the initial aspect, for that of *continuity*, the "animal psychic element" in man (being the analogue of the monad in lower creatures and things) is that which comes by *heredity*, proceeding from the corresponding psychic essence of the parents (just as the monad, in animals and plants, is transmitted from parent to offspring—for, like the flame or light, a monad gives off its power to countless existences without that power diminishing one iota). Whereas the "soul" comes direct from its long rest in Devachan, and takes possession of the foetus by precipitating itself *into that lower element or animal psychic essence*.

Nothing of the kind occurs in the other kingdoms. This psychic essence (of the kingdoms), in its different types, is of course bound to *progress*, but not in an *individual* sense; its individuality only affects the *group* of essence manifesting under a given type. Doubtless, when life leaves a single plant or animal it is because the monad has withdrawn; for "life" is nothing else but the *sum* of the monad's occult *activities*, and not an element *per se*. What becomes of the monad which thus withdraws? It goes to a *higher* astral level than that from which it issued when it manifested on the physical plane; but it *does not return to earth* during the same round or cycle.\* This requires some explanation.

The astral planes are the "reservoir" of the monadic types constituting four great divisions (embracing many sub-divisions), *viz.*, mineral, vegetable, animal and sub-human. The bases, as it were, of this reservoir are the original centres from which the physical prototypes issued. The *progress* of the monad implies *retrocession* of form (otherwise called the "law of retardation"). That is to say a group of monadic essence "progresses" by manifesting under a *type* of life corresponding to that abandoned by a group *in advance* of it, whilst the said type, developed by it on earth and abandoned when it withdraws, accrues to the group which *follows* it, and so forth (this will be made clearer just beyond). So that a *type* which has completed its physical evolution, is always *falling back*, serving at each break for an *inferior* monadic group (it is the *astral* power, or dynamic centre, of that type which "falls back," not objectively, but subjectively speaking).

The monad's progress is through successive stages *within* the Kingdom before it passes to those of another, etc. This progress being tantamount to *physical* evolution, it follows that the withdrawing monads go, for their temporary rest,

\* The monad that withdraws leaves, or has left, its power in the *seed*.



to a *higher* astral plane than the one they belonged to at their departure from that sphere; and as they have no individuality, the in-flowing monads form one with the essence-group constituting that higher level. This signifies a *centre of consciousness*—a final course of the *dynamic* centre above mentioned—and the *power* of a *new* dynamic centre.\* Each *astral* centre corresponds either to a *physical* group *in being*, or to such a group *of the future*. Now, it is not by that *new* centre that the physical species or variety from which it issued can be *influenced*. For, be it remembered, as Theosophy teaches, there is constant action and reaction between the physical and astral worlds. Besides the complex general aspect, there is a special one between an astral centre or subcentre and the corresponding species or its subdivisions. This special action from the astral plane—which may be something analogous to what is called “over-shadowing”—is, and cannot be otherwise than, *collective* as identified in a monadic group or centre. Well, this influence, as stated, cannot proceed from the *new* centre (since the latter constitutes an advanced mode of the law), and can only come from the *old* centre, *i.e.* that forming part of the “reservoir,” as I have expressed it.

Now—the case being thus briefly stated—it is quite conceivable that when a *species* on earth (plant or animal) is *dying out*, this results from the fact that that collective influence *has ceased*. For the latter will cease *before* complete extinction of the species. This calls for consideration under two heads. *Firstly*, if a monad can communicate its essence indefinitely without losing power, it is no doubt due to that *maintained* influence from the original centre. Therefore, when the latter ceases to act, the corresponding monads manifesting on earth will no longer be able to transmit their power without loss to themselves; whence a gradual subsidence on the field of manifestation. *Secondly*, as that centre depends as much on the earth monads as the latter do upon it,† a time must come when the latter’s progress is such that correspondence loses ground. That is to say, the astral centre (which does not progress, but merely subsists) is no longer in tone with the requirements of the *type* developed on earth. Therefore, on the one hand, the latter loses the benefit of that *staying* influence—and its extinction becomes a mere question of time (does not decline always follow upon culmination?)

Whilst, on the other hand, the astral centre has been left behind, as it were, the energy expended being in process of accumulation at that *new* centre,

\* The escape of monadic essence identifies the *periphery* in regard to matter, and constitutes a centre of “consciousness” which is the power of a new centre of “force.” This, the dynamic centre (the *laya* of the SECRET DOCTRINE), develops matter, and is periphery in regard to consciousness, being the power of a new conscious centre. The “new” centre, of either category, may be a *material* or an *ethereal* progress, according to the aspect contemplated. The whole process of evolution is an inverted manifestation of such centres, at one time developing distance, at another approximating. At the extremes only one is manifested. The inorganic state is a *centre of force*. Primeval superorganic existence was a *centre of consciousness*.

† But little light has been thrown on the subject of *elementals*, but that little intimates that elementals are a sort of parasites; and that a given elemental group will relapse into inactivity (in regard to its counterpart), except at the expense of that counterpart, its earth-correspondence. Giving and receiving are reciprocal; but in what the *difference* consists is the question. . . . The word “elemental” seems sometimes rather loosely used. As far as I can make out, the *real* elementals are those connected with the *inorganic* states. The others are of a more advanced category, and I prefer calling them “monadic types,” the highest order of which are the *sub-humans* the rest being astral counterparts of the *vegetable* and *animal* kingdoms.

as transmitted by the intervening physical type. It, the old centre, does not dwindle, however, or lose its energy; its inactivity only regards its ex-objective. Its energy is now concentrated on a *lower* group of monadic essence, whereby the type of which it is the power (and whose earth-career is over or closing) is in *retardation* (since it is objectivizing an inferior group), whilst the essence it formerly objectivized has *progressed* (the new centre).

What alone perishes—and for ever—are consummated effects, the intervening value, *i.e.* the physical species, in as far as this means *type* (a certain *form*, a certain *mode* of life, and a certain bye-law of *cohesion* the *three* lower occult activities, being properties of the *body*.)\*

In view of what precedes, I suggest that the “vague conception” *exhaustion of prolific force* is nearer the truth, for explaining sterilisation, than *withdrawal of the animal Egos previously “informing” that force* (paragraph 205). There is no *rebirth* for the monad; no monadic essence returns to the physical plane under the *same type* wherewith it departed; and with regard to the lower kingdoms there can be no “informing” power having the character of an *Ego*.

As to racial sterilisation in man, there seems no doubt it arises from the dearth of Egos in respect of a given race, family, or individual couple. That is, as Mr. Fawcett tersely puts it: “no birth-seeking Ego, no birth,” and this is quite thinkable, in that, as the Ego’s cyclic level rises, the Ego-affinities will become more and more estranged from those of inferior, worn-out races, and such Egos will only seek incarnation in races of higher standard, etc. But this shows that the inferior or hereditary psychic essence (commonly called the “animal soul”) can have nothing or very little to do in the matter. It will merely constitute the dominant law of the foetus—*i.e.*, the *animal* or physical heat—up to the Ego’s advent, whereupon the foetus falls at once under the higher law—that of the *soul*, which is no doubt the power that determines the *sex*, and consequently the definitive mould of the person. Embryology has established that up to a certain period the embryo shows no difference of sex, and it is presumable that incarnation takes place immediately prior to such manifestation. Falling under the new law means that the animal life of the embryo becomes essentially dependent on the soul, to the extent that a withdrawal of the latter (whether the withdrawal be pre-natal or post-natal) is followed by death.†

\* Observe the difference: in the case of mankind, *consummated effects* are *our*, not *three*; the fourth activity does not outlive Kama Loka. In other words, the “soul” depends on its *fifth* activity, the monad on its *fourth*.

† I may add that my idea of the process is, to state it briefly, as follows. The *psychic essence* of the embryo being of a panchi-kritan nature, whilst the *vehicle* of the Devachanic soul is of a tanmatric nature, the latter, at incarnation, is involved by the former, in consequence of a certain revival or manifestation of the latent tanmatric integrants of the embryo’s panchikritas (for each of the five grosser elements—panchikritas—is an atomic integer whose quintuple value is tanmatric). That is to say, the basic value of the *highest* panchikrita, “akās” (numerically the 5th), which basic value is the 5th tanmatra (also present, at various degrees, in the other four embryonic panchikritas), becomes the attractive influence exerted on the soul’s *lowest* tanmatra (numerically the 1st, which is the factor of cohesion, in whatever degree). Then, at precipitation—by means of the inverted correspondences of those two subtle elements—the panchikritan tanmatras and those of the soul assimilate or unite, each of the five with its similar, whereupon the tanmatric “body” or form—the soul’s *vehicle*—falls into latency, the vehicle now becoming panchikritan. But as the soul-tanmatras identify a higher plane (the *fifth*) than the embryo’s panchikritan tanmatras (whose genetic plane is the *fourth*), it is the higher law that prevails; and henceforth the embryo and its panchikritas are subject to that law, for energy in its ultimate is *tanmatric*.

This leads to the question, Is it possible that when an embryo has developed to a certain stage, no Ego should be forthcoming, or, in other words, that among the Egos seeking birth, there should be none with the affinity subjecting it to that particular attraction? It seems to me the answer must be in the *negative*. Otherwise we should have to admit the possibility of birth being given by a human being to a creature *without an Ego*, to a non-descript (!); or else suppose that such cases are met by the accidents classed as premature birth, etc. But it is hardly worth while to entertain such suppositions, nor would they advance the point chiefly under consideration—racial sterility. I quite agree with Mr. Fawcett when he says (page 201), that consciousness is the contribution of the Ego *overshadowing* a nascent organism. What I contend for is that the “overshadowing” Ego is not the analogue in man of what he calls an “animal Ego.” This I have sufficiently dwelt upon. As to the “overshadowing,” it may be suggested that as the Ego, when passing from Kama Loka (where it leaves the lower element) into Devachan, conveys an adhering vestige (*vasoma*, or aroma) of that element—being that precisely which impels it to rebirth—it is the sympathy between that vestige and the *lower* psychic element of a human couple that brings about the overshadowing, as the term goes. Consequently, it is inferable that, in the absence of any such sympathy or mutual affinity or overshadowing, in respect of a given couple, or of a given race, the said lower psychic essence *ceases to manifest itself*—that is to say, not only “no embryo can mature into a perfectly organized infant,” but *there will be no embryo whatever*.

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## II.

“In the unity of Nirvana Spirit attains to complete self-realisation through the perfected Egos now restored to It. Perchance the drama of Evolution has this end as its justification, and tends in consequence, as M. Renan has suggested, to the perfection of Deity. Hegel’s profoundly significant teaching, to the effect that the Absolute is ‘*essentially result*’ cannot in this connection be too strongly insisted upon. Finality, however, in speculations such as these is beside the question” (Page 209).

This is quite admissible in the light of Pantheism; nay, I think it is the logical conclusion to which it leads. The question is whether Pantheism—as the word is commonly understood—is in agreement with the best teachings of Theosophy. In view of some texts, it is; in that of others, it is not, I mean as I understand them, while perhaps I have misunderstood them. Without going deeply into the subject, I may observe that the Great Breath which “never ceases” (SEC. DOCTRINE, Vol. I. p. 55, vid. et. pp. 14, 573), and is above or behind all manifested causes, is not presented in the light of a *constitutive* principle. No class of phenomena can be traced farther than the Logos (Iswara, etc.). If the Great Breath *never ceases*, even when the Universe has reverted to its germ-state, it stands to reason that the eternally Unmanifested Cause can have nought in common with that which proceeds from the germ.

The inferences which, I think, are to be drawn from the above, and other texts, are what may be summarized as follows. Eternity and time can never be

assimilated. Time is a mere correlative of all that springs from, and reverts to, germ ; it belongs to *Maya*. The Great Breath, the Never-manifested, the Changeless, Consciousness-one are equipollent terms, whose attribute is Eternity, and which may be rendered by the expression GOD-ONE. Nothing that is subject to Time can ever merge in the Eternal ; there is an abyss, so to speak, between one and the other, an impassable gulf. This does not imply that God is extra cosmic. God is not *at* the centre of any *thing*, but is *the centre* of every possible "centre ;" yet, while no centre is immutable—save the real centre—and every centre will yield a deeper one, the *real* centre, how far soever the depth were carried, is never yielded, can never be reached—it may be compared to the case of asymptotical lines. There can be no contact between Eternity and what belongs to Time.

Therefore *phenomenal consciousness* has not the essence of CONSCIOUSNESS-ONE ; it is only an *effect* of the latter. The *power* of phenomenal consciousness is in the indestructible germ. The Great Breath or Consciousness-one does not act *directly* on the germ—if it did there would never more be "germ," for, as the *power* of germ is *illimitable*, the resultant phenomena would be *eternal*—that is to say, the Unmanifested would have communicated its *essence* (eternal *actuality*). But as the latter is never communicated, there must be something—which *we* would call a medium—intervening between eternal action and what is *latent*, but which nevertheless is not a medium—for a medium must partake of the essence of either term. And this intervening something must be *limited*, else the effect would stand for ever ; and then adieu to phenomena whose essence is *change*.

. . . Now, that which *ever* and *only* is affected *directly* by the ceaseless act of the Eternal one, is FORCE in its *three* primeval modes. Force partakes neither of the essence of the One, nor of the essence of the Germ ; but on one hand, governs the potencies of the latter, and on the other *falls* and *rises* (so to speak) according as equilibration of its three modes is receded from or approached—but however far it may recede from, or however near it may approach to, the plane of that action, it will never participate in its essence—and indeed such expressions (*distance* and *nearness*) are false, being only apparent, or due to the aspect forcibly taken by us. The effect of said action on the germ *through* Force, is *phenomenal consciousness*\* and *motion*. This, because of the disequilibration of its three modes ; and although the latter, as consciousness, is prior to motion in its *cause*, it is not so according to *time*, and the two phenomena are *simultaneous*. In other words, the First Principle (Force)—sometimes called the Seventh—is manifested at the same time as the Second Principle (the *first* power of the germ)—sometimes called the Sixth Principle—whereby the two are for ever *inseparable* throughout the cosmic cycle. Strictly speaking the intervention in question is not identified in Force, as such ; but (1stly) in the fact that a *perfect* equilibrium between the modes of Force is never attainable ; and (2ndly), as stated, in that Force is *limited* by its modes. Were a perfect equilibrium effected the postulate that Force is *increate* and *indestructible*—as much so as germ is—would have to be abandoned. The indestructibility of Force resides in the fact that the action of the Unmanifested is *ceaseless*, and that Force being limited by its

\* Which primordially is *conditioned* omniscience—i.e., limited by the powers or scope of the cycle.

primordial moods,\* and no one mode being able to preponderate without a *medium*—whence there will always be *two* against *one*, alternately—no perfect or *absolute* equilibrium is verified (the so-called “perfect” equilibrium is only *relatively* so). Which means that one of the modes, at least, must at all times answer to the influence, or respond to the action, of the Great Breath, covertly when not manifestly—aye, even when *pralaya* culminates. It is by its *illimitable* action that the Unmanifested is the true preserver of the *limited* factor. Indestructibility of the *germ* has its proximate cause in the indestructibility of Force. Although *things* are finite, the *powers* of the germ—measured by the interminable series of cycles—are *infinite*; but *entelecheia* must be *limited*, an act which has passed from the potential is subject to limitation; and the immediate alterant cause is Force.

To go thoroughly into the subject would exceed the measure of an article, but if what has been submitted have any value, is it reasonable to suppose that a phenomenal plane or centre (including all that is realizable in man) can ever assimilate with the plane or centre of eternity? How can the human soul, nay, the very highest angel soul or mayavic god, ever be conceived to merge in the bosom of God-One? How imagine that anything should “tend to the perfection of Deity”?† or that “the Absolute is *essentially result*”?! Aristotle, I opine, was ahead of Hegel and others, when advancing that essential energy belongs to God as his best and everlasting life (or, as commented on by Themistius, that nothing in God is *acquired*, quoted in Bohn’s ed.) and that the Deity is eternal and most excellent in nature (*Metaphys.* xi. 7, § 6), therefore *perfect*. If perfect, how in the name of Logic can Deity be perfectible? . . .

### III.

I submit that the reason why most systems of *exoteric* Philosophy run into Pantheism, when pushed to their logical conclusions—whether they belong to the Western or the Oriental school of thought—is because the argument rests on *Cosmic unity*. Whence the consequences: the Cause of causes is a *principle*, that which to some degree communicates its essence, or answers to the sum total of possibilities, in short, that which is *constitutive*, and not merely regulative. Among the Easterns the Night of Brahma is the period when *all* is dissolved, or on the way to dissolution; and the Day of Brahma, when *all* is in activity, or on the way to action.

It has been said the UNMANIFESTED BEING should not be meddled with. If so, we might as well accept the dogma of the Catholic Church—“believe and hold your tongue”! which makes it the most logical of all *churches*. I take it

\* *Harmony* in motion, *Inertia* in motion, and *Activity* in motion—not to be mistaken for unmanifested “action”—three in one and one in three. Or two *positives* and a *neuter*, through which the dominion of one passes to the other, the latter meanwhile acting as the *negative*—a mere *aspect*, for the negative, as such, is non-extant; till the “neuter” as *radically* untrue as the negative—becomes in its turn a positive, namely the phase of attraction called *gravitation*—for it is only *one* phase of a *triple* fact, that is, *latent will*; the other two modes of attraction being *manifested will*, one now prevailing in *organic* states, whilst the third, as a dominant, is the compatibility of *super-organic* states. With the latter objection we concur heartily.—[ED.]

† If, instead of Deity, *Gods* (plural) had been written, I would say *hear, hear!* (*Author.*)

that unless we strive to form a *sufficient* concept of the Great Unmanifested, it is *Metaphysics* that had better be left alone altogether. To attain to a sufficient concept of the Unmanifested, we should, I think, commence by the proposition: the "Day" and "Night" (of Brahma) only affect phenomena, and in nowise God-One. That is, during the Day *individualities* and their correlations are in divers states of activity, actuality or manifestation, or advancing thereto; and during the Night in divers states of rest, potency or germ, or progressing thereto. Whereas, on the other hand, there is neither Day nor Night for God-One, which is always *action*, as never being in a potential state. But then we should give up the notion that any period is *absolute*. Otherwise stated, *unity* is an exclusive attribute of the Unmanifested Being, and its action; whilst every period, however incommensurate, is only *relative*. Hence the Universe, in its aspect of *totality*, must not be considered as subject to *the same mode* of the Law in respect of Time and Space. The totality is a composite of universes; a universe is a composite of solar systems; a solar system is a composite of worlds and so forth. A cosmic period would thus be referable only to a *single* universe, having its Day and Night, its *mahamanvantara* and *mahapralaya*, etc. Consequently, there is *no period whatever* in which *all* is reduced to germ, and none where equilibrium is absolute. Albeit Time and Space (to say nothing of Matter, etc.) will cease as regards the *part* (meaning the process of a *change* in the *mode* of the Law, or the opening of a *new* period), Time and Space are always manifest in regard to the *totality*. Yet Time and Space are neither absolute nor eternal; they have a beginning and an end relatively to a single Universe; whilst as mere symbols of *change*, they are not assimilable from Universe to Universe (*i.e.*, one universe cannot objectivise another). A universe, *in posse*, will coincide with another or others *in esse*. Taking ours (all systems objectivisable by man, if he possessed the instrumental means) as the measure of comparison, there are universes which must be in advance, as there must be others less progressed.\* The *mahapralaya*, or "universal" dissolution of a universe, begins at that point of time when no new solar system is in evolution, that is, when all the archetypal potencies of that universe are come into manifestation, or have been actualized.

\* This seems to me a logical conclusion, especially since the appearance of that luminous work, THE SECRET DOCTRINE. By a careful reading of the same it will be seen that matters have been wonderfully simplified on more than one point, and that what at first was incomprehensible—because apparently illogical—has been made clear if not evident. Now, taking a sectional view, this new light shows that a *planetary chain* (space and matter), a *manvantara* (time and motion), and determined *human wave* (a given value of phenomenal consciousness, as I might express it) form three correlates of a certain line of evolution in its objectivity and subjectivity. The chain is a link in a sequence of chains, and that particular human wave will accompany the vicissitudes of the chains constituting the said line. This is but *one* of our solar system. Venus belongs to *another*, and will (comparatively speaking) soon cease to be a world, says the Master; whilst the Moon *was* the world of *our* line before the Earth took its place. Now, what does this tell us, if not that the *manifesting* world of one chain does not coincide as to Time, etc., with that of another; or in other words, that while some worlds are *in posse*, others are *in esse*, and that manifestation overlaps? Apply this to the universal scale, and it follows that there must *always* be a universe *in esse*, if not more than one, and that no *mahapralaya* is *absolute*. It shows likewise that the DIVINITY (ex-humanity) of our Universe will not only never merge in that of another, but also that it will never objectivise ALL that is *in esse*; and that it is as much bound by necessity to its own chain of universes, as the *adscripti* were to their soil. How childish then to hope to be lapped in the lap of the Eternal? How idle to talk of "immortality" otherwise than such as afforded by successive series of varied life—manifestation with their *respective* Nirvanas or Paranirvanas; that is to say, as anything save DURATION in *change*!!

Now, as all is subject to the law of the Spiral (which is a *necessity* having its cause in the three modes of Force, but would require a long digression to explain), while every sub-period is the analogue of another, no two are ever alike—this, from the very outset, which is *germ*, to the final close, which again is *germ*. Consequently, the germ never constitutes a reversion to the same condition *precisely*, as that which conditioned it at the outset; the progress attained to is degree, and is only measurable by Maya—it is the resultant of “experiences” . . . . . This, likewise, would demand too much space to be sifted, and I merely wish to point out that it is the *powers* of the germ—and not Deity—which are “essentially *result*,” and which are *perfectible* (not in Reality, but under the law of *Maya*, which I have translated “Phenomenal Consciousness”).

To conclude. Space is not illimitable. Changes are illimitable. The chain of universes, and the series identifying each universe, are illimitable; but the phenomena (space, time, matter, etc., referable thereto) are *limited*. The *illimitedness* of such limitations is the only reality of phenomena, I mean, the only thing relating thereto which *does not change*. Withal it is not Reality, but its effect always *subsistent*. The Changeless (Reality, or the Unmanifested cause) and the Changeable are ever in presence. Spaces and periods are the objectivity of eternal subjectivity.

Phenomenal Consciousness is like a line that never meets another. If here, in the nether spheres, we are able to conceive that there must be such Another, rather such a “Beyond,” shall we not say that Consciousness, on soaring to its highest point (in *Maya*), must realize the fact *better* than we can, albeit TRUTH can never be realized? Truth is as near our plane as it is to that height, for it is omnipresent—Maya is that which ever stands away from Truth. The difference, then, is this, namely, here we vaguely perceive the *necessity* of that Beyond; there, at the apogee of Consciousness, *knowledge* exists of such necessity; and it is believable such knowledge includes the *certainty* that the Beyond is *unattainable*. Speculation at one end, Certitude at the other. Why? Because, in proportion as mayavic Consciousness enlarges its horizon, the laws of Maya or Nature become more and more familiar to it, so that Consciousness ends by mastering all the laws, and every secret referable *to its cycle* (i.e. to its universe, its time, its space, its circle of phenomena, etc.). That knowledge, at the culmination of a great cosmic cycle,\* to whatever time, etc. it belong, is the key to the arcanum, and discloses two supreme items: rstly, that the Beyond (which Consciousness *knows* to exist, but cannot fathom, nor objectivize) is for ever *closed* to it; 2ndly, that it has reached the *nec plus ultra* of *its* time, but likewise that the *nec plus ultra* is nowhere for it in relation to *all* times. (This refers to Humanity as a whole; but the *individual* may realize that knowledge long before the cycle ends, only. . . . very few *do*.)

There is nothing pessimistic in this. In order to rise to that *certitude* man must merge in the bosom of mayavic (or subject) Divinity. We men aspire to eternity; in our blind idiotcy nothing less will satisfy us. Divinity—ex-humanity—is resigned. . . 'tis not the word, *rejoices*; for it is at the pinnacle of Wisdom. It knows that to realize Eternity is not within the Law. It does not aspire to contradict; its happiness is to *know* that *it knows* such to be the Law Ultimate

\* That is, the so-called “unity,” or Cosmic Soul, pre-existing and post-existing (the extreme aspects), manifesting its true character, the *multiple* in abeyance

truth must for ever remain sealed up and impenetrable to it. . . Such is PARANIRVANA, not of the schools, but logically interpreted.\*

The end of a cosmic cycle must differ from its advent. Conditioned omniscience is not of the same nature at one juncture as at the other. At the opening, the manifestation first in order is *Resistance*; at its close, all is *Obedience*. That former phase means Happiness in Ignorance (want of "experiences," still in contingency); the Peace of Innocence, followed by the Fall. The final phase is equivalent to Happiness in Knowledge and Wisdom; it is Redemption, and HARMONY in its loftiest aspect. The exit from Nirvana or Paranirvana signifies the gradual unfolding of the germ, or re-manifestation of *individualities*. Entrance into that, or those states, is tantamount to the process by which individualities revert to germ. When this is accomplished, nothing of a Universe remains *manifest* save a grand centre of Phenomenal Consciousness. But that does not prevent other Universes being in existence; albeit Consciousness-one, the Eternal, can alone objectivize them.

V. DE F.

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\* Paranirvana, no less than Nirvana, belongs to Time, a Mahamanvantara at the longest. Is it not rather inconsistent in those who, on one hand, represent Nirvana or Paranirvana (the ultimate aim of Soul, or the Ego) to be an "eternal" state; and on the other hand, have it that the great cosmic cycle (*mahamanvantara*) is only one in a sequence without beginning and without end? This involves periodic *entrance* into, and *exit* from, Nirvana. Nothing that changes can ever be *eternal*. *Everything* that changes must perforce belong to Time, or rather to *times*.

[This is just what one of the greatest of India's mystic sons, the late Pundit and Swami, Dayanand Saresvati taught, and just what occult philosophy teaches. ED.]



### "KUNDALINI."

"TAKE our two Serpents, which are to be found everywhere on the face of the Earth; they are a living male and a living female (understand in relation to the spirit always without all corporeal allusion); tie them in a *love knot* and shut them up in the *Arabian Curaha*. This is the *first* labour; but the *next* is more difficult. Thou must incamp against them with the *fire of nature*, and be sure thou dost bring thy *line* round about, *circle* them in and *stop* all *avenues* that they find no *relief*. Continue this *siege patiently* and they turn into an ugly venomous, black *toad*, which will be transformed into a horrible devouring *dragon*, creeping and weltering in the bottom of her *cave* without *wings*. Touch her not by any means, continues the Adept, not so much as with thy hands, for there is not upon earth such a vehement transcendent poison. As thou hast begun, so proceed, and this dragon will turn into a *swan*, but more white than the hovering virgin *snow* when it is not yet *sullied* with the *earth*. Henceforth, I will allow thee to *fortify* thy *fire*, till the *Phanix* appears. It is a *red bird* of a most deep colour with a *shining fiery hue*. Feed this *bird* with the *fire* of his *father* and the *ether* of his *mother*; for the first is *meat*, the second is *drink*, and without this last he attains not to his *full glory*.

"Be sure to understand this *secret*; for *fire* feeds not *well* unless it be *first fed*. It is of itself *dry* and *choleric*, but a *proper moisture* tempers it, gives it a *heavenly complexion* and brings it to the *desired exaltation*. Feed thy *bird* thus as I have told thee and he will *move* in his *nest*, and *rise* like a *star* of the *firmament*. Do this and thou hast placed *nature* in the *horizon of Eternity*. Thou hast performed that command of the Cabalist, '*Unite the end to the beginning as the flame is united to the coal; for the Lord is superlatively one and admits of no second.*' (Liber Jezirah, Cap. 1.) Consider what it is you seek — you seek an indissoluble, miraculous, transmuting uniting union; but such a *tie* cannot be without the *first unity*. For to create and to transmute *essentially* and naturally without *violence* is the first proper office of the *first power*, the *first wisdom*, and the *first love*. Without this *love* the *elements* will never be *married*, they will never *inward* and *essentially unite*, which is the *end* and *perfection* of Magic."

Vaughan's "Lumen de Lumine," p. 62 *et seq.*



## The Numerical Basis of the Solar System.

"The whole of the reasoning upon which the determination of the Solar System in space rests, is based upon the entire exclusion of any *law*, either derived from observation or assumed in theory, affecting the amount and direction of the real motions both of the sun and stars. It supposes an absolute non-recognition in those motions of any general directive cause, such as, for example, a common circulation of all about a common centre. Any such limitations introduced into the conditions of the problem of the solar motion would alter *in toto* both its nature and the form of its solution."

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

THE above statement, coming from such a source, must be accepted as formulating the no-system upon which existing Astronomy is founded. For while various theories and hypotheses have been constructed, both before and since the time of Sir John Herschel, designed to account for certain specific phenomena of the so-called Science of Astronomy, the general accomplishment has been purely empirical and without comprehensive result. To such an extent is this the case, that existing Astronomers differ widely in their statements of the simplest facts regarding the elements of the planets, while the phenomena relied upon to demonstrate these facts, or any of them—such as the transits of Venus, for instance—have proved misleading, and have only served to display the inexact results to be obtained from the use of instruments in such cases. With regard to the calculation of eclipses, and of the orbital paths and periodic returns of comets and of meteoric showers, these are purely mathematical problems, and, however complicated, are not abstruse nor even difficult to the competent mathematician. It seems extraordinary, however, that perceiving the inter-relation that is measurably demonstrated by such calculations, Astronomers should not have devoted themselves to seeking out the law, or laws, which, it would appear, must control and direct the manifest agreement of planetary movements. Meanwhile, whatever laws have been accidentally discovered which affected these movements have been found susceptible of numerical expression. Such, for instance, are Kepler's three laws governing the orbital motion of the planets, his law of the diminution of light in proportion to the inverse square of the distance, and his law that "the attractive force of the sun decreases as his light" (a statement which should have long since drawn attention to the subject under consideration by the present writer); such is Newton's law of the attraction of gravitation; such is Bode's law of the proportioned distances between the planets; and such, finally, is the more recently discovered law of sun-spot periodicity. When to these we add Kepler's discovery of the dependence of the curvature of the path of the planets upon the attraction of the sun, and the proportional relation of the mutual attraction of bodies to their respective masses—it is

surprising that the harmony between these various laws should not have invited Astronomers to the discovery of the source of all of them. It is the misfortune of science that the least adventure into its domain on the part of persons who are not devoted to it professionally, is too often viewed by the scientific class as an intrusion, and the result of the labours of such persons is not even esteemed to be worthy of examination. This is peculiarly the case in the instance of professional astronomers in our own time; and the difficulty of overcoming such a prejudice has doubtless frequently deterred from the public expression and demonstration of their views many students who have been led by enthusiasm and natural bent, perhaps combined with incidental discovery, to most valuable and important researches.

One great and growing disadvantage under which modern astronomy labours is the entire surrender of the science into the hands of those who depend upon the telescope for all they know. And how very little is it generally understood that for the great immutable *laws* of astronomy the world is indebted—not to finite and unreliable instruments, but to the human intellect, and to that reasoning which has been conducted within the seclusion of the closet, and with utter disregard for material agencies. All the great discoveries of the Chaldean, Egyptian and Greek Astronomers, and of Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Newton, Kepler, Bode and Arago, were made without the use of instruments: not including those of Galileo made by means of the telescope—which he himself invented—and which were not great, in the sense in which the word is here used.

To define as the science of Astronomy the mere art of establishing measurements through the application of mathematical instruments, and the discovery of stars, comets or asteroids by means of the telescope, is to err in the primary conception of its meaning. The Greek roots of the word—"astron"—constellation, star; "nomos," law or rule, sufficiently denote this. And any attempt at the *discovery* of laws and rules, by means of instruments, must ever be faulty: at best, these can only be used for their practical demonstration. Yet the accepted figures in which are recorded the angular velocities of the planets, have been obtained by such doubtful means as the comparison of recorded observations through the telescope—in every instance except the Earth. As might naturally be supposed, the results thus gained through the observations of different telescopic observers vary widely from each other: so much so, indeed, that Sir John Herschel, in referring to the accepted theory of the angular velocity of the planet Venus, derived from observation of the movement of the spots discerned upon that planet by means of the telescope, stated his want of confidence in such demonstration, and broadly asserted that he did not believe any astronomer knew the angular velocity of Venus.

"The best informed astronomers of the present day look with suspicion on nearly all these observations, being disposed to sustain the view of Herschel (which was against the theory). . . . The balance of probabilities is largely in favour of the view that the rotation of Venus on its axis has never been seen or determined by any of the astronomers who have made the planet an object of study." ("Newcomb's Popular Astronomy". Harper's Edition, 1878, p. 292.)

The observations concerning the rotation of the other planets are no more trustworthy than those regarding Venus, yet the figures of one and all are given in all the astronomies.

At the annual meeting for 1883 of the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Hastings read a paper in which he had recorded his belief that the accepted theories regarding the sun's atmosphere would have to be abandoned, and that, in fact, the whole question of the solar elements' constitution and action must be reopened. In these two cited instances of accepted authority disputing accepted theory, we have some indication of the grave discrepancies which exist among astronomers themselves, concerning simple yet vitally important elements of the structure and motions of the solar system. In recounting certain of the figures expressing others of these elements, we shall presently have occasion to exhibit the wide diversity existing among astronomers concerning these also. It would certainly appear, then, that the part of modesty and not that of prejudiced and dogmatic negation of every attempt—even on the part of laymen—to elucidate astronomical phenomena and solve astronomical problems, would most become those astronomers who cannot agree with each other, and whose theories are hardly constructed before they are overthrown. The dominion of Law in all departments of Nature has been enunciated in modern times by such recognized authorities as Oersted, Grove, Henry Thomas Buckle, the Author of "The Vestiges of Creation," Herbert Spencer, Darwin, W. Stanley Jevons, Walter Bagehot, Henry Drummond and the Duke of Argyll—each having reached the same conclusion through widely different research.

The laws discovered and formulated by the earlier astronomers are conceded by those persons of our own day who assume that denomination as expressing their own profession. But concerning discoveries or recorded facts which tend to show the existence of still other laws bearing upon astronomy, these individuals sternly set their faces against them, belittling and ridiculing them as "Coincidences," than which no other word in the language, unless it be its congener, "accident," is so utterly misleading and so generally misused.

The earliest recorded investigations in Astronomy were solicitously concealed from the vulgar mind by being hidden in mystical utterance, the most of which is still inexplicable. Much of this knowledge is to be found set down in the works of Plato and Aristotle, in the Oracles of Zoroaster, the Orphic Hymns, and in the Mythologies of India, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, Mexico and South America. Now it is an extraordinary thing that while the perfectly lucid philosophy which was enunciated by the ancient teachers has been accepted and become the foundation of modern systems—that knowledge which they considered so important as to hide it with the closest caution in enigmatical writing, is deemed to be without sufficient value to demand or reward study and analysis. And the bearing of such writings upon the matter under present discussion is this: that the ancient and mystical writers exhibit in their work a profound recognition and knowledge of the "Reign of Law" in the domain of the stars and the planets, while they invariably though often only inferentially, manifest a conception that such Law is susceptible of numerical expression.

It is to demonstrate in some feeble degree the accuracy of this judgment, and to illustrate by possibly novel instances the practicability of reaching scientific conclusions by pure reason and analogy, and to apply this to the *real* science of Astronomy, that the present effort is made.

A series of investigations, begun in the winter of 1882-3 and continued at

intervals ever since, led the writer step by step to certain novel discoveries in the mathematics of Astronomy, and the further he advanced the more he became satisfied that he was on the road to the development of certain laws upon which the movements of the planetary bodies depended, and which had not previously been made known. The purpose of the present paper is the setting forth of the nature of these laws, and the evidences that tend to demonstrate their existence.

To begin with the question of the rotation periods of the planets, it is to be observed that the authorities differ as to these, and, to refer to Herschel's opinion, already mentioned, there is no positive certainty as to the exactness of any of the assertions regarding them, from the fact that they have been reached by telescopic observation and combination of results. Such observation, made through human eyes, by means of the telescope, the vision penetrating through one atmosphere and sometimes two, of varying conditions of density, could hardly be defined as certainly accurate. When it is considered, also, that they are made from the surface of a revolving sphere, moving in its orbit at the rate of 1,637,673 miles per day, and having reference to other objects, some of which have a still greater velocity—to contend that any conclusions thus reached unless they agree with each other, are mathematically accurate, is, to say the least, largely arrogant. And as to this, it is to be observed that five recognized authorities, in giving the angular velocities of the planets, differ in twenty instances in the six planets given. Thus Mercury is given in three different sets of figures, Venus in five, the Earth in two, Mars four, Jupiter three and Saturn three. "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?"

These differences are, as to a twenty-four hour period for the four inner planets: between 23h. 16m. 19s. in the case of Venus, and 24h. 37m. 23s. in that of Mars. And, as to the four outer planets, between 9h. 30m. in the case of Uranus, and 10h. 29m. 17s. in that of Saturn, including also several varieties of statement, the period of Neptune not being given. No astronomer has yet formulated any cause for the difference between the periods of the inner and outer planets, amounting to an average of 2.29 times. It is respectfully submitted that if a new law can be established with regard to the motions of these planets on the basis of a twenty-four hour and a ten hour period, respectively, there is nothing in the varying statements on the subject which have been vanished by the authorities, that should militate against the acceptance of that law.

It is well known by mathematicians that there are certain numbers, whose powers are exceptional and frequently inexplicable. An instance of this nature is offered in the fact that if the diameter of a planet be multiplied by  $.13=08$  it will give the angular velocity (rotation speed). Now  $.13=08$  is  $1/24$  of  $\Pi$  (Pi), the ratio of the diameter to the circumference of a circle. This fact alone, in its application to the planets, fully justifies the assumption of a twenty-four hour period.

It is a fact that the angular velocity of every planet bears a direct relation to its diameter. So far is this the case, that by simple proportion it can be proven in the instance of every planet: thus, 1st. Law: *The axial velocities (angular) of the planets are—as their diameters.*

EXAMPLE I.

	Diameter. miles.	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Mars	4363	570.8
Mercury	3058	400.28.
<i>Proportion : 3,058 : 4,363 :: 400.28 : 571.</i>		
Sum :	400.28	
	43.63	
	1200 84	
	2406 8	
	120084	
	160112	
		3058)174642164(571.0
		15290
		21742
		21406
		3361
		3058
		3036

EXAMPLE II.

	Diameter miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Earth	7926	—
Venus	7510	982.5
<i>Proportion : 7510 : 7926 :: 982.5 : 1036.9</i>		
And 1036.9 is the axial velocity of the Earth.		

This process can be conducted with certainty with regard to the four inner planets, or any of them, and the same is true concerning the four outer planets : Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

EXAMPLE III.

	Diameter. miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Jupiter	84.846	—
Saturn	70.136	21.041
<i>Proportion : 70.136 : 84.846 :: 21.041 : 25.454.</i>		
And 25.454 miles per hour is the axial velocity of Jupiter.		

And now, in order to test finally the accuracy of this law, we will apply it to the planet Neptune, whose axial velocity has not been discovered or announced by the astronomers. And first comparing with the planet Jupiter, we have :—

EXAMPLE IV.

	Diameter. miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Jupiter	84.846	25.454
Neptune	37.276	Unknown.
<i>Proportion : 84.846 : 37.276 :: 25.454 : 11.1828</i>		

EXAMPLE V.

	Diameter miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Saturn	70.136	21.041
Neptune	37.276	Unknown.
<i>Proportion : 70.136 : 37.276 :: 21.041 : 11.182</i>		

## EXAMPLE VI.

	Diameter miles	Axial Velocity. miles per hour.
Uranus	33.246	9.973.8
Neptune	37.276	Unknown.

Proportion : 33.246 : 37.276 :: 9.973.8 : 11.182

It will hardly be asserted that this proportion would hold exactly in the case of the relation between Neptune and the three other outer planets, if the law were not correctly defined and applied : it may therefore be stated that here is demonstrated the discovery of the angular velocity of the planet Neptune, never before known. Now, it will be undoubtedly alleged by the astronomers that—given twenty-four and ten hour periods, respectively, the velocity must necessarily be in proportion to the diameter, but that these not being the admitted periods, exactly, the law is therefore fallacious.

Concerning the value of the professed exactness of the periods, as given by the authorities, sufficient has been said ; but assuming the stated periods to be correct—what force can be named, sufficient, and of a suitable nature, to move the planets on their axes and in their orbits, a force necessarily acting upon the superficial diameters of the planets? Certainly it could not be gravity (which acts on the mass) nor any other attractive force with which we are acquainted. The only force which can act only on half a sphere at a time—is *Light*. It is held, therefore, in this paper, and as a part of the theory involved that the force is *Light*, and evidences will now be given to prove this by demonstrating the law in its power over the orbital motions of the planets.

*Rule I.* Multiply the sq. root of the semi-diameter of the orbit of any planet by its orbital velocity, divide the product by the orbital velocity of any other planet, the quotient will be the sq. root of the semi-diameter of the orbit of the second planet :—

## EXAMPLE I.

	Sq. root, semi-diam. of orbit	Orbital veloc., miles per hour.
Earth—	9505.5	68.218
Mars—	11790.	55.000

Sum :  
 11,790  
 55000  
 58950000  
 58950  
 68,218)648450000(9505.5  
 613962  
 344880  
 371090  
 379000  
 341090  
 3791000

## EXAMPLE II.

	Sq. root semi.-diam. of orbit.	Orbital velocity, miles per hour.
Mars,	11790	55,000
Jupiter.	21616.46	30,000
Sum :	21616.4 30000 ----- 11790)648493800.00(5500.3 58950 ----- 58993 58950 ----- 43800	

Here the exactness of the result is quite wonderful considering the material supplied by the astronomers. We are handicapped by discrepancies in the figures to be found in the authorities. It is a fact that, concerning all the elements of the planets, no two authorities agree. But even an approximation in result, under such circumstances, is sufficient to establish the rule applied, and it is needless to multiply examples.

It has thus been shown that as there is an inter-relation among the planets as to their rotation, there is also an inter-relation in regard to their revolution in their respective orbits. And this inter-relation is shown in a most remarkable manner in the following fact, which is offered as a numerical law of astronomy.

*Rule II.* If the orbital velocity of a planet be multiplied by the square root of the semi-diameter of the planet's orbit, the result will be, in the case of every planet, the same sum in millions, differing below from discrepancies between authorities.

PLANETS.	SQ. ROOT OF SEMI.-DIAM. OF ORBIT.		ORBITAL VELOCITY.		
Mercury	5949.4	X	109000	=	648,484,600
Venus	8076.69	X	80292	=	648,446,199
Earth	9505.5	X	68218	=	648,450,000
Mars	11790.	X	55000	=	648,450,000
Jupiter	21616.46	X	30000	=	648,493,800
Saturn	29477.	X	22000	=	648,494,000
Uranus	41570.128	X	15600	=	648,543,996
Neptune	51062.52	X	12700	=	648,494,004
Average					648,482,074

Regarding this peculiar fact, it may be observed that it has been heretofore established and will be found set down in the authorities, that, "If the squares of the periodic times of the planets be divided by the cubes of their mean distances, the quotient is the same for all the planets."

The "periodic times" of the planets are in days of 24 hours each, and the "orbital velocity" of a planet is dependent on its rotation, whose velocity, as is here shown, bears a direct relation to its diameter, which again can only be acted upon—exclusively—by the power Light, considered as a positive force.

Here is offered a departure from the regular order for the purpose of presenting a table which is one of the results of the original figuring in mathematical Astronomy in this paper, and which may give a hint of a novel theory concerning the Sun.

PLANETS.	DIAMETER.		DIAMETER OF THE SUN.		AXIAL VELOCITY.		
Mercury	3059	:	852900	::	400	:	111526
Venus	7510	:	852900	::	982	:	111524
Earth	7926	:	852900	::	1037	:	111463
Mars	4363	:	852900	::	571	:	111921
Jupiter	84846	:	852900	::	25540	:	256736 ÷ 2'29 111675
Saturn	70136	:	852900	::	21041	:	255874 ÷ 2'29 111735
Uranus	33246	:	852900	::	9973	:	255852 ÷ 2'29 111201
Neptune	37276	:	852900	::	11182'8	:	255870 ÷ 2'29 111733

This table, it will be observed, carries into the relation of the planets to the Sun, the same rule of proportion which has been applied to the planets in their relation to each other. The natural sequence would be that the final factor in the sum is the rotary velocity of the Sun which probably makes one revolution in 24 hours. In the case of the four outer planets, the relation is preserved by bringing them, through division by 2'29, to a 24 hour period. Incidentally, it will be noticed that the planet Neptune, with the angular velocity which is herein ascribed to it, and which has been heretofore unknown, is no exception to the rule. It is respectfully submitted in this connection, that the peculiar spiral motion which has been observed in the Sun spots—their regular change of position to equatorial and polar places—may be dependent upon the Sun's rotary motion, combined with its obliquity to its own ecliptic. Here the writer may as well state, parenthetically, that he has never, since he applied intelligence to the question, believed that the Sun is a hot body, or that the speculations of Mr. Proctor and others as to the number of millions of tons of coal, or the number of meteors it would require to furnish the altogether imaginary heat of the Sun, were worthy a place in print—even to astound the budding minds of children withal. At last, men like Hastings, Young, and some others, are growing sceptical of these Mumbo-Jumbo tales, and are reducing chromosphere and photosphere to their proper gaseous nature. It is far more than probable—if one wants to speculate—that the inner body of the Sun is a vast globe of water, in fact, a gigantic lens.

[It is to be observed that the alleged angular velocity of the Sun, multiplied by 24 hours, will give the average circumference of the Sun, as contained in the Astronomies.]

To conclude, and still more clearly *demonstrate* that the cause of the motions of the Planets is *Light*, the writer offers the following Law :

*2nd Law.*—The orbital velocity of the Planets is inversely as the square root of the semi-diameter of their orbits. Now it will be remembered that “the intensity of light diminishes inversely as the square of the distance.” Clearly, then, if the preceding statement be correct, the cause of the orbital motion must be *Light*.



VENUS AND MERCURY.

*1st Demonstration.*—Square root of semi-diameter  
of orbit of Venus  
8076·69.

Square root of semi-diameter  
of orbit of Mercury  
5949·4.

*Inverse Proportion.*—Orbital velocity miles per  
hour of Mercury  
109000.

Orbital velocity miles per  
hour of Venus.  
80292.

$$\begin{array}{r}
 5949\cdot4 \\
 \times 10\ 9000 \\
 \hline
 53544\ 6000 \\
 59494\phantom{000} \\
 \hline
 8076\cdot69)648484\ 600000(80290 \\
 \underline{646135\ 2} \\
 2349\ 400 \\
 \underline{1615\ 338} \\
 734\ 0620 \\
 \underline{726\ 9021} \\
 7\ 15990
 \end{array}$$

MARS AND THE EARTH.

*2nd Demonstration.*—Square root of semi-diameter  
of orbit of Mars  
11790·8.

Square root of semi-diameter  
of orbit of the Earth  
9505·5.

*Inverse Proportion.* Orb. vel. miles per  
hour of the Earth.  
68218 :

Orb. vel. miles  
per hour of Mars.  
55000

$$\begin{array}{r}
 9505\cdot5 \\
 \times 68218 \\
 \hline
 76044\ 0 \\
 95055\phantom{00} \\
 190110\phantom{00} \\
 760440\phantom{00} \\
 570330\phantom{00} \\
 \hline
 11790\cdot8)648446199\cdot00(55000 \\
 \underline{589540} \\
 589061 \\
 \underline{589540}
 \end{array}$$

URANUS AND SATURN.

*3rd Demonstration.* Sq. r. of semi-diam.  
of orbit of Uranus.  
41570 :

Sq. r. of semi-diam.  
of orbit of Saturn.  
29477 :

*Inverse Proportion.* Orb. vel. miles per  
hour of Saturn.  
22000 :

Orb. vel. miles per  
hour of Uranus.  
15600

$$\begin{array}{r}
 29477 \\
 \times 22000 \\
 \hline
 58944000 \\
 58954\phantom{000} \\
 \hline
 41570)648494000(15600 \\
 \underline{41570} \\
 232794 \\
 \underline{207850} \\
 249440 \\
 \underline{249420} \\
 20
 \end{array}$$

If no more has been done in the present effort, the writer may, at least, have succeeded in showing that more can be accomplished at the desk in the matter of establishing natural laws in Astronomy than by means of the telescope: except possibly, in some instances, such as the appearance of comets, meteoric showers, and eclipses, in the way of verification. And as these phenomena are purely periodical, it is merely a matter of time and computation to predict them. Not one of all the great laws of Astronomy, we repeat, has ever been discovered through the use of the telescope.

It is to be hoped that some one better qualified than the writer will be induced to pursue investigation in the directions herein only roughly outlined, hampered as it has been by existing conditions of data.

FRANK H. NORTON.

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#### THE PLACE OF MIRACLES.

"ON a certain day, Rabbi Eliezer Ben Orkanaz replied to the questions proposed to him, concerning his teaching; but his arguments being found to be inferior to his pretensions the doctors present refused to admit his conclusions. Then Rabbi Eliezer said, 'My doctrine is true, and this Karoub!tree, which is near us, shall demonstrate the infallibility of my teaching.' Immediately the Karoub tree, obeying the voice of Eliezer, arose out of the ground and planted itself a hundred cubits farther off. But the Rabbis shook their heads, and answered, 'The Karoub tree proves nothing.' 'What,' cried Eliezer, 'you resist so great a miracle? Then let this rivulet flow backwards, and attest the truth of my doctrine.' Immediately the rivulet, obeying the command of Eliezer, flowed backwards towards its source. But again the Rabbis shook their heads and said, 'The rivulet proves nothing. We must understand before we can believe.' 'Will you believe me,' said Rabbi Eliezer, 'if the walls of this house wherein we sit should fall down?' And the walls, obeying him, began to fall, until Rabbi Joshua exclaimed, 'By what right do the walls interfere in our debates?' Then the walls stopped in their fall out of respect to Rabbi Joshua, but remained leaning out of respect for Rabbi Eliezer, and remain leaning until this day. But Eliezer, mad with rage, cried out: 'Then in order to confound you, and since you compel me to it, let a voice from Heaven be heard!' And immediately the Bath-Kol or Voice from Heaven was heard at a great height in the air, and it said, 'What are all the opinions of the Rabbis compared to the opinion of Rabbi Eliezer? When he has spoken his opinion ought to prevail.' Hereupon Rabbi Joshua rose and said, 'It is written, "The law is not in Heaven; it is in your mouth and in your heart." It is in your reason; for again it is written, "I have left you free to choose between life and death, and good and evil." And it is in your conscience, for "If ye love the Lord, and obey His voice within you, you will find happiness and truth." Wherefore then does Rabbi Eliezer bring in a Karoub tree, a rivulet, a wall, and a voice to settle questions of doctrine. And what is the only conclusion that can be drawn from such miracles, but that they who have expounded the laws of nature have not wholly understood them, and that we must now admit that in certain cases a tree can unroot itself, a rivulet flow backwards, walls obey instructions, and voices sound in the air? But what connection is there between these observations and the teaching of Rabbi Eliezer? No doubt these miracles were very extraordinary and they have filled us with astonishment; but to amaze is not to argue, and it is argument, not phenomena, that we require. When therefore, Rabbi Eliezer shall have proved to us that Karoub trees, rivulets, walls, and unknown voices afford us, by unusual manifestations, reasonings equal in value and weight to that reason which God has placed within us to guide our judgment, then alone will we make use of such testimonies and estimate them as Eliezer requires.'"

"THE TALMUD."

## The Talking Image of Urur.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### THE CONSILIUM.\*

THERE was another delay of two hours at the next station, where Pancho had to wait for the regular train. He made use of the time to telegraph to the owner of the Image, requesting him to have the dissection postponed. The answer came that the Image was still alive, but that the dissection could not be postponed; as to do so would cause considerable inconvenience to the medical gentlemen, whose time was very precious, and some of whom were coming from considerable distances to assist at the dissection. Cursing the benighted ignorance of the medical fraternity, Pancho resumed his voyage. He travelled all night. Early in the morning he arrived at Krakau, where he took the stage for B——, the place where Mr. Snivelinsky, the owner of the Image, resided. The sun in his glory had already risen above the horizon when Pancho arrived at the place of his destination. It was the day appointed for the dissection of the Image, and Pancho congratulated himself that he was not too late. He hurried to the house of the judge and found him in the back yard feeding his favourite hogs. The judge was dressed in a flowery morning gown and night-cap, and smoking a pipe of enormous dimensions. A joyful smile was upon his countenance as he watched his pets devouring their gruel; for Snivelinsky was a lover of hogs. There were large and small swine, and especially one great porker of whom the judge was especially fond, and who received the largest share of his caresses.

"Just look at him," he said, after Pancho had introduced himself and stated his business. "What a fine fellow he is! I envy his appetite and his happiness. He has no cares and no troubles. We call him 'Philosopher' because he is not at all particular about what he eats. Nevertheless, he always gets the best of everything. We all love him and treat him as if he were one of our own family. We feed him on the best of slops because we know that he will not be ungrateful; for next Christmas he will furnish us with just as fine sausages as his father did last year. His father was just as fine a fellow as he, and he bore a striking resemblance to him. He made us enough pickled pork to last us all winter." Here the judge smacked his lips, as in anticipation of the good things he expected from the gratitude of his porker.

After he had finished his eulogies on the porker, Pancho took the liberty of asking about the condition of the Talking Image.

A frown appeared upon the noble brow of the judge. "It is all an infernal humbug," he said. "I took the Image into my house, expecting that it would be a prophetess and of some service to me. At least I expected that it would

\* This chapter is abbreviated and the last left out for want of space. The reader will find them in full in book form, which is forthcoming.—[ED.]

answer questions in a dignified, polite, and ladylike manner; but I am sorry to say the prophetess has turned into a termagant. But I am going to make an end of all this. To-day it shall be handed over to the medical executioners, and we shall see what kind of devils are inside of it."

Thereupon Pancho attempted to explain to Mr. Snivelinsky the constitution of the Image, and that it was merely a living echo for people's innermost thoughts rendering their own states of feeling in uttered language, in about the same sense as one might translate the language of music into speech. He told the judge some of his own experience with the statue, to prove to him that the Image would sometimes echo the thoughts of a person, of which the latter himself was unconscious, but which nevertheless existed in the deepest recesses of his mind.

"We shall soon see about that," said the judge. "The doctors will be here in a few minutes, and they will make short work of its constitution."

"I am sorry," answered Pancho, "that the doctors will have to be disappointed, because the Image is the legal property of The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, and cannot be destroyed without their consent."

"What kind of a concern is this Society for the Distribution of Wisdom?" asked the judge.

"It is one of the queerest concerns I ever saw," replied Pancho. "It consists of people who are seeking after something they do not know, and in the existence of which they do not believe."

"What kind of wisdom do they distribute?" inquired Snivelinsky.

Pancho shrugged his shoulders. "Their wisdom," he said, "appears to me as much like the wisdom of other people, as the egg of a fowl is like the egg of a chicken. They believe one theory to-day, and another to-morrow."

"What do they teach?"

"They pretend to teach nothing," said Pancho. "Nevertheless each of its representative members teaches whatever he pleases or what he may imagine to be true,\* and they do that in a very boisterous manner; hurling epithets against every one who dares to disbelieve or contradict their opinions."†

"Oh!" exclaimed the judge, "is it there that the statue acquired its bad habits? But what are the principles of that Society?"

"The most admirable ones—on paper," answered Pancho. "In theory they proclaim universal love and fraternity; but in their practice they fight with each other like cats and dogs."

"What are their objects?"

"Judging from my own observation, their objects are to desecrate and vulgarize the ideal; to drag spiritual truth before the judgment-seat of the fool, and to sacrifice everything for the vain glorification of self."

Snivelinsky seemed to pay little attention to this explanation. His mind was fully absorbed in the contemplation of the appetite of his porker. After a while he said—

"What seems to me most remarkable is, that ever since I left Italy, the statue has been continually increasing in weight. I carried it with me in a box, and on every station where it was weighed, it weighed much more."

\* Just as "Pancho," one of such "representative members" does.—[Ed.]

† In this *untheosophical* work, no one helps them more zealously than "Pancho".—[Ed.]

"This may be explained," answered Pancho, "by the difference in the mental atmospheres of the countries through which you were travelling. The more gross and material the thoughts of a people, the more they will find expressions in gross and material forms."

After breakfast Pancho and the judge went upstairs into a garret, where the Talking Image was already laid out upon a table, preparatory to being dissected. It was evidently of a denser and more material substance than when Pancho had seen it at Urur. Upon its forehead rested a scowl; otherwise its features were perfectly tranquil, as if it did not care about being vivisected, or knew nothing about the terrible fate that awaited it.

For a while Pancho stood still, regarding the Image and thinking of the doctors who were soon to arrive to make an end to its constitution, when he heard a rumbling noise, and then a voice as if coming from the interior of the Image spoke and said—

"A single doctor like a sculler plies;  
The patient lingers and at last he dies.  
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,  
Waft him with swiftness to the Stygian shores."

"Do you hear it?" exclaimed the judge. "It reviles and denounces everything and everybody. No profession, no age, no sex, no social condition or religion is safe from its vilifications. It denounces everything, even denunciation itself."

"These verses," answered Pancho, "are not its own composition. I remember having read them somewhere many years ago. It seems that they were stored up in some corner of my memory and have now been reflected upon the Image."

"After all," said the judge, "these verses contain some truth. There is no doubt that the doctors have killed my younger brother, and that he would be alive to-day if he had never followed their advice. If it interests you, I will tell you how it happened."

Pancho consented, and the judge began as follows:—

"My brother was a strong and healthy man like myself, and of a very robust constitution. He was never afraid of anything and there was nothing that did him any harm. He feared neither heat nor cold, neither sunshine nor rain, nor draughts of air; nor was he ever afraid that anybody would poison him, or that the cook would boil or stew something that he could not digest. But one unfortunate day—cursed be its memory!—my poor brother made the acquaintance of a doctor. It was a doctor of Hygienics, one of those that give no medicine, and are not generally supposed to belong to a dangerous class. However, soon after my brother had made that unfortunate acquaintance, he began to be somewhat careful about his diet and food and the state of the weather, and lots of other nonsensical things. Formerly he could have lived, according to the best of my knowledge, on pebble stones and ground glass; but now he began to criticise his grub and found always fault with the cook. There was one thing after another he had to quit, because the doctor said it might not agree with his stomach or that it might be adulterated and what not. He could not eat any more meat, because he had a list of about fifty of the most terrible diseases

that come from eating meat. He could drink no more beer or wine, nor coffee nor tea, and when he tried chocolate, the doctor frightened him away even from that, by telling him about verdigris and cinnabar, with which it might be adulterated."

"Surely he could have eaten bread?" said Pancho.

"Anything made out of flour," replied the judge, "was out of the question; because flour is adulterated with gypsum, alum, jalap, blue vitriol, quartz, chalk, white lead, clay, sand, borax and other poisons of a deadly kind."

"Vegetables?" suggested Pancho.

"How could he have lived on vegetables?" cried the judge. "To say nothing about their being covered with verdigris and pickled with sulphuric acid, one half of the doctors he consulted told him that it was unnatural and unhealthy to eat cooked vegetables; while the other half told him that there could be nothing more pernicious to one's health than to eat them raw? Moreover my brother did not like vegetables without salt or pepper, or a speck of vinegar; and the doctor said that salt and vinegar were the worst kitchen poisons that were ever invented. As to pepper, he would not hear of it; because he said that it was nearly as bad as tobacco."

"How about milk?" asked Pancho.

"Milk!" sobbed the judge, overcome by emotions awakened by the memory of his brother. "Would you have my poor brother poisoned with chalk-water and rotten calfs' brains?"

"Butter?" exclaimed Pancho.

"Oleo-margarine," sighed Mr. Snivelinsky.

"Sugar?"

"Sand, ground glass, white lead," groaned the judge.

"But he must have had something to eat."

"I tell you there was nothing for him that was not adulterated or might have been so. Moreover he began to be afraid of everything, and not without reason; for everything did him harm. He took to living on fruits; but he was always afraid that they would give him the colic; and sure enough they did give him the colic. So he had to quit even that."

"And what became of him?" asked Pancho.

"He died out of fear that he could not live any longer, and the doctor said that if he had only begun to diet himself sooner, he might have become all right."

Overcome by these sad recollections the judge wiped his nose with his handkerchief.

"His was a lingering death," he continued. "For a long time he was sick; actually starving to death. He suffered much; but at last we took pity on him and called in another doctor in consultation, and he gave him something to quiet him. It quieted him so much that we had to bury him three days afterwards."

"Comfort yourself," said Pancho. "In less than three hundred years from now, the medical profession as a whole will have discovered that man is a product of will and thought, and that there can be no other rational system of medicine for good or evil, than by acting upon his will and imagination. There is no other physician than *Faith*. Your brother ought to have dismissed

his doctor and made a voyage, so as to get a change of surroundings and to divert his mind from his gloomy thoughts."

"Made a voyage!" ironically exclaimed the judge. "How could he have avoided stopping at hotels?"

"But why should he not have stopped at hotels?" asked Pancho surprised.

"It seems," answered the judge, "that you are not up to the latest discoveries in medicine. You do not seem to know that a person may catch consumption by staying in a room which has once been inhabited by a consumptive person. Have you never heard of bacillæ and microbes? Where will you go to escape them?"

A rap at the door interrupted the conversation; a servant entered, handing to the judge a card, upon which was printed—

DR. C. A. LOMEL,  
Professor of Medicine.

"Death approaches," said the judge.

"The other gentlemen are waiting below," said the servant.

"Fear not," said the judge to Pancho. "No harm shall befall the Image. For once it spoke the truth and the verses have saved its life. Remain until I return. If they are not willing to go, I shall use my authority."

So saying the judge shook his fist and descended the stairs, where he found the medical practitioners already waiting. They were very much displeased when they heard that the legal owner of the Image had been found and that the statue could not be dissected. Dr. Lomel especially was very much incensed. He had brought with him a large boxful of knives, saws, chisels, gags, syringes, and other anatomical instruments.

"What does this new nonsense mean?" he exclaimed frantically. "It seems that Herr von Snivelinsky is determined to continue in the sleight-of-hand business and does not wish his tricks to be exposed."

"A nice kind of a business we have done this morning," sarcastically said another. "We have lost our valuable time and our travelling expenses."

"I shall remunerate you for your trouble," answered the judge; "but the statue cannot be dissected without the consent of the owner. Moreover it is a living thing and cannot bear vivisection."

At this declaration there rose a general murmur among the doctors.

"Living or not living," they said, "if there is something remarkable about it, it ought to be sacrificed to science."

"It reflects the thoughts of other people," said the judge.

This statement was received with uproarious laughter and cries of "Nonsense!"

"You are sick without knowing it, and should go through a regular course of treatment," said one of the doctors, addressing the judge.

"Thoughts, my friend," said another, tapping Mr. Snivelinsky condescendingly upon the shoulder, "are four dimensional dynamides and cannot be reflected."

"I move," said a third, "that a committee be appointed for a *de lunatico inquirendo*."

"I move," retorted Mr. Snivelinsky, "that you make yourselves scarce at your earliest convenience, and if you do not understand this plain language, I shall use an *argumentum ad hominem*. The Image does not require your services. It has had a distemper; but this morning a stranger has arrived and brought a remedy, and it is now decidedly better."

"What! Who is that fellow," roared out Dr. Lomel, "who dares to practise medicine in this country? Has he any certificates to entitle him to cure people? You, Mr. Snivelinsky, are a judge. You ought to see that the laws of this country are not infringed upon without punishment, and the health of the community endangered by a foreign quack."

"Such a recovery," said another doctor, "is entirely illegitimate, irrational, and contrary to the interests of science."

"I wish we had come sooner," groaned one of his colleagues.

"When will the dissection begin?" asked another who was hard of hearing, and who had not understood the conversation.

"There will be no dissection, sir," shouted Dr. Calomel into his ear. "The patient has recovered."

"Oh!" exclaimed the hard-hearing doctor. "Such a thing has never happened to me in my life."

It was with great difficulty that the doctors were made to retire. Snivelinsky settled their bills, and as he did not have enough cash in the house, they took away hams and pickled pork, an old clock, a coat, and a family Bible—not however, without the consent of the judge, who was glad to get rid of them at any cost. As they left, they cast wistful glances up to the garret which contained the Talking Image.

During this time Pancho remained alone with the Image, thinking of the medical superstitions of our days and how impossible it is to eradicate them at once. He saw that there is no *vacuum* in nature, neither in the physical world nor in the world of mind, and that ideas are indestructible and cannot be rooted out, but must be displaced by other ideas. He knew that the vaunted medical agnosticism of our times is not much better than the destructive science of the past, but that it would serve as a stepping-stone to a better and more rational system—one that would cure the will and the mind, instead of that false system which merely seeks to suppress the external manifestation of internal causes.

He was disturbed in his meditations by a voice coming from the Image, which said,

"Cursed be everyone who does not blow in our horn! There are several kinds of wisdom; one that comes from the East and another that comes from the West, but that which comes from the East is the best, and must be accepted."

"Ungrateful wretch!" exclaimed Pancho. "Is this your gratitude for my saving your life, that you now again try to put poison into my ear? There is only one wisdom, because there is only one truth; and it comes neither from the East nor from the West, but from the attainment of self-knowledge."



While Pancho was speaking, the rosy light which he had once perceived at the shrine at Urur, appeared again in the room, and a golden flame floated about the head of the Image. A struggle between light and darkness seemed to take place within the body of the statue, but the light became victorious, for the flame became absorbed by the body of the Image, and a great change took place in the latter. The previously lifeless eyes became lit up by the light of intelligence, a smile played around its lips, the Image began to breathe and rose from the table.

"*There is only one truth,*" it said solemnly, "and this is the magic word which, as you have pronounced it, has broken the spell that kept me enchained in matter. Listen, O mortal! You have in vain attempted to find perfection in this world of illusion. You have had occasion to fully convince yourself that there is not a single department in our present civilization in which you will not find the vilest deception and frauds, gross ignorance and wilful imposture. Science and religion, medicine and philosophy, politics and trade, love and marriage, and everything that you may name, not excepting The Society for the Distribution of Wisdom, is full of humbug and ignorance. Even a humbug itself is a lie, because it is not all humbug, but contains a spark of truth. Crime is a lie, because it is the result of ignorance, and therefore not thoroughly criminal. Do you not know the reason why God has created the world?"

"Surely," answered Pancho, "He did it for no other purpose than to have it carried off by the devil!"

"Lo!" said the image, "I will tell you where you can find the key to the understanding of the mystery; but the understanding I cannot give. The universal panacea, the cure of all evils of body and soul, is MERCURY, the symbol of wisdom. It must be distilled in the water of thought, and purified by the fire of Divine Love, and it will then cure ignorance, the mother of all ills that afflict mankind. It is the true Elixir of Life; but it is only accessible to the favourites of God; to those that have been well circumcised and cut entirely loose from all the bondage of matter. Think not that you can find anything without blemish in a world where evil is as omnipresent as good. There is no good without evil, neither can you destroy evil without at the same time destroying the good contained therein. Therefore it is said that we must let the wheat and the tares grow together until the day of the harvest."

"And will not the tares destroy the wheat if they are permitted to grow?" asked Pancho.

"Have you so little faith in the superior power of good," said the Image, "that you cannot see that it is greater than evil? Does not the most delicious fruit grow upon the richest manure? There is a higher love than the attraction of the senses; there is a higher knowledge than that of the reasoning intellect. Divine Wisdom is higher than human philosophy, and the justice of the Supreme more powerful than man-made law."

"How can we make mankind realize the sublimity of Divine Truth?" inquired Pancho.

The answer was:

"No man can teach another the truth if the truth does not manifest itself in and through him. Do not follow those that in a loud voice claim to be able to show you the truth, but seek for the truth itself. You cannot expose the

truth, but you can expose ignorance. Let the truth be hidden from the eyes of the fool, but put the fool upon a pedestal, so that others may recognize in him their own folly."

"What about the Mysterious Brotherhood?" asked Pancho.

He received no answer. Before his eyes a great transformation took place. Brighter and brighter shone the light in the interior of the Image and the statue grew more and more ethereal and transparent. It was as if the whole substance of its body had become changed into a cloud of living light, through which the objects in other parts of the room could be seen. The whole form was in a state of harmonious vibration, trembling and swaying to and fro like a gossamer cloud in the morning breeze. At last even the cloud-like appearance was gone; there was nothing of a material character left; the Image had become all soul—a streak of supernatural glory—which slowly faded away.

The story of the Talking Image is finished. What would be the use of continuing it? What does it matter what became of Pancho? He has served us as a dummy, to hang upon him the events of our story. Now we shall need him no longer. There is nothing immortal but God.

But for the gratification of the curious, who wish to know still more, we will say that the body of Conchita was buried, while her spirit went to the Kingdom of joy, and soon after her death, Pancho received a letter from Mr. Malaban, which contained the following:

"There is nothing higher than truth!—Everybody is well except Madame Cornille. The Hierophant has returned after a successful hunt for the subterranean hole through which he went and visited Kakodumbola, the city of the Adepts. After him went Mr. Green, who has now been initiated by Krashibashi and become an Adept. Mrs. Honeycomb has run away with a black magician. I hope that you are still loyal to Urur and faithful to Captain Bumpkins. Many strange things have happened here recently. What will interest you most is, that the Talking Image was found one day in its old place in the shrine; but where it has been so long, and how it happened to return—this we are not permitted to tell.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D., F.T.S.

THE END.



#### LUCIFER FUND.

##### SUMS RECEIVED THIS MONTH.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Norderling ... ..	0	5	0
A Chicago Theosophist ... ..	1	0	0
Mrs. Gordon ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Knowles ... ..	0	10	0
Lost Philida ... ..	0	16	6
	4	11	6
Previously Acknowledged	£373	0	9
Total	£377	12	3

## Ecclesiastical Christianity.

### II.

**I**N the thirteenth century two mendicant friars, St. Dominic and St. Francis, who denounced the general wealth and corruption of the monastic societies, founded two new orders, and while the latter laid the foundation-stone of the Reformation, the former instituted that tribunal which more than all other ecclesiastical institutions has outraged the very name of Christianity, and become a byword for all ages,—called the “Holy Inquisition.” In 1208, Pope Innocent III. firmly established it for the suppression of heresy, and the story of human agony and human brutality which followed is one which no pen can ever attempt to record. The spirit of which it was the culmination, had, however, as it has been shown, manifested itself centuries before, and without further preface we may turn, beginning with the earlier ones, to some of the victims of the “Christian Church.”

In the year 385 of the Christian era, the Bishops Ursatius and Ithacus, put to death some Priscillianists for “heresy.”

In 414 Hypatia was brutally murdered by the monks of Cyril, at Alexandria, for teaching secular philosophy, and the very flesh torn from her bones. The era of mental slavery, the foundations of which had been laid by the Fathers, had begun.

In 782, at the bidding of Pope Stephen III., Charlemagne beheaded in one day between four and five thousand persons at Verden, for refusing to be baptised, and Pope Leo. III. crowned him emperor of the West under the title of “the most pious Augustus, crowned by God.” Shortly afterwards Charlemagne burnt some persons at the request of the pope, for preferring the Ambrosian to the Gregorian chant.

In 1007, several persons were burnt alive at Orleans for heresy.

In 1134, Peter de Brueys was burnt in Languedoc for denying “infant baptism,” and “transubstantiation.”

In 1155, Arnaldo de Brescia was strangled for uttering the “heretical and damnable doctrine” that ecclesiastics ought to subsist on voluntary alms.

In 1160, the Waldenses, a body of reformers headed by Peter Waldo, who strenuously opposed the papal pretensions, underwent a cruel persecution, during which numbers were burnt alive. From first to last some three thousand of the Waldenses perished in France, including children of tender years.

In 1209, the Albigenses, another body of reformers who had long adhered to a less corrupted form of Christianity, were massacred for heresy in Bézières. At the lowest computation 30,000 persons were murdered, and at Lavaur 400 persons were burnt at one time. One Protestant earl in Provence was suffocated, and his wife, daughter, and sister burnt in one fire; another was hanged with eighty other persons. The province of Languedoc was wasted. Pope

Innocent III. bestowed indulgences on all who undertook the crusade, and these unhappy people suffered during a period of sixty years, their descendants, the Huguenots, inheriting their legacy of martyrdom together with their Protestant faith.

In the thirteenth century the conflict between theology and freedom deepened, and assumed a more definite form. In 1215, it was decreed in council that all rulers should swear to exterminate those branded as heretics by the church, and the pope claimed universal spiritual authority. Auricular confession was formally instituted, and in 1208, or a year or two afterwards, the tribunal of the "Holy Inquisition" was established, and "Saint" Dominic appointed Inquisitor General.

In England, during William the Conqueror's reign, the nobles and bishops united to tax and torture the people, and the whole country was laid waste by robbery and oppression. Magna Charta was subsequently denounced by Pope Innocent III. The Jews, in the reign of Richard I., John, and Henry III., were butchered, tortured and robbed, and in 1290, they were expelled from England and their property confiscated.

Louis IX., styled "saint," for his zeal in persecution, permitted a monk to establish a tribunal for the suppression of heretics, through the agency of which many were put to death. One hundred and eighty-three "heretics" and their pastor were burnt together in a pen before the archbishop at Rheims, and in 1249, eighty heretics were burnt at Agens, in the presence of Raymond of Toulouse.

In 1222 a synod at Oxford caused a heretic to be burnt.

In 1267, Roger Bacon was imprisoned for fourteen years, and accused of "being in league with the devil," for his scientific researches.

In 1300, Sargarelli, the founder of a peculiar sect resembling the modern Shakers, was burnt at Parma.

In 1302, Dante's *Monarchy* was burnt, and himself sentenced to the same fate. He was compelled to live in exile, and the pope excommunicated him after his death.

In 1327, Cecco d'Ascoli was burnt alive for asserting the existence of the Antipodes, and Orcagna represented him in a painting in the flames of hell! A bull of Pope Alexander VI. had proclaimed that the earth was flat, and the theory of the Antipodes was accounted a wicked and damnable doctrine.

In 1348, numbers of Jews were killed in Europe, accused of being the cause of a fatal epidemic, and others were mercilessly hunted from land to land.

In 1390, the Catholics of Seville massacred 4,000 Jews, through the influence of Hernando Martinez, a priest, who personally directed it. They had been universally condemned to slavery. In the reign of Isabella they were finally banished, after enduring terrible sufferings.

In 1393, 150 Vaudois in the Val Louise were burnt by the Inquisition at the instance of Borelli; and in the same century eighty at Embrun.

In England, the Lollards, disciples of Wycliffe, underwent cruel imprisonment and tortures. In 1401, William Sawtre was burnt; in 1410, William Thorpe, by the archbishop; in 1414, thirty more were hanged and burnt; and in 1417, Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham) was roasted alive in a horrible manner for "heresy." Wycliffe, himself, was called "the devil's instrument," for his

translation of the Scriptures ; and the Council of Constance, in 1415, ordered his corpse to be disinterred, and his remains were finally thrown into a river.

In 1416, John Huss, also a follower of Wycliffe, was basely betrayed and burnt at Constance, notwithstanding a safe-conduct from the Emperor Sigismund, because it was "unlawful to keep faith with a heretic." He refused to recant, saying, "I appeal to Christ," and passed away in prayer.

Jerome of Prague shared the same fate, also, at the same place.

In 1431, John Zisca, general of the Hussites, who avenged the murder of Huss, persecuted the sect of the Beghards, some of whom were put to the sword, and the remainder burnt.

In 1431, the inspired defender of her country against a cruel invasion, Jeanne d'Arc, was burnt alive at Rouen, at the instance of the bishop of Beauvais, her own countryman, for, "heresy and sorcery," by the Inquisition, and people and priests alike assembled together to see the show. Not one of those for whom she fought had the courage to protest against this barbarous murder of a girl only nineteen years of age, and the unfortunate Jeanne, like many another martyr, died, calling upon that Christ whose holy name has been more outraged by priests than by any other class of human beings.\*

In 1488 the whole of the inhabitants of Val Louise were suffocated in a cavern by the papal legate. Some three thousand of the Vaudois perished.

In 1498, Jerome Savonarola was hanged for sedition and "heresy" at Florence, and his body burnt. His adherents were burnt alive.

In Spain, during the eighteen years of Torquemada's ministry, the Inquisition punished upwards of 105,000 persons at the lowest estimate, of whom no less than 8,800 were burnt alive ; torture was inflicted in secluded vaults, and on mere suspicion, and the accused were without defence. In Andalusia alone, in one year, it put to death 2,000 Jews, besides 17,000 who underwent some form of punishment less horrible than the stake. The total number of victims burnt is estimated by Llorente at the incredible number of 40,000 ! Even supposing the statement as to the actual number exaggerated, it amounts to nothing as regards a mitigation of the facts. A large number of Jews were burnt alive at once to do honour to the marriage of a count in the Plaza of Pamplona, and the human bonfire, which illumined the whole place, must indeed have literally realised the orthodox idea of a hell. Thousands of "heretics" were sent to the galleys, and the property of the sufferers was universally confiscated, and their families left destitute. The church grew rich through her pious crusade. In this country, indeed, she was supreme, and miracles at this period, in particular, were of constant occurrence. The spirit of Antichrist has never been without its "lying wonders," "Christian" as well as pagan, and priestcraft has never lacked the delusions which have kept it alive. These cruelties, these frightful spectacles of human beings roasted alive for the crime of thinking for themselves, or adhering to the faith of their fathers, were perpetrated with every circumstance of cold-blooded barbarity that could inflict agony on the victims and their families, and terrify or harden the hearts of the

\* Attempts have recently been made to discredit the martyrdom of Jeanne d'Arc, probably for the credit of both Church and State in France, but the evidence is too strong. During the reaction which followed only a few years after her death, France would have eagerly seized on any substantial proof that she was guiltless of one of the darkest crimes which stains her history.

spectators. The *autos-da-fé* of heretic-burning would take place at a royal marriage, with the king and queen sitting on a platform; the condemned were dressed in a hideous costume, with high paste-board caps, on which devils were painted and representations of future torture; music accompanied the cavalcade, and mass was celebrated in the presence of the assembled crowd. The chief inquisitor was wont to complete the scene of crime and blasphemy by bearing with him the gospels containing the life of Christ!

When it is remembered that these inquisitors were almost all men of otherwise moral and devout life, and that the crimes they committed were perpetrated in the supposed interests of religion, a belief which absolutely made Francis I. kneel down while "heretics" were burning, and publicly ask the blessing of heaven on himself and the nation, it should act as a world-wide warning for all time against the idea which even now exists like a upas-tree in the churches and chapels of all countries and denominations, that truth is upheld by pious bigotry, and that mental slavery is acceptable to God.

Spain cast her dark shadow over Europe. In 1568 a sentence of the "Holy Office" condemned all the inhabitants of the Netherlands to death as heretics—some three millions of men, women, and children! Fifty thousand of them were put to death by Charles V., and nearly half as many again during the reign of his son. And to pass on to a later date, in 1611 the Moors were expelled from Spain to the number of about one million persons. Upwards of 100,000 suffered death at the instance of the archbishop of Valencia, who bade the government root them out "as David had rooted out the Philistines, and Saul the Amalekites." Industry, no less than science, well-nigh perished in Spain, and the waste places caused by wholesale depopulation became the strongholds of Banditti who have never been exterminated. At least 170,000 Jews were expelled during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Reformation was entirely suppressed, and the country overwhelmed with monasteries and convents, thousands of which were established during the reign of Charles V.

In France, in 1525, Jean Leclerc was burnt alive for preaching the gospel at Metz, and Jacques Pavent and Louis de Berquin at Paris. The tongue of the latter was pierced in order that he should not speak in his last hour.

In 1534, twenty men and one woman were burnt alive at Paris for having printed or sold the books of Luther, and for "heresy."

In 1539, a number of persons who ate meat on Fridays also suffered at the stake.

In 1545, a massacre of the Vaudois of Provence took place, accompanied by inhuman cruelties. Towns and villages were burnt, and with them numbers of the unfortunate Huguenots. The fair land of France was desolated with the blackened ruins of Protestant homes.

In 1556, Jean Escalle and Pierre de Lavour also perished at Toulouse, and many others.

In 1560, Palissy was seized for "heresy," and would have been condemned to the stake but for his skill in pottery, which gained for him a titled and influential protector. He was, however, again arrested, and imprisoned in the Bastille, where he died.

In 1563, the massacre of Vassy took place, by the Duke of Guise, in which sixty persons were killed, out of some hundreds of Protestants who were

engaged in service in a large barn. The clergy compared the duke to Moses, who exterminated "all who had bowed the knee to the golden calf!" Protestant churches were destroyed, and the Huguenots were murdered also at Paris, Senlis, Amiens, Meaux, Tours, and many other places.

In 1572, the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, during which a large number of Protestants were murdered in Paris, as well as many in the provinces.\* For this, Pope Gregory XIII. is said to have ordered public rejoicings and thanksgivings, and the celebration of "high mass."

In Great Britain similar deeds of blood had been committed.

In 1528, Patrick Hamilton was burnt in Scotland for adhering to the "filthy Lutheran heresy."

In 1532, Thomas Bilney, the friend of Latimer, was burnt for becoming a Protestant.

In 1534, in Scotland, near Leith, the bishops burnt two Scotch gentlemen for "heresy."

In 1535, in England, fourteen persons of the reformed faith were burnt for rejecting the doctrine of transubstantiation, and several clergymen who adhered to Rome, including Fisher, bishop of Rochester, and also Sir Thomas Moore, executed, for refusing the oath of supremacy.

In 1536, William Tyndale was strangled and his body burnt for translating the Scriptures.

In 1538, John Lambert was burnt at Smithfield, and several others shortly afterwards.

In 1546, the heroic Anne Askew perished for embracing the reformed religion. Bonner sentenced her to the rack; every limb in her body was dislocated, and she was finally burnt alive, firmly refusing to "recant," with four others, at Smithfield.

In the same year George Wishart was also executed at St. Andrews, at the instance of Cardinal Beatoun, who beheld his martyrdom from the castle-wall which became the scene of his own murder.

In 1550, Joan Bocher was burnt, and in 1551 Van Paris, at the instigation of Cranmer, for entertaining "heterodox" ideas concerning Christ.

In England in little more than three years during the reign of Mary, some 284 persons perished at the stake, including women and even children, and the bishops Bonner, Gardiner, and others personally conducted the persecution. Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, Rogers and Cranmer were among those burnt for denying the papal supremacy and transubstantiation. They died with words of heroism on their lips. Public thanksgivings were rendered for the restoration of Catholicism, and Mary was styled "Defender of the Faith."

What that "faith" was may be gathered from the statement of Cardinal Cajetan in his controversy with Luther, that "one drop of Christ's blood being sufficient to redeem the whole human race, the remaining quantity that was shed in the garden and upon the cross, was left as a legacy to the church, to be a treasure from whence indulgences were to be drawn and administered by the

\* Reference is made to a fast held in memory of this massacre in an old register of the Huguenot refugees in the church of "God's House" at Southampton. It is there stated that twelve or thirteen thousand were killed in one night, "the 24th of August last." Various numbers have been stated, and I therefore refrain from quoting any.

Roman pontiffs." Is it, however, so far below the "salvation of blood" still taught by Protestant religious materialists? The gospel of death has been preached instead of the gospel of life, and has ever produced its own fruits.

The spirit of persecution and bigotry had survived the Reformation, however. The fatal union of Church and State still lived on.

In 1575, two Anabaptists were burnt in the reign of Elizabeth, and in her reign also 200 Roman Catholics were executed. The clergy called upon her to put to death the "false prophets and sorcerers."

In England and Scotland alone, it has been estimated that more than two millions of human beings were imprisoned, hanged, burnt, drowned, beheaded, and tortured for their religious opinions, in the course of little more than two hundred years, and in the latter part of the seventeenth century no less than 3,192 persons were executed for so-called "witchcraft."

In Charles II.'s reign, Sharpe, archbishop of St. Andrew's, the inventor of the instrument of torture called "the Boot," filled the prisons with men and women who were tortured, transported and hunted from their homes for "heresy." It was death to preach in the fields, and a company of brutal soldiers commanded by Turner, inflicted the most horrible sufferings upon the unfortunate Protestants. They were beaten, wounded, stripped, scorched before fires; the women were insulted; and king, bishops, and clergy united together to effect their purpose. The clergy presented James with a list of 300 of the aristocracy, who were accused as "heretics," with a view to accomplish their execution. And James II., at the instigation of Barillon, had the book written by the Huguenot pastor, Claude, which contained an account of the Protestant sufferings in France, burnt before the Royal Exchange.

On the continent the story of ecclesiastical crime was carried on. In 1600 Giordano Bruno was burnt alive by the Inquisition, at Rome, after a cruel imprisonment of several years. His offence was a belief in the Copernican theory, which he taught, and sympathy with the reformed doctrines. He believed, also, in the infinity of the universe, and the existence of the Divine Essence in all things. He met his cruel death with miraculous firmness, and turned away his head from the crucifix, which had indeed become a symbol of crime resembling that which had sacrificed the Man of Sorrows centuries before.

S. E. G., F.T.S.

(*To be continued.*)



"Learn that if to thee the meaning  
Of all other eyes be shewn,  
Fewer eyes can ever front thee  
That are skilled to read thine own  
And that if thy love's deep current  
Many another's far outflows  
Then thy heart must take for ever  
Less than it bestows."

E. B. BROWNING.



## Metaphor.

### PART I

**T**HERE is perhaps something almost revolting to some scientific minds in the idea of treating analytically such a subject as Metaphor. It seems such a shifting, unsubstantial affair. It cannot be strapped down to a dissecting table like a live rabbit. It has absolutely no specific gravity. It is imponderable, immeasurable. A simile, when apt, is of course recognised as a power in argument and a flower of rhetoric, but to suggest that that power and beauty are due to a really fixed and definite unity between the metaphysical and the physical, capable of being actually investigated, would be considered grossly unscientific. In fact, to use the common phrase, analogies must never be pushed to extremes.

Now it has generally been a sort of permeating axiom of the papers which I have written, that while metaphysics are of themselves lost labour, physics are also of themselves somewhat barren, while a union of the two is illuminative and full of high value. The subject of metaphor affords an especially good groundwork for illustrating this principle.

The ancients, as is well known, did not at all share the modern scientific distrust for metaphor among the early Orientals ; with them it actually took the place of argument. It was their very mode of thought, possibly the very origin of language.\* All the old mythologies bear distinct traces of having descended, so to speak, from parables of deep-meaning solar myths, the doctrine of four elements, the histories of the Indian, Persian and Egyptian divinities, the conflict of Ormuzd and Ahriman, possibly even the legend of the wooden horse of Troy, show a mystical sense which proves them to be accretions upon allegorical teaching, whose original import gradually faded beneath a thickening veil of materialism. In fact the more the philosophy of the *ancients* is studied, the more evident it becomes that the thoughts of the *very* ancients were continuous metaphor. But who were these very ancients? Alas! they were far behind modern civilization. They did not even have buttons to their coats. They were totally destitute of waistcoats, flannel socks, lace boots and many other modern advantages. They cut their food up with pieces of flint, and it is even asserted that they fed on herbs and roots, and never in their lives tasted a beef-steak or a mutton-chop. They were what are called savages, without microscopes, without scalpels, without steam-engines—a terribly degraded set of people. Possibly they were something like those tribes discovered by Columbus, of whom he wrote to their Spanish Majesties, apologising for the fact that they had very little gold, that they were quite unacquainted with the creeds of the Catholic Church, and moreover were stark naked, while he pleaded in extenuation of these crimes that they did, nevertheless, love their neighbours as themselves, that their discourse was very sweet and gentle, and their manners decorous and praiseworthy. “Mine”

\* “Examine language,” says Carlyle; “what, if you except some few primitive elements (as natural sound), what is it all but metaphors, recognised as such or no longer recognised; still fluid and florid, or now solid-grown and colourless?”

and "thine" had no place with them. They dealt truly with one another without books and without judges. The men were content with one wife each. They took him for an evil and mischievous man who found pleasure in doing hurt to another; they were overflowing with hospitality and kindness, and while they delighted not in superfluities, yet they made provision for the increase of such roots as afforded them their bread, contented with such simple diet whereby health is preserved and disease avoided. So says Columbus; and such were some of the people that are known as savages, such are some of the characteristics which distinguish the savage from the civilised man. Possibly their minds were in some degree in a more healthy and perceptive state. Perhaps their non-scientist modes of thought had their advantages in point of clear-sightedness and even in adherence to the essence of truth.

At any rate it is fortunate that there are now a few men whose stature is sufficient to enable them to stretch the hand of fellowship between these nomadic individuals of the past, and the scientific leaders of the present day of their line of thought I am now going to speak. I will say nothing of these people who dolefully indulge in glorifying the ancients as against the moderns, and very little about those who glorify the moderns and despise the ancients. Both these classes of critics are equally vulgar. Those who desire to advance in thought will rather unite the two ends of the line of history, forming a circle typical of the whole of progress.

I will not occupy time by describing in detail the special features of the many members of the large family of Metaphor. We all know well enough the characteristics which distinguish Parable, Allegory, Type, Antitype, Myth, Analogy, Fable, Representation, Emblem, and so forth. Nor yet will I weary the reader with examples of all these. My object is not to set forth a lot of facts culled from cyclopædias, but to point out a mode of thought attainable by making the wisdom of the ancients complementary to the sciences of the moderns.

We will therefore regard, by way of illustration, the peculiarities of *simile*. In a simile usually one phenomenon is substituted for another and described so as to suggest the other, and at the same time to bring it vividly before the consciousness. Thus the action of a steam engine or the combustion of a fire are phenomena which may be described to illustrate the phenomena of physiology and vitality. The latter are in themselves unfamiliar and hard to delineate; the former are familiar and comparatively easy of description. Intuition grasps the resemblance, and so the unknown becomes the known in a pleasant and facile manner. But how comes it about that these singular and often detailed resemblances between various phenomena exist? To get at this problem let us take another instance of simile. The light of the sun is an obvious simile, expressive of the diffusion of truth. So obvious, so expressive, that our ideas of light are absolutely inseparable from our notions of truth. Except as expressed by the simile of light we can have no conception of what truth means. The attributes of light enter into all our notions of truth; clearness, perceptiveness, brilliancy, lucidity, and so on are terms applicable equally to the one or to the other. Now there is an essential difference between the simile of the steam engine and the body, and the simile of light and truth. It is this. In the one case one physical phenomenon illustrates another; in the other case one physical

phenomenon illustrates something metaphysical. The body and the engine are both of them material. Light and truth are not. One is, namely, light; the other is not, namely, truth. The realisation of this difference proves important. We shall find this: that when both halves of the simile are material it is very easy to push the analogy too far; but when the physical and metaphysical are united by simile it very often happens that we actually cannot press the resemblance too far. The instance we have taken—light and truth—is one of this sort. As far as I know all the phenomena known about light have their counterparts as to truth. What observation teaches us about the one, intuition proclaims to be applicable to the other. It is not, indeed, an easy task to trace the unity in all its details, as it involves tracing out the counterparts of the material things used experimentally in investigating the properties of light—though the general resemblance is even on the face of things patent in a consideration of reflection, refraction, colour, interference, diffraction and other phenomena. I will give just one striking illustration, because it is particularly easy to perceive. Rays of light streaming into a dark chamber seem to be visible. They are not. You have only to place a white-hot poker in them to see that the glowing iron is enshrouded in darkness. Why is this? It is because the hot poker consumes all the motes and dust particles around it. The rays are mere invisible vibrations of the ether. It is only the illuminated motes that we see. Their minuteness makes it seem that we see the rays. Does not this illustrate forcibly the equal impossibility of seeing truth? We are apt to think that we see truth, and consequently that our opinions must needs be absolutely correct, just as a prisoner in his dungeon may think he sees the light streaming through his grating window. The fact is that no one is in mental observation of absolute truth: however much it seems so, it is only the impinging of its pulsations on our thought motes that becomes obvious to the mind, and perhaps when people get overheated in argument, and lose all perception of even what gleams they had, then passion is doing very much the same destructive work to their thoughts as the white-hot poker did to the motes in the experiment. This is but one instance, showing how detailed is the coincidence of correlation, and how the laws governing truth are manifested by those governing light. And does it not in some degree establish my preliminary contention that a concurrent study of physics and metaphysics makes physical science more in touch with human nature, and generally more productive, while it renders the metaphysical tangible and substantial?

But we are only now on the very threshold of our subject. I have said that, as in the case of light and truth, very often we find that similes between the physical and metaphysical can be satisfactorily pressed *ad extremum*, implying that sometimes they cannot. So it is, and how shall we deal with that difficulty? Perhaps it will prove the key to the whole problem. By the whole problem I mean the mystery of the coincidence that such more or less detailed resemblances should exist. For it is a mystery, although, as with many mysteries, we get so used to it that we overlook the mysteriousness. Milton offers a solution:

“What if Earth  
Be but the shadow of heaven . . .  
. . . each to the other like?”

To put it prosaically—what if the metaphysical underlies the whole of the physical, coinciding with it as the hand with a glove? If we accept this hypothesis the completeness of our similes is no longer the difficulty, but the incompleteness of some of them. Sometimes the analogy seems as if it cannot be pressed to extremes. Is not the reason of this, if we still accept the hypothesis, very obvious? The incompleteness is due to the fact that we have found, not the true counterpart, but its brother. If there is a metaphysical origin to all physical phenomena, it must needs be that two will frequently share a common origin, like two leaves or branches springing from a common root—each having apparently a partial, but not complete oneness with the root, and each having a partial, but not complete resemblance to each other. The similar phenomena of the body and the steam engine, for instance, may be each the manifestation in the physical world of one and the same vast metaphysical truth, just as in coincidences the resemblance between some of the solar phenomena on the one hand and the career of Napoleon, or the life history of Samson on the other, may be due to the possible fact that each was the manifestation, microcosmic, or macrocosmic, of metaphysical laws.

But, however neatly all this fits in with our hypothesis as postulated by Milton, are we not basing all on what is pure assumption? We must justify this procedure. It is not enough to point out that we are in good company in so doing. We can, of course, easily do that. We can quote from Milton, from Keats, from Wordsworth, from Coleridge, from all the reflective poets for support. We can find a tremendous array of philosophers on our side, from Swedenborg, with his complete and systematic Correspondences, down to Carlyle, or even Drummond, with his Natural Law in the Spiritual World. We can go back to Plato, to Pythagoras, to Hermes Trismegistus, and all the other mystics for confirmation; but the fact remains that if a million people believe a thing, it neither makes it true nor false. What right, then, have we to found anything on an assumption?

Daring as the reply may seem, I will undertake to show that it always has been, and always must be, the first step in any discovery to assume. Take whatever branch of study you will, and this will be found to hold good. There is absolutely no proof whatever of the existence of the subtle medium called ether. It cannot in any way be made manifest to any of our senses. But by assuming it as a working hypothesis the phenomena of light and heat and electricity become to some degree explicable. There is no demonstration of atoms, but the atomic theory is accepted because it squares in with the known facts of chemical action. In mathematics we constantly assume. Let  $x = y$ , and then we test the hypothesis by results. We prove sums by seeing whether on the assumption that they are right they work out, and George Macdonald goes so far as to say that the very existence of the Deity is unprovable, but is the great Hypothesis which we must assume, and which is demonstrable by the mathematical method—seeing how it works out. The real proof of everything is like the proof of the pudding—*viz.*, in the eating. Treated in this way, an assumption is not an unscientific proceeding, but a necessary beginning in every science.

The assumption, then, that there is a complete correspondence between the metaphysical and the physical can be fairly made if we demonstrate it by

observing whether it squares with observation, and whether it explains what otherwise is mysterious. Each one can answer this for himself. I believe that it does both of these things, and that it is a key which fits the lock of the barrier between the inner and outer worlds. It unites the faith of the materialist and of the spiritualist. It shows that the physical being the manifestation of the metaphysical, they are one without separateness, and co-exist as one, and ought not to be put asunder by man. Thus Metaphor hinges upon a study of deep interest and importance, and shows us how replete is science with human interest, and how it has within its body an actually living soul.

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## PART II.

It is very generally acknowledged that in all probability language originated in Metaphor. Locke is credited with being the first to establish this idea thoroughly, and his ideas have been accepted and developed by Max Müller and other leading philologists. The increasing influence which we find that Metaphor sways, as we take up older and older literature, is one great external evidence of the truth of the theory. But there is stronger evidence. All our conceptions of matter itself are, though we little suspect it, metaphorical. This requires some explanation. We are only able to know about the physical objects around us what their properties are—no, we do not even know those absolutely. We say that a billiard ball is round, white, smooth, and hard, and setting aside these qualities of roundness, smoothness, hardness, whiteness, we have no conception of what the billiard ball is in itself. But, after all, what are these qualities? They are mere effects in our brain, which we connect with the billiard ball simply by a sort of intuition. We touch a needle and it pricks us, causing a sensation of pain. We look at a billiard ball, and it causes a sensation of whiteness. We touch it, causing a sensation of smoothness, hardness, and roundness. These sensations are only attributes of the billiard ball in the same way that painfulness is an attribute of the needle. This puts it very strikingly. Think how little claim the painfulness has to be considered an attribute of the needle, and remember it is only in the same way that the roundness is a property of the ball. In each case they are sensations in our brain. Intuition and the association of continual experience leads us to associate the qualities with the billiard ball. It is, in fact, a form of metaphor—we transfer the metaphysical sensation to the physical object, and so, by association, we regard it as a property of the ball. So that apart from external evidence of a historical character, our own experience leads us to see that the origin of language and even all thought must be Metaphor. We learn it from the very nature of brain action, and its relation to phenomena. Bishop Berkeley, following this line of thought, actually came to the conclusion that there was no matter, and although Byron facetiously remarks “It was no matter what the Bishop said,” yet we cannot help seeing that from Berkeley’s standpoint there is no actual proof of the existence of matter. All that we *know* is that certain effects take place in our minds, and we associate them with assumed external phenomena. Of course, we believe that Bishop Berkeley was wrong, but in so believing we are bound to accept the principle I have already enunciated, that assumption must precede knowledge. His standpoint

was that we must assume nothing—not even that these sensations in our mind indicate corresponding properties in matter, and if we are not to assume anything, he was right. There are plenty of people who do not believe there is anything beside matter in the universe because we have no proof—because we must assume. Bishop Berkeley started on the same principle, and came to the conclusion there was no matter. Surely his philosophy gives a good answer to theirs, for both are equally logical and start from the same premise. Such is the dead wall of absolute nothingness towards which materialism must tend, and therefore again it is that I say that metaphysics or physics are in themselves fruitless studies. They should go hand in hand. What we want is clearer perception of the depths of Metaphor, fuller realization that the material is the manifestation of the immaterial, and, being only a manifestation, in itself actually the less substantial of the two. And, realising this, we need also deeper intuition and perception to trace out the metaphorical meanings of natural phenomena, their applicability to human nature, their oneness with our consciousness. In Metaphor, then, we have a very comprehensive reconciliation and harmonising of a good many partial views, linking the past with the present, the seen with the unseeable, the finite with the infinite, the best things of materialism with the best things of metaphysics, making one solid arch out of two leaning towers; linking the beauty of poetry with the stern facts of prose, banding together religion and science, bringing dead matter in touch with living consciousness, and making a reconciliation or at-one-ment between the human and divine.

But, to look at the subject as practically as possible, can this be done? Can we take a text-book of chemistry and treat it throughout as metaphor, tracing the metaphysical equivalent of every physical law and experiment? I believe a few can, but probably most cannot. Yet all can to a certain extent. Heredity is a great power to contend with, and undoubtedly it has been against most of us these many generations. Therefore it is all the more important that the intuitional faculty, so long neglected, should be forfeited and encouraged before it lapses into rudimentariness. It is very little use to merely crowd the mind with what others have done. In this respect symbolic teaching differs in its method from scientific study. In the mere storing of facts, or manifestations, of course we can profit directly by the labours of others, but in ascertaining the meanings, the things manifested, the case is very different. For example, I know someone, by no means unscientific, who finds the works of Darwin a kind of poem full of inner meaning. To communicate that inner meaning in words might be, to some extent, possible, but that would not be to communicate the faculty of perceiving the inner meaning from its manifestations. Dr. Anna Kingsford, Jacob Boehme, and more than all, Swedenborg, have published a great wealth of Correspondences; but to cram these into our minds would not be to see them with our perception. It would possibly hinder that. Those results indicate the method, but the work must be done by ourselves in order to be ours. Such is the prime difference in the mode of operation of the perceptive faculty and the scientific faculty.

It is remarkable what power and facility in expressing one's ideas are gained by cultivating these perceptive powers of the mind; hundreds of men whose minds are crammed with scientific facts lack the power of expression because

they are not versed in Metaphor, and their thoughts are not clarified by its constant influence ; while on the other hand, our greatest writers owe much of the magic of their literary power to their constant appreciation of the principle that facts are but manifestations, a principle which widens the whole field of thought and enables the thinker to grasp an unwieldy branching subject by its very tap root. The full truth of this can only appeal to experience for confirmation and a very good court of appeal is experience.

And now to sum up. I have tried to show that not only is all language originally metaphorical, but that all Nature is a phenomenal manifestation of the unphenomenal, and consequently that all around us is symbol and metaphor. There is one further point to consider. I know very well what some people would say to all this. They would say that the physical sciences can jog along very comfortably without any symbolical treatment. They would say, "We find it a very delightful thing to investigate the wonderful laws of Nature for their own sakes, and we find them in themselves quite a large enough subject without embarrassing our minds with possible symbolical meanings." In short, if they did not deny that all Nature is metaphorically representative, they would urge that to pursue the metaphor is superfluous and unnecessary. There are such people, and truly they are fearfully and wonderfully made, but still they do exist, and we must take the world as we find it. I have been on an excursion with a scientific body and found several of these people present. One, in particular, I remember, who would pick up a shell and rush off in a frenzied manner to the head conchologist. "What's the name of this ? What's the name of this ?" *Buccinum undatum* he would be told, and his mind immediately sank into perfect peace until he found another shell, when a similar process was repeated. I suppose, that to people of this class, it must seem superfluous, and even absurd, to talk of science and of Nature as metaphorical. But at the same time, there are plenty of other people, also fearfully and wonderfully made, with thinking brains and active wills, who have a positive distaste for science, simply because they think of it only as a dry inquiry into the Latin names of shells and fossils. Is it not somewhat remarkable that there are so many people who seem to have no more faculty for science than for flying ? We ought never to forget the existence of these people. Those who meet together interested in scientific subjects sometimes wonder that they are so few, while they know there are plenty of people outside their meeting room who have very well-convoluted brains, but who somehow are unable to take any interest in scientific pursuits. It is surely somewhat of a reflection upon science that it appeals to so few. I have questioned men upon this point, men who take a great interest in politics and other branches of the *quic quid agunt homines* ; I have found that they complain of a want of human interest, as they call it, in science. This is because of its severance from the metaphysical. If the mission of science were fulfilled it would not appeal to so few. If it were lifted up it would draw all men unto it, and the reconciliation that is needed is just the thing that I have been pointing out, a recognition of the great principle that science is Metaphor, that Nature is a manifestation of the supernatural. I do not for a moment ignore the immense value of the labours of the materialist school of scientists. One cannot help smiling at their self-satisfied frame of mind, but at the same time their patient grinding out of facts

is undoubtedly affording valuable material for others who see in their work what they themselves do not see. They are faithful copyists of Nature, who do not appreciate the full beauty of their own productions, but who render every detail with such scrupulous fidelity that it becomes intensely valuable to others. They are labourers who till the soil, while others enjoy the benefit of the harvest. They plant the tree of which others eat the fruit. Yet while we are accordingly grateful to them, I think that he is more to be envied who combines the two, who is not neglectful of the drudge work of science, the observation and classification of forms and facts and laws, and at the same time recognising that the forms and facts and laws are but manifestations, intuitionally deduces the essence manifested, rooted in his very consciousness and experience.

CHARLES E. BENHAM.



### THE PROPAGANDA OF THEOSOPHY.

It is time that the richer of our British Theosophists should begin to discharge their duty to the movement for which they express sympathy, by aiding in its propaganda. Many of the members of the T.S. do nothing towards spreading the doctrines of Theosophy, giving neither time nor money to Theosophical work. There are two objects which members of the British Section should now help, as the discharge of a plain Theosophical duty. (1.) A Lecture Fund, out of which should be paid the hire of halls and the expenses of printing and posting bills, for lectures on Theosophy: there are competent speakers, willing to give their services without fee or reward; but they cannot, in addition to this, pay the expenses connected with the lecture, amounting to from £3 to £5. Such expenses should be borne by a fund established for the purpose. Contributions to this fund, marked "Theosophical Lecture Fund," may be sent to Herbert Burrows, F.T.S., 283, Victoria Park Road, London, N.E.

(2.) It is impossible, without paying an exorbitant rent, to obtain in London a house to serve as headquarters, large enough to accommodate the band of workers who carry on the organised work of the T.S. in the British Islands, under the immediate direction of H. P. B.; a house, further, which contains a room large enough for the weekly meetings of the "Blavatsky Lodge," meetings crowded ever more and more by enquirers and learners. This headquarters in London, the heart of the British Section, ought to be established at once. The only way to do this, without a crushing yearly expenditure, is to choose a house in a garden where there would be room to build, and then add to it a large room for meetings and, over this, rooms for the accommodation of the staff. The ordinary rent of the house will be covered by the rents paid by those of the staff who are able to thus contribute to the support of the headquarters; but the cost of building and of maintaining the secretaries ought to fall on the Section at large. Contributions to this fund, marked "Theosophical Building Fund," may be sent to Annie Besant, 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

We print this notice in *Lucifer* because it forms the most convenient medium for reaching the members of the Theosophical Society in Great Britain and Ireland; but the appeal is directed to them, *and not to our American brethren* who have already aided so well in the support of *Lucifer*.



## Theosophical Activities.

### THEOSOPHICAL LECTURES IN AMERICA.

**W**E learn with great pleasure that the lectures of Mr. Bertram Keightley in America have been listened to with the greatest interest, and have everywhere given an additional impetus to Theosophical work. It may interest our readers if we briefly mention some of his latest addresses.

At Grand Island, Nebraska, on December 16, the Masonic Hall was crammed with an attentive and interested audience, although five other public entertainments were in progress. The lecture was the general subject of conversation on the following day.

On December 29, Mr. Keightley delivered two lectures, one at San Francisco and the other at Oakland, and a second lecture at San Francisco on December 29. The lectures were listened to by appreciative and intelligent audiences.

In every town the lecturer passed through on his way to the Pacific coast, where he has to visit the several branches of the T.S. now promising to become very numerous, he spoke to appreciative audiences of not only Theosophists, but outsiders interested in our movement.

This is very gratifying indeed. Our cause needs eloquent speakers, and in this case the eloquence is helped by a self-devotion and earnestness as valuable as they are rare. Every success, health, and good Karmic reward, are the heartfelt good wishes sent by his British Brothers and fellow-members to Bertram Keightley across the wide waters of the Atlantic.

The *Annual Report* for 1889, of the "Swedish Branch" of the Theosophical Society, was delivered by the council on January 12th, 1890. After noticing the insufficiency of Christianity on the one side, and materialistic science on the other, the report proceeds:—

"It is very natural that the Theosophical teachings on the one side, overthrowing so many religious fictions, and on the other maintaining that there is a higher and more perfect method of obtaining knowledge than that known to the materialistic sciences, must excite resistance and animosity among the followers of the prevailing creeds and sects, as among the materialists—scientists. But here, as elsewhere, there was a soil ready to receive and ripen the Theosophical seed, namely, those minds who, discontented with the religious ideas of the time, aspired to a higher and clearer knowledge on the origin and destiny of man.

"To these Theosophy came as a comforter with its principle: 'There is no religion higher than truth;' with its sublime history of evolution; with its evangel 'God is no being exterior to man, but the divine spark within himself, which leads him through all the vicissitudes of evolution, from unconsciousness to divine consciousness,' and with its clear ethics: 'Live for your fellow-creatures and do your duty towards them as much as you can, and last to-

wards yourself, for you are *solidaire* with mankind, and egoism is a criminal delusion which injures others without benefitting yourself. In raising yourself you raise humanity, falling into egoism and unrighteousness you will prevent its progress.' Some persons, living in Stockholm and very much interested in Theosophy, assembled in order to discuss the constitution of a Theosophical branch in Sweden, and thus the Swedish branch of the T.S. was founded on February 10th, 1889.

"Seventeen members entered the society. Rules were accepted and officers elected on February 28th. At the meeting of March 10, it was decided to begin with literary activity for the spreading of knowledge about Theosophy by the publication of cheap pamphlets. During the year 10 pamphlets have been published containing 20 articles on different Theosophical topics, especially translations from English and German publications, but we have also issued a few original articles. A beginning is also made in publishing some more important Theosophical works translated into Swedish, such as Dr. Hartmann's 'Magic, white and black;' Madame Blavatsky's 'Key to Theosophy,' is also under translation. For this branch of the society's activity 600Kr. have been subscribed.

"A Theosophical lending library has also been founded partly by purchase and partly by donations from foreign and native Theosophists, where members for a moderate price can get books.

"'Stockholm's Reading Room,' is also furnished with Theosophical literature, as the 'Secret Doctrine' (given by Mrs. Bloomfield-Moore); the 'Key to Theosophy' (by the Countess Wachtmeister), *Lucifer*, and others.

"At the meetings we have had lectures and discussions on Theosophical subjects. The society is constantly increasing. The number of the members was at the close of the year 71 : 46 in Stockholm, 24 in the country and 1 abroad. These numbers must not, however, be considered as a complete expression of the interest with which Theosophy is regarded in Sweden. Under the rules of the society, a considerable number of guests, non-Theosophists, have attended its meetings. . . .

"Although 400 copies of our pamphlets have been distributed to the different newspapers, they have tried to kill Theosophy by dead silence. Yet some articles in defence of Theosophy have appeared in 'Göteborgs Handels and Sjöfartstidning.' Some attacks have also been published. One from the side of the church was answered by the president in the eighth number of our pamphlet series. Though Theosophy has been ignored by some and attacked by others, its literature has forced its way, and has become widely known."

G. ZANDER, president.  
A. F. AKERBERG, secretary.  
EMIL ZANDER, treasurer.

V. PFEIFF, vice-president.

AMÉLIE CEDERSCHIÖLD, corr. secretary.

On January 14th, Herbert Burrows, F.T.S., lectured on Theosophy before the Croydon Socratic Society, and led his hearers, step by step, from accepted axioms of science into the depths of Theosophy. After sketching the objects of the Theosophical Society, he pointed out, touching the third of these, that

Western science failed to accomplish the latter object in some very essential particulars, and that principally because its investigations were conducted on imperfect lines, while Theosophy, working upon an entirely different line, not only disagreed with the conclusions of the Western scientists, but could find a passage beyond the dead wall which blocked the path of all our scientists at a certain point, and beyond which wall no single Western investigator had yet been able to penetrate. What was the reason of this? Possibly because Western scientists started on too limited a basis. Personally he had long ago been led to the conclusion—from the study of Huxley's lecture on protoplasm—that the vital forces of nature were the unseen forces, and from Professor Huxley's own showing the material physical senses of the body proved rather a barrier than an assistance to the study of the powers of nature.

If this were so, it naturally led up to the conclusion that if our senses were only refined and acute enough it would be possible to perceive and understand the unseen forces of nature. On the other hand, the scientists of the West, every one of them, however profound their investigations, were met at one point in their inquiries by a barrier which they found it impossible to pass, in a very large class of phenomena which they found to be absolutely inexplicable by their modern science.

Mr. Burrows then showed how inexplicable were many natural effects from the materialist standpoint. For instance, by means of a definite arrangement of a violin, a tuning fork, a strong light, and a sort of disc suspended after the style of a magic lantern sheet, it was found that a note of music produces distinct and unmistakeable colours, which vary with different notes. Another instrument, the pendulagraph, demonstrates that a musical note possesses force. The apparatus is constructed upon vibrating principles, and is fitted with a universal jointed pen. Upon a certain note being struck certain spiral curves are recorded by the pen. Strike another note, and a different class of spirals is produced; strike the first note again, and spirals are produced similar to those registered on the first occasion. Now, why are these spiral? That is what Theosophy alone can tell, and the man who has this knowledge can learn to control the forces of nature! The materialist failed to surmount the wall that stopped him, and why? Partly because he failed to recognise that there was no rigid line of demarcation between the spiritual and the material part of man. Judging by the state of clairvoyance, when the physical material senses of man were in a certain sense paralysed, the intelligent, spiritual, mental faculties of man were sharpened. Man dwelt in two worlds, the outward visible world, and the inward and invisible. The latter could only come into play when the other was deadened, or, in other words, purified and refined of a great deal of its material grossness. Taking another line, he showed that the Theosophist and the Western scientist, by widely differing methods, agreed, step by step, that under the whole of nature lay some widely diffused basic force, but that while the Western could only tell the relation between things—as in the molecular theory—the Theosophist could explain the essence of the things themselves, or rather, could get behind the relation of the things and explain why they were so related. This method, followed to its natural conclusion, must lead up to the explanation of the spiritual nature of man, and thus Theosophy was seen to comprehend the great truths that underlie all the great religions of the world.

From this point, Mr. Burrows took his hearers into the definite teachings of Theosophy, explaining the septenary nature of man, and the psychic powers latent in each human being, and concluding with a sketch of the cyclic evolution of the race. A lively and interesting discussion followed. The above is taken from the *Croydon Advertiser*, which gives a two column report.

Annie Besant has lectured on Theosophy during the month at Hatcham, Brixton, Leicester and Birmingham; the questions and discussions following the lectures show how much public attention has been aroused.

On January 21st, a lecture on Theosophy, from an antagonistic standpoint, was delivered in Morley Hall, Hackney, by Mr. Edwards, a coloured lecturer of the Christian Evidence Society, who is well-known in the East End of London. He showed the barest possible acquaintance with the subject, and endeavoured to make up for his lack of knowledge by treating it in a humorous way. At the close of the lecture discussion was invited, and Herbert Burrows, in the ten minutes allowed him, put very clearly to the large audience the leading points of Theosophy. His speech was heartily cheered, as was also his announcement that he would himself lecture in the hall on the subject before long. Mr. Campbell, F.T.S. did good service by distributing some hundreds of Theosophical pamphlets and leaflets, and this is an example which might well be followed by other Theosophists in various parts of the country.

Working men, especially in the Radical clubs, are beginning to show an interest in Theosophy, and it is now not an uncommon thing to see a lecture on the subject announced in their Sunday lecture lists.

The following pleasant greeting reaches us from Bombay:

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, to all, and to the T.S.

"To Madame H. P. Blavatsky, Secretary-Founder of the T.S.

"MOST RESPECTED MADAME AND BELOVED SISTER,—

"With heartfelt pleasure, the general secretary of the Bombay Section of the T.S. has to perform the duty of communicating to you the following 'vote of Confidence and thanks to the Founders,' proposed by Br. Tookaram Tatia, seconded by Br. P. R. Mesta, and carried by acclamation with three cheers for the Founders, at the General Conference of Theosophists of the Indian Section of the Society, held in Bombay, at the Hall of the Elphinstone High School, on 29th December, 1889, at 8 P.M.:

"That this Conference of the Fellows of all the Indian Sections of the Theosophical Society regards with unfeigned indignation the malicious attempts lately made to injure the Theosophical Society by cowardly attacks upon Madame Blavatsky, who, as well as her equally devoted colleague, Col. Olcott, has freely given her whole energies for the last fifteen years to the establishment of a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood and the revival of Eastern philosophy and religions.

"This Conference further wishes to convey to both the Founders of the Society the assurance of its most cordial and grateful recognition of the great

services they have rendered to India, and are now rendering to the world at large.'

"With hearty love for the cause of Brotherhood, and for all who work in it, and for it, and through it.

"I remain,

"Yours fraternally,

"JHONGHIE KHORSHEDJI DAJR."

This greeting is especially welcome from our Indian Brothers, as a reply to the many attacks made upon us in India, and to the attempts to sow discord in the Brotherhood.

The following is the formal resolution passed at the late meeting of the Council of the British Section of the Theosophical Society:

Resolved: "That Colonel H. S. Olcott be appointed the delegate of the Section to the General Convention to be held at Adyar in May next, and that he is cordially requested to convey to the Convention the hearty and fraternal greetings of the British Section to their fellow Theosophists of the world, with the hope that by the united Theosophical efforts of the East and West the ensuing year may see a larger development of that spiritual brotherhood for which it is the duty of all to strive."

(Signed)

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

ANNIE BESANT  
CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER  
WILLIAM KINGSLAND  
ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY  
HERBERT BURROWS  
F. L. GARDNER

"Blavatsky  
Lodge"

*Representatives.*

G. R. S. MEAD (Dublin Lodge)  
LAURA M. COOPER (Edinburgh  
Lodge)  
ALICE LEIGHTON CLEATHER  
(Liverpool Lodge)  
SYDNEY EDGE (Cambridge Lodge)  
W. R. OLD, Secretary, British  
Section)

MUDDLED MEDDLERS.

In the *Supplement* to the *Theosophist* of January 1890 (p. lxxv) its subscribers will read with amusement, and Theosophists with pain and disgust a personal—very untheosophical and undignified—attack made by one officer of the T.S. on another officer of the same. It is headed "Muddled Rule-Makers," and its editorial (?) remarks are directed against a good Theosophist and a personal friend, who has all our gratitude and esteem for the unselfish work done by him for the good of the cause. His crime in the sight of the acting editor consists, it appears, in his having failed to express himself in the "Constitution and Bye-Laws" of the "Blavatsky Branch" of the Theosophical Society at Washington (U.S.A.) according to the personal hobby of the writer at Adyar.

Now, if the terms used by our Washington Brother, such as "*International Theosophical Society*," "*Chief President*" and "*Chief Corresponding Secretary*" are not absolutely correct and official, then, and at any rate—

(1.) It is no business of the "acting" editor of the *Theosophist* to take a President and officers of a Branch Society to task for it—least of all in a public magazine. The President-Founder would alone have such a right; and when (or *if*) using it, he would certainly have the requisite tact and delicacy not to *snub* a respected member and a good Brother Theosophist—publicly.

(2.) Such harsh expressions as "foolishness" "tomfoolery" and "absurdities" when used in our chief theosophical magazine and coming from the Headquarters of the T.S.—especially if applied to a Brother-Member—are not only objectionable on account of their offensive character, but detrimental and dangerous to the T.S. They lower the magazine to the level of a scurrilous Methodist *Weekly* and give the right to our opponents to add to the scoffing epithet of "Mutual Admiration Society" given to our Body, that of "Mutual Detraction and Vilification Brotherhood." *On lave son linge sale en famille*—is a wise advice.

Such sentences as—"We ask . . . the meaning of this 'tomfoolery,' and "We call upon Mr. W. Q. Judge" . . . etc., may sound very grandiloquent, but the real point is, has any "We," apart from the President, the right to "ask," or "call upon" any officer of the T.S. publicly and in such a tone? I, for one, and in the name of the Theosophists of the British Section of the T.S. protest against and deny the "We" any such privilege.

Since the offensive remarks have been made in one theosophical periodical, I feel it my bounden duty to protest against them as publicly in another theosophical magazine. It is, I say, my bounden (and very painful) duty, and for the following reasons:

(a.) I am the founder and was the editor of the *Theosophist* for several years—Colonel Olcott having consented to act in my place only *pro tem*.

(b.) Together with my beloved colleague and co-worker, H. S. Olcott, we are to this day the sole proprietors of that magazine, and therefore *must* feel responsible for all that appears in it.

(c.) I have a voice and many other rights in the management of the T.S. and its magazine, which even its present irrepressible acting editor would hardly take upon himself to question or deny.

In view of this, and the foregoing, I feel it my first duty to offer public apologies and sincere regrets to our esteemed Brother, the President of the Washington "Blavatsky Theosophical Society"—for this unjust and unbrotherly attack upon himself, in which apologies Col. H. S. Olcott would be certain to join were he still in London.

Personally, moreover, I ask him to overlook the rude criticism of the acting editor of our Journal, as the extremely debilitating climate of India, with its Madras heat and scorching sun may, very likely, have had something to do with it, thus entitling the writer to our pity.

Fortunately the President will, by this time, have reached Adyar, and he will, I am sure, put an end at once to these mischievous and undignified attacks on Brother Theosophists by his acting editor.

Brighton (England), Feb. 1890.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

It is with unfeigned regret and sympathy for the family and surviving relatives<sup>9</sup> that we read the following announcement in the *Theosophist* of the death of one to whom Eastern Theosophical literature—and the Adyar Oriental Library owe so much. The loss is heavy for our Headquarters.

#### DEATH OF PANDIT N. BASHYA CHARYA.

It is with great sorrow that we have to announce the death of Pandit N. Bashya Charya, Pandit of the Adyar Oriental Library, at 11.30 p.m. on the 22nd ultimo, at his brother's house in Rayapuram, Madras. For many years our lamented Pandit had suffered from diabetes, a disease which seems to be as common among the Brahmins as consumption is in the West. Two years ago he suffered from an acute attack thereof, while living at Adyar, but recovered on removal to a distance from the Adyar river, on the banks of which the Headquarters is situated. This time, unfortunately, neither the entreaties of his friends nor the advice of his doctors could induce him, until it was too late, to go away from the library in which he loved so much to spend his days when in good health. The immediate cause of death was blood poisoning from carbuncle in the hand, and although the Pandit had suffered greatly for nearly two months from neuralgia in the head, which nothing seemed able to relieve, neither he himself nor his friends, nor even his medical advisers, thought the case so dangerous until the appearance of blood poisoning, which quickly brought on a fatal termination.

The death of Pandit N. Bashya Charya is an irreparable loss to the Theosophical Society in general and to the Oriental Library in particular. Where can there be found another man combining his rare qualities and qualification? Acknowledged to be one of the most learned Sanscritists in India; wonderfully well read in all the Sanscrit literature, sacred and other; an excellent English scholar; an orator equally at home in four languages; a man of singularly courageous disposition; an enlightened reformer; and, above all, an ardent Theosophist and devoted Fellow of the Theosophical Society, who gave up a lucrative profession—he was a lawyer in good practice—to gratuitously devote himself to the work of the Society.

That there is here in India but one universal expression of sorrow at the death of our respected Pandit need hardly be told, and it may safely be said that the same feeling will be general in the Society everywhere when the fact that he is now no more with us is known and realized.

—*Theosophist.*

## “Going to and Fro in the Earth.”

### PLAIN LIVING AND HIGH THINKING?

**T**HE *Daily Telegraph*, rejoicing over the vastness of London, gives the following *menu* for a year :

“In a year London folks swallow down 500,000 oxen, 2,000,000 sheep, 200,000 calves, 300,000 swine, 8,000,000 head of fowls, 500,000,000 pounds of fish, 500,000,000 oysters, 200,000,000 lobsters—is that enough to figure on? If not, there are some million tons of canned provisions, no end of fruit and vegetables, and 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. But how they wash all the food down you might feel glad to know. It takes 200,000,000 quarts of beer. But more than this, they drink 10,000,000 quarts of rum, and 50,000,000 quarts of wine—the wine, the rum, the beer, 260,000,000 quarts.”

Such a mass of food, presented to the imagination as a huge mountain, through which London steadily eats its way, is quite appalling. And when one remembers how many hundreds of thousands of the population never have “a square meal,” the gorging of the remainder becomes revolting. And there is a very serious side to this normal over-eating. If the stomach be overloaded the brain suffers. Strong intellectual work is not done by the alderman, waxing fatter and fatter on over-elaborated dinners, but by the man who lives on well-nigh ascetic fare, eating to keep the body in sound health as an efficient instrument of the mind.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, in his clever novel, “Three Men in a Boat,” has the following significant paragraphs on the influence of the stomach on the brain. Theosophists, by reading between the lines, may learn a useful lesson :

“How good one feels when one is full—how satisfied with ourselves and with the world ! People who have tried it tell me that a clear conscience makes you very happy and contented ; but a full stomach does the business quite as well, and is cheaper, and more easily obtained. One feels so forgiving and generous after a substantial and well-digested meal—so noble minded, so kindly hearted.

“It is very strange, this domination of our intellect by our digestive organs. We cannot work, we cannot think, unless our stomach wills so. It dictates to our emotions, our passions. After eggs and bacon it says, ‘Work !’ After breakfast and porter, it says, ‘Sleep !’ After a cup of tea (two spoonsful for each cup, and don’t let it stand more than three minutes) it says to the brain, ‘Now rise and show your strength. Be eloquent, and deep, and tender ; see, with a clear eye, into Nature and into life ; spread your white wings of quivering thought, and soar, a god-like spirit, over the whirling world beneath you, up through long lanes of flaming stars to the gates of eternity !’

“After hot muffins, it says, ‘Be dull and soulless, like a beast of the field—a brainless animal, with listless eye, unlit by any ray of fancy, or of hope, or fear, or love, or life ?’ And after brandy, taken in sufficient quantity, it says, ‘Now come, fool, grin and tumble, that your fellow men may laugh—drivel in folly, and splutter in senseless sounds, and show what a helpless misery is poor man,



whose wit and will are drowned, like kittens, side by side, in half an inch of alcohol.'

"We are but the veriest, sorriest slaves of our stomach. Reach not after morality and righteousness, my friends; watch vigilantly your stomach, and diet it with care and judgment. Then virtue and contentment will come and reign within your heart, unsought by any effort of your own; and you will be a good citizen, a loving husband, and a tender father—a noble, pious man." . . .

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Is it the "brain" or the "stomach" that inspired a Kentucky Yankee to write the curious letter just received by Mme. Blavatsky? A theosophist would hardly ascribe it to *Manas* but would assign it an undeniably *Kamic* origin. Here it is, style, spelling, and request—*verbatim*.

"DEAR MADAME,—We reade to-day with great interest, a description of yourself and wonderful age in the *Cincinatti Commercial Gazette*. At present I being young but, have the desire too remain longer on this earth than our allotted number 3 score years and 10—I therefore take the privilege of writing too you and asking, whether you really are, five hundred years old, and what is your receipt for so long a life:

Hoping that the rheumatism has now left you, and that you will not regard this note too insignificant too answer, I am, truly yours, etc."

[Signature withheld through theosophical considerations.]

The "Adversary" takes "the privilege" of informing the Kentucky very ambitious young petitioner that Mme. Blavatsky does not regard the note "too insignificant too answer." On the contrary, it is quite important enough to be assigned a *niche* in LUCIFER. With regard to the "receipt" for living "five hundred years old," the writer is advised to turn for information to the *Cincinatti Commercial Gazette*, which may perhaps part with its secret for a consideration.

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### A LOGICAL REASONING.

Commenting on the revival in England of the slanders against Mme. Blavatsky, the London correspondent of the *Hindu* very aptly says:

"Many people are disgusted with this whole subject, and ask: 'Why take any notice of this revival to state slander? Why not let the dog return to its vomit if that noble animal likes it? It seems from the above that the Rev. George Patterson, however, has not got rid of all his bile, and we are to be treated to further revelations, which it is to be hoped will be a little more artistic than the last, since the reverend gentleman has had several years to *edit* them.

"What an extraordinary muddle the reasoning faculties of these parsons must be in! What do they expect to gain by these accusations against Madame Blavatsky? Suppose for a moment that they had succeeded in proving every one of their points to the satisfaction of all the world, where would they stand even then? Their arguments run thus:—'Madame Blavatsky pretended to burn a cigarette and to make it appear again, whereas it was really a second cigarette that she palmed off on those present. THEREFORE Reincarnation is not a truth, and all the philosophers and sages who believed it are fools, and the great systems of religion and philosophy which teach it are lies.' 'Madame Blavatsky wrote messages purporting to come from the Masters and sent them to

her chelas. THEREFORE, the doctrine of Karma is false, those who teach it are deceivers, and the dogmas of a personal God and of endless punishment in his all-benificent hell are proved to be certainly facts, Jesus is the second person of the "God-head," and all that the missionaries say is true.'

"Let them go on spinning their lying gossip; it leaves *Theosophy* absolutely untouched, as far at least as those who are capable of understanding what that word means are concerned.

"The queerest thing is that these padris never seem to suspect that they have fallen into a trap. While they have been exercising all their intellect and generosity in trying to make out Madame Blavatsky a 'charlatan,' she has been quietly writing book after book, and pouring out a succession of articles in her several Magazines, all of which not only disproves absolutely and completely the ridiculous assumption that she is a 'charlatan,' but is noiselessly but irresistibly undermining the 'rock' upon which the padris stand in fancied security. Now, if these padris instead of spending their energy in a vain attempt to make Madame Blavatsky personally despised and disliked, had used their splendid intellects in opposing the spread of theosophical ideas, would it not have been much better for themselves?

"Perhaps so. Perhaps not; for they are in the awkward position that they cannot open their mouths about Theosophy without advertising it, and thus doing it a service; for theosophy only wants to be known; it asks nothing more, and cares very little whether the clergy talk sense or nonsense about it, so long as they only talk."

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Here is a fresh item of scientific news. Another "calculating boy" has appeared. We read in the *Globe* of January 3rd that:

"Kentucky boasts a negro prodigy in a calculating farm labourer, thirty-four years of age. Sam Summers, as he is called, can neither read nor write, and does not know one figure from another. He does not look particularly intelligent, but nevertheless he answers very difficult questions in arithmetic with great promptitude. Here are some of the tests he has been able to withstand. Multiply 597,312 by 13%. How much gold can be bought for 719 dols. in greenbacks if gold is worth 1'65 dol. ? If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these are sown every second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced in twelve years, there being 1,000 grains to the pint?

What does materialism say? Shade of Carpenter appear and confabulate with Ludwig Büchner! Vain appeal, for we want something more than "labels" now-a-days. Perhaps after all reincarnation is not so "unthinkable."

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We cordially agree with the following views of the *National Reformer* and wish that more of our contemporaries were as dauntless in the cause of truth.

"There is one point in which the Indian Congress stands out superior to all other political congresses that one hears of, from Parliament downwards—it admits women as delegates. In this it sets an example to the nations that boast of a higher civilisation, but whose views of women have been degraded by Christianity. Buddhist women, it is well known, enjoy an absolute equality with men, being admissible even to that last citadel of male privilege—the priestly office. Hindu women, under the Institutes of Manu, also enjoyed a free and dignified position, but since the Mahomedan invasion of India, they have been degraded by the zenana system and have been shut out of all healthy life, made the mere appanage of man. I trust that the appearance of women delegates is a sign that the awakening of India is not to be confined to her sons.

"The *Christian Commonwealth* has an ill-tempered article, abusing 'scepticism, agnosticism, atheism, ignorance, sorcery, slavery, polygamy, fetishism, Islamism, Theosophism, and devilry in all

its phantasmagoria.' It wants to know what sort of a place the world would have been without Christianity:

"What kind of a brutal people would be coming up from the slums, and what sort of nice humanity would be coming down to meet them from gilded club rooms where earls and baronets gamble and drink?"

"Well, but my dear *Christian Commonwealth*, the brutality of the slums, the prostitution, the awful nameless cruelties, the murders, the drunkenness, are all here, outgrowths of your Christian community, and at the other end you have your Cleveland Street horror and your 'society' divorces. In the name of outraged Humanity, what worse than these could you have under any creed or no creed? The *Christian Commonwealth* goes on:

"From our infancy, our first weakness, Jesus of Bethlehem is with us. Mahomedanism and Buddhism alike fail to begin with human nature in sympathy of the right point—the point of lowest weakness. Mercy for women and children is a secret of one religion. Fine ladies who have such contempt for Christ are not above enjoying all the homage and honours which, outside of a Christian community, would be an impossible attainment for their sex. They owe everything to the Emancipator of womanhood and acknowledge nothing."

"'Mercy for women and children'!! Why, there is no country in which wife-beating and child-torture are as common as in Christian England. Among Buddhists they are absolutely, unknown. And as to 'the impossible attainment' for women, let the editor of the *C.C.* go to Ceylon, and study the Singhalese women. The 'Emancipator of Womanhood' is a title due to Buddha rather than to Christ. Principal Donaldson used to think as does the editor of the *C.C.*, but study of the facts has made him confess his error. The gentle creed which forbids the slaying of any living thing, and which built hospitals for sick brutes as well as sick men (long before the birth of Christ), never sees its votaries stained with the cruelties which come daily before the police-courts of this Christian land."

#### JARVEYAN THEOSOPHY.

(After Colonel Olcott's Lecture.)

A FUNNY skit at the audiences that assemble to hear our President lecture on Theosophy. That's about the size of the average Britisher who hears for the first time anything of the old Esoteric doctrines. The Dublin "Punch," *The Jarvey*, has the following:

"We've all been there before,  
Many a time."

—Hymn of the Esoteric Buddhist.

"Have we been in this world before?" said the "Office Lyre," as he took his seat in the Ancient Concert Rooms, and prepared to take notes of Colonel Olcott's lecture.

"I have been before this world for some time," sighed the Poet Flanagan, "and have failed to make much of a mark as yet."

"Never mind, old man; perhaps in some prehistoric state your sonnets were sung by the stately Saurians, and your comic verses may have sent the cave man forth to slaughter his enemies with renewed relish."

"It's a curious thing," remarked Flanagan, "that when reading some of Shakespeare's finest passages, I feel as if that is exactly how I would have expressed myself. Is it possible, think you, that I can be a re-embodiment of the Bard of Avon?"

"Your style has changed somewhat since you brought out 'Hamlet,' but I've no doubt you are the same man."

Further conversation was prevented by the entrance of Colonel Olcott.

The Colonel (a short and patriarchal looking gentleman in spectacles and a long white beard) in the course of a two hours' address said: "The inner spirit of man was something apart from his body, and that in Eastern countries there was a fixed belief that during sleep a man's spirit might wander to distant realms. They held it was a most dangerous thing to wake a man suddenly, for if his spirit had not returned the man would probably die."

"That's a splendid doctrine," whispered the Office Lyre to Flanagan; "I wish my landlady believed in it; she wouldn't jerk the bolster from under my slumbering form on Sunday morning."

The lecturer stated his belief that we had all lived various times on this or some other world, and would probably have to appear again several times before our astral or star bodies were perfected.

"This law is essentially the same as that found among the players of pool," remarked the Poet Flanagan to his companion; "you must lose all your lives before you are allowed to 'star.'"

Here a young man who had been listening intently to the discourse, turned to the Office Lyre and said: "When is he going to talk about cycology?"

"About what?" twanged the Lyre.

"About cycles. A fellow told me the Colquhoun knew more about cycology than any man living. 'Cycology means a knowledge of cycles, doesn't it?' enquired the young man anxiously.

"My friend, replied the Lyre, 'you are no theosophist; you have been developing your body at the expense of your mind. The world is not yet ripe for these doctrines. Come with us to that sub-astral Nirvana, otherwise known as the 'Brotherhood of the Bodega,' and we will study the evolution of the oyster and the embodiment of various spirits."

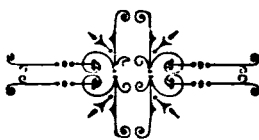
That night it is said that an oriental "adept" appeared to the Poet Flanagan in his astral shape, and, transporting him to the Himalayan mountains, offered to teach him the laws of occultism at the lowest possible figure.

When he awoke, he found himself reposing close to the giddy heights of the Stephen's Green mountain range, and his guide had disappeared.

As a proof that occult forces had been at work, the poet produced the following lines, which he declares were dictated to him by his astral guide:

I may have been a porpoise, and you a tall Zulu;  
He may have been a bloater and she a kangaroo;  
We may have been each other in this theosophic lore:  
We're here to claim in Karma's name  
We've all been here before.

Chorus—We've all been here before,  
Many a time;  
We've all been here before,  
Many a time.  
We don't see how  
We can prove it now,  
Although the idea's sublime;  
Still we've all been here before,  
Many a time.



### THEOSOPHICAL LENDING LIBRARIES.

Mr. F. Chapman has formed a Theosophical Lending Library for the White-chapel district in Mile End Road, E.

We have now such libraries at 7, Duke Street, Strand; Sheffield; Penrith; Merthyr Tydvil; Newcastle; Edinburgh. Theosophists who can enlarge these libraries by gifts of money or of books, should write to the Countess Wachtmeister, 7, Duke Street, Strand, London, W.C., and she will tell them where their help will be most useful.

## Reviews.

## BALZAC IN ENGLISH.

PEAU DE CHAGRIN, LOUIS LAMBERT AND SERAPHITA.\*

**H**ONORÉ DE BALZAC was born out of due time; he came in the dark half of the century. Therefore was he little understood by his contemporary critics, and flippant Paris refused him his just laurels.

Even in the present day, little is known by the English-speaking public of the masterpiece of the French writer. Those of his works which they have read, are the least important, and disclose the generally unpalatable fact that Balzac was no *dilettante* talemonger, but a man with a purpose. If we turn to any of the many bourgeois "encyclopædias" we find but scanty notice taken of him, even as a writer, and none at all as a philosopher; in fact some of these "royal roads to learning," entirely omit any mention of his three greatest works. *The Magic Skin*, *Louis Lambert*, and *Seraphita* are the trilogy which crown his great effort, *La Comédie Humaine*.

It is therefore with the liveliest pleasure that we take up these three handsome volumes, and this not only because it is a striking sign that the times have changed, and changed marvellously, in that the public are making some reparation to a great genius by creating a demand for his masterpieces, but also because the novels are most excellently done into English, and retain, as much as translations can, the charm of the originals. But this is not all; for us, as Theosophists, there is something far more important: Mr. George Frederic Parsons, one of the earliest and most appreciated members of the T. S., in his lengthy introduction, has written an excellent treatise on the philosophy of Balzac from the occult standpoint; and although for the intelligent student of that great body of literature on occult subjects which is increasing with such extraordinary rapidity nowadays, there are no new facts, still in the exposition and application it is excellent, and, wedded to Balzac's great masterpieces, will win an entrance where alone it would have been unceremoniously hustled off the premises.

These introductions cover a wide survey of psychological literature and will supply one who pays his first visit to the magic hills of occult lore with an excellent bird's-eye view of the whole subject.

Balzac, like many other great writers, was not without some portion of the "psychic power latent in man." Unconsciously no doubt, but still actually, he had regained his great birthright and by intellectual *Kriya Sakti* produced "mind-born sons." As Mr. Parsons says, in speaking of the—

"Unparalleled vitality and reality of Balzac's creations, the creation of these *eidola*, however wonderful, is as nothing to the psychical feat of maintaining them in existence. Both Thackeray and Dickens asserted that they were often absolutely surprised by the sayings and doings of their creations."

\* Translated by KATHERINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY, with an Introduction by GEORGE FREDERIC PARSONS. ROBERTS BROS. Boston, 1889.

Who knows but that the fact that : "Balzac was as well acquainted with the metaphysics of Hindustan as with those of Europe," may account in some measure for the wonderful charm that this mystic philosopher and true student of man exercises on theosophic minds ?

"Know thyself," cried the voice of the mysteries. And the little poet of Twickenham, catching some echo of its world-reverberation, wrote : "The proper study of mankind is *man*." So thought Balzac, and in the *Comédie Humaine* he strove to study his kind with the result that they either ignorantly misunderstood him, or were forced to keep grim silence in self-defence, and probably we should still do so if we did not, with the Trojan hero," boast ourselves to be greater than our fathers." How daring and desperate was this attempt we learn from Madame Surville, his sister, who wrote in her memoir :

"In 'Louis Lambert,' my brother, in order to obtain a hearing for certain ideas which were not yet accepted by the world, believed it necessary to put them forward under the safeguard of (simulated) insanity."

Mr. Parsons sees in *The Magic Skin* something more than a mere novel ; he see in it an allegory.

"The Eastern talisman is the undisciplined lust of worldly success which shortens life literally and directly by exhausting the nervous energy. The Countess Fedora, the woman without a heart . . . is symbolical of Society, which lives for itself and its own pleasures and luxuries ; which is polished, cold, indifferent, yet desirous of obtaining gratuitously the best of all the lives attracted by its glitter and ostentation ; which allures by its air of distinction, its parade of wealth, its affectation of exclusiveness, its versatility and surface show of intellect and wit ; and which is, like the beautiful and fascinating Russian, absolutely void of heart, and scarcely capable of feigning sensibility enough to make a decorous appearance."

Society, queen of the heartless, come into court !

"Raphael is designed to illustrate Balzac's theory of the baleful social effect of excess. He exhibits from the first an absorbed Egoism which puts him morally almost on a level with the Society he learns to hate and despise. . . . The possessor of the magic skin must be a self-indulgent, egoistic person. Pauline is a foil, both exoterically and esoterically, to the heartless, cold-blooded Fedora."

\* \* \* \* \*  
She is a foil also to the selfishness of Raphael. She is a beautiful ideal, and may further be regarded as symbolizing the superior purity and elevation of true womanly love. That is to say of sacrifice."

We are inclined to agree with Mr. Parsons that the dramas of Balzac's great trilogy are allegories, and thus meet the objections of a critic, who says of Balzac that his :

"Most ambitious types of piety and purity in woman," appear to have been described "from pure *imagination*, with the result that his creations of this class are cold, unapproachable, abnormal, bloodless beings, where goodness does not impress us as meritorious, because they are essentially incapable of wrong-doing."

No doubt they are all *intuitional* types, representing generally the supremacy of *Buddhi-Manas* over *Kama-Manas*. In "Seraphita" we have the highest of these, almost a girl-Buddha, who has conquered the hosts of Mâra and gained some portion of the robe of Dharma.

In "Louis Lambert" we have an example of the Intuitive dominating the Intellectual : as Mr. Parsons says :

"The biographer who visits Louis . . . does not feel altogether certain that his friend is truly insane. He even asks himself whether the condition of chronic ecstasy in which the patient seems withdrawn may not be the consequence of an illumination so much higher than that vouchsafed mankind at large as to transcend expression—to separate the recipient from intellectual contact with his fellows by revealing to his inner sense untranslatable things."

We must not, therefore, take Louis Lambert as an example to be too zealously emulated. He fell short of the perfect type by excess. The grand old Greek adage *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, nothing too much, is an immortal truth, and Aristotle was never on surer ground than when he enunciated the doctrine of τὸ μέσον, or the Mean, the corner stone of his philosophy. The truly wise ever strike the balance between Intellect and Intuition; excess in either direction destroys the harmony of perfection.

Balzac, moreover, was no slavish admirer of scientific "authority," the first-born of priestcraft. In this connection Mr. Parsons very aptly remarks :

"It is well to recall a fact usually overlooked, namely, that when objections are raised against what are called unverifiable assumptions, such objections apply not only to the intuitional methods of research, but to many of the fundamental concepts of physical science. In fact we should have no coherent cosmology were the use of the scientific imagination excluded. Every theory of the universe advanced by science demands the acceptance of postulates which are in most instances figments of the imagination, and some of which go counter to the primal laws of scientific research, in positing conditions wholly foreign to experience. . . . . The habit of accepting whatever comes to us with the endorsement of Science causes men to think they comprehend such statements, whereas, in truth, no story of a miracle can possibly be harder to grasp by the reason alone."

When we find that Balzac had eagerly devoured such works as he could obtain on Indian philosophy and psychology; that he was a great admirer of Boehme, Saint, Martin and Swedenborg, and that he was also familiar with such writers as Lully, Agrippa, Paracelsus, Reuchlin, Mesmer, Porphyry, Plotinus and the Neoplatonists, Hermes Trismegistus and the books of the Kabbala, we shall be little astonished at his disagreement with the scientific dogmas of his day, or to find Mr. Parsons telling us that :

"We shall see, when we examine Balzac's speculations, the curiously close relation between the latest conclusions of modern science and the central concepts of a philosophy which has much in common with these archaic and mystical views, the study of which commends itself more and more to a generation educated to resent and suspect dogmatism wherever encountered, and equally disinclined to accept imposed authority, the credentials of which are not beyond doubt."

As an example of the daring flights of Balzac's genius, the following aphorism from one of his categories is especially to be remarked : "Facts are nothing; they do not exist; there subsists nothing but ideas." Such has ever been the cry of blind mortals when they gain their vision or have it given them artificially. Sir Humphrey Davy, after having been under the influence of nitrous oxide, is reported to have sprung from his chair exclaiming : "Gentlemen, gentlemen, nothing exists but Ideas."

If, then, "*Facts* really do not exist," what, we may ask, will be the market price per ton of scientific libraries?

The major part of the introduction to *Louis Lambert* is taken up with a consideration of the categories of Balzac's philosophy. It is not too much to say, that no student of this philosophy should be without Mr. Parsons' introduction, for he is always interesting and successful in producing the impression on the reader, that perhaps after all there is *something* in it. Undoubtedly there is much to commend itself in the views which were condensed by the great French writer into his terse and rigid sentences. But did Honoré de Balzac aim at presenting a complete system of thought? Were his intuitive flights always reliable?

Perhaps it may be said that he died before rounding out the edifice, with

some plans indeed before him and with some of the stones cut, perhaps even with some of the courses laid; but the Work was never completed and even the unity of the edifice imperfectly conceived.

The story of *Seraphita* deals with the highest phase of the mysticism of Swedenborg. As it stands, however, it is somewhat unnatural. The beautiful *Seraphita*, a maiden of some seventeen summers, is endowed with all the virtues and *siddhis* of an Eastern Arhat; probably this was done to champion a cause which Balzac had ever at heart—the restoration of woman to her proper dignity.

Taken as a narration of fact, the story is somewhat improbable. Taken as an allegory or soul-drama, it is most beautiful. Mr. Parsons leans to the latter view and writes a very lucid exposition of the meaning of the characters.

Most probably, *Seraphita* was considered by Balzac as his masterpiece. In the introduction we find the following quotation from a letter of his to the Duchesse de Castries: "The toil upon this work has been crushing and terrible. I have passed, and must still pass days and nights upon it. I compose, decompose and recompose it." If the advice of Horace in his *Ars Poetica* is to be taken, Balzac did well in this. Horace, however, never dealt with works of really high inspiration, but confined his advice to what we now classify under the somewhat threadbare label of "literature." We may therefore fairly conclude that Balzac aimed at the portrayal of an ideal which ever escaped full expression, and that laborious art is of secondary importance in a work of real genius.

In connection with the tardy recognition of woman's proper place in human evolution, Mr. Parsons very appositely remarks:

"Woman practised the long forgotten virtue (Unselfish Love), while suffering in silence the tyranny to which her constitutional weakness condemned her. From the beginning she has been the chief conservator of this indispensable aid to the higher life. If she has not succeeded in manifesting so strikingly as advanced men the serviceableness of Altruism to material progress, it is because the repression from which she suffered through so protracted a period stunted her intellectual growth and thus rendered her deficient in the capacity to apply practically what she cultivated almost instinctively."

This, unfortunately, is only too true. Generally speaking, woman is more spiritual or intuitive, man more material or intellectual. Let men therefore cultivate their intuition and women their intellect, and we shall some day have matters not too intolerable, for as things stand, the case is indeed desperate.

Students of the Eastern system however, will scarcely agree entirely with Mr. Parsons when he says:

"It is one of the central merits of Christianity that it did much to recover for Woman the position too long denied her in the psychical scheme. Buddha indeed went far beyond his Asiatic predecessors in this direction. He admitted women to all the spiritual gains open to men, with one exception. No woman could become a Buddha, according to him, though any man might elevate himself to Arhatship. Christianity raised woman to the highest celestial dignities."

Quite so; but it denied her any place in the priesthood, and its earliest authorities placed many indignities upon her. "Let your women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law." (i. Cor. xiv. 84). Moreover Protestant Christianity expels the Virgin Mary and the women-saints from the *highest* celestial dignities. Gautama, on the contrary, admitted women



to Arhatship, and some of the most renowned of the Buddhist missionaries were women. As well as men they can become *Buddhas*, for the term means generally "the enlightened," one who has reached a certain state of spiritual development. There have been and there are women initiates. No doubt they are few compared to men, but that is owing to the long ages of repression to which their sex has been subjected.

But surely the equality of the sexes is in the nature of things. Man, originally the divine hermaphrodite, was androgynous previous to the separation of the sexes. Following therefore the cycle of evolution and the ascending arc of the curve, the sexes will gradually tend to an entire equality, and so the sexual attraction will cease and give place to something nobler, holier and more god-like.

Further on the consideration that :

"To this theory of spiritual evolution taught by Swedenborg the doctrine of metempsychosis, or as it is more commonly termed at present, the doctrine of re-incarnation, is necessary,"

gives Mr. Parsons an opportunity of writing a clear and interesting account of this fundamental postulate of all sound philosophy.

Very just also is his view of Swedenborg as an "authority."

"It must be admitted," he says, "by all candid students of the Seer, that his supposed revelations are often clogged and overlaid with the most palpable anthropomorphism; that he derives his notions of celestial phenomena and existences from his personal environment with a curious childish simplicity at times; that he exhibits in many ways his inadequacy as the vehicle of supra-mundane communications; and his inability, partly through physical, partly through intellectual conditions, to transmit with fidelity or even to observe with accuracy that which was presented to his internal vision."

How true is this of all untrained seers! *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is true on all planes, and psychic senses are even more delusive than physical. Yet as Mr. Parsons says :

"It is not that the various Seers are hallucinated, or that they invent; it is that the divergence in their reports represents the insuperable influence of their material elements upon their spiritual perception. This may be tested by harmonies as well as by discords indeed. The student of such subjects knows that remarkable resemblances in outline occur frequently among the mystical writings of widely separated races and ages. These resemblances cannot, in many instances, be accounted for on the theory of simple borrowing, for the proof is frequently attainable that borrowing would have been impossible."

Perhaps also our amateur seer would do well to remember that :

"He may easily drift into a Fool's Paradise wherein illusions of every kind cheat his undisciplined senses, and he may return to material existence qualified to do much more harm than good by disseminating views which perhaps his personal character invests with a factitious value."

How repeatedly have facts paid their tribute to the wisdom of the aphorism of the *Voice of the Silence*, which says: "The name of Hall the Second is the Hall of Learning. In it thy soul will find the blossoms of life, but under every flower a serpent coiled." Had this been always understood how many Angelic and other Revelations would have been spared a long-suffering world. Nature never makes leaps, but somehow or other a psychic imagines himself privileged to reach the seventh heaven at a bound.

Speaking of the final ordeal before the apotheosis of Seraphita, Mr. Parsons writes :

"In this great ordeal Seraphita finds no help in her sinlessness, because her spiritual development has brought with it not only increase of sensitiveness, but an expansion of the perceptive faculties which enables her to comprehend to the fullest extent the attractions and delights of the materia

opportunities and enjoyments she is required to renounce. The sacrifice demanded of her, moreover, embraces the slaying of Self. It is not only earthly desires that she must surrender, but all desires; for the yearning for the Divine, pure as it may seem, is capable of perversion into a disguised form of selfishness. She cannot cease to aspire, for all her nature is attuned heavenward; but she must be prepared for any event, even for the disappointment of her dearest hopes."

Balzac's philosophical trilogy ends with a dramatic scene called "The Assumption." Seraphita wings her flight to heaven and is received within its portals. For some readers, perhaps, the setting is too Swedenborgian; still, if they be lovers of Balzac, they will agree with Mr. Parsons that:

"Notwithstanding the unavoidable employment of some conventional forms, the elevation, nobility, solemnity and beauty of the whole picture render it a literary masterpiece, scarcely equalled and not surpassed by the most glowing conceptions of the great mystical poets."

Much of the philosophy of Balzac is really excellent, and where he fails or is obscure the learned and lucid introduction of the present edition will prove an excellent "Guide to the Perplexed" and convince us that we have at last a critic who has understood the great French novelist.

Briefly, the work is well done: translation, introduction, printing and binding are a meet offering to the Man who dwelt for a brief half-century in the personality named Honoré de Balzac.

## THE INDIAN RELIGIONS,

OR RESULTS OF THE MYSTERIOUS BUDDHISM.\*

**T**HE *Indian Religions* are somewhat of a misnomer for the latest work from the pen of Mr. Hargrave Jennings. We learn little from his volume of what the Hindus have to say for themselves and a good deal of the reasonings of the author towards some of the fundamentals of Aryan philosophy.

Mr. Jennings justly remarks that "Buddhism . . . underlies all the religious beliefs of the vast East." This is true of original Buddhism, or rather Bodhism or Gupta Vidya, the Gnosis of the Orient.

We are informed that the Brahmins do not eat flesh because of their belief in transmigration, and that the Castes "deem milk the purest of food, *because* they think it partakes of some of the properties of the nectar of their gods, and *because* they esteem the cow itself almost like a divinity." But surely this explains nothing! As well ask us to believe that Gautama actually died of a too hearty meal of boar's flesh.

This is the superstition of religion, the literal interpretation of symbols and scriptures. Surely the thinking public, to whom Mr. Jennings addresses his book, deserves some better treatment. Nowadays, when so many believe that superstition and myths have a rational explanation and that such sublime philosophers as the ancient Aryans did not suddenly descend to the level of the *cretin* in their ceremonies, such *because*s can only be greeted with a smile. Explanations which satisfy the child do not content the man; an orthodox catechism is no key to the mysteries.

The greater portion of the volume deals largely with the metaphysical. "Thirty-nine years of metaphysics are exhibited in the conclusions of this book,"

\* By HARGRAVE JENNINGS: London, GEORGE REDWAY, 1890.

the author tells us at the close. It would therefore be supposed that we should have a purely philosophical treatment of the subject. The author of "The Rosicrucians," however, is fond of warming up to his task, and with the aid of the denunciatory second person, breaks into many passages of Teufelsdröchian diction, from which we may quote the following as a type.

"Why, thou wretched disbeliever!—atheist—if that term of the beasts shall be pleasing to thee and gratify thy intense and yet thy meanest pride!—the circuits of the round world must be stored, thick beyond count, with the shapes, or shows, or souls of . . . . escaped life—evolved out of its organisms . . . . ! What if thou—with thy miserable optics—cannot see these realms of escaped vitality?"

On the whole the volume is interesting, especially when Mr. Hargrave Jennings<sup>s</sup> treats of some of the old customs, and traces them back through centuries. But how the old mythologies, ceremonies, customs and mysteries have been made the obedient servants of the most contradictory theories; and what a fertile field of adventure have they proved for literary knight-errants!

It would take too long to carp about details, but we certainly do wonder how the permutation *Trimour Tree* (*sic*) for Trimurti was arrived at.

While saying that there is much in the volume for which Mr. Jennings is to be commended, let us briefly see what are the conclusions of a writer who gives us the result of a thirty-nine years' study of metaphysics, and a criticism of Indian philosophy.

"We might gather that there was and is no alternative for man—but Revelation or despair. Nature can, at the utmost, do little for us. It can tell us very little. This the highest of philosophers have ever felt (including some of the Alchemists). And, hence, they have tried to get *behind nature*:—and to get so behind it as to read the future of the past. In reading rightly—that is, out of their own nature—they have all miserably failed. And ever shall they so fail. *One only* reached the ultimate secrets of this sublime and mysterious scheme of things. *One only—living was permitted to pass behind the tremendous veil of creation.* And why? Because he came from the excellent Glory (which is, perhaps, only another name for that "unparticled matter," that sublime Reality of Existence which is within all things; as well as because he confirmed his power by privilege of virtue. *He alone*, even in the days of his flesh, with unveiled face looked upon the Glory of God."

"But . . . shall we not end with the solemn words of the *only Book* which has given us *authentic and commanding tidings* from those unknown worlds? Seeing, therefore, that all these things shall be dissolved, what should ye not make yourselves as heirs of this kingdom?' This heaven into which all—in the final glory—shall be absorbed." \*

This is surely a very strange mixture, Here we have an orthodox theologian standing under the bright lamp of Eastern philosophy, and cutting a somewhat comical figure. Had he rested in the darkness of his theology no one would have noticed his raiment, but stepping into the light he shows himself clad in a suit of motley. . . .

### THREE SEVENS.†

**T**HE *Three Sevens* is an interesting little volume of occult fiction. It is a speculation on Initiation, a romance that reminds one of Bulwer Lytton's works and Christian's *Histoire de la Magie*. No doubt many are curious to know the life of the schools of Initiation, and what are the trials of the Neophyte, but those who know are few and must "keep silence." The *Three Sevens*, however, is full of interest and contains much food for thought; it

\* The Italics are the Reviewer's.

† By the PHELONS: THE HERMETIC PUBLISHING Co. CHICAGO, ILL. 1889, price \$1.50.

will certainly do useful work among those who can only be got at by mind-picture books and is worth the perusal of serious students.

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#### FACING THE SPHINX.\*

**I**N *Facing the Sphinx*, we have a book of some 200 pages, treating of such subjects as Continents, Races, Symbology, Numbers, etc. It contains long references to the *Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled* and other works with which students of the subjects treated of in these volumes are familiar. In brief, it is a handy compilation. As the author says: "We have followed in the footsteps of learned scholars who have preceded us in the same useful field, and we present the result of their researches in the most comprehensible way allowed by such a deep subject." The work is on the whole a fair and clever summary of certain portions of our philosophy.

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#### EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*In our next number, which commences Volume VI., we shall publish the first of a series of papers by U. L. Desai, F.T.S., entitled "Hardwar, or, the Mysteries of the Himalayas." They will deal with the personal experiences of the writer among the Himalayan Yogis, and with the Vedantin philosophy held by them.*

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*A series of papers under the heading of "Theosophical Gleanings," by "Two Students of the E.S.," will be commenced in our March issue. They are intended for those who are really studying Theosophy, to throw light for beginners on some portions of our philosophy.*

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*We shall also, in an early number, insert the first of some "Selections from the Gnostic Gospel, the Pistis Sophia," translated by G. R. S. Mead, and annotated by H. P. B.*

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*It is found absolutely necessary to raise, in future, the subscription price of LUCIFER, by the addition of postage. At the present time, subscribers obtain it for 15s. a year, post free, and as 2s. 6d. of this goes for postage, they pay for it only 1s. 0½d. per copy, a reduction greater than is made on any other magazine. For the future, the annual subscription will be 17s. 6d., but all subscribers now on the books will be supplied at the old rate until the expiry of their subscriptions.*

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\* By MARIE L. FARRINGTON. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal., 1889.