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THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. VIII. No. 85.—OCTOBER 1886.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

ANCIENT MAGIC IN MODERN SCIENCE.

PAULTHIER, the French Indianist, may, or may not, be taxed with too much enthusiasm when saying that India appears before him as the grand and primitive focus of human thought, whose steady flame has ended by communicating itself to, and setting on fire the whole ancient world*—yet, he is right in his statement. It is Aryan metaphysics† that have led the mind to occult knowledge—the oldest and the mother science of all, since it contains within itself all the other sciences. And it is occultism—the synthesis of all the discoveries in nature and, chiefly, of the psychic potency within and beyond every physical atom of matter—that has been the primitive bond that has cemented into one corner-stone the foundations of all the religions of antiquity.

The primitive spark has set on fire every nation, truly, and Magic underlies now every national faith, whether old or young. Egypt and Chaldea are foremost in the ranks of those countries that furnish us with the most evidence upon the subject, helpless as they are to do as India does—to protect their paleographic relics from desecration. The turbid waters of the canal of Suez carry along to those that wash the British shores, the magic of the earliest days of Pharaonic Egypt, to fill up with its crumbled dust the British, French, German and Russian museums. Ancient, *historical* Magic is thus reflecting itself upon the scientific records of our own all-denying century. It forces the hand and tires the brain of the scientist, laughing at his efforts to interpret its meaning in his own materialistic way, yet helps the occultist better to understand modern Magic, the rickety, weak grandchild of her power-

* ESSAY. PREFACE by Colebrooke.

† It is only through Mr. Barthélemy St. Hilaire that the world has learnt that "with regard to metaphysics, the Hindu genius has ever remained in a kind of infantile underdevelopment!"

ful, archaic grandam. Hardly a hieratic papyrus exhumed along with the swathed mummy of King or Priest-Hierophant, or a weather-beaten, indecipherable inscription from the tormented sites of Babylonia or Niniveh, or an ancient tile-cylinder—that does not furnish new food for thought or some suggestive information to the student of Occultism. Withal, magic is denied and termed the “superstition” of the ignorant ancient philosopher.

Thus, magic in every papyrus; magic in all the religious formulæ; magic bottled up in hermetically-closed vials, many thousands of years old; magic in elegantly bound, modern works; magic in the most popular novels; magic in social gatherings; magic—worse than that, SORCERY—in the very air one breathes in Europe, America, Australia: the more civilized and cultured a nation, the more formidable and effective the effluvia of unconscious magic it emits and stores away in the surrounding atmosphere...

Tabooed, derided magic would, of course, never be accepted under her legitimate name; yet science has begun dealing with that ostracised science under modern masks, and very considerably. But what is in a name? Because a wolf is scientifically defined as an animal of the *genus canis*, does it make of him a dog? Men of science may prefer to call the magic inquired into by Porphyry and explained by Iamblichus *hysterical hypnosis*, but that does not make it the less magic. The result and outcome of primitive *Revelation* to the earlier races by their “*Divine Dynasties*” the *kings-instructors*, became *innate* knowledge in the Fourth race, that of the Atlantians; and that knowledge is now called in its rare cases of “abnormal” genuine manifestations, *mediumship*. The secret history of the world, preserved only in far-away, secure retreats, would alone, if told unreservedly, inform the present generations of the powers that lie latent, and to most unknown, in man and nature. It was the fearful misuse of magic by the Atlantians, that led their race to utter destruction, and—to oblivion. The tale of their sorcery and wicked enchantments has reached us, through classical writers, in fragmentary bits, as legends and childish fairy-tales, and as fathered on smaller nations. Thence the scorn for necromancy, goëtic magic, and theurgy. The “witches” of Thessaly are not less laughed at in our day than the modern medium or the credulous Theosophist. This is again due to *sorcery*, and one should never lack the moral courage to repeat the term; for it is the fatally abused magic that forced the adepts, “the Sons of Light,” to bury it deep, after its sinful votaries had themselves found a watery grave at the bottom of the ocean; thus placing it beyond the reach of the profane of the race that succeeded to the Atlantians. It is, then, to sorcery that the world is indebted for its present ignorance about it. But who or what class in Europe or America, will believe the report? With one exception, none; and that exception is found in the Roman Catholics and their clergy; but even they, while bound by their religious dogmas to credit its existence, attribute to it a satanic origin. It is this theory which, no doubt, has to this day prevented magic from being dealt with scientifically.

Still, *volens volens*, science has to take it in hand. Archæology

in its most interesting department—Egyptology and Assyriology—is fatally wedded to it, do what it may. For magic is so mixed up with the world's history that, if the latter is ever to be written at all in its completeness, giving the truth and *nothing* but the truth, there seems to be no help for it. If Archæology counts still upon discoveries and reports upon hieratic writings that will be free from the hateful subject, then History will never be written, we fear.

One sympathises profoundly with, and can well imagine, the embarrassing position of the various savants and “F. R. S.'s” of Academicians and Orientalists. Forced to decipher, translate and interpret old mouldy papyri, inscriptions on steles and Babylonian *rhombs*, they find themselves at every moment face to face with MAGIC! Votive offerings, carvings, hieroglyphics, incantations—the whole paraphernalia of that hateful “superstition”—stare them in the eyes, demand their attention, fill them with the most disagreeable perplexity. Only think what must be their feelings in the following case in hand. An evidently precious papyrus is exhumed. It is the *post-mortem* passport furnished to the osirified soul* of a just-translated Prince or even Pharaoh, written in red and black characters by a learned and famous scribe, say of the IVth Dynasty, under the supervision of an Egyptian Hierophant—a class considered in all the ages and held by posterity as the most learned of the learned, among the ancient sages and philosophers. The statements therein were written at the solemn hours of the death and burial of a King-Hierophant, of a Pharaoh and ruler. The purpose of the paper is the introduction of the “soul” to the awful region of Amenti, before its judges, there where a lie is said to outweigh every other crime. The Orientalist carries away the papyrus and devotes to its interpretation days, perhaps weeks, of labour, only to find in it the following statement: “In the XIIth year and the second month of *Schomoo*, in the 28th day of the same, we, the first High-priest of Ammon, the king of the gods, Penotman, the son of the delegate (or substitute)† for the High-priest Pion-ki-moan, and the scribe of the temple of Sosser-soo-khons and of the Necropolis Bootegamonmoo, began to dress the late Prince Oozirmari Pionokha, etc. etc., preparing him for eternity. When ready, the mummy was pleased to arise and thank his servants, as also to accept a cover worked for him by the hand of the “lady singer,” *Nefrelit Nimutha*, gone into eternity the year so and so—“some hundred years before!” The whole in hieroglyphics.

This may be a mistaken reading. There are dozens of papyri, though, well authenticated and recording more curious readings and narratives than that corroborated in this, by Sanchoniaton and Manetho, by Herodotus and Plato, Syncellus and dozens of other

* The reader need not be told that every soul newly-born into its cycle of 3000 years after the death of the body it animated, became, in Egypt, an “Osiris,” was *osirified*, viz., the personality became reduced to its higher principles, a *spirit*.

† “Substitute” was the name given to the father of the “Son” adopted by the High-priest Hierophant; a class of these remaining unmarried, and adopting “Sons” for purposes of transmission of power and succession.

writers and philosophers, who mention the subject. Those papyrus note down very often, as seriously as any historical fact needing no special corroboration, whole dynasties of Kings'-*manes*, viz., of *phantoms and ghosts*. The same is found in the histories of other nations.

All claim for their first and earliest dynasties* of rulers and kings, what the Greeks called *Manes* and the Egyptians *Ourvagan*, "gods," etc. Rossellius has tried to interpret the puzzling statement, but in vain. "The word *manes* meaning *urvagan*," he says, "and that term in its literal sense signifying *exterior image*, we may suppose, if it were possible to bring down that dynasty within some historical period—that the word referred to some form of theocratic government, represented by the images of the gods and priests"!!†

A dynasty of, to all appearance, *living*, at all events acting and ruling, kings turning out to have been simply mannikins and images, would require, to be accepted, a far wider stretch of modern credulity than even "kings' phantoms."

Were these Hierophants and Scribes, Pharaohs and King-Initiates all fools or frauds, confederates and liars, to have either believed themselves or tried to make other people believe in such cock-and-bull stories, if there were no truth at the foundation? And that for a long series of millenniums, from the first to the last Dynasty?

Of the *divine* Dynasty of *Manes*, the text of the "Secret Doctrine" will treat more fully; but a few such feats may be recorded from genuine papyrus and the discoveries of archaeology. The Orientalists have found a plank of salvation: though forced to publish the contents of some famous papyrus, they now call them *Romances* of the days of Pharaoh so-and-so. The device is ingenious, if not absolutely honest. The literary Sadducees may fairly rejoice.

One of such is the so-called "Lepsius Papyrus" of the Berlin Museum, now purchased by the latter from the heirs of Richard Lepsius. It is written in hieratic characters in the archaic Egyptian (old Coptic) tongue, and is considered one of the most important archaeological discoveries of our age, inasmuch as it furnishes dates for comparison, and rectifies several mistakes in the order of dynastical successions. Unfortunately *its most important fragments are missing*. The learned Egyptologists who had the greatest difficulty in deciphering it have concluded that it was "an historical romance of the XVth century B. C.,† dating back to events that took place during the reign of Pharaoh Cheops, the supposed build-

* The Secret Doctrine teaches that those dynasties were composed of divine beings, "the ethereal images of human creatures," in reality, "gods," in their luminous astral bodies; the *Sishta* of preceding manvantaras.

† Rossellius (vol. i, "Storia degli Monumenti dell'Egitto," (p. 8) He adds that Manetho and the old Chronicles agree in translating the word *manes* by *νέφες*. In the Chronicles of Eusebius Pamphilus, discovered at Milan and annotated by Cardinal Mai, the word *νέφες* is also translated *urvagan*, "the exterior shadow" or "ethereal image of men;" in short, the *astral body*.

‡ *Suppositiously*—during the XVIIIth Dynasty of kings, agreeably to Manetho's Synchronistic Tables, disfigured out of recognition by the able Eusebius, the clever Bishop of Caesarea.

der of the pyramid of that name, who flourished in the XXVIth (?) century before our era." It shows Egyptian life and the state of society at the Court of that great Pharaoh, nearly 900 years before the little unpleasantness between Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar.

The first scene opens with King Cheops on his throne, surrounded by his sons, whom he commands to entertain him with narratives about hoar antiquity and the miraculous powers exercised by the celebrated sages and magicians at the Court of his predecessor. Prince Chefred then tells his audience how a *magus* during the epoch of Pharaoh Nebkha fabricated a crocodile out of wax and endowed him with life and *obedience*. Having been placed by a husband in the room of his faithless spouse, the crocodile snapped at both the wife and her lover, and seizing them carried them both into the sea. Another prince told a story of his grandfather, the parent of Cheops, Pharaoh SENEFRU. Feeling seedy, he commanded a magician into his presence, who advised him as a remedy the spectacle of twenty beautiful maidens of the Court sporting in a boat on the lake near by. The maidens obeyed and the heart of the old despot was "refreshed." But suddenly one of the ladies screamed and began to weep aloud. She had dropped into the water, 120 feet deep in that spot, a rich necklace. Then a magician pronounced a formula, called the genii of the air and water to his help, and plunging his hand into the waves brought back with it the necklace. The Pharaoh was greatly struck with the feat. He looked no more at the twenty beauties, "divested of their clothes, covered with nets, and with twenty oars made of ebony and gold;" but commanded that sacrifices should be made to the *manes* of those two magicians when they died. To this Prince Gardadathu remarked that the highest among such magicians *never die*, and that one of them lived to that day, more than a centenarian, at the town of Deyd-Snefroo; that his name was Deddy; and that he had the miraculous power of reuniting cut-off heads to their bodies and recalling the whole to life, as also full authority and sway over the lions of the desert. He, Deddy, knew likewise where to procure the needed expensive materials for the temple of the god Thoth (the *wisdom* deity), which edifice Pharaoh Cheops was anxious to raise near his great pyramid. Upon hearing this, the mighty king Cheops expressed desire to see the old sage at his Court! Thereupon the Prince Gardadathu started on his journey, and brought back with him the great magician.

After long greetings and mutual compliments and obeisance, according to the papyrus, a long conversation ensued between the Pharaoh and the sage, which goes on briefly thus:—

"I am told, oh sage, that thou art able to reunite heads severed from their bodies to the latter."

"I can do so, great King,"—answered Deddy.

"Let a criminal be brought here, without delay," quoth the Pharaoh.

"Great King, my power does not extend to men. I can resurrect only animals,"—remarked the sage.

A goose was then brought, its head cut off and placed in the east corner of the hall, and its body at the western side. Deddy

extended his arm in the two directions in turn and muttered a magic formula. Forthwith the body of the bird arose and walked to the centre of the hall, and the head rolled up to meet it. Then the head jumped on the bleeding neck; the two were reunited; and the goose began to walk about, none the worse for the operation of beheading.

The same wonderful feat was repeated by Deddy upon canaries and a bull. After which the Pharaoh desired to be informed with regard to the projected temple of Thoth.

The sage-magician knew all about the old remains of the temple, hidden in a certain house at Heliopolis: but he had no right to reveal it to the king. The revelation had to come from the eldest of the three triplets of Rad-Dedtoo. "The latter is the wife of the priest of the Sun, at the city of Saheboo. She will conceive the triplet-sons from the sun-god, and these children will play an important part in the history of the land of Khemi (Egypt), inasmuch as they will be called to rule it. The eldest, before he becomes a Pharaoh, will be High-priest of the Sun at the city of Heliopolis.

"Upon hearing this, Pharaoh Cheops rent his clothes in grief: his dynasty would thus be overthrown by the son of the deity to whom he was actually raising a temple!"

Here the papyrus is torn; and a large portion of it being missing, posterity is denied the possibility of learning what Pharaoh Cheops undertook in this emergency.

The fragment that follows apprizes us of that which is evidently the chief subject of the archaic record—the birth of the three sons of the sun-god. As soon as Rad-Dedtoo felt the pangs of child-birth, the great sun-god called the goddesses Isis, Nephthys, Mesehentoo, and Hekhtoo, and sent them to help the priestess, saying: "She is in labour with my three sons who will, one day, be the rulers of this land. Help her, and they will raise temples for you, will make innumerable libations of wine and sacrifices." The goddesses did as they were asked, and three boys, each one yard long and *with very long arms*,* were born. Isis gave them their names and Nephthys blessed them, while the two other goddesses confirmed on them their glorious future. The three young men became eventually kings of the Vth Dynasty, their names being Ouserkath, Sagoorey and Kakäy. After the goddesses had returned to their celestial mansions some great miracles occurred. The corn given the mother-goddesses returned of itself into the corn-bin in an out-house of the High-priest, and the servants reported that voices of invisibles were singing in it the hymns sung at the birth of hereditary princes, and the sounds of music, and dances belonging to that rite were distinctly heard. This phenomenon endangered, later on, the lives of the future kings—the triplets.

A female slave having been punished once by the High priestess, the former ran away from the house, and spoke thus to the assembled crowds: "How dare she punish me, that woman who gave birth to three kings? I will go and notify it to Pharaoh Cheops, our lord."

*Long arms in Egypt meant as now in India, a sign of *mabutmaship*, or adeptship.

At this interesting place, the papyrus is again torn; and the reader left once more in ignorance of what resulted from the denunciation, and how the three boy-pretenders avoided the persecution of the paramount ruler.*

Another magical feat is given by Mariette Bey. (*Mon. Dir.* pl. 9, Persian epoch) from a tablet in the Bulak Museum, concerning the Ethiopian kingdom founded by the descendants of the High-priests of Ammon, wherein flourished absolute theocracy. It was the god himself, it appears, who selected the kings at his fancy, and "the *stèle* 114 which is an official statement about the election of Aspalout, shows how such events took place." (Gebel-Barkal) The army gathered near the Holy Mountain at Napata, choosing six officers who had to join other delegates of state, proposed to proceed to the election of a king.

"Come," reads the inscribed legend, "come, let us choose a master who would be like an irresistible young bull." And the army began lamenting, saying—"Our master is with us, and we know him not!" And others remarked, "Aye, but we can know him, though till now no one save Râ (the god) does so: may the great God protect him from harm wherever he be".....Forthwith the whole army cried out—"But there is that god Ammon-Râ, in the Holy Mountain, and he is the god of Ethiopia! Let us to him; do not speak in ignorance of him, for the word spoken in ignorance of him is not good. Let him choose, that god, who is the god of the kingdom of Ethiopia, since the days of Râ...He will guide us, as the Ethiopian kings are all his handiwork, and he gives the kingdom to the son whom he loves." "This is what the entire army saith: 'It is an excellent speech, in truth... a million of times.'"

Then the narrative shows the delegates duly purified, proceeding to the temple and prostrating themselves before the huge statue of Ammon-Râ, while framing their request. "The Ethiopic priests are mighty ones. They know how to fabricate miraculous images and statues, capable of motion and speech, to serve as vehicles for the gods; it is an art they hold from their Egyptian ancestors."

* This is the more to be regretted—says the translator of the papyrus—that "legendary details, notwithstanding the contents of the Lepsius papyrus are evidently based upon the most ancient traditions; and as a matter of fact emanate from eye-witnesses and first-hand evidence." The data in the papyrus are absolutely coincident with facts known, and agree with the discoveries made by Egyptology and the undeniable information obtained concerning the history and far away events of that "land of mystery and riddle," as Hegel called it. Therefore we have no cause whatever to doubt the authenticity of the general narrative contained in our papyrus. It reveals to us, likewise, entirely new historical facts. Thus, we learn, first of all, that (Kefren) or Chephren was the son of Cheops; that the Vth Dynasty originated in the town of Saheboo; that its first three Pharaohs were three brothers—and that the elder of the triplets had been a solar High-priest at Heliopolis before ascending to the throne. Meagre as the details appear, they become quite important in the history of events removed from us by more than forty centuries. Finally, the Lepsius papyrus is an extremely ancient document, written in the old Egyptian tongue, while the events narrated therein may, for their *originality* (magic?), be placed on a par with the best Egyptian narratives translated and published by the famous Egyptologist and Archæologist, Mr. Maspero, in his work called "Contes de l'ancienne Egypte."

All the members of the Royal family pass in procession before the statue of Ammon-Râ—still it moveth not. But as soon as Aspalout approaches it, the huge statue seizes him with both arms, and loudly exclaims—"This is your king! This is your Master who will make you live!" : and the army chiefs greet the new Pharaoh. He enters into the sanctuary and is crowned by the god, personally, and with his own hands; then joins his army. The festival ends with the distribution of bread and beer." (Gebel-Barkal).

There is a number of papyri and old inscriptions proving beyond the slightest doubt that for thousands of years High-priests, magicians and Pharaohs *believed*—as well as the masses—in magic, besides practising it; the latter being liable to be referred to clever jugglery. The statues *had* to be *fabricated*; for, unless they were made of certain elements and stones, and were prepared under certain constellations, in accordance with the conditions prescribed by magic art, the *divine* (or *infernal*, if some will so have it) powers, or FORCES, that were expected to animate such statues and images, could not be made to act therein. A galvanic-battery has to be prepared of specific metals and materials, not made at random, if one would have it produce *its* magical effects. A photograph has to be obtained under specific conditions of darkness and certain chemicals, before it can result in a given purpose.

Some twenty years ago, archæology was enriched with a very curious Egyptian document giving the views of that ancient religion upon the subject of ghosts (*manes*) and magic in general. It is called the "Harris papyrus on Magic" (Papyrus Magique). It is extremely curious in its bearing upon the esoteric teachings of Occult Theosophy, and is very suggestive. It is left for our next article—on MAGIC.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

OSTENDE, July, 1886.

MOTHER GANGA.

THE paper on "Esotericism in Hardwar," which appeared in the June number of this Magazine, contained the promise of some observations on the sacred river Ganges, Mother Gangá, of our national piety. But before fulfilling the promise let me say that the name Haridvára is to be found in the Mahábhárata (Santi Parva, Mok. Dh.). Thus it would seem that, in the XVIth century, only a very old appellation of the place was revived and no vulgar designation invented. It is further to be stated that in interpreting the Durgá symbology the current tradition in Bengal about the conclusion of the goddess's combat with the buffalo-born *Asura* was adopted. In the Devi máhátmya or Chandipátha, forming a portion of the Márkandiya Purána, a somewhat different ending is to be found. Here the *Asura* perishes at the hand of the goddess, who thus typifies the eleventh form of Krishna, or the Turiya Sakti, the oneness.

According to the Vishnu Purána the sin-removing stream of the divine maiden, Gangá, flows from the toes of the left lotus foot of Vishnu. At the time of the Trivikrama Avatar the whole of Svárloka was covered by the left foot of Vishnu. This loka is represented by that portion of the heavens which lies between the tropic of Cancer and the Pole-star, the most stable object in this changing universe. The toes of Vishnu's left foot rested on the constellation of the Great Bear, and therefore this part of the heavens are called the Supreme foot (*paramam padam*) of Vishnu.* This part of the mundane sphere remains in its place during the time that fourteen Manus rise and fall, after each of them had witnessed the birth and death of fourteen Indras. But at the end of Brahma's day the whole of the three lokas retire from manifestation. The Ganges is therefore the *kriya sakti*, or dynamic energy, of the three lokas, having her origin in the highest loka, representing the highest point of manifestation. Beyond this the Ganges is the ambrosial stream that issues from Vishnu's feet to give immortality to the dwellers of the spiritual spheres, which remain untouched by Kalpic *pralayas*; she is not, then, our Mother Ganges. The origin of that Gangá is at the highest point of the psychic or *svapna* plane—on the confines, so to say, between that plane and the spiritual sphere, of *sushupti*. At the end of a day of Brahma the physical and the psychical plane become merged in the *Tamo-gunan* of *Sushupti*. The spiritual lokas, *jana*, *tapas* and *Satya*, are really states of Samádhi, and not subject to change except during the Prákritic *pralaya*, which takes place at the end of a hundred years of Brahma; Mahorloka, standing midway between the upper and lower three, has properties peculiar to itself. It is called "mortal-and-immortal," because, though it is not destroyed at the Kalpic *pralaya*, it becomes uninhabited.

The Ganges issuing from the feet of Vishnu for a long time dwelt in the sphere of Brahma, that is on the *sushuptic* plane in the three lokas. The three forms of immortality, absence of pain and the extinction of its liability to recur, in which Vishnu's grace is enjoyed by the three spiritual lokas, must be taken as the Ganges prior to her manifestation in the world of death—the three lower lokas. The reasons which induced her to descend were to shed her benign influence upon the wicked sons of Sagara, incensed by the wrath of the sage Kapila, and give them a new life. Now Kapila is no other than Vishnu himself in a particular aspect, he is the Purusha that dwells in the sun, and therefore the same as Jivátmá. In the Vishnu Purána it is said that, at the Kalpic *pralaya*, the fire issuing from the mouth of Sankarsana or Jivátmá burns up the three lokas, which thus become the wicked sons of Sagara. The name Sagara, or "with poison," is a fitting designation for the sphere of death, consisting of the three lokas, Bhuh, Bhuvah and Svah. Bhurloka is the lowest; it is the sphere of the earth; Bhuvarloka is the atmospheric region where all elementals and elementaries

* "The witnesses of the three lokas, Dharma, Dhruva and others, dwell in this region of the heavens which is called the *paramam padam* of Vishnu," says the Vishnu Purána. It is hardly necessary to remark that the "Supreme foot of Vishnu" in the Upanishads means Nirvana, Vaikuntha, and is different from this.

reside; Svarloka is the abode of the gods. Below the earth there are seven other lokas, the antipodes, so to say, of the seven we have described, they represent the stages through which the evolutionary tide has mounted up to this earth; in the mineral kingdom and the states into which the spiritually-evil personalities fall. The monad is eternal, and consequently it never can evolve. The successive changes in the forms it inhabits constitute evolution. The three aspects of the Ganges as existing in heaven, on earth, and in the nether spheres, represent the three aspects of the evolutionary progress, as on earth, and above, and below it. To understand the character of the earthly Ganges we must remember that the ego in Devachan, or Svarloka, descends into incarnation by a very peculiar process. The jiva, or ego, in Devachan is called in Sanskrit *taijasa*; its abode is in the element of *ákása*, as can be seen from Gandapada Acharya's epitome of the teachings of the *Mándukya Upanishad*. After the exhaustion of the Karma that sustains the *taijasic* condition of the jiva, it falls into the element of air, and then it descends farther as the fire in the cloud, and finally comes down on the earth with rain, to dwell in the food which the parents of its next incarnation eat; and thus it finally passes into foetal life. It is hardly worth while to warn the reader against confounding these elements with their manifestations perceptible to us.

The Ganges in her passages through the various stages of her descent on earth describes the path of the incarnating ego. First, she falls on the hair of Siva, which is the element of *ákása*. For Vyomakesa, a name of that deity, means literally the 'ákása-haired.' She lives a long time among his matted locks, typifying the sojourn of the ego in Devachan. Then she acquires motion, through the element of air, and gaining form as the daughter of the Himálaya, descends as sweet water on this earth.

Near the geographical source of the Ganges is the spot where stood once the hermitage of Kapila. Here we must take Kapila in his human aspect of the jiva, and not what he *really* is, an avatar of Krishna, a naturally-illuminated being, or, in other words, Adi Buddha. As the highest manifestation of spiritual wisdom he is the presiding deity of the sun, and thus instrumental in reducing to ashes the three lokas at the time of pralaya.

The Ganges as the wife of Siva is the *Kriya sakti* (active energy). In the human body she is the force that is seated in the *Svādhisthāna* centre, in the region of the solar plexus. The important part which that nerve-centre occupies in our bodily economy as well as its numerous functions, will throw great light on the symbology of the course of the Ganges. The name of the goddess's "vehicle" is deeply suggestive, she is always represented as riding on a *makara* or dolphin. The word *makara* interpreted esoterically means the "maker of five" (*ma* = five, *kara* = maker). The Ganges is therefore the genetrix of the process of evolution of the five great elements.

It would be very interesting to collect together the various myths clustering round the Ganges and examine their esoteric significance. But that is a task of too great a magnitude to be undertaken here.

MOHINI M. CHATTERJI.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.

IN spite of misrepresentation and disdain, and the mistaken zeal of sectaries who have thought, by blackening the character of a great man whom they failed to understand, they were advancing the divine claims of their own leader, the character of Apollonius will always stand out as one of the grandest, if not the grandest, of his time. Mr. Tredwell, in a recently published work,* has given us the best modern account of Apollonius and his times and to this book we owe most of our details.

Apollonius was born, as nearly as can be determined, about the year one of our era at Tyana in Cappadocia. His parents were connected with some of the noblest families of the city. At fourteen years of age he was taken to Tarsus to be educated under the care of "Euthydemus, the Phœnician, a stoic and a celebrated rhetorician, and where he enjoyed conversation with the disciples of Pythagoras, Plato, Chrysippus and Aristotle." Dissatisfied with the manners of this city, he removed with his tutor, to *Ægæ*, a maritime town near Tarsus. Here he was placed under the tutelage of the Epicurean, Euxemes of Heraclea. While Apollonius was at *Ægæ*, his father died leaving him a considerable fortune, which he divided with his elder brother, and his relatives. Apollonius went to Tyana to bury his father and on his return turned the temple of *Æsculapius* into a Lyceum, where all kinds of philosophical disputations were held, and there he effected many remarkable cures.

He now determined to pass five years in silence according to the Pythagorean code. "This period was passed chiefly in Pamphylia and in Cilicia; and although he travelled through provinces whose manners were corrupt and effeminate, and much needed reformation, he never uttered a word, nor did a murmur ever escape him. The method he used in expressing his sentiments during his silence was by his eyes, his hands and the motion of his head. He never seemed morose nor out of spirits, and always preserved an even, placid temper. He complained that this life was irksome, inasmuch only as he had many things to say which he refrained from saying; that he heard many things of a disagreeable nature which he affected not to hear. In this manner he passed over many things said against him in dignified silence." It is hardly possible to over-estimate the value of this discipline as a training for the will, the judgment and the perceptive faculties. It is remarkable to what an extent, though voluntarily deprived of the power of speech, he was able to make known his thought. On one occasion, while residing at Aspendus, he quelled a tumult raised by the inhabitants on account of the exactions of the corn monopolists during a time of famine. The enraged populace were about to seize the governor and burn him alive.

* "A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana: or the First Ten Decades of our Era," by D. M. Tredwell. New York, Frederic Tredwell. Readers will find in this book a most interesting account of the times of Apollonius and descriptions of the places he visited, illustrated by quotations that show that a wide field of research has been traversed by the author. In the attempt however to combine a picture of the age with the life of the philosopher the latter tends at times to become somewhat obscured.

Apollonius approached the governor, whom he asked by signs in what duties he had been remiss. The governor declaring himself innocent, Apollonius signified to the mob that he must be heard. The governor then explained that the real blame lay with the monopolists whom he named. The people then wanted to seize these men and take the hoarded corn by force. Again Apollonius interfered, giving them to understand that, if they would be patient, their demands should be satisfied without the commission of a crime. The monopolizers were sent for and rebuked and were glad to purchase their lives by the surrender of their corn.

When Apollonius had fulfilled his vow he went to Issus and Alexandria and thence to Antioch in Syria. At this place he entered the temple of Apollo Daphaneus and rebuked the neglected state of the temple and the absence of rational worship. At Antioch he occasionally addressed the people, "but he avoided promiscuous multitudes and places of public resort, for he disliked their rude and disorderly manners." But, so far from shutting himself up from all communication with his fellows, "he admitted with pleasure into his conversations all who were of good behaviour."

During the reigns of Tiberius and Caligula, Apollonius did not visit the capital, though he kept himself informed of all matters that transpired there, without apparently paying any attention to political affairs. He went from city to city and from temple to temple. "Whenever he visited a city which happened to be of Greek origin and was in possession of an established code of religious worship, he called together the priests and discoursed to them on the nature of their gods and the discipline of their temples, and if he found that they had departed from the ancient and usual forms, he always set them right. But when he came to a city where religious rites and customs were barbarous and with immoral tendencies, he enquired by whom they were established and for what they were intended and in what manner they were observed, at the same time suggesting whatever occurred to him as better, more becoming, and more adapted for the general good; this he sometimes did by private advice to the priests; at others by public discourses."

"Wherever Apollonius in his travels found devotees of virtue and morality associated for the promotion of the true philosophy, he commanded them to ask what they pleased, assuring them that those who cultivate the virtues and the true philosophy ought in the morning to commune with the gods concerning the matters of the gods, and in the evening, of human affairs." When he had answered all questions of friends and talked as much as he deemed sufficient, he then addressed the multitude, with whom he always discoursed in the evenings, but never before noon. In this manner of occupation his time was employed many years at Antioch and surrounding cities up to A. D. 40.

He now determined to travel in foreign countries and, accompanied by two faithful and expert scribes of his own family, he set out for India. In order to hold converse with the Persian Magi, he travelled by Babylon and Susa. At Ninus, on the Euphrates, he met Damis, who became his companion and disciple, and to

whose journals we owe most of the particulars of his life. Spending a short time in Mesopotamia, they entered the territory of Babylon, where Apollonius was met by the king's guard and commanded to halt. Mr. Tredwell omits the account of the journey to India, referring his readers to the full account in Bewick's "Life of Apollonius." Eliphas Levi considers that this account of the Indian journey is in reality a book of initiation, symbolically setting forth the trials and triumphs of him who aspires to tread the narrow way. The account has often been impugned as fabulous, but Mr. Tredwell says "the account of Damis is so minute in detail and exact in description, and bears such evidence of artless honesty and truthfulness, that we are convinced on reading it that it could have been written by none other than an eye witness. Many of the places and events described and related by Damis were never heard of in Greece before the visit of Apollonius, the truth of which modern research has confirmed." He also adds that "it was through these Indian itineraries of Apollonius that renewed impulsion was given to the Hindu element pervading the religion and philosophy of Greece." If the account of this journey was so written as to form a book of initiation, there is no reason for supposing that the separate events recorded therein were not true. In any case it is more than probable that Apollonius himself received instruction and initiation on this journey.

After his wanderings in India he returned to his native country by the Erythræan Sea, Babylon, thence to Ninus and to Antioch—subsequently the witness of ten ecclesiastical councils. He stayed here several months A. D. 48; but, becoming disgusted with the dissolute morals of the place, he left it for Seleucia, the seaport of Antioch, and thence took ship for Smyrna.

They touched at Cyprus, where Apollonius and his disciples visited the temples of New Paphos. Prevented by the weather from remaining longer on the island, they put to sea again and, in the evening, anchored at Rhodes. From this place they continued their voyage to Panormus, the port of Ephesus. As soon as his arrival at this place was known, the citizens left their accustomed occupations to meet and welcome him. He delivered several moral and religious discourses, "and the city of Ephesus, which was so notorious for its profligacy and frivolity, was brought back by the teachings of Apollonius to the cultivation of philosophy, and to abandon their dissipation and cruel sports."

The priests and oracles of Colophon and of Didymus and of Pergamus had already declared in his favour, and all persons who stood in need of assistance were commanded by the oracle to repair to Apollonius, such being the will of Apollo and the Fates. Embassies were sent from all the principal cities of Ionia offering him rights of hospitality.

Smyrna sent ambassadors, who, when questioned for a reason of the invitation, replied, 'To see you, Apollonius, and be seen by you.' 'Then,' said Apollonius, 'I will come; our curiosity is mutual.'

While at Ephesus, Apollonius spent his time visiting the temples and lecturing to the people. He also went to other places near and addressed the people wherever he went. From Ephesus he went

to Smyrna, and as he approached the city, the Ionians, who were engaged in their Panionian festival, came out to meet him. "He found the people given up to idle disputings, and much divided in their opinions upon all subjects which tended for the public welfare and the good government of the city. He exhorted them in their disputes to vie with each other in giving the best advice or in discharging most faithfully the duties of citizens, in beautifying their city with works of art and graceful buildings, advising them that beautiful cities resemble the statue of Jupiter Olympus* which Phidias had made, or the elegant work of Cleanthes, the Corinthian, or of Polycletus, or the fabulous works of Dædalus, always beautiful and artistic and giving joy and culture to the beholders." At Smyrna Apollonius delivered many discourses, always taking care to confine himself "to such topics as were most useful to his hearers." He was the guest of Theron, a stoic and an astronomer.

While at Smyrna ambassadors from Ephesus came to Apollonius entreating him to return to their city to stay the ravages of the plague that had broken out. It appears that Apollonius had already warned the Ephesians that unless they paid more attention to the sanitary condition of their city a plague would inevitably break out. He went to Ephesus, and after haranguing the people promised them "that he would that day put a check upon the disease." According to Lactantius, the Ephesians consecrated a statue to Apollonius in commemoration of his having delivered them from the plague.

From Ephesus he went to Athens, after visiting Pergamus, where he discoursed in the temple of Athena Pallas. He also visited Ilium, a three days' journey from Pergamus. Near this place he is said to have visited the tomb of Achilles, where he passed a night during which several questions he put were answered. He then sailed for Lesbos, landing at Methymna. There he restored the statue of the god and built a chapel over it. He also visited the temple of Orpheus at Mytilene, at which place he spent one season, remaining till autumn. From Mytilene he went to Samos and thence to Athens. He arrived on the first day of the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries. Apollonius wished to be initiated into the mysteries, but the hierophant refused to admit him as being "a man not pure in things touching religion." Apollonius replied that the real reason of this refusal was because "I know more of the ceremonies of initiation than you do." The hierophant then wanted to initiate Apollonius, who, however, declined, saying he would wait until another hierophant was appointed. Apollonius passed his time at Athens with the philosophers who were gathered there in considerable numbers, though the schools had already begun to decline. He delivered many discourses "both in the temples to the priests, and in the stoa to the people." He is said to have corrected many abuses of the temples, and on one occasion to have cast a devil out of a young man. He remained two years at Athens and then went on an embassy to the Thessalians "in obedience to a command of Achilles." He visited all the tem-

* A marvel of art in ivory and gold.

ples in Greece, purifying and amending the worship where necessary in each place. Passing through Athens he went on to Corinth, visiting Eleusis and Megara on the way. At Corinth he was met by an embassy of Elians who invited him to come to Olympia to witness the games. There the Spartans sent him an invitation to visit their country after the games were ended. He accepted the invitation, but, noticing the effeminate appearance of the ambassadors, he sent by them a message to the Ephori, blaming the modern system of education and recommending them to return to their ancient customs. At Olympia Apollonius discoursed on such subjects as fortitude, wisdom, temperance, charity and other virtues, delivering his lectures in the porch of the temple of Jupiter. According to his promise he went to Sparta and found there that the habits of the people were simple, manly, and unostentatious, and that their appearance in no way resembled the effeminacy of the ambassadors sent to him at Olympia. From Sparta he went to Epidaurus, where he stayed in the temple of Æsculapius, to whom divine honours were paid. Thence, by way of Malea, Boea and Acmea, he went to Crete, staying at Gnosus. He also visited the labyrinth. While at Crete, Apollonius, engaged at the time in addressing the people, felt the shock of the earthquake and eruption of Vesuvius that destroyed the cities of Campania, Herculaneum and Pompeii, A. D. 64.

From Crete, Apollonius proceeded to Rome, going by sea to Puteoli and thence by land along the Appian way. At this time Nero ruled the Roman empire, and its capital was a dangerous place for philosophers to visit. One after another these had been imprisoned, exiled or murdered, apparently because their virtuous lives were a reproach to Roman vice. So strong were the warnings received by Apollonius on his way to Rome, that out of thirty disciples who accompanied him, only eight remained with him. They took up their abode in an inn near the ancient city walls and adjacent to Cicero's house. They spent several days visiting the different parts of the city. They endeavoured to attract as little attention as possible, and for some time were not molested. One evening they were discovered by a spy. This man, feigning drunkenness, went about the city singing verses written by Nero, with power to arraign all who listened with inattention or who did not pay him. As Apollonius and his friends did not seem greatly impressed by the singing, the spy accused them of violating the majesty of Nero. However they paid the singer and passed on. The next day Apollonius was taken before Telesinus, one of the Consuls. The Consul was amazed at his religious zeal and his boldness in answer to questions put to him, "and by way of honouring him, offered to grant him a permit to enter the temples." Apollonius said he preferred "to visit temples not so vigilantly guarded." After this Apollonius passed all his time in the temples, going from one to another and, as usual, introducing reforms wherever they appeared called for. He visited none, but declined to receive none, but at last he excited the suspicion of Nero through his influence over Demetrius, a celebrated cynic philosopher. Apollonius was now watched, but apparently left Rome for a time. Returning thither

he was arrested on a charge of high treason. It is said that an informer presented himself at the trial before Tigellinus, the public prosecutor, with a roll on which were inscribed all the accusations against Apollonius. This roll the informer flourished about, boasting that Apollonius' hour was come. When he presented the document to Tigellinus, everybody was surprised to find it blank. This is said to have been effected by the substitution of a blank roll by Menippus. However popular opinion immediately invested Apollonius with power over demons. Apollonius gave bold answers to interrogatories of Tigellinus who dismissed him saying, "Go where you please, only giving security for your appearance when required." Apollonius now became more cautious in his behaviour. One day he is said to have restored to life a maiden who was being carried out for burial. Apollonius went from Rome to Spain, but we have no particulars of the route taken, though there are records of his conversations with his disciples during this period, especially his criticisms on Nero. While Apollonius was in Spain, Vindex, governor of Gaul, was planning a revolt which Apollonius is said to have aided by his advice. Mr. Tredwell thinks that the real object of Apollonius' journey to Spain was to strike a blow against the power of Nero by encouraging the rebellion that shortly followed his departure.

After the fall of Nero, Apollonius went to Carthage, and thence by Utica, to Sicily. Here he visited temples in various parts of the island, and remained a year in Sicily. Thence he sailed for Athens. At Leucas he changed his vessel, saying, "Let us leave this ship, for it is not good for us to sail in her to Achaia." The ship quitted at Leucas was wrecked in the Gulf of Crissa. At Athens "Apollonius presented himself for initiation into the mysteries, and the rites were performed by the very hierophant whom he declared should be the successor of the hierophant who had formerly refused him initiation."

Apollonius passed the winter in Greece and then determined to visit Egypt. He arrived at Alexandria A. D. 69. Here the citizens welcomed him gladly, for they had long held him in the greatest reverence. At this time Vespasian, proclaimed emperor by the army, was on his way to Rome. Passing through Alexandria he at once enquired after Apollonius. Being told that the philosopher was in the temple, Vespasian at once went thither and at their meeting said, "To you, Apollonius, more than any other man, am I indebted for my present success. I know your participation in the present revolution, and to you I shall look for advice." Vespasian remained several months in Alexandria, and during that time was constantly in the company of Apollonius. Apollonius is said to have performed many miracles while at Alexandria, some of them under the eye of the emperor. A rupture took place between Vespasian and Apollonius, because the former deprived Greece of certain liberties granted by Nero, and moreover sold offices and pardons, seeming to forget all but the claims of avarice.

After the departure of Vespasian from Egypt, Apollonius, accompanied by his disciples, went up the Nile to Sais, where they arrived

on the day of the celebration of the festival of Neith which took place every fourth year. From Sais they went to Heliopolis, at that time deserted, and thence to Memphis. Pthah was the deity worshipped at Memphis, and near his temple was another "dedicated to the pigmy god Cabeiri, into which none but priests entered." Apollonius considered that the pyramids were not constructed by the Egyptians and were constructed "firstly and chiefly as tombs; secondly, as places of worship; thirdly, to gratify the vanity of the builders—a people who inhabited the country anterior to the Egyptians." He compares them to the pagodas of India, and says that the meaning of Memphis is "land of the pyramid." During his Egyptian journey Apollonius was much disgusted at the excessive reverence paid to animals. His principal object in visiting Egypt was to see the gymnosophists of upper Egypt, and to compare their tenets and mode of life with those of the Indian philosophers. He passed some time with them, but found them far below their Hindu prototypes in knowledge, he said, "And now, in all candour let me submit to you: Do you think that your methods for propagating truth and purifying the world can prove otherwise than a failure? True, it may tend to the purification of yourselves; but why not practise your great virtues in the world and surrounded by temptations? Why not remain in the midst of crowded populations and help to purify them by your example and practice? Do you not rob the world of your ennobling influence by taking yourselves out of it? I think your system of philosophy in these particulars has little to recommend it besides its selfishness." In another conversation with these Egyptians Apollonius, speaking of his own experiences, says the philosophy of Pythagoras seemed to invite him within its embraces in these words; "O young man, the path to which I would direct your steps is full of cares and self-denials. If any man conform to my rule of life, he must remove from his table all animal food and forget the use of wine; he must not mingle the cup of wisdom set in the hearts of all men with a love of wine; he is to wear no garments made from either hair or wool; his shoes must be of the bark of trees; and his rest and sleep wherever and whenever he can get them. I am so severe with my followers, that I have bridles for curbing the tongue. Attend now, and I will tell you the rewards which await him who makes me his choice. He shall possess, without a rival, the virtues, justice and temperance; he shall become more a terror to tyrants than their slave, and shall be more acceptable to the gods, through his humble offerings, than they who shed the blood of hetacombs of bulls; he shall be sympathetic in the sufferings of others, with a transcendent love for all humanity. When once he is made pure, I will give him knowledge of hereafter, and so fill his visual ray with light as to render him capable of distinguishing the merit of gods and heroes, and of appreciating, to their full value, all shadowy phantasms whenever they assume the form of mortals or immortals." This, Apollonius told the Egyptian, was his philosophy and the life he had chosen. He also said, "I determined to seek the truth from its fountain head, and for such reasons I was induced to visit the Indians."

Apollonius visited all the historical places on both sides of the Nile, ascending as far as the first cataract and then returned to Alexandria. He then travelled into the East, the country of the Idumeans, Phœnicians, Syrians, Sicilians (Tarsus) and afterwards into Ionia. At the death of Vespasian his son Titus succeeded to the imperial dignity. On his way to Rome, Titus requested Apollonius to meet him at Argos and had a conference with the philosopher there. Titus had but a short reign and was followed by Domitian. This emperor soon showed signs of the characteristics of Nero, and Apollonius set to work travelling through the empire and sowing the seeds of discontent against the emperor. At Smyrna he preached on "Fate and Necessity" with special reference to the troubles of the time. He had been secretly advocating the cause of Nerva, and for this Domitian determined to put him to death. Apollonius, without telling his companions whither he intended going, set out from Smyrna and went to Puteoli, where he had a long conference with Demetrius the philosopher, who strongly advised him not to risk a visit to Rome. Apollonius, however, insisted on going on, and on his arrival was placed in custody to await the emperor's pleasure. He was brought before Domitian, whose questions he answered with great boldness, and remanded back to prison, where he was loaded with irons. On his second examination he was accused of wearing strange garments and long hair, of allowing and encouraging men to call him a god, of predicting a plague in Ephesus through magic and turning it away by incantations, of sacrificing an Arcadian boy for purposes of divination. Apollonius made a lengthy speech in his defence, at the end of which it is said he vanished from the court-room and appeared the same day to Damis and Demetrius at Puteoli (at least three days' journey from Rome) as they were conversing on the sea-shore. The day after he left Puteoli for Olympia and travelled about Greece until his death, about which there are different accounts, in A. D. 98.

The main authority for the life of Apollonius is Philostratus, who was born A. D. 172. He was a well-known writer and has been frequently quoted as an authority; his description of the temple of Ephesus was sufficiently accurate to enable Mr. Wood to discover, in 1870, the exact site of the great temple of Diana at Ephesus. The materials used by Philostratus in compiling the biography of Apollonius were, the journal of Damis, who accompanied his master throughout his wanderings and seems to have recorded all that transpired at the time, much as Boswell did for his biography of Johnson; a sketch of Apollonius by Maximus of Ægæ, written between A. D. 17 and A. D. 20, and necessarily imperfect; also another account in the works of Mæragenes, together with a collection of the letters of Apollonius made by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. There is also frequent mention of Apollonius in the works of ancient writers.

In the above narrative, taken, as we have said, from Mr. Tredwell's work, there is but little mention of the miracles said to have been performed by Apollonius. The account of Philostratus

is however full of such occurrences. This fact has, in later times, been urged to the discredit of Philostratus as a historian, especially by Christian apologists, who, apparently claiming a monopoly of miraculous power for their own founder and his followers, have tried to disprove even the existence of Apollonius. It is quite possible that the miracles may have been exaggerated, but there seems no reason to doubt that Apollonius, initiated in India, really had the power—an extension of the mesmeric faculty—of curing diseases even in the absence of the sufferers. The story of his sudden disappearance from the emperor's court after his trial, whether by the production of a *maya* or other means, is paralleled by an account of a Brahman ascetic in recent times, who, summoned before a court at some distance off, delayed starting till within an hour of the time fixed for the hearing, and yet appeared to take his trial at the proper time. There are some members of the Theosophical Society who can also recall an exact parallel to the disappearance in court of the writing on the document when Apollonius was brought before Tigellinus. In the case of his raising the young girl from the dead, it is to be noticed that she was only recently deceased and the body was not worn out, and in some such cases it is possible for an initiate to induce the principles—not yet completely separated—to reunite. But perhaps the most striking proof of the power of Apollonius was the manner in which he was received by temple priests wherever he went and the deference they paid to his recommendations of reform. When we consider that all the ancient ceremonies were founded on specific reasons, that their virtue depended on the exact observation of the rules laid down, and hence that there was every inducement to the priests to decline the smallest alteration, it is not a little remarkable that they were willing to listen to Apollonius, and it is impossible to imagine any but an initiate succeeding under similar circumstances.

Another point to be noticed is that Apollonius did not confine his efforts to attempts at the reformation of the priests alone, but he preached practical sermons for the people, and never failed to enforce the great truth that those who would know the doctrine must lead the life, and that men must *be* as well as *know*.

In several places he expresses his conviction that India is the real fountain-head of religious philosophy, and that he had drawn thence the best of what he knew. The fact that Apollonius, having attained in a distant country the highest wisdom within his reach, was able to impress its dictates upon so many systems is a fresh proof, were any needed, of the unity of the truth, of the supremacy of the Wisdom Religion, the source of all the creeds.

Of his political action enough has been said to show how great was his influence. He lived in difficult times and seems to have done what lay in his power to prevent the bad from becoming worse. On the conflicting accounts of the manner of his death we make no comment, he is not the only initiate who is said to have vanished. Without having attained the full rank of highest adeptship, Apollonius was one of those men who, combining the qualities of a "great man" with the powers of the initiate,

appear on earth from time to time, powerfully affecting their generation during life and leaving a sacred influence after death.

MAURICE FREDAL.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ELIPHAS LEVI.

(Fourth Series.)

XI.

THE name Jod-He-Vadni is represented by the instruments of magic. Jod is the wand; He is the cup and the lamp; Vau is the sword; Aleph is the ring; Daleth is the crown of golden filigree; Nun is the brazier and the vase for the lustral water; the last Jod is the talisman to be chosen from among the thirty-six of Solomon.

These instruments are useful in the same way as are the vestments and accessories of the Catholic Church where you find the pastoral staff or crosier; the cup or chalice; the host, round like the golden disks; the censers for the fire; the vessels for the holy water and the miraculous medals which are true talismans.

All these things render the cult more efficacious by working on the imagination of the priests and the faithful; all are magnetised by consecration and herein lies the explanation of the fact that the Catholic faith is more fascinating and more powerful than the Protestant. Similarly, magistrates and soldiers, as well as other officials, have uniforms; and these distinctive marks, however unnecessary and useless they may appear to be, have an appreciable magnetic effect both on the wearers and the rest of the world.

To masquerade in the attire of a priest—to celebrate Mass without having received ordination, would be a sacrilegious farce. So it is with magical ceremonies. As to the instruments, one may possess without using them and those who are worthy and capable of using them soon dispense with them.

I have in other works expressed my opinion with regard to evocations. They are always useless and dangerous. The ceremonial consecration of rings and talismans is less so, but is liable to produce too strong an impression on feeble minds and may give rise to visions and hallucinations of the senses.

The Freemasons—ignorant heirs of the antique initiations—have preserved the magical instruments but only as symbols and under the form of jewels. Their ceremonial—once terrible—has preserved but little of its ancient splendour. The death's heads in which the tapers burn are only good to frighten children. Yet the principal strength of their society lies in their ceremonial rites.

We will now resume the translation of the fourth chapter of the Sephir Dzeniutha.

"The supreme Ancient is hidden and inaccessible to our thought, but the microprosope (the human and inferior divine hypothesis) is at once hidden and manifest.

"It is manifested by the letters traced in their order, it is hidden by the letters disarranged.

"For if you disarrange the letters, you no longer understand the harmony of the Elohim, and the superior letters are only explicable by the inferior ones.

"The mystery of the wise is intelligible to wisdom, but the mystery of madmen is intelligible to no-one.

"The wise believe in mysteries and fools believe in the absurd.

"God prepared the creation of man by causing animals to be born, and for this reason it is written: Men and animals shall be saved.

"For the animals are the first rough models of the human race, and this is why they belong to man.

"By the sacrifice of animals, man typifies the offering of himself."

Here are expressed great and admirable mysteries that reply to the scientific objections of our time. The evolutionists pretend that man is descended from the animal, but in reality it is the animal that ascends to man. True humanity commences with the manifestation of reason, and although unreasoning beings may possess the human form, they yet belong to the animal kingdom. So long as the animal being is not completed in the image and the resemblance of the divine intelligence, it does not merit the name of man and, like the animals, is subject to the laws of fatality. This idea gives us a more charitable notion of crime. The lion is not a criminal because he devours a man nor is the fox when he eats a chicken. Criminals are but dangerous animals against whom society has the right of self-defence but which society has no right to punish.

"The whole of the sacred name is contained in each of the letters that compose it. The shadow is the daughter of the light, and the light is measured and distributed by the antagonism of the shadow. Therefore do not say that evil is produced against the will of God.

"The angels descended from heaven on account of the beauty of the daughters of the earth; were then the attractions of these more powerful than the delights of heaven?

"Were not the spies sent by Joshua to Jericho saved because they took refuge with Rahab?

"The divine ideal is double and the human ideal is made in the image of God. There is the white man and the black one, the man of light and the man of darkness, and both are necessary for the triumph of humanity.

"There are also two women, the strong and the weak one; the wife and the mistress; the good mother and the bad one.

"Solomon was able to discover the good mother when the two women were brought before him; true purity is a mystery known to God alone.

"And the scripture says that then it was known that the wisdom of the Elohim was in him.

"Why was this? And why this plural name of Elohim, that is to say, Gods?

"Because then it seemed that there were two gods or two forms of the same God—Adonai in heaven and Solomon on earth.

"When Solomon ordered them to cut the child in half he seemed to be an iniquitous and barbarous master just as God seems to be when his law appears to impose unnatural obligations upon us."

"But the wise king irritated and revolted nature but to force her to manifest herself in the heroic sacrifice of the mother who redeems the faults of the mistress."

"For God and nature are like a husband and wife united in an eternal embrace. They are thus in heaven, but on earth they are constrained to hide themselves. They then conceal their mutual love and by a sort of divine modesty they seem to hate and avoid one another."

"Their two foreheads are no longer united beneath the same crown of flowers but they are covered with the bushel that is used to measure the grapes."

"The crown of mercy has given place to the tiara of rigour."

"But hear what the Lord replies to Moses."

"Why dost thou cry to me begging for the salvation of Israel? Dost thou think that I desire the loss of my people?"

"Speak to the children of Israel and tell them to have patience and to go forward."

"And as Moses still stretched forth his supplicating hands towards the holy beard of the supreme Ancient:

"Why—it was said to him—dost thou give way to the anxieties of thy heart? Let Israel go forward in the straight way that I shall show him, let him hear my precepts and obey all my laws. I am the Lord and I take upon me to heal all his ills."

The dangers of this passage are plain, the writer affirms the necessity of evil and seems to give the initiate permission to use every possible means to ensure the attainment of his will.

But this passage is synthesised and completed by a glorious saying of Christ which solves the problem in a single sentence:

It must needs be that offences come, but woe to him through whom the offence cometh.

Thus, in vulgar parlance, you may make the devil serve you so long as you do not serve him.

We now commence the fifth chapter of our book.

"Woe to the race that corrupts its children by outraging the mysteries of birth."

"Marriage rites are either a prayer to heaven or an invocation of hell."

"It is written Bereschit Bara—thrice three letters which are the father, the mother and the son."

"And by these nine are explained the four of the divine tetragram of which the first is always understood."

"Bereschit is Nature—the mother made fruitful by the Jod."

Thus the author explains the last three letters of the tetragram by the first nine letters of Genesis allotting three of the latter to one of the former in regular order. The initial Jod contains all twelve letters. The word Bara explained by the keys of the tarot signifies religion, law and the priest who represents God on earth; but the true God, the supreme Jod, remains hidden. The three letters, Schin, Jod, Tau, are equal to Vau, for they express the fire

that generates all things—the fire of love. The three letters that explain the He are reproduced and explain the generation of the mother. The nine letters, with the addition of the occult Jod, form the ten sephiroth. The first clause of the second paragraph of this book explains why the love-song of Solomon was admitted into the canon.

"We may say that in God there is both a father and a son. The father is the hidden god, the son is the revealed god. For the one is eternally engendered by the other and the one is the contrary of the other. The supreme light translates itself for us into an immense shadow."

"There is a superior paradise and an inferior one; the first is inaccessible to change, the other varies according to the aspirations of souls and thus God says in Genesis: "Let there be a firmament to separate the waters that are above from those that are below." In other words, an impassable barrier between absolute science and human knowledge; between absolute goodness and the mercy that is attributed to God. For science and goodness are like the waters that quench the thirst of souls. Above the superior waters shines for ever the sun of truth, but in the inferior waters the divine reflection is like the moon whose reflection is constantly broken by the movement of the waters."

"The superior waters are a shoreless ocean, the inferior ones are contained in lakes and seas as in cups and vases. The essence of God is incommunicable, but the soul or spirit of God is manifested in all existences. God lives in the midst of all beings just as the tree of life grew in the midst of all the trees of Eden."

"There is then a perfect divinity and an imperfect one. There is the God who saves and the God who damns. The inferior God is he who repents that he created man and who makes the lower waters to rise, but the superior God gives peace to heaven and says: My spirit shall never strive with man, for man is a being of flesh and his life is not more than a hundred and twenty years."

"It is the superior God that spoke thus. But the inferior God is represented to us as repenting of having made man and as drowning him in the universal deluge."

"Thus God, figured by a human head, sends his breath through two nostrils, of which one is called anger and the other peace."

"Thus the words of God after the deluge breathe only pity, they breathe eternity and this is man's cure for time. For the number one hundred and eighty is written in two ways; one with a single Jod having two accents and the other by two Jods and these three Jods represent the eternal principle in time and in eternity. (The three letters are arranged in an equilateral triangle, one letter in each angle)."

"The superior and solitary Jod represents the splendid and invisible forehead of the supreme God; the two inferior Jods are like the two nostrils of the revealed God alternately breathing out vengeance and pardon."

"The four letters of the divine name are but the giants of the earth. They are like the four rivers of Eden that start from the same source. The source is the supreme Jod that no-one sees and

none can name but which is represented by the inferior Jod, and the third Jod is man.

"Before the arrival of Joshua the holy land was occupied by the sons of the giants—idols—but when Jesus or Jehoshuah comes, the idols fall down of themselves like the walls of Jericho (The author here speaks of Joshua and not the Jesus whom the Christians adore).

"There were idols of silver and idols of gold and of wood, and there were also idols of flesh, the monstrous men of the race of Enoch who gave themselves up to disorder and lived wholly for pleasure.

"They were conquered but they were not destroyed by Joshua and their race was still existing in the time of Solomon."

The above passages give a formal negation to hell as conceived by the Christians. Nothing is more absurd than the conception of eternal war between God and man. Man would then be a rebellious God perpetually oppressed by the cowardly violence of a stronger God. In the Bible it says, "I shall not always strive with man, etc." There is here no question of the personal immortality of the soul—of which Moses never spoke. It was Christ who first revealed this immortality—not to all men, but to a few of the elect. The rest were to be consigned to Gehenna, there to be burned. But Christ referred to the perpetual fire and meant that the wicked would be cast out of the society of the good and that their personalities would be destroyed just as corpses are burned. God can no more be angry with a bad man than with a savage animal, but the man who is solely governed by animal instincts must share the fate of the animal. He who would free himself from animality must sacrifice the brute and emancipate his mind. So soon as he thinks reasonably, wills justly and loves devotedly, he feels himself immortal; for truth, reason and the love of the good are inaccessible to death. So soon as the man ceases to be a brute he begins to be a god, and God never repels those who come to him. He never pardons because he is never irritated; he remains calm and goes on eternally accomplishing his work of salvation and universal happiness.

The world is still far from realising this beautiful and true idea of God's nature and this is why there is so much impiety on the one hand and so much fanaticism on the other.

PHANTOM PICTURES IN THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

THE ingenious Dr. Elam, and other scientific writers, have noticed and commented upon the tendency of events to occur collectively, especially such as are related to mental action. They attribute the often-marked prevalence of a certain class of crimes and specific popular delusions to the imitative propensity of the human mind which, in persons of very sensitive natures, begets an irresistible tendency to repeat some deed, or profess some bizarre belief, that has struck their imaginations upon reading, or hearing

of it in connection with others. Imagination, very often, no doubt, plays a prominent part in these matters, but it is still left for non-occultists to explain why the phenomenon also occurs in countries where there are neither telegraphs nor daily papers to stimulate the public imagination, nor such mutual intercourse as might account for a delusion being carried like the cholera-germ from one tribe or people to another. The explanation of the occultist has the merit of being simpler than those of materialistic theorists, viz., that in certain positions of the earth as regards her sister orbs, currents flow towards her from space, along which are borne classes of elementals whose contact with humanity begets the nervous disturbances and mental predispositions provocative of the crimes and collective delusions in question. The physicists are ready enough to seek natural explanations for physiological phenomena, such as epidemic diseases; but when it comes to tracing psychological epidemics to causes equally contained in the earth's æriform envelope, they pause, and try to persuade themselves that it is useless to look beyond the human brain and its aberrations. The first impulse of the physicists is to reject *à priori* every theory based upon the agency of elemental spirits, elementaries, or the deliberate employment of embodied human will-power. Hence the small advance, until very recently, of psychological science in the West. The law of collective manifestation seems to apply equally to physical as to mental phenomena. Like troubles, which "come not singly, but by battalions," earthquakes, shipwrecks, accidents of various sorts, discoveries, etc., seem to come in company; and our physicists must finally try the occult hypothesis as a working factor, after they have stretched materialistic guesses to the breaking-point. A chance is offered them just now. Phantom ships, canoes, and horsemen are being projected out of the astral-light, all over the world. If the watery ocean is not giving up its secrets quite yet, the astral ocean is; and among the most stubbornly persistent of these phantoms is the Flying Dutchman, which ought to have been resolved into its finest molecules by this time, if scientific scorn were any more potent than the "toy thunderbolts" of the Romish Church. This time, the Royal Society has to deal with no ordinary ship-masters, able only to tell honestly what they saw and entered in their ships' logs when they saw it: men whom the scientists can afford to discredit and defame. The Royal Princes of England are the witnesses, and their diaries, after having been carefully edited by their governor, have just been published. The Flying Dutchman, or Phantom Ship, off the Cape of Good Hope, has long been relegated by science to the limbo of exploded superstitions. It figures conspicuously in Mr. W. Jones's *Credulities Past and Present*, and takes its place as such among superstitious nautical beliefs of various ages and nations. But it is amusing to occultists to see the tone in which the following account from *The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship "Bacchante,"* by Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales, is noticed by the sober press:

"July 11.—At 4 A. M. the *Flying Dutchman* crossed our bows. A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the

masts, spars, and sails of a brig 200 yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up on the port bow. The look-out man on the fore-castle reported her close on the port bow, where also the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her, as did also the quarter-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the fore-castle; but on arriving there no vestige nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or right away to the horizon, the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her, but whether it was *Vandiemer** or the *Flying Dutchman* or who else, must remain unknown. The *Tourmaline* and *Cleopatra*, who were sailing on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light. At 10-44 A. M. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the *Flying Dutchman* fell from the foretopmast cross-trees on to the topgallant fore-castle and was smashed to atoms. At 4-15 P. M. after quarters, we hove to with the head yards aback, and he was buried in the sea. He was a smart royal-yardman, and one of the most promising young hands in the ship, and every one feels quite sad at his loss."

"Then follows a statement about the admiral having been 'stricken down,' as if it had some connection with the apparition."

"What," exclaims the Editor of *Nature*, "can Canon Dalton (the Princes' governor) mean by permitting the insertion of the entry, without note or comment?" And furthermore the Editor said—nothing! If somebody of less degree had revived the satisfactorily exploded "superstition," there would have been some very plain language used, no doubt. We must leave the Royal diarists to fight it out with the materialists, assuring them of our pleasure that they will now learn by experience what it costs in reputation to tell the truth about psychical phenomena.

The legend of the *Flying Dutchman* is an old one, and many navigators testify to having seen the ship. It is seen, usually amid terrific storms, off the Cape of Good Hope, and various stories are connected with its origin. One is that she "was originally a vessel loaded with great wealth, on board of which some horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that they were refused shelter in any port; and that the wicked crew are condemned by some Higher Power to haunt those seas in expiation of their crimes." In Hindu language, they have become *Pisáchas*, and must work out their Karma in the *Pisácha Loka*. Another story is that the Captain, enraged at the terrible gales he encountered in doubling the Cape, fell to blaspheming, and swore he should keep on his course until the Judgment Day rather than turn back, as his crew begged him to do. So saying, he wrote his own doom. It is said that if he encounters a ship, he will hail it, send off a small boat, and ask the other Captain to take some letters home to Holland for him. If not prevented, a 'materialised' phantom coxswain comes aboard, goes oft to the quarter-deck, enquires eagerly about persons in Amsterdam who died more than a century ago, and offers a packet of letters. If they are not taken he lays them down, enters his boat, and returns to the phantom ship. If the letters are not immediately thrown overboard, that ship is doomed to shipwreck.† Some of our best authors have written

* Meaning, doubtless, Vander Decken.—Ed. *Theosophist*.

† *Blackwood's Magazine*, May 1821, contained a thrilling story upon this theme, entitled "Vanderdecken's Message Home."

stories upon this theme; and Sir Walter Scott, treating the *Flying Dutchman* as a harbinger of woe, says:

"Or, of that Phantom Ship, whose form
Shoots like a meteor through the storm,
When the dark scud comes driving hard,
And lowered is ev'ry topsail yard,
And canvas wove in earthly looms,
No more to brave the storm presumes!
Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky,
Top and top-gallant hoisted high,
Full spread and crowded every sail,
The demon-frigate braves the gale,
And well the doom'd spectators know
The harbinger of wreck and woe!"

It would seem that her fateful influence was shown in this instance of the *Bacchante*, for the sailor who first sighted her was presently "smashed to atoms," and the Admiral commanding the squadron fell sick soon after.

From Mr. Jones' interesting compilation we learn that among the Norman fishermen, the Phantom Ship was an object of firm belief.

"If the prayers offered for the souls in purgatory of those who had been shipwrecked had not been efficacious, the result is said to have been as follows: a tempest would arise, and a ship be seen at sea, struggling with the winds and waves. Suddenly the vessel would be driven with lightning rapidity towards the port, and on entering, the horrified spectators on the quay would recognize in the ship those who had been reported lost at sea years before. Assistance would be given to bring the ship into a safe place; ropes were thrown on board, which were caught by the crew, and the vessel was attached to the quay."

The relatives of the dead-alive would rush forward and greet their friends.

"No answer, however, would be heard from the vessel; not one cry from the crew, although the figures might be seen; not a lip moved, nor was any sign of recognition heard. At length the bells would sound the hour of midnight; a fog would steal over the sea, and on clearing off after a few moments, the vessel had disappeared."

That was the harvest-time of the 'douce' clergy. Amidst the sobs and the heart-rending bitternesses of the spectators of the Phantom Ship, the warning voice of a priest would be heard, 'Pay your debts; pray for the lost souls in purgatory!' In this country (India) it would be the voice of the *Pisácha* himself, saying: 'Make a pilgrimage to Kasi to release me'; or do this, that, or the other thing prescribed by Hindu mortuary customs. This Norman ship is a case of perfect materialisation, a faultless *māya*, or the objectivation of a phantom-picture of the vessel and crew, preserved in the Astral Light. A most wonderful thing is this materialisation phenomenon; something perfectly incredible to such as have not seen it done in the presence of modern mediums. The wretched ignoramuses of Norman priests had nothing to do with the production of the *māya*: they only converted it into coin. It was the unhappy elementaries, employing the forces of the elementals.

There is a story that a burning Phantom ship has been seen at long intervals off one of the New England ports, on the

American coast, and the legend is that she is the surviving astral counterpart of an emigrant vessel that was destroyed by fire, long ago, with all on board, in those waters. The German Ocean is also said to be haunted by a ship of doom under command of a certain Herr von Falkenberg, "who is condemned to beat about the ocean until the Day of Judgment, on board a ship without a helm or steersman, playing at dice for his soul with the Devil." A Cornish tradition also exists of what is called the "Spectre ship"—a schooner-rigged vessel which was seen off St. Ives Head, years ago. Boats put off to her from the shore; she was plainly visible to all; the bow oarsman in the foremost boat got near enough to catch at her bulwarks with the boat-hook; he made the attempt; his hook caught nothing, but passed through a phantom shadow; and he would have fallen into the sea if his comrades had not seized him. The spectre-ship, with her lights, her crew and all, instantly disappeared.

"The next morning the *Neptune* of London, Captain Richard Grant, was wrecked at Gwithion, and all perished." This then, was a true harbinger of disaster, and its probable cause, the agency of Pisáchas.

In the month of June, last past, a phantom vessel showed itself to some Maoris in New Zealand. The following account has been kindly sent us by Mr. Procter of Dunedin. It is from the *Dunedin Evening Star* of June 17, 1886:

"MAORI SUPERSTITION."

WELLINGTON, June 16.

"There seems to be no reason to discredit the statement recently made to the effect that a few days before the eruption* some tourists saw a phantom war canoe on Tarawera Lake, the Maoris standing upright using their paddles. This, it was stated, was an omen of the evil which has since befallen the tribe. Mr G. L. Sise, of Dunedin, when passing through Wellington yesterday, stated that on the day in question he was on a visit to Rotomahana with some members of his family—he was not on the bank of the lake, as stated in a previous telegram, but was in a canoe propelled by some Maoris. While skirting the southern shore those in the tourists' canoe distinctly saw a Maori war canoe gliding along nearly parallel to and apparently racing them. The Maoris in the tourists' canoe hailed those in the war canoe, but received no answer; and as the former rounded the bend in the direction of Rotomahana the latter shot out of view in a north-easterly direction. The Maoris immediately became terrified, and exclaimed "*Taipo*." They said there was no war canoe in the district, and therefore this must be a phantom, indicative of evil. When the natives and the tourists returned to Wairoa, they made inquiries of the oldest natives, all of whom declared that such a canoe as had been described had never been seen by them. Mr. M'Rae, who has been seventeen years in Te Wairoa, also said that he never knew a war canoe upon the waters of the Lake country. The day was beautifully clear, and there was nothing in the atmosphere to cause an optical delusion. There is no feasible explanation of the phenomenon, but the fact of its appearance can scarcely be doubted."

Mr. Procter's theory—as will be observed from the following letter of his to the *Star*—is that the sensitive Maoris themselves created the *máya* and, by thought-transference, communicated the image of the canoe to the Europeans in their own boat. It might be so if there was among them a well developed mesmeric

* The recent volcanic eruption of Tarawera mountain.—Ed. *Theosophist*.

adept, who could focus his brain-picture upon the Astral Light, and then materialise it. But this is unlikely, since not a word to that effect was said by either the Maoris or European spectators. It is more probable that it was a symbolical warning given the Maoris by some powerful *Pisàcha* of their own race, or it may have been a momentary materialisation by it of the astral image of an actual war boat that existed at a remote anterior period—say a century or two. Mr. Procter wrote as follows:—

"SIR,—As the above phenomenon has perhaps caused a little alarm amongst some of your readers, some explanation with regard to such so-called supernatural appearances will probably be of interest. The information to hand states that the boat was seen both by Maoris and Europeans, therefore we cannot think it was simply the effects of imagination, as we might have done had Maoris alone been the witnesses.

Everything that occurs in the universe has its impression in the astral light, and those who are sufficiently sensitive are capable of reading such impressions. The Maoris in this case could feel the influence so far as to know there was danger at hand. It is an ascertained fact (*vide* Sir David Brewster's "*Letters on Natural Magic*") that pictures of the mind are as much pictures on the retina as external objects are. Therefore, the Maoris having the feeling of danger vividly in their minds, it is only a question as to what form the picture will take. It was the invasion of an enemy to destroy them and their little world, consequently they pictured a war canoe.

But, it will be urged, the same form of danger would not present itself to the Europeans. In answer to this objection, I must refer you to Hugh Conway's book "*Called Back*," where it will be remembered that whenever Vaughan took hold of his wife's hand, while she was in the trance state, he could see the picture that was in her mind. So likewise the proximity of the Maoris would cause the Europeans to behold the same picture as they did.

One remarkable thing which I notice in all apparitions is that, however much we might think we would be frightened on seeing one, yet no one is tried beyond that which he is able to bear.*—I am, etc.

PERCY PROCTER.

DUNEDIN, June 16.

An editorial paragraph in the same paper says:

"The war canoe referred to in Friday's telegrams from Oxford was distinctly seen by a party of European tourists who were standing on the border of Lake Tarawera about a week ago. Among them were Mr. G. L. Sise, his wife and daughter, who returned to Dunedin by the Wairarapa. They say that when the apparition appeared the Maoris with one accord exclaimed that the end of the world had come."

Coming from sea to land, we find an account of an alleged appearance of a troop of spectre cavalry in the north of India, going the round of the Indian papers. The following is copied from the *People's Budget and Railway Service Gazette*, of Allahabad, a respectable journal of wide circulation:—

"A story of a miraculous appearance near Ajmere in Rajputana has reached Hyderabad and has caused no little excitement among the faithful, especially of the Shiah sect. It is reported that for some time past a troop of about four or five hundred horsemen, armed and dressed in green, issue nightly from a valley in the neighbourhood of Ajmere, and after riding about the plain for a time suddenly and mysteriously disappear. They are believed to be Sawari of Imaum Hussain who was killed at Kerbela, in commemoration of whose death, as well as that of his brother Hassan, the Muhurum is annually observed. The story is obtaining wide credence, and it is said that some of the Nobles are preparing to proceed to Ajmere to view the wonderful sight."

* A mistake: many have died of fright.—Ed. *Theosophist*.

The great Eliphas Levi, speaking of the reality and transcendent turpitude of the crimes for which, in the Middle Ages, sorcerers were punished with death, says that they were able to perform their wicked phenomena by manipulating the forces in the astral light.

"How was it possible?"—do you ask, "Because there exists a mixed agent, an agent natural and divine, corporeal and spiritual, an universal plastic mediator, a common receptacle of the vibrations of motion and of the images of form, a fluid and a force, which in one way may be called *the imagination of nature*. By this force all nervous apparatuses secretly communicate together: thence springs sympathy and antipathy; thence come dreams; thence arise phenomena of second-sight and extranatural vision. This universal agent of nature's works is the *Od* of the Hebrews and of Baron von Reichenbach, it is the astral light of the Martinists, and we prefer, being as mere explicit, this latter appellation.

"It is a blind force in itself, but it is directed by the 'watchers' (*egregores*), that is to say, by the chiefs of souls. The chiefs of souls are the spirits of energy and action.

"The astral light magnetises, warms, lights, magnetises, attracts, repels, verifies, destroys, coagulates, separates, breaks, reassembles all things under the impulsion of its potent caprices. This entirely explains the whole theory of miracles and prodigies."*

The astral light is then to be regarded as nature's perpetual storehouse of images, or latent pictures, which may either be 'developed'—like the photograph—automatically, by the unconscious action of this 'blind force,' or designedly, by intelligent agents. These agents may be either incarnate or disincarnate—either sorcerers or superior "spirits of energy and action." Such would seem to be Levi's teaching. What limits to set to automatus action only profound occultists can know, but generally, may it not be said that any cosmic influence which disturbs the earth's auric equilibrium must show itself both in seismic phenomena—such as earthquakes etc.—and in convulsive agitations in her auric envelope, the astral light? Levi calls these agitations "astral congestions," and, in fact, they are the febrile symptoms of our mother Earth. The astral light may be thrown into the most terrific disturbances by the concentrated force of the human will, and the initiation of all the schools of magic embraced the practical teaching of this fact to the pupil. Will is, like every other force, capable of being used to effect the worst, most terrific and deadly results, or those of an opposite character. Black magicians—sorcerers, or *dug-pas*—produce the former; white magicians—*munis*, *siddhá-purushas*, *yogis*, *mahatmas*, adepts, hierophants, etc.,—the latter. The one class work for the gratification of selfish passions and the destruction of society; the other for the support of religion and morals, the extinction of superstition, of crime, of vice and ignorance. The one force the astral-light to engender and disgorge monstrous phantoms; the other extract from it the splendours of spiritual truth and the means of blessing mankind. The astral-memory of the earth contains the latent impressions of myriad ships, war-canoes, and armed horsemen, as many as there were ever visible, corporeal duplicates of the same; and the objectivation of either of such images prior to or concurrently with marine disasters, volcanic

* "Histoire de la Magie." Int. p. 19. Paris, Germin Bailliere, 1860.

eruptions, or battles by land, or sea, may be or may not be mere coincidence. The dream-reader and diviner will trace supernatural relations between the phantom and the casualty, where the doubting physicist will see but the work of chance. But, while avoiding either of these extremes of blind credulity, the thoughtful occultist will recognize that such phantasmic surprises may be planned by intelligences friendly to the people who are made to see them. So much is affirmed by those who are ignorant of the mysterious Shadow World, and so little revealed by those who are really learned, that we had best leave the page of that locked book unturned, for each worthy reader of nature's mysteries to turn for himself. Blind fools move daily and hourly through a realm of stupendous yet unsuspected realities, and from ignorance of their innate psychic potencies do the world comparatively little harm. Give them the sword of knowledge and the sceptre of initiation, they would wreck humanity for the assuagement of their brutal selfishness, were their will not sooner to exhaust itself. The horrors, not the beatitudes, of the astral light would then be evoked, and "hell reign upon earth" in more than an apocalyptic sense. But the sword and the sceptre are reserved for the wise and the worthy alone: sorcery finds the one to be two-edged, the other to blister its unclean hand. The astral phantoms can only be made visible so long as the cohesive attraction between their component molecules resists the dispersive attraction of space. It must be a highly intense consciousness that can long survive the ceaseless action of this force. Given the cases of ten similar murders or other crimes of violence, and the potential objectivation of their respective astral pictures would perhaps cease after as many different lapses of time; one might become perfectly latent after ten years, while another would survive for centuries, and be evocable at any instant under the right conditions. It is common report that the phantoms of battles have become visible or audible, sometimes both, many years after all the combatants had died. Perfect latency is reached when neither the automatus motion of the astral light nor the exercise of a trained human will can make the pictures of space objective. But this only means that they have retired to the *penetralia*, or secret corridors of time, not that they have been quite obliterated.

If we care to form some approximate conception of the persistent survival of the Earth's memory of her children's acts, we may read an extract from "The Soul of Things." The son of Professor Denton, a boy of about twelve years, has had handed him a bit of plaster (*chunam*) wrapped in paper: even if it were not, there is no mark upon it to indicate whence it came, nor to what epoch or country the building, or wall, or other structure belonged from which it was taken. It is a fragment from the house of Sallust, at Pompeii. He holds it to his forehead, and getting from its aura a psychometrical impression, says:—

"I see a man going up a ladder with some mortar. Men are building a house of light-colored brick. It is in some foreign country. It seems to be in a city...the houses are handsome, and especially the doors. I see in one place over a door a representation of a man with a spear attacking a dragon; he has one foot on its back. It is engraved in stone.....(Can you see people in the streets?"—Mr. Denton asks). Yes, all the time. They look like

Irish to me." (How are they dressed?) "Some of them are not more than half dressed; many of them have their arms bare, and their legs up to the knee. All the labourers are like that. I see others that are dressed all over, and have more dress than they need.....I see a large river now, and people boating for pleasure. The boats are shaped like birds,—geese, swans, &c.... The men row very prettily; they keep excellent time. It seems to be the principal pleasure of wealthy people to ride in their boats, etc.; etc."

The next evening the same specimen was tried again; he knowing no more respecting it than the psychometric representations had given him.

"I am not in the same place as last night. I am on quite an elevation, a little hill. I can see the river and across it, where they have begun to build.....Some of the fine people fish. One lady was scared. A gentleman pulled in a fish, and brought it near her face.....I see a place that looks something like a church. A great many people are going in. There is music here; very nice music. One instrument is like a harp: a man picks on it with his fingers. There is one like a triangle, and another like a gong. The band is on the platform. The people stand up. I see no seats. Oh! I see a number of pipes of various sizes; and a man puts a tube, that wind comes through, to each pipe, according to the note he wants. He is skilled at it.....A man is talking now. He uses his hands a good deal.....Why! this seems to me more a place of pleasure than of piety. They laugh at what he says sometimes, and he slightly smiles himself. His speech was quite a short one. He has sat down, and they have commenced to play (music) again."

Next day the same specimen was psychometrized by the boy.

"I am in the same city again.....I see some men making something like a lion in stone to go on a house. Three of them are at work on it; and they do it very fast. It is drawn on the stone with chalk; and the man follows it with a chisel, and cuts it very true. (One got a piece of stone in his eye: he rubs it very naturally). All three work on the same stone at once. Their hammers go thump, thump, thump."

With the same specimen, young Denton on the following day saw a Pompeian riot which was suppressed by the military. The mob had attacked and set fire to a house—apparently that from which the bit of chunam mortar came. The owner was a man of wealth.

"He seems to be a philosopher. He has globes and wheels, with weights and machinery of various kinds like models. The room where they are is not damaged.....He does not seem a bad man; and the mob seem to have attacked him because he undermined their religion."

So, for days and weeks, the young psychometer visited the reflection of ancient Poempeii in the astral-light, and gave his father as vivid and life-like descriptions of the place, its inhabitants, their avocations and every day life and conversations, and the final volcanic catastrophe, as though nearly twenty centuries had not passed since it became a city of silence and death, buried beneath the ashes and mud of Vesuvius! Terrible thought! that the meanest as well as the most heroic actions of one's life, the smile as well as the laugh, the trivial incident of an hour's pastime as well as the sublimest effort to save a nation or educate a world—are imperishably preserved in the "Book of Chitragupta." We talk of an Aryan Golden Age: if we would see it as in a mirror, we have only to appeal to Psychometry and we may march with the conquering legions of the Rāmāyāna, or sit at the feet of the Aryan Rishis and listen to them as they intone the inspired slokas. Hear Prof. Denton:

"The question is often asked, where are all these things that the psychometer sees? The following, unexpectedly seen by Mr. Denton, may shed some light upon this question. Can this be the realm into which the spirit is ushered at death? or is there a still more interior realm, from which we receive echoes occasionally, but of which we still know so little?"

"I am in a different realm from any I have ever observed. I have become positive not only to outward surroundings, but even to the psychometric influences usually received, in order to distinguish this. Yet it appears like a realm of real, substantial existences, stretching back, and backward still, almost interminably, into both time and space.

"I see forms—people, and the results of their labors; even the very efforts that produced the results. At first I thought it a species of mirage. It seemed like a picture of all that had ever been;* yet now it seems to me that I could step from this planet upon that world (I can call it nothing else), and travel back through all the scenes that have ever transpired in this.

"What a difference between that which we recognize as matter here and that which seems like matter there! In the one, the elements are so coarse and so angular, I wonder that we can endure it all, much more that we can desire to continue our present relations to it: in the other, all the elements are so refined, they are so free from those great, rough angularities which characterize the elements, here, that I can but regard that as by so much more than this the real existence.

"Something appears to me to be continually passing from our earth, and from all existences on its surface, only to take on them the self same form as that from which it emanated here; as if every moment as it passed had borne with it in eternal fixedness, not the record merely of our thoughts and deeds, but the actual, imperishable being, quick with pulsing life, thinking the thought, and performing the deed, instead of passing away into utter nothingness; that which is here and now for ever continuing, an eternized there and then.

"That portion of this realm which represents our earth and her history appears to occupy that portion of space through which the earth has heretofore passed,—her entire pathway since she became an independent member of the solar system."†

It is to be hoped that no student of occultism will pass over unreflectingly Mrs. Denton's deeply significant description of her, so to say, polaric relation with the Psychometric Realm in this experiment: she feels positive "to the psychometric influences usually received, in order to distinguish this"—realm. She has temporarily developed the higher phase of soul-sight and, spirit being the Eternal Positive—a striking expression found in an alleged spirit-message from Franklin—the more she spiritualises her vision the more objective grow to her the lokas called the "Great Psychotrical Realm."

From the known existence of the law of collective manifestation in natural phenomena, it would be assuming a very small risk to prophesy that the public is likely to hear of more of such manifested pictures of the Astral Light as are above recorded. The canvas is our physical atmosphere; the magic-lantern, the periodical agitations of the mystical aura of our planet; the operators—?

H. S. OLCOTT.

* How strikingly corroborative, all this, of Hindu religious beliefs respecting the several lokas, the post-mortem state of man, and the inflexible action of karma!—H. S. O.

† "Soul of Things," vol. iii., 345-6.

THE RULES OF PRACTICE FOR THE
STUDENT OF RAJA YOG.

SARTHHANTHIKA-JIVA-BRAHMIKYA-VAKYAMS,

OR

The Unification of Jiva and Brahm, the Individual Soul
and the Universal Soul.

1—3. HE who is in beings and in the Sun is One.

4. True it is that self or Jiva is Brahm, and that Brahm is self. This fact need not be doubted.

5. Thou becamest Brahm.

6. I became Brahm.

7. There is no difference between thee and me. Thou art I; and I am Thou.

8—9. The ultimate goal of the fifteen *kalas* of the Devas, and *karmas*, and *vignyanamaya* Jiva is the deathless *Paramatma*, who is one, and with whom all of them become one.

10—11. He who sees, hears, smells and speaks, and who discerns a good taste from a bad one, he (literally *that*) is called *Pragnyanam*.

12—13. In the four-faced Brahm (the creative agency), in Indra, Devas, mankind, horses, cows, &c., the Divine Energy—*Chithanya-Brahm*—is one and the same. (Therefore the power) in me is *Pragnyana Brahm*.

14—15. In the body which deserves to be known, the All-full *Paramatma* is said to be the *I* who shines as the watcher or spectator of *Buddhi* (Mind.)

16. The self-sufficient *Paramatma* will be here described by the word *Brahma*.

17. With the knowledge of unification I will become Brahma.

18. *It* is one and non-dual; *It* has no name and no form.

19. *It* is said to have existed before creation, to exist now, and to exist in future.

20. What transcends the listener's body and senses is here described by the term त्वं—Thou.

21. By the term असि—Becamest—is meant unification. Let that unification be experienced.

22. The term अयं—This or he—signifies the self-shining yet invisible entity.

23. The term प्रयक्—Jiva—which pervades everything from *Ahankara* down to *Deha*, is said to be *Athma*.

24. The term तत्त्वं—Truth or Essence—is said to apply to the whole visible universe.

25. The term *Brahma* implies the self-shining *Athma*.

26—27. By casting off *Maya* and *Avidya* which conceal Jiva and Brahma, *Para-Brahma*, who is integral, and *Sachchidanda* will be observed.

28. The letter स—*Sa*—implies the aim of खचरी (*Khéchari*); it is believed also to imply the meaning of the word त्वं—Thou.

29. The letter ह—*Ha*—means *Paramesa*—*Brahma*, and is also said to denote the meaning of तत्—That.

30. He who being *Sakara* (the letter *Sa*) ever meditates (upon *Brahma*) certainly becomes *Hakara* (the letter *Ha*, which means *Paramesa*—*Brahma*.)

31. The initial letter *Ra* represents the term तत्—That; and the letter म—*Ma* represents the term त्वं—Thou.

32. The initiates know that the term असि — Becamest—means the union of तत् and त्वं — That and Thou.

33. The term नमः — Salutation—connotes त्वं — Thou; and the term रामः — *Ramah*, तत्—That.

34. In the term असि — Becamest—the dative case should be understood. This is how the *Manthras* should be considered.

35—36. Just as milk mixed with milk, oil with oil, and water with water, become identical, even so he who knows *Athma* becomes one with *Athma*.

37. Just as the internal air or space of a pot—the conditioned or limited air or space—becomes one with the external air or space—the unconditioned or infinite air or space—by the destruction of the pot; so also he who knows *Brahma* becomes *Brahma* Himself when *Upadhi*—the sheath—vanishes.

[1—3. That *He* who is in everything and vivifies everything is *Paramatma*, who is one and non-dual. It is *He* who gives to everything the lustre of life. In Him and through Him everything shines. The mystery of the relationship between Divinity and everything else is beautifully brought out in *Bhagavat Gita*, IX. 4—5.

4. Brahm with *Upadhis* or sheaths is known as *Jiva*, and *Jiva* without *Upadhis*, as *Brahm*. The analogy between an ocean and a drop applies well to the relationship between *Brahm* and *Jiva*.

5—6. Every individual soul, like every drop of water, merges at last into the ocean-like *Brahm*. From *Brahm* everything comes; to *Brahm* everything goes. “While everything comes out of the invisible, exists in the visible, and goes into the invisible again, why so much ado about it (i., e. the beings)?” (*Bhagavat Gita*, II, 28.) When the spiritual sun sheds his splendour on the dark and dismal hearts, the night of their ignorance vanishes. The earnest devotee prays:—

“The dew is on the lotus!—Rise, Great Sun,”

“And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.

“Om mani padme hum,.....”

Then the result of the prayer is:—

“.....Sunrise comes!

“The dew-drop slips into the shining sea”

(*Light of Asia*, p. 238.)

7. The manifested difference dies in the unmanifested unity. In the unmanifested Brahman everything is *I* and there is no *Thou*, *You*.

The manifested being finite, and the unmanifested being infinite and eternal, *I* alone is true and *Thou* false.

8—9. *Kalas* are the divisions of brilliancy. Divine lustre or splendour is said to contain sixteen *Kalas*. Therefore the highest number of *Kalas* which any other thing than Divine Being can contain is fifteen. The sixteenth, which completes the list, is appropriately the one which renders the non-divinity divine. In *Mahapralaya* all things find a common home in one and the same unknown, unconditioned, invisible, inconceivable, eternal and nameless *Om*.

There are five *Upadhis* or sheaths; viz., *Annamaya*, *Pranamaya*, *Manomaya*, *Vignyanamaya*, and *Anandamaya*. *Jiva* is said to be veiled by the fourth *Upadhi*. *Atma* through the fourth, body shines as *Jiva*. *Atma* is karmaless; but, on the contrary, He is the Law itself, which decides and distributes the effects of Karma. *Paramatma* being *Sachchidananda swarupi* (the embodiment of *Sath*, *Chith*, and *Ananda*—being, knowing, an-enjoying), *Jiva* should rise above the fourth *Upadhi* to reach the fifth stage, *Anandamaya*, which is the first stage of Divine manifestation soaring above the fifth stage from below, i. e., from matter, and first stage from above, i. e., from spirit. *Jiva* now becoming free from *Upadhis*, is seen to be the invisible and unmanifested *Atma*. So everything having come out of *Om* goes back to *Om*.

10—11. *Pragnyanam* is the fundamental knowledge or omniscience which is the peculiar property of none but God—no organ, no sense ever perceives, unless the perceiving mind acts upon or through that organ or sense. In the absence of mind there is no perception. This essential quality of mind is of Divine nature. Without the external auxiliaries mind perceives, in some cases. Such perception is what is known as *Intuition*. The cultivation of the intuitive faculty leads a neophyte to mysteries of the secret world and opens up a vista of the spiritual land. Thus an occultist sitting in a solitary den sees in his introversion the sun-lit world and the sealed secrecy. He knows of no secret. By developing intuition he becomes omniscient. It is not, then, his body or organs or senses that perceive the outside world, but the godly spirit in him.

12—13. The One Life—like Brahman—pervades everything. “Nature (say God) knows no vacuum.”

From the highest to the lowest of things, He occupies. Force is in everything, and force is identical with Brahman, who therefore is styled as *Chithanya-Brahman*.

14—15. This portion involves the question of the “Identity of Self,” which Dr. Bain and John Stuart Mill discuss. Who is *I*? It is identified with nothing *in re* but with all things *in toto*. That perfect thing which is complete in itself is nothing else than *Atma*, who alone can say “I see; I smell; I do; &c.” Therefore it is needless to remark that *I* is neither the body, the limbs, the flesh, the blood, the bones, the brain, the senses, nor anything else. Yet we say “I see,” “I do,” &c. While

the legs are walking, we say “I walk;” while the hands are working, we say “I work;” while mind is perceiving, we say “I perceive,” and so on. Now again the question recurs “who is *I*?” Then, this *I* is the unknown something known only by name. This definition approximately applies to God. Therefore, the presumption is that it is not utterly wrong to say that *I* and God—*Paramatma*—are one and the same. *I* in another sense may be viewed, as has been contended by some Vedantins, as *Jiva*. But Srimath Sankaracharya elaborately discusses and deduces the identity of *Jiva* and *Atma* in his work called *Mahavakyadarpanam*.

16—19. There are *Paramatma* and *Jivatma* in man. *Paramatma* is only a witness of what *Jivatma* does. *Jivatma* is also known as *Sabala-Brahman*, the sheathed Brahman. And *Jivatma* is also described as the reflection of *Paramatma*.

So *Paramatma* and *Brahman* are synonymous.

In the Vedanta mind plays a very important part. Mind is the source of creation and destruction. So by knowing and believing one's identity with Brahman one becomes Brahman Himself. The Divine entity has no sex, no name, no form, nothing whatever that is conceivable. It is said to exist in past, present and future times; for It is not bound by time.

24. Brahman in his swollen, cosmically-manifested form, is called *Virat*. God we know as nature with her laws; and we know him in no other sense. Therefore the essence of Brahman known to man, viz., the universe, is styled *Brahmatatva*. Nature is never studied thoroughly by any man. Nature is co-extensive with God.

To know the one in its entirety is to know the other. The so-called supernatural is so only on account of our ignorance of the higher and unrevealed, and therefore unknown, laws of Nature. Much that was once supernatural has now been brought down into the principles of natural laws.

28. What is aimed at in *Khêhcari Mudra*, the first of the five mudras, or methods for perceiving the internal self-illuminated *Atma*,—viz., (1) *Khêchhari*, (2) *Bhûchhari*, (3) *Madhyalakshya*, (4) *Shanmukhi*, and (5) *Syâmbhavi*—is *Paramatma*, whom *Sa* represents. This *Sa* implies *Thou*, when *Thou* becomes a *Brahmagnyani* and thus *Paramatma* Himself.

28—34. In these sentences the method of studying, understanding, and practising several *manthras* from the standpoint of a Raja Yogi is prescribed. Out of the several *manthras* which the Hindus repeat every day, only the typical ones are chosen for illustrating the said method:—*Sôham* (called *Ajapa manthram*), *Râma* (called *Râmananthram* or *Thârakmanthram*), and *Râmâyanamah* (called *Râmâpanchâkshari* or also *Thârakamanthram*)—respectively known in Sanskrit characters as सोहं, राम, and रामायनमः—Raja Yogi's aim being the perception of the union of self with *Atma*, in order to recognise this principal of union taught in every *mantra*, he will analyze each *mantra* into parts, and classify the parts under their appropriate heads:—

Table of Analysis and Classification.

Mantra.	तत् Atma— That.	असि Became.	त्वम् —Thou.
1. सोहं — <i>Sôham.</i>	ह — <i>Ha.</i>	(Union understood.)	स — <i>sa.</i>
2. राम — <i>Râma.</i>	रा — <i>Râ.</i>	Do.	म — <i>ma.</i>
3. रामायनमः— <i>Râmâyana-mah.</i>	रामा — <i>Râmâ</i>	य — <i>ya</i>	नमः — <i>namah.</i>

Whatever manthram a *Raja Yogi* may repeat, with this guide he will find one truth, one principle, taught in it. Thus he finds the silent secret speaking out audibly. The term *ya* is the dative case suffix in "Ramayanamah." This *ya* implies अस्ति — becomest (*i. e.*, union.)]

B. P. NARASIMMAH.

THEOSOPHY AND THEOSOPHISTS.*

IT is necessary that we often recall the things of the past, so that by comparison of that which was with that which is, we may be able to complete the pictured outlines in the loom of events. Let us understand that the distinctions made by man, of good and evil, are only relative and arbitrary. Whatever man calls good, is simply the thing that brings pleasure or profit to his physical nature either in person or personal surroundings. Whatever diminishes his profit or pleasure on the physical plane he calls evil. Consequently, as the physical is the unreal, and the spiritual alone is real, it follows that men have laid most stress upon the unreal. Of those things that are evil for the soul or mind man takes but little cognizance until he stands face to face with the unseen, unknown and physically invisible. Then, appalled, he shrinks back and there surges through his mind, the wish—perhaps the first wish of his mentality—that he knew more of the real. All this may, perhaps, be a consequence of the law under which man runs his course upon earth. If there were no fields to conquer, there could be no conquerors. If there were no victories to win, there could be no victors to stand forth in strength and power against the assaulting forces of the invisible and unknown. There may be objections to call-

* Read before the Chicago Branch T. S. June 26, 1886.

ing anything unreal which has been cognized by physical sense, especially our own sense; but what is unreal, and is known as such, has no lasting condition. The vapour shaping itself into clouds is called unreal, and in comparison with ourselves it is so. But do we not know that our physical being undergoes far more frequent, for greater and far more astonishing changes than this vapour, when measured by spirit-force and power, that which changes in its shape and properties is mortal, and that which is mortal is essentially unreal. That only which belongs to the realm of mind, spirit, God, is the immortal, the undying and the real.

This conceded, where shall we go for our highest and best instructions? Shall we turn to the weakness, baseness, and darkness of the physical being for our inspirations and aspirations, ay, for our positive knowledge, or shall we seek the immortal, the everlasting, the wisdom of the gods, the ancient wisdom that has been transmitted down the long-winding ways of the past?

They who seek the ancient wisdom, who desire light from the infinite light or are seekers of God's wisdom, the old Greeks named *Sophistes Theon*. All who are earnest in seeking the supernal brightness, who desire knowledge of the unseen, whose souls hunger and thirst after righteousness, with a full assurance that they shall be filled, are most truly Theosophists.

It does not signify that this should have been taken as the name of a rising sect. It does not alter the facts. They who have thrown aside all the burdens which rabbis and priests, laws and customs have imposed upon them and have dared to look up to the light for themselves, have dared to see and hear and believe the inspiration that thrills through the astral light; who have afforded opportunity to the knowers to pour forth their knowledge into listening ears, are really and truly Theosophists. They longed for the wisdom of God, and it was true inspiration that led those who assumed the name directly to choose but two separate and distinct objects to be attained. The first, the establishment of a great human brotherhood. The second, an enquiry into the one truth by earnest and intelligent study of all the ancient records wherever found, and under whatever condition, together with a comparison of these with the results of more modern investigations. Does it seem strange that man should lift his eyes from that which lies prone upon the earth; up from the night of the unreal, to the glorious light of the real? As the lark springs from the shadows and darkness of the meadow-land, and soars up, up into the sun-light, so should the soul rise above the purlieus of the physical and enter the brilliant gates of paradise,—a paradise that gives surcease of all the weights of those attractions that drag us hourly toward the earth.

Let us be explicit here, that we may in no sense be misled or misguided by the sound or meaning of simple words. Remember the truth, and blush not to acknowledge your desire for light from the Infinite Source of all Light. He who contentedly dwells on the lower physical plane may well be ashamed of his condition. But whosoever is a true seeker after wisdom and thereby a genuine Theosophist, has no cause to feel the least trouble in his soul. They

who have dared to think for themselves, who have questioned truth, are all Theosophists, no matter by what name they are, or desire to be called. If they are seeking the ancient wisdom and long for the light of the Infinite, they can have but one platform, for there is but one truth, but one light, but one *logos* or word. The truth, the light and the word are the Supreme Intelligence.

They who lift their eyes to the light are all one brotherhood. If they do not allow soul to mingle with soul, it is because they are not only willing but anxious to cling to, and accumulate a little more physical mire.

In the present condition and stage of development of mind, we are forced to recognize the fact that leaders are a necessity. And so long as there are some souls fearless in their advocacy of right, strong in their perceptions of truth, and vigorous in their progress, we shall never be without guides and teachers. Such souls always stand to the front. So long as they continue in well-doing they continue to lead. If they ever retard their pace through fear or selfishness, they will be overtaken by those behind. However this may be, the movement of the everlasting truth sweeps on in an endless cycle. It is the truth we seek, not the sayings of this one nor the utterance of the other; this opinion or that denunciation. They who have been leaders of men in other days have passed beyond earthly recall. The truth has not, neither shall it ever, perish with them. This, to us, is comfort and encouragement.

They whose souls have dominated over their physical being, may, by reaching up and out, come in contact with the currents of thought, coming from such leaders, and receive the impress of truth therefrom. Let us then be bold, patient, united one with another, as we are taught by the sages from the earliest times until now. If one be strong and fearless, then ten shall become a legion and a thousand an unconquerable army. As in the union of physical elements there is strength, so in the union of the spiritual there is produced an immeasurably more mighty force. Man understands well his physical power, but of his spiritual nature and power he is only possessed of the veriest rudiments. As the day dawns in the East, and gradually expands into the full heat of the noon-day sun, so there is approaching a great flood of spiritual truth to be seen in the days of the near future. Take heart, fear not: although now but a handful of earnest workers, we may certainly hope for a thousand-fold increase. Let us look forward to the time when Theosophy or the Wisdom Religion of the ancients shall fill the whole land, and thrill every heart with the realization of Universal Brotherhood.

M. M. PHELON.

A WORLD-OLD STORY STILL UNLEARNED.

A TRAVELLER, journeying from the most Eastern East, towards the West, penetrated a dark forest. Before setting out he had received instructions from the King of the Boundless Ocean, who ruled the land through a sub-king and through triumvirs under him. They stood where the curtains of star-dust parted the nirvanic illumination from the twilight deepening into Night, lying on the outside. Through Elysian fields "measureless to man," they had passed in swift transit, and now they stood on the confines of the Border World.

Far onward in the distance lay the planet Earth, swathed in gray clouds and environed by a dark circular band. Through occasional rifts it showed a dull red gleam, and the band was but infrequently parted by strong adept hands.

"Son of Osiris," said the Shining One, "you have had full instructions concerning the kingdom you are to enter, but in order that your entrance may be safe, I now disguise you by throwing over your vision the Veil of Isis. You will be so completely enveloped by it that in the darkness you will not even know yourself for a time. But be not afraid. At the gates of the dark forest a golden key will be placed in your hands, which will unlock your memory of this hour and enable you to see through the veil as through transparent atmosphere. I give you also a sacred ivory box. Carry it ever in your bosom, for in it is the Wheel of Illumination—the matchless magic of the Perfect Law—and, inside the wheel, the Book of Life. Consult it whenever the silver bell of silence sounds from the inner temple-dome. Obey it, and your feet will not stray from the path. If ever a deep and desperate need of larger strength comes to you while traversing the dark forest, turn the wheel to the eastward thrice, and I will come even from the uttermost verge. And now, a long farewell. Depart, and peace be with you!"

And so the departure, the envelopment, and much of the journey had been accomplished. He had reached, had penetrated, the dark forest, the golden key had turned the backward slide, and he knew his origin, himself, and the shadowy people who inhabited the dark forest. He mingled freely with them notwithstanding he could not mix his soul with theirs; but they thought him one of their race, nor saw that to him the Veil of Isis was as though it were not.

By and by he paused for a short time, and joined a group earnestly discussing the nature of a certain tree, about which they were gathered.

"Now I," said one, "want nothing but the Truth! The truth I must have, even at the cost of everything I otherwise hold dear. Surely, every one can see that this tree is *blue*: it is plain that it belongs to the Azurine family, and that it was sent here by divine Providence to make us blue: you think so, my friends?—of course you think so!"

As he pronounced those last words, the traveller saw him make a curved sweep with his right hand, and noticed that from the

forefinger a blue wave streamed outward and communicated with some telegraphic apparatus related to the heads of the crowd.

Immediately, a blue mist formed before their eyes. They nodded their heads in assent.

"Yes," they chimed, repeating his words, "it verily is blue, and we must become saved and blue through it! Thank the great god Pan for such an interpreter of his works!"

"Then," cried the orator, "join hands in a circle with me, my friends, and dance around the tree!"

Just as they began the dance, Sir Orator espied the traveller.

"Stop!" he exclaimed, to the group, "let us make a convert!"

Then they all gathered around him. "O, be one of us!" they urged. "See what a lovely blue tree we have!"

"Where?" asked the traveller, looking directly at it.

"Do you not see it?" they cried, "it is there—*there*, where your eyes are looking!"

The traveller smiled a little sadly.

"Good people," he replied, "I am pursuing a journey: I must be passing on. I seek the Light at the end of the forest. I cannot stay to worship your tree: but even if I could, I should be obliged to tell you that it is not blue. Cast from your eyes the glamour and you will see it as it is: farewell!"

Then they all fell to pitying him as he passed down the forest glades.

"Poor soul!" they said, "alas, he cannot see; so bright an intellect, and so gone astray!" How thankful we should be," responded the orator, "that we are privileged to behold this tree of blue truth!—that our souls are unsealed to the blessed knowledge! Brothers, let us dance around the tree to my tune!"

The traveller, glancing backward over his shoulder, saw the ranks close up.

"The next traveller from the Orient," he said, "will the more easily widen that narrow ring because I penetrated it before him."

He soon came to a similar group in the shadowy forest, the only difference being a differentiation in the apparent color of the tree. This time it was yellow. The Great Mogul of the occasion, the High Priest of the Deflection, simply cast a glamour of the chosen color over the sight of his subjects, and every one at once declared that, unless everybody else would put on a yellow garment and bow in reverent acquiescence to the yellow tree of the cult, everybody must be very wrong and hopelessly wide of the only path:—like a rayless star, in fact, coursing through dark space.

Thus, group after group were passed, each one keeping warm a differently-colored cultus, and each enthusiastic in its special claim to precedence. The traveller had not yet fallen in with a single group which included in their vision the all-embracing white light of Om. It was, therefore, not in their nature to take an all-sided view of anything on the rolling world. And from each group as he passed by, there were certain ones who took him to task because he did not wear the color they wished.

"Why did he do *this*, and why *did not* he do that?" they demanded, with the assumption of oracular authority. And each

one retired to his tree, satisfied that he had nobly acquitted himself of a duty in trying to turn from his course a benighted traveller.

Such were the inhabitants of the shadowy forest.

But at length, the wayfarer came to another landmark in the wood; it was a certain rough and large tree, which proved to be the abode of a hermit. Instead, however, of dancing around its base, he had *climbed up into it*, using it as a kind of observatory: and from its top he looked forth to the four quarters of the heavens, and communicated with them by means of a white dove hidden within his bosom; sending it to all points for news, which it gathered and brought back to him. The traveller knocked upon the lower door, rough with gnarled bark. Presently a venerable personage appeared. He had flowing silvery locks and beard, but his face was unwrinkled and his eyes shone, star-like, with a deep, inner light.

"Enter, my son, for I expected thee, he said, and rest, for thou art weary: here is water; drink: it will refresh thee."

Gratefully the traveller seated himself, and drank from the proffered cup. The water bubbled pure and sparkling, even in the cup—so full of life it was.

As he drank, he became re-created, and a heavenly glow overspread his frame. All exhaustion was removed as by the power of the Amreeta.

The traveller turned to thank his venerable host, but he was gone. "To leave me alone awhile was the kindest kindness," he said: "I will lay me down to rest."

Resplendent visions came to him as he reclined in perfect relaxation of body,—visions of the grand unities of things, of the harmonious relations between the unmanifested Brahman and the manifested Brahma. He saw why the lotus unfolded amid a chaos of waters in ages far back: why the chain of the worlds swept outward from the Supreme and returned on its cyclic pathway, vibrant with the diapason of the eternal; all dissonance disappearing in concords of sweet sounds, as the oceanic light of Nirvana, beaming far outward, threw its spell over them.

"O blessed hermit-abode!" exclaimed the traveller, as he came to himself, and felt his body infused with the life-force flowing from every atom of the walls, "why could not all dwellings be like thine!" As he looked up, the noble figure of the hermit stood again before him.

"Holy Magus," said the traveller, "I thank thee for this heavenly entertainment, so sorely needed by a weary soul. I am wholly refreshed and renewed for the remainder of my journey: but before I set out, what advice hast thou to give me?"

Then the hermit replied.

"None, son of Osiris, save this: consult the sacred Wheel of the Law *within* the Temple. It was given thee for that purpose: a god controls it: give heed to that god and know that he can never be found save *within the Temple*. Thou hast the key: many have sought and will seek to guide thy footsteps: but voices from the outside are not for *thee*: the enemy is without: but the Lamp of the Way is placed on the altar of the god, and the god can only

keep it burning from within. Fare thee well, and peace rest upon thee!"

"And peace rest upon this house, noble Magus," cried the traveller, in a passion of gratitude. The hermit smiled. "It was built of such blessings," he said, laying his hand on the traveller's head in benediction.

And the traveller, passing down the shadowy forest-aisles, his vision made clearer, looked through the Veil of Isis and saw far, far onward: heard the turning of the golden Wheel of Light, safely housed within his bosom: knew that its compass pointed to the poles of absolute being: knew that *he* was slowly yet swiftly becoming: heard the voice of the silence, shaken sometimes from the highest heavens in the upper deep, and understood that not far from the outer border of the forest, directly in the path, rose the Mountain of Light, illumined from the unspeakable ray. And as he neared the border and the light grew clearer, leaving Maya and darkness behind, a voice beloved sounded through the distance, coming every instant nearer, saying, "Son of Osiris, read thou the next turn of the Wheel!"

The traveller brought forth the ivory box from his bosom and turned the wheel thrice forward by the key of 5. The order of movement was as follows:—forward once and five-eighths, backward eleven-thirteenths, forward five rounds, backward twice and four-sevenths, forward by seventeen.

Then he knew that this divine proportion was the measure of movement in our planetary chain, and also that by these steps the neophyte passed inward to the central sun of Truth. It was the harmony of Isis, the mystic rhythm of law.

And as the key of 5 rested at 17, at once the illumined letters flashed out in characters of living fire. The sigil read as follows:—

'Growth is attained only through liberty.'

'Be the slave of no outside will. Be thine own saviour in all realms, and thou shalt drink Amreeta with the gods, dwelling upon the Isles of the Blest within the shoreless sea!'

M. L. BRAINARD,

Secy. C. B. T. S.

SOME HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS.

FOR a long time a strange stagnation prevailed in the progress of artificial somnambulism after its earlier exponents, Mesmer, Puysegur, Deleuze, DuPotet, and others, had passed away. These old adepts in the art had no doubt their followers who continued to practise it in private according to the rules laid down by their masters dead and gone. But they added no new results, and did little to establish those already obtained on a broader and firmer basis. There are still many isolated individuals who follow the old traditions, but the investigation has entered upon a new era and is now for the most part prosecuted by the scientists, who, after the adverse report of the French Acade-

my, had treated the subject with scorn and derision, and dubbed the followers of Mesmer impostors, charlatans and quacks.

The change is for the most part advantageous, because in the first place men who have made a profound study of the structure and functions of the human body in all its ramifications have necessarily acquired a facility in observing symptoms which in some cases almost amounts to an extra sense. They have trained their special senses for such work by constant practice and cultivated the 'clinical eye,' and the 'physician's finger'; also through their knowledge of the working of the body in its normal state they are less liable to be led astray and discover 'mares' nests.' Further, by comparing the induced hypnotic phenomena with the symptoms which spontaneously occur in hysterics, hystero-epileptics and cataleptics, it is probable that they will in time let in light upon those mysterious conditions, and at the same time carry their psychological investigations concerning the functions of the cerebro-spinal and sympathetic nervous systems into a new region, which is at present a *terra incognita* to them. There are also said to be dangers to the subject in the deeper hypnotic states, and a medical training certainly quickens a man's perceptions to see at once that something is going wrong. The only thing is that science moves slowly and her votaries are terribly afraid of the biting sarcasm of their colleagues, if they venture to leave their 'foot-pounds' and make deductions on the metaphysical plane.

We see then that there are now two distinct schools, following the same study but calling it by different names and holding somewhat antagonistic views as regards its nature. The older, or shall we call it the mystical, school, call their art Mesmerism or Animal Magnetism, and hold firmly to the belief that the trance states and their phenomena can only be produced by the agency of an animal or vital force, closely resembling electricity, which is directed by the will of the operator and emanates from his eyes, his hands and other parts of his body, to permeate the entire physique of his subject. The modern or scientific school include all the induced trance states under the generic name of Hypnotism, but classify them according to their degree of intensity and their attendant symptoms, of which more anon. The more dogmatic members maintain that all the phenomena are due to a change in the condition of the nerve centres produced by purely mechanical means. But there are others who hold that much more evidence must be accumulated, before any deductions can be made, and they are content to investigate more or less in the dark, in the hope that light will at length dawn upon their labours. The phenomena of the mystics and scientists are for the most part identical. It may be said that the modern Hypnotism is but the old Mesmerism writ in scientific type. There is moreover no word to express the science in question, which is equally acceptable to the adherents of the opposing sects, so, as hypnotism has the advantage of being a general term not implying any special form of belief, it will for that reason be here employed.

In support of the assertion that the hypnotic trance can be produced by the will of the operator there is much valuable evidence.

DuPotet* gives an account of experiments performed under test conditions before the Academy of Paris, in which it was demonstrated that an operator in one room could induce the hypnotic state in a subject in another room who was not expecting to be operated on at that hour, but considerably later. Townshend† relates that the idea suddenly occurred to him whilst sitting at home to hypnotise a subject whom he had frequently operated upon in the ordinary way from close quarters. He requested some members of his family who were present to note the hour and bear witness that he made the experiment, then vividly brought before his imagination the person of his somnambule, aiding the concentration of his thought by adopting the positions and making the passes which it was his custom to use. An hour later he said "I will now awake Anna," and accordingly made reverse passes and willed that she should awake. The following morning at breakfast time the subject made her appearance and exclaimed: "Oh, Sir! did you magnetise me last night? About nine o'clock I fell asleep, and mother and sisters say they could not wake me with all their shaking, and they were quite frightened; but after an hour I woke of myself; and think from all this that my sleep must have been magnetic, &c. &c." Gregory‡ relates that a former subject of his was in Paris, he being in Edinburgh, and was suffering agonies from neuralgia. She used to send a pair of gloves through the post for him to magnetise and found that they relieved her pain. The doctor on certain occasions, in order to test whether her relief was merely due to imagination, or really to a specific effect of his magnetism sent the gloves back untouched. On those occasions the subject wrote to say that she could not understand how it was that the gloves did not produce the customary alleviation. Many instances might be cited, but these three, which are all from trustworthy sources, are sufficient for our purpose. The assertion made by some members of the scientific school, that the phenomena are produced by purely mechanical means, also carries a considerable weight of evidence, Heidenhain an eminent German Physiologist and Histologist, who has bequeathed his name to certain minute cells in the human body, but who holds a belief in witchcraft and mysticism to be a symptom of mental disease, advances the hypothesis that the cause of the phenomena of hypnotism lies in the inhibition of the activity of the ganglion-cells of the cerebral cortex, and may be produced in persons of nervous-irritable organisation by gentle stimulation of the nerves of sight, hearing and touch. Staring at a glass button that has not been handled by the operator, listening to the ticking of any watch (not necessarily the operator's) with the eyes closed, or gentle stimulation of the skin, were sufficient to throw into a hypnotic trance many of the persons upon whom he experimented. According to the deductions he made from his investigations, one of the principal characteristics of the hypnotic trance is the faculty of imitation.

* "Traité complet sur le Magnetisme Animal."

† "Facts in Mesmerism, with reasons for a dispassionate inquiry into it."

‡ "Animal Magnetism."

He says,* "Movements carried out before a hypnotised person, who apparently has his eyes shut, are nevertheless perceived by the eye. The closure of the lids is, in fact, not complete.

"The perceived, but not consciously perceived, movement is imitated.

"The same with many movements which are accompanied by a familiar and distinctly audible sound.

"I clench my fist before Mr. H., who stands hypnotised before me; he clenches his.

"I open my mouth; he does the same. Now I close my fist behind his back or over his bent head; he makes no movement.

"I shut my mouth, still over his bent head, rapidly, so that the teeth knock together; he repeats the manoeuvre.

"I noiselessly contort my visage; he remains quiet.

"A hypnotised person behaves, therefore, like an imitating automaton, who repeats all those of my movements which are for him linked with an unconscious optic or acoustic impression."

In this way the Professor accounts for the public phenomena of the professional mesmerists. The experimenter in a loud voice commands the subject to perform a certain action, but the latter, according to his view, has not the least idea of the order given but unconsciously mimics the pantomimic action with which the experimenter accompanies the command. For instance, the operator puts a piece of raw potato in the subject's mouth, and tells him that it is delicious fruit, at the same time himself performing audible masticatory movements. The subject chews away, without the least knowledge of the nature of the object he is chewing.

How are we to reconcile these apparently conflicting statements? On the one hand we have strong evidence in support of the theory of a magnetic fluid capable of operating even at a distance under the direction of the magnetiser's will. On the other hand we have the testimony of such accurate observers as Professor Heidenhain, which cannot lightly be set aside, and they assert that their subjects only imitated their actions, when hypnotised by mechanical means quite independent of any will power. In all probability both classes of observers are correct in their theories, and an explanation may be found in the fact that the body may be brought to perform the same action through external or internal causes. A boy may draw up his legs because his master commands him to do so, the stronger will acting upon the weaker: he may draw them up because the soles of his feet are tickled with a feather—a case of reflex action: or, he may draw them up because he has St. Vitus' dance or some other nervous affection. Similarly the hypnotic trance may be induced by the will of the operator discharging magnetic currents against his subject's aura: by gentle stimulation of the nerves of special sense, as for instance by means of the ticking of a clock: or, it may be due to abnormal conditions or functional derangements of the nervous system, as in the case of

* "Animal Magnetism. Physiological observations." By Rudolf Heidenhain, M.D., Professor of Physiology in the University of Breslau. Translated from the fourth German Edition by L. C. Woolridge, B. Sc. Lond., with a preface by G. J. Romanes, M. A., F. R. S. Lond. 1880. See page 11.

hystero-epileptics and other nervrotic individuals. If we go a step further and view the problem by the light of Kabbalistic and Theosophical writings, we may form the hypothesis, which will probably prove correct, that the two schools, the mystics and the scientists, operate for the most part on different planes of matter, though they must necessarily overlap to some extent. Eliphas Levi* states that there is in every man a circulation of astral light. A man can produce at will two breaths, warm and cold. He can likewise project at will active 'light' or passive 'light.' But he must acquire a knowledge of this force by habituating himself to thinking about it. The same gesture of the hand can alternately draw in and throw out what is commonly called 'the fluid;' and the magnetiser himself will know the result of his intention, by experiencing an alternate sensation of warmth and coldness in his hand, or hands. The subject will, at the same time, experience the sensation, but reversed; that is to say, when the operator feels warmth the subject feels coldness, and *vice versa*. The theory held by many of the followers of Mesmer was that the magnetic fluid of the magnetiser penetrated through the body of the mesmerised. But it is more probable—and this theory will find support in some of the experiments that will presently be given, that the magnetic fluid of the operator only comes in contact with the 'aura' surrounding the body of the subject, and either by its superior strength impresses it with its own vibration wave, which is thence communicated to the magnetic fluid permeating the subject's body, or, acting like an electric current on a galvanometer, attracts magnetism of opposite polarity to its own, and thus causes a disturbance of magnetic equilibrium in the subject. But experiments are needed to elucidate the problem how the currents work, and the relative magnetic conditions of operator and subject; and to arrive at any satisfactory results it is important for the experimenters to bear in mind what has already been stated, that hypnotic phenomena can, in all probability, be traced to causes acting on at least two different planes.

Professor Charcot and his colleagues have made a useful classification of the different state of Hypnotism,† which, according to the learned professor of the Salpetriere, is a term applied to a group of nervous states differing from each other, and each having its own appropriate set of symptoms.

The three main types are: 1. Somnambulism, 2. Catalepsy, and 3. Lethargy. Each can be primarily induced under certain conditions and persist by itself, or be secondarily developed out of either of the others. They may, however, be considered as representing merely phases or periods of one affection. For there are no hard-and-fast lines of demarcation, but mixed states may occur with the characteristics of more than one of these

* Cf. "Rituel de la haute Magie." Ch. L'Equilibre Magique.

† The substance of the following remarks is mostly taken from a pamphlet by Dr. Paul Magnin, Member of the Anthropological Society and of the Zoological Society, under the title "Etude Clinique et Experimentale sur l'Hypnotisme: de quelques effets des excitations peribériques chez les Hystéro-Epileptiques à l'état de veille et d'hypnotisme." Paris, 1884.

states. The different forms or different degrees of the provoked sleep depend on the relation or proportion of the functions of the body, which are obscured or abolished, to those which persist, or are abnormally excited. It is, indeed, possible by one and the same exciting cause, if it be continued for a sufficient length of time, to make a subject pass by insensible degrees from the waking state to that of somnambulism, thence to that of catalepsy, and finally to that of lethargy, the deepest of all. In the case of hystero-epileptics, the sensibility of the subjects to the different agents which serve to provoke hypnotism is so variable, that a peripheral stimulation (such, for instance, as pressure or friction on some special part of the surface of the body) will occasion somnambulism in one, catalepsy in another, and lethargy in a third. Though hypnotism is not confined to the victims of nervous maladies, it is none the less a fact that most of the persons in whom it can be most easily brought on are more or less subject to nervous affections, of which hysteria is by far the most important as a predisposing cause. One of the most constant phenomena in all the hypnotic states is what has been called neuro-muscular hyperexcitability—the tendency to tetanic muscular contraction, either local or general, as a consequence of stimulation of the skin, of the tributary nerve, or of the muscle itself or its tendon. The different phases of this contractability will be described with the different varieties of the hypnotic sleep in which it occurs in varying degree.

SOMNAMBULISM.

Somnambulism can be primarily induced in the hystero-epileptic from the state of normal consciousness, or secondarily produced in subjects previously thrown into a cataleptic or lethargic trance. Whatever method is employed to bring on the condition, the appearances are the same. The eyes are completely or only partially closed, and a slight quivering of the lids is often perceptible. Left to himself the subject appears to be asleep or benumbed. But his pose does not show the absolute muscular relaxation which is characteristic of lethargy. Pressure on the muscles or nerves, or striking the tendons, produces no more neuro-muscular excitability than it does in the state of normal consciousness. Stimulation of the skin may, however, be followed by muscular contraction, but this is not so well defined as in lethargy. This somnambulatory contraction can be localised in a segment of a limb. It usually commences in the muscles underlying the portion of integument stimulated. It does not yield to excitation of antagonistic muscles, as in lethargy, but a repetition of the stimulation which produced will remove the symptom.

The rigidity which occurs in somnambulism may easily be confounded with that of catalepsy, but they are entirely distinct. For if we try to bend the joint in order to change the pose of a limb in a state of somnambulatory rigidity, the resistance is often considerable, whereas in catalepsy we invariably find immobility without stiffness.

Although insensibility to pain may be complete, we generally find a marked increase in the sensibility of the skin, the muscular sense, and some of the special senses.

It is generally easy by 'injunction' or 'suggestion' to make the subject go through quite a pantomime of automatic acts.

All these things show that this state corresponds with what used to be described as the magnetic sleep. It cannot possibly be confused with catalepsy or lethargy. Experience shows that the feebler or more prolonged the stimulation, the greater is the muscular contraction and the more exact its localisation. A distinction is drawn between stimulation, by touch, or weak stimulation, and painful or strong stimulation. The contraction is equally produced whether the stimulus is applied to the skin directly over the body of the muscle, or to the tendon, or to the nerves which supply the muscle. An instance may make this clearer:—

M. G.—Somnambulism induced by pressure on the top of the head. A light touch on the cutaneous zone corresponding to the principle anterior muscle of the leg, causes it to contract and fixes the foot in flexed position, that is to say, with the toes pointing upwards. The slightest stimulation of the skin over the tendon of the abductor muscle of the thumb, causes that muscle to be thrown into action. A similar effect is produced by pinching the skin over the branch of the radial nerve which supplies the muscle in question. To go fully into this subject, a knowledge of anatomy and physiology is required, but some account of it was necessary as a prelude to what we are now coming to, namely, *muscular contraction produced by vibrations of sound, light and heat, respectively*. The intensity of the sound may be very slight. The results are particularly clear if the ticking of a watch is the agent employed. The experiment may be easily performed with a caoutchouc tube some ten yards long, one end of it furnished with a mouth-piece. After the patient is entranced the free end of the tube is held within an inch or two of some special part of the body. When a watch is brought near the mouth-piece contraction immediately occurs in the muscle or muscles directly underlying the cutaneous zone stimulated. This contraction is characterised by interrupted movements isochronous with the ticking of the watch. Fibrillary muscular twitchings keep time with the sound. If the stimulation be kept up for some time, intense tetanic contraction may be induced in the muscles concerned.

Stimulation by light produces results in no way different from those by sound. The experiment can be performed by using a Drummond's lamp, or reflecting a ray of solar light with a mirror. The contraction occurs in the muscle, or group of muscles, which correspond to the point of the integument stimulated. The only difficulty is to localise the action of the excitant; but where this is done successfully, the phenomenon is well marked and easy to repeat.

Thermic stimulation can be demonstrated in a somewhat similar manner. In the case of P. G., a somnambule, by pressure on the top of the head, a drop of warm water is placed on the palmar surface of the forearm, where the skin is in relation with the long flexor muscle of the thumb. The muscle is thrown into a state of intense contraction, and the thumb is fixed in a position of forced flexion. Cold water, however, in this and another case in which

it was tried under the same conditions, was found to have absolutely no effect. These clearly localised reflex contractions are not always well defined. On the contrary, they are often indefinite, and the reflex contraction diffused. Or, contraction may occur in the corresponding muscles on the opposite side of the limb, as well as in those subjacent to the point of stimulation. This is called by Plüger the law of transversal irradiation. Again, if the skin over a group of muscles be stimulated, it may happen that, instead of that group of muscles being thrown into action, the corresponding group on the opposite side of the body may be. But this only occurs in patients with loss of sensation on one side of the body. Or, if one arm be rendered bloodless, stimulation of that arm produces action of the opposite one. Muscular contraction may spread either upwards or downwards from the point stimulated on the same side of the body, or it may extend diagonally. For instance a stimulus being applied to the left leg, muscular contraction occurs in that leg, passes up the limb and the abdomen of that side, then crosses over, and invades the chest, arm and head, on the opposite side. There are analogies to all these forms of reflex in the records of the physiological experiments on animals by Ferrier, Brown-Séquard and others.

In somnambulism the muscular contractions are never painful, however intense they may be. But in the waking state they occasion severe cramp. This can be demonstrated by awakening the patient during a muscular contraction. He complains of pain. Re-somnambulism, and the pain is no longer felt.

N. C.

(To be continued.)

ON PRAYER.

THOUGHTS, words and works are the accepted determinants of Karma, and good wishes as well as timely speech and benevolent actions are regarded by students of the esoteric doctrine as effective for the transference of the effects of Karma. This being so, it seems illogical that Prayer should be condemned, as it occasionally is, by Theosophists and in some Theosophical publications. For what is Prayer, but a more emphatic formulation of good wishes, whether it be an ardent aspiration after one's own highest ideal or the expression of good wishes for others?

If action and reaction are equal and opposite, Prayer, like every other form of force, must have an equal and opposite reaction (or answer). Since the ideal centre, the point whose position is infinite, is everywhere, it seems as though a force flung out towards the infinite centre must necessarily impinge on that actual point in the universe whence the equal rebound can take place. If the equal reaction cannot come in a direct way it must come in an indirect way, for force cannot merely expand itself and become nothing. A physical force when it cannot react in the original line of motion reacts at right angles to it.

"As above, so below," wherefore the dynamics of matter and the dynamics of thought must be similar. This would seem to

shew that when Prayer fails to produce the desired effect on the person praying or the person prayed for, the good effect turns to the benefit of the world around.

In physical force sometimes the reaction takes place in a quite changed form, as when motion is changed to heat. In cases parallel to this the reactionary force of Prayer might fail to be recognised. There would appear to be no answer, which is probably the chief reason why Prayer is so divided; whereas the psychical analogy would shew that there must of necessity be an answer in exact proportion to the intensity of the good desire, no matter in what unlooked-for form it might come.

Sometimes it may appear as if prayers and good wishes expended on men of evil nature turn to curses instead of blessings. Instead of effecting the transference of good Karma, our best prayers and thoughts, and our compassionate words and deeds, only serve to intensify the evil—like Narada's flute-playing, in the ancient story, which kindled noble desires and holy aspirations in the minds of good men and angelic beings, but when heard by evil men and demons stirred up quarrels. This seems at first sight a terrible thought to contemplate. Is it, then, more merciful to curse and hate the wicked lest our love do them an injury? But an injury to what? Their lower nature? The darkest hour precedes the dawn. Frequently a strong force in the extremest condition of negative polarisation is more easily reversed into an equally strong positive force, than a feeble impulse of force, scarcely removed from the mean point of indifference: is stimulated and fostered into strength. And the very intensification of the evil nature may imply the more rapid exhaustion of it, after the "growth and fruition" of any evil tendency comes its "death." Conversion is not a slow returning, step by step, along the wrong road that has been traversed, but a turning round, a change of the cardinal points of the desire, and then, when this is accomplished, in proportion to the power of the present evil may be the might of the future good. Our good efforts for the well-being of any of our fellows, whether by labour, or prayer—which is another form of labour, though for a time they do but intensify the evil, may be in reality hastening the day of the reversal of the poles. Even if, in some individual cases which we have deeply at heart, this is not so, for the will of man is free and may reject the offered good, still the wealth of compassion we have expended surely cannot be wasted. According to all analogy, if our prayers fail of their immediate object they must redound to the good of ourselves and of the world. No least expenditure of right effort can fail of a proportionate good effect. For, if otherwise, the law of the universe is not *one*, and it is not true "As above so below."

L. S. Cook, F. T. S.

SOWING AND REAPING.

CHAPTER X.

The Wheel Rolls on.

[Conclusion.]

IT is useless to disguise the truth from myself. Be it said in sorrow and shame. In spite of my ascetic vows, in spite of all that has been to me the higher reality of life and soul, my heart is breeding passion. If I am not actually and vulgarly in love with my wife, my attachment to her is tainted with passion. The absorption of my mind in Grace has, like the accursed simoom, blasted alike my ordinary life as a man, and the higher life of the mystic. I have all but violated my vow. I have been overwhelmed by the surging billows of Karma. Even if a happy domestic life were possible for me the ghosts of my vows and all that I have known—yes all—will, like the fabled vulture of the Caucasus, eternally prey upon my heart. Ah! Master, Master, thou art the soul of mercy; why didst thou permit this weak, miserable creature to pollute the temple of truth with his rash vows? I cry in appeal to the Master; but he is no longer the Master of him who fain would fly from the threshold of the sanctuary,—yet, who knows but that when within the temple, the only truth that will be revealed is blank despair?

A darkness has lighted upon my soul, which nothing can lift. Why can I not submit to despair and seek surcease of sorrow in the knowledge that there is nothing to attain and nothing to avoid? Who can answer why? I feel as if somewhere there is life and joy, and this feeling itself is the worst pain to endure. I know nothing, feel nothing. I am one mass of contradiction myself. Do I love pain? I answer boldly no. But yet, it would seem as if I do. Thought, act and will alike chain me to the wheel of despair.

Have I meditated vulgar suicide? No, for, alas! I know thee beyond too well. It holds forth no hope to me. But the other form of self-destruction, the murder of the soul, has, like a tempting fiend, dogged my steps. I have started up in my sleep with the hideous nightmare of despair and doubted the existence of my own soul. I have questioned myself with cold tremor,—“Have I a soul or is it but the superstitious delusion of fools? How do I know that the Brahman mystic, having gained a mesmeric influence over me, has not impregnated me with all the absurd fancies of his race?” I know no more; I doubt everything.

There's no life in living—it's all a lie,
No rest in sleep with its inward cry,
No thought in work, no hope in dream,
That draws not life so shallow its stream.
Death's but a mockery, its landless shore
Can hold no rest life's torpor o'er.
Above, below, the lidless stare
Of lightless, lifeless, void despair.

After hours of struggle and meditation I feel the peace of soul and resign Grace Stanley and her life to the world of illusions which ignorance invests with the appearance of reality. But again, through that pleasant illusion the world of illusions returns to me. Some malicious wave seems always to wash me back

into the typhoon when, after a whole dark night of buffeting with the waters of distraction, I come in sight of the shore.

In the midst of this chaotic wreck of my being one consideration is clear. Is it my passion alone that binds me to Grace or have I a duty by her, some pre-generated cause which must work itself out before my suffering ends? For if it be my passion alone, nothing will keep me tied even for a moment; my will has not yet been completely extinguished. I will fly whither my duty lies, I will tear my heart to pieces and feed fat the hungry kites with my heart's offal. But there is a duty as well, the Master said so; and so my own higher nature dictates. This question has to be answered before I can achieve my freedom. Is there a duty yet or is it over? There is that fatal script. If Grace, by her conduct, too vile to be characterized properly, has absolved me from my duty, I am free and nothing will stand between me and the life that rightly belongs to me. I am free if my worst suspicions are realized—but—I hope disappointment will save me from despair. It wants but an hour to the time of the assignation.

With my brain on fire and my heart in ashes I mounted my horse and galloped in the direction of Jakko. The bright sun shone overhead and the clear atmosphere gave unimpeded view of the mountain peaks pointing mortal vision heavenwards. I rode on mechanically. My whole nature was annihilated in one nameless pang. By a kind of almost animal instinct I found what answered to the description of the trysting place, but saw no human being there. I dismounted and bathed my head in the flowing stream, and retiring to a short distance sat down to reflect. My horse was tied to a tree.

"Ralph Ravenshawe calls me friend. If he is in Simla why should he not have come to see me if he is an honest and honourable man. The last time I saw him was on board the *Ganges* in charge of Dr. Lyon, going home to be placed in a private lunatic asylum. When he recovered and intended coming to India, the first person he ought to have written to is myself. He has done nothing of the kind. Yet he has been able to find out Grace. The villainy of the man is as plain as day-light. He must have heard Grace was married, and as he had ruined one man and woman once, he tries to do it again. To punish him is not a matter of personal pleasure, but clearly an act of duty incumbent upon me as the protector of Grace. If it is not already too late, that girl will thank me when I rescue her from Ravenshawe even if the villain's blood has to be shed."

In the midst of this chaos of thought one idea came flashing into my mind. Grace certainly had no means of reading Ralph's note. It may be she will not come. But as I have ascertained from Mr. Rider, under the false name of Verney the scoundrel has been in Simla for the last three months. I dare say he will have found some means or other of communicating with Grace. It is not possible that this is the first time he has written to her, for in such a case he would not have written in invisible ink. My doubts and surmises were put an end to by the appearance of Ralph and Grace on horseback at no great distance. They

trotted down to the side of the stream and began to talk. I could not hear distinctly what they said for some time, but as the wind changed the words came to me clearly enough.

"The Punditji," said Ralph, "is coming here in a few days himself. He wanted me to come here a few months in advance. He has been to Tibet, but is on his way back."

"Oh, how long have I not seen him! But it can't be helped—Karma," said Grace.

I concluded at once this was hypocritical. They had somehow discovered that I was near.

"Now, Ralph," Grace continued, "under what different circumstances do we meet. Do you remember the first time we met when you were overtaken by a storm near the Carli Caves?"

"I shall never forget the day," Ralph replied, "it was the beginning of a new life to me, although I did not believe much in real mysticism at the time. I owe a great deal to St. Clair too. I wish all that has happened in the meantime had not happened. But it had to come. No good comes of repentance. We must make the best use of what we have got."

The blood mounted to my face. Ralph Ravenshawe did not repent Grace's marriage, because that was no bar to his villainous desires.

"We must be grateful to our past," said Grace, "but for it the present would never have come. If a single link had been wanting in the chain or had it been different, your present position would have been different. Look what you lost and what you have gained. Do you grudge the cost when you have got what you say and I believe, is greater than your life."

"Yes, I am grateful to the past and shall always remain so. I lost Grace Stanley, but that is no loss, for I have found you now. My pilgrimage I hope is over," Ralph said.

"Live not either in the past or in the future; life should be an eternal present," said Grace, "the pilgrimage is really the eternal now."

"I am so happy now," Ralph said, "that I do not even think of myself. It is for you and St. Clair that I am concerned. My heart seems to break with pity for poor St. Clair; he is a noble fellow. The time for your deliverance has come, I know, and I wish it could be his too."

I could bear it no longer. I rushed from my hiding place and in a moment stood before the guilty pair. All self-restraint and mysticism were forgotten as I nearly throttled Ralph Ravenshawe.

"What is it St. Clair, are you mad?" gasped Ralph as he disentangled himself from me.

"I wish I was mad," was my reply, "for my own sake as well as for the sake of you two."

"Hugh St. Clair," said Grace, "do not forget you are a philosopher and an ascetic. Explain yourself. You have most ungratefully treated the best friends you have in the world besides the Master."

"And who are these best friends, pray?" I said, "a false friend and an ungrateful, hypocritical wife!"

"Be calm," she replied, "and we shall hear what you have to say."

"This is all I have to say,"—the words rushed out of me with a tumultuous force which well nigh shattered me to pieces—"I have only this to say—that you, Ralph Ravenshawe, and you, Grace St. Clair,—by your heartless immorality—have been guilty of the blackest treachery against me."

"St. Clair," replied Grace without the least agitation, "do not stamp your philosophy as folly by your words. Remember you are undergoing probation, and also remember who I am."

"Philosophy to me is now folly. I care not who you are so long as you are only an ungrateful woman," I said. "You will know better soon" Grace said with deliberation. Her whole manner was changed, and even her features seemed to be transformed.

"You fancy yourself a philosopher," Grace continued, after a pause, "and yet cannot penetrate behind the illusion of sense."

Before she had finished Ralph handed me a letter from the Master. I saw his cryptogram and trembled. I was stunned; when I recovered I caught the last glimpse of Ravenshawe galloping away at a distance. Grace stood by my side and pointed out to me a few words written on the envelope by the Master, forbidding me to read the letter until my mind was cool.

CHAPTER XI.

The Harvest.

I was alone in my study—alone with darkness, which, like an owl, sat brooding on my heart, and with its ominous hootings shook every fibre of my brain. With body, mind and soul in one utter confusion, I broke the seal of the letter Ralph had given me. It was not from the Master, though approved by him and marked with his cryptogram. It was from Ravenshawe. In a kind of stupor brought on by the excess of the tumult in my nature, I read.

"Dear old man,—At the conclusion of the tragedy so well known to you, but to which I scarcely dare to refer even at this lapse of time, I was left a living corpse. Yet it was no great unhappiness. I was drowned by a deep sense of strangeness; but as I emerged from it by slow degrees I seemed to be floating in the air. Suddenly a powerful maelstrom, of what I cannot describe otherwise than as nothingness, grasped me in its Briareus' arms. I began to fall down, down and down into the depths of nothing which reduced into chaos all life, sense and thought. I received a shock,—there was Ralph Ravenshawe. I looked at him and it was I. A vague mist of recollection came upon me, and childhood and manhood, love and hate, sorrow and joy, passed before me in inextricable confusion. Then a sudden burst of darkness, out of which peered your face St. Clair. I fell into a slumber, from which I awoke to find myself coursing through a vast expanse of infinite tenuity, till I was arrested by a layer of greater denseness which seemed to catch me as if in an iron net. I

recovered from the shock to find myself in my mother's arms,—the mother of Ralph Ravenshawe. A healthy little baby lying in its mother's arms trying to make her swallow his fairy-like fingers. I looked and looked, forgetful of all and myself. 'Thou tyrant law,' I said 'wreak thy vengeance upon me, but let the baby be a baby evermore, the poetry of the mother's love.' But the inexorable wheel rolled on. Again I was swept onwards, whirling, through frictionless, unresisting space and drowned again in a denser atmosphere. I saw.....must I say what? I saw my Nemesis—I saw Evelyn Millor, the fallen wife and maniac suicide. I felt her inner groan of agony and her demoniac soundless laugh of triumph till she faded from my sight, lost in a whirlpool of soul-activity whose vortex was stilled on the instant by the outward burst of some internal explosion. For a moment a stream of joy crept into my soul. My eye caught a glance of the golden spray shaken from the tuneful motion of what seemed like a far off star. It drew nearer and nearer, infusing into me a life not my own. A thousand baby forms of winged thought came smiling round me. The irresistible suction of the whirlpool which was drawing me into its endless war, grew less fierce. My soul worshipped the influence of self-sacrifice that a pure and beautiful woman nature had offered to the great law. I knew it was she, the embodiment of all that in me was good; but I saw not her face. Yes, it was my betrothed. I felt the influence of the sacrifice like a hymn in my soul. Away sin and sorrow and pain, you hold no sway over me. I have grasped the sceptre, you all must obey. I am a man and have the power and privilege to die for my race,—for all sentient creatures—as the noblest children of the house of man have done. The one self that quivers through nature, awakening love and joy at every touch is myself; for me there is no other self. I am blessed in not being other than the All. The night of the soul dies in the arms of its lover, the dawn of the spirit.

"I sat down at the foot of the Master, where you had been before in your body and not like me in soul. I heard his voice and bathed in the waters of mercy that flow from his heart. I cannot say more.

"But yesterday my long exile ended. I am Ralph Ravenshawe again, and Ralph Ravenshawe is myself. The temple of the soul, shattered by the lightning stroke of a nameless evil, is fit again to receive its lord. I have taken the three vows of houselessness, mendicancy and celibacy. My fortune is devoted to the spread of truth, which will lift the darkness from the soul of the world. I am free.

"This letter is written as much out of personal friendship for you as by the command of the Master, whom you have denied admittance to your heart. Rashly have you said, 'he is no more the master of the neophyte who fain would fly from the threshold of the sanctuary.' Little do you recognize the serenity of the impersonal life of the sage. He bids me say, he will not order you or mesmerize you, but unseen, unheeded and denied, he will watch over you in your struggles and sympathize with your suffering. What matters it that your body fulfils its destiny in obe-

dience to the causes generated before? It is like the log of wood that the fire of your soul burns—the soul which has linked itself to his and his it will remain. Were you vain enough to believe that it was the excellence of the personality known as Hugh St. Clair that provoked affectionate solicitude in the Master? Then know the affections of a great soul are natural forces acting in accordance with natural laws, and though made latent by your non-perception of them, are never extinguished. You have added your life-stream to the great field of human activity of which he is the centre. It is easier for the earth to tear herself from the sun than it is for you to leave your sphere. It is only in your own diurnal motion that you are free. Hugh St. Clair is yours, and you can order him as you will, but your soul is far above you and beyond you. Feel it, and your troubles will end. Sacrifice the sense to the soul as you sacrifice the folly of childhood to the wisdom of manhood, and the peace of the blessed will be yours. Know all nature to be one, and realize the illusory character of all differences, and you will be happy, for you will there see your soul. Know that the great enchantress, Maya, the divine power, the cosmic illusion, creates transitory differences in the supreme unity of being, and if you submit to her sway, desires spring up with passionate activity to chain you to illusion. Know the truth and kill desires, this is the pearl of price that the sages have to offer you. Patiently let the pre-existing causes work themselves out and create no fresh ones by attachment. Neither love life nor death, but look forward to the day of deliverance, as the hired servant looks forward to the day of payment.

"There is nothing to love in the illusory world of objects. The only love and only joy is the self, the Atma. Among objects love is attracted by the degree of perfection with which they reflect the soul, the self, the Atma. Truly, says Yagna Valkya to his wife Maitreyi, we do not love our husbands or wives, but the reflection of the soul, which underlies all. Having realized and possessed the soul, who would think of the veils through which it is reflected? Who would wish for the fan when the cool southern breeze begins to blow. Whoever attains the soul attains all. For him there is nothing more to desire; the fruition of all desires is the soul. The illusions created by the soul usurp its throne, as the clouds which attain visibility by the rays of the sun hide the sun behind them. Look inwardly into thy soul and receive the fruition of the *parama puvashartha*, the supreme object of desire of all. To crave for the object which reflects the soul and yet neglect the soul, is to sell the great thought-jewel of all creatures at the price of paste.

"This the Master bids you consider. You ask if you have a soul. Who is it that asks? Is it the body? If so why does it not ask the question when it is dead? Is it the life which causes the body to move and digest food? If so, why was not the question asked when childhood held the veil before the face of reason? Is it some function of the body? Let it be so if you will. But it is a function that conceives time. In fact, time can exist only as the mode in which this function, the knower, conceives objects. There-

fore it is not itself modified by time though the objects it conceives of are modified by time. This function is the god of the body.

"Now listen to what the sage says about your present condition. Remember the Indian Idyll you read in the Book of Karma. It is the story of your own previous life and that of two others with whom your life is interblended.

"The man who rejects aught in nature as utterly evil, blasphemes against nature and has to pay the penalty of his sacrilegious folly. All forces in nature are neutral, neither good nor bad. It is the selfish coward who tries to justify his own indolence by characterizing some as bad and therefore not worthy of his consideration. So also the self admiring fool seeks food for his devouring vanity by calling things base and enthrones himself as good because they do not touch him. He regrets the presence of what he calls evil, not because it is evil—but because the fact of feeling regrets marks him out as a man among men. The wise man recognizes no good or evil. Every thing that is natural is capable of producing happiness if wisely utilized. The nauseous manure promotes the fertility of the soil, and the salt sea gives birth to the sweet drops of rain. You turned your face from nature, because you thought the love of an innocent heart for you were sensuous. But you forgot that if you had been wise and loving yourself, that love would have been a powerful instrument in your hands, not only for bringing happiness to the unfortunate girl who cherished it, by showing her the truth and killing the sense, but to the earth itself, the great mother of all. This want in you had to be fulfilled, and you had to know love; but one whose life your friendly hands saved had to give you the experience and thus save you from trouble which would otherwise have been yours. In his intense zeal for personal holiness your friend turned his back upon the body of his mother's child, and Karma forced him to inhabit the body that succeeded it. The poor fragile creature that sacrificed this life for me, the object of her pure virgin love, lost the preceding one by her own rash act to which your unloving conduct drove her. Blessed be the woman that stood between me and my Nemesis and received the blow that would have killed me body and soul.

"Reflect. That is enough, the Master says, for you to understand how the intensity of suffering shortens its duration, observe how everything in your life has tended to that end. We shall meet again.

"Your friend,

"RALPH RAVENSHAWE."

While I read this letter my whole life was annihilated in it. The world to me was a blank; the only thing that seemed to live was the universe of associations that gathered round the words of Ralph Ravenshawe. My whole being seemed to melt into a chaotic mass from which only by slow degrees order began to arise.

When I raised my head I saw my wife standing by me smiling with an affection she had never shown before. She folded me in her embrace. I looked again, the young Brahmin mystic stood before me and whispered in my ear:—THE CURSE IS REMOVED, GRACE STANLEY LIES DEAD IN HER ROOM. M. M. C.

Reviews.

BETTY'S VISIONS.*

THE two short stories in this volume are both illustrations of the clairvoyant power possessed by certain persons of sensitive organisation. Excepting that Betty is declared by her parents to be an "unnatural" sort of child—an attribute of her character which she out-grows entirely—there is nothing extraordinary in the two women who are the heroines of these tales. Betty's visions are five, they are all of the same character—visions of persons seen at the moment of their death. First, Betty sees the death of an uncle, next, of a cousin, then, of her mother, then, of her father, and lastly, has a premonition of her own death the day before it takes place. At the time of each vision she is in a condition of semi-unconsciousness, like one walking in sleep, and when questioned afterwards can give no account of what she saw and is disinclined to allude to the subject. The people who die touch her, she says, on the knee, or head, or some other part of the body "as they pass by."

In the second story a married lady, mother of a family, dreams that she sees the butler of a neighbour murder his mistress by shooting her with a revolver, having entered her room at about twelve o'clock at night. The narrator says that in her dream she saw herself sitting with this lady in a room, and indeed a house, she had never before entered, and had an indistinct recollection of some of the conversation.

The dream impressed her so strongly that she determined to visit Mrs. Smith of Longmains, whom, though twelve years a neighbour, she had never visited before. In spite of various obstacles—for there is a twelve-mile drive in frosty weather in January, and towards the end of the journey a wheel comes off the brougham which is nearly upset—Longmains is reached at last. Mrs. Smith is surprised to see her guest who arrives about six in the evening, and still more astonished when the lady asks to be accommodated with a bed. Late in the evening Mrs. Smith adjourns to her boudoir, and her guest insists on joining her there somewhat to the disgust of her hostess who thinks her visitor must be hardly sane. At about twelve o'clock two remarks are made by Mrs. Smith that are suddenly recognised by the lady as having been heard in the dream, and she feels rather than knows that the room is the same. The same butler enters with a box of coals, but instead of shooting Mrs. Smith, he goes away as if nothing unusual was passing in his mind. In the morning, to the evident relief of Mrs. Smith, her visitor departs from Longmains. Some time after the butler is arrested and condemned to death for murder, and in a confession states he had determined to murder Mrs. Smith (whose service he had left) on the very night of the visit narrated above, and in the way foretold in the dream, but had been prevented by the presence of a stranger.

Neither the author nor her characters make any attempt to account for any of the visions on ordinary grounds, they are simply narrated as the remarkable events in two women's lives. This book will set many of its readers thinking, and perhaps some among them will wonder if, after all, there may not be some substratum of truth underlying the multitudes of similar occurrences reported as having actually taken place. The stories are pleasantly written, though they contain but a bare recital of the occurrences mentioned. Miss Broughton is one of

* "Betty's Visions and Mrs. Smith of Longmains," by Rhoda Broughton.—London, George Routledge.

our most powerful novel writers, and we should like to see her work out this theme on a larger canvas and with a heroine whose astral horizon is not so strictly limited as that of Miss Betty.

LIGHT ON THE HIDDEN PATH.*

THIS is a record, in letters to a friend, of the inner experiences of the writer. The author, unacquainted with spiritualistic works or mediums, frequently sees the forms of persons deceased, and with some of them holds the conversations which make up the bulk of this little volume. The experiences herein narrated are the spiritual consolation of the writer's life and, the recipient evidently being a right-minded, conscientious individual, striving to lead a good life, the teachings are of a pure and noble character, and readers will find them suggestive though they may not learn from them much that is absolutely new. Whatever may be our opinions as to the scientific rationale of the clairvoyance and clairaudience of our author, every page breathes deep genuine human feeling, and this account of spiritual experience will act as balm and encouragement to many weary souls. "Light on the Path" more than supplies the place of any such work as this to all those who try to realise that "the kingdom of God is within them;" but there will always be a large number of individuals to whom the personal experiences of another human being seem more real and more impressive than the best collection of rules and maxims, and to these we commend the perusal of "Light on the Hidden Path."

CHASTITY.†

WE recommend this volume in which Dr. Lewis has treated a difficult subject frankly yet without offence. The writer, but recently dead, was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and the present work is the result of a wide professional experience which led to the conviction that such a book was urgently needed. The usages of civilized society which taboo subjects such as those discussed in this book, and have thus fostered a deplorable ignorance of the laws of life resulting in untold evil, have given rise to all sorts of quack notions and quack impostors who profess to remedy these ills. We therefore welcome a book like this, which, while free from medical technicalities, is the work of an enlightened physician and tells the scientific truth in a way that everybody can understand.

Literary and Personal Notes.

MR. BOUTON has just issued another edition (the eighth, is it not?) of "Isis Unveiled." When the first copies of the original edition reached London, Mr. Quaritch—perhaps the best authority in the world upon the value of literary property—wrote Bouton that it would "become a classic." It has done so; and the fact of its reaching its eighth edition might be added to the late Mr. Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

* "Light on the Hidden Path," with an introduction by J. F. Clarke. Ticknor and Company, Boston.

† "Chastity or Secret Sins," by Dio Lewis, M. D. Clarke Brothers, New York.

It is gratifying to learn that the "Secret Doctrine" is steadily growing. Mr. Sinnett writes that as much as would make about one volume of "Isis" is already written; and from another source we learn that, in its profundity of analysis and erudition, as well as in the arrangement of its matter, it will be superior to "Isis." Though the Manager long ago offered to return the money to the registered subscribers, scarcely any availed themselves of it, seeming to instinctively comprehend that books like these cannot be tossed off like an ephemeral novel, but are the work of years. The actual writing of "Isis" occupied two years of uninterrupted labor, such labor that for six months at a time Madame Blavatsky never left her apartments, but sat writing constantly. Since she announced "The Secret Doctrine" as in preparation, she has twice been confined to bed for weeks together, and once just escaped death by a miracle; besides having to endure the annoyance of the late conspiracy against her, which was hardly congenial to the book-writing frame of mind. However, the work grows apace, and no doubt the old proverb will be verified that 'Patient waiting is no loss.'

In the *Anti Materialiste*, Mons. René Caillé thus expresses himself on the subject of the religions of the East:

"We might compare the literary treasures of the East with the pictures of great masters which have for some reason or other been covered with common varnish so that their true value can no longer be suspected. But at last the clairvoyant eye of the connoisseur penetrates the disguise. By slow and persevering labour, bit by bit he removes the veil, and the masterpiece stands out in all its glory.

"Certainly, if, in conformity with the prediction of the unknown Philosopher, the riches of Asia are coming to the aid of civilised Europe, the converse is none the less true, and all the treasures of the land of the sun, all her manuscripts, hieroglyphics and symbols, would remain a dead letter if our modern sages did not apply to their study their exact processes and scientific methods.

"How strange does it not seem that these inexplicable facts, which have been objects of blind reverence to our forefathers, should one day become plain scientific verities proved by our boldest men of learning."

BABU SIDHESVAR GHOSH wishes us to acknowledge his receipt of Rs. 100 towards the publication of his Bengali translation of *The Light of Asia*, from Kumar Bhuvan Ranjan Mukarji, of Lucknow.

Correspondence.

THE HINDU SABHA MOVEMENT.

The Hindu Sabha is an ally by formal engagement of the Theosophical Society and includes all *Hindus promoting Caste harmony and religious learning and virtue*. A Religious Hall and Library for Brahmans with accommodation for Sudras and Chogans seeking instruction and a lecture Hall for Theosophic friends will be opened at first at Trichoor, the capital of Sri Parasu Rama, the sixth and only *Living* avatar of Vishnu. The present Maharajah of Travancore has contributed Rs. 200 to the Hall and Library, and as a tribute to the learning and virtue of the late Maharajah F. M. U. I shall inscribe the special name of "Visa-

gham" his star upon the institution. I hope it will also become a great mesmeric Hospital under the direction of the renowned Kallur Namburipad of these parts.

The Chogans, *i. e.*, low castes, are the bulk of the Hindu population of these parts, though they have lost half their present strength to the Christian and Mohammedan religions! The reason of the secession is mainly because they have not free access to the high castes as Chogans. It is strange but true that Hindu Chogans have not the freedom to move which anti-Hindu Chogan converts have. They want the freedom of the converts without ceasing to be Hindus. The high castes see the anomaly, but have not the pluck to help their own followers. Yet it is trumpeted forth that the natives of India are fit for all sorts of political and social and domestic reforms.

The Chogans as a body are more sincere believers in God, Soul, Karma, mesmerism, &c., than the F. T. S. as a body. The Hindu Sabha has at present no alternative but to pass them through Christianity and Mahomedanism and dub the *reverts*, *Chetties*. Of course both the conversion and reversion are very convenient to the poor Chogans. The Chogans are practically and are willing to declare themselves of the Theosophical Society if the Society institutes an order of Aryan Chetties to be registered by individual F. T. S.

A. SANKARIAH, F. T. S.; P. F. H. S.

We would remind the writer that this magazine is not concerned with politics. We doubt the accuracy of his statements as to the beliefs of our members. The question of the institution of the suggested order is a matter for the Convention to discuss.—*Ed.*

THE LEFT HAND PATH.

SIR,—I send you the following account of a remarkable incident in the life of an English resident in the North-West Provinces. As I am bound over to secrecy as regards the name and circumstances of the person concerned—the brother-in-law of a merchant lately deceased who was once held in high estimation in Calcutta—I must content myself with stating that this account is *absolutely* true. It came to my knowledge in this way. I had known Mrs. L., the sister of the gentleman above referred to, for some years previous to the disclosure with which she favoured me, and it was only on learning of my interest in Asiatic Occultism that she broke the silence which she had maintained for so many years on the subject of her brother's experience. Divested of detail it runs as follows:—

Mr. B., it appears, was a natural mystic, and from one cause and another thoroughly convinced of the existence of occult powers among a certain class of natives. After brooding over the subject for some years, he determined, if possible, to test the reality of occultism personally. Among the natives with whom he had some slight acquaintance—for he was a man greatly interested in the study of character—was one who lived a sort of recluse life in the neighbouring jungle, and who was popularly credited with the possession of strange Siddhis. B.—although he distrusted the rumour—resolved to satisfy himself of its accuracy. He went to the hermit, and after sedulously cultivating his acquaintance, finally proposed to become his pupil. The offer was accepted, a certain period of probation was assigned to him, at the termination of which he was warned he would have to pass a severe ordeal consisting of four trials, each more terrible than the last. Well, to cut a long story short, the anxious aspirant, after observing a rigid fast for two whole days, was dismissed by his instructor to undergo

his first trial. Before leaving he put into his hand a Persian book full of mystical formulæ and symbols. "You will sit in your chamber at midnight," said the Hermit, "reading this book"—and he pointed out certain passages with a word of caution as to observance of his orders. "A vast torrent of water will then seem to pour from all sides threatening to submerge you entirely, but you must never once take your eyes off the book, tremble though you may." He then directed him to observe certain fumigations, to sprinkle the floor with blood, and other strange ceremonies and dismissed him. That night, as the Englishman sat up reading in the prepared room, everything occurred as the Hermit had foretold. Volumes of water seemed to pour through the ceiling and burst up through the floor, while strange forms were borne in on the roar of the raging element. But faithful to his orders he never once raised his eyes from the book, and he had no sooner finished the last line than the whole scene vanished and he was once more sitting in the quiet chamber with the moonlight streaming in over the floor, stained here and there with the blood of a lamb as directed. Great was his surprise the next morning to receive a visit from his instructor. The latter after congratulating him on his success remarked "tonight you must repeat the process. While you are reading a huge cobra will seem to enter the room, and advancing towards you coil around your body and neck till its hooded head is reared full in your face. But shrink not. Do not for one moment raise your eyes from the book till you have read the last line of the same incantation." With this he retired. That night all again happened as foretold. The perspiration gathered in huge drops on the brows of the daring occultist as he went through the ghastly experience. Several times his courage almost failed him, but with a desperate exercise of will he persisted in his task. At last the last line was read and the whole *maya*—or whatever it was—vanished. The next day his instructor did not appear, and his ardour was in addition damped by the receipt of a letter from England informing him of the dangerous illness of his brother. Confident, however, in his powers of endurance, he determined to continue the process of initiation *but* foolishly paid no visit to the Hermit. That night as he sat reading the weird old book a groan arrested his attention. He looked up hastily. Was it a corpse that was stretched on that bed before him with those livid lips and stony eyes? A horrible thought possessed him. Was it his brother? In a moment his courage forsook him, he cast away the book and shrieked in his horror. In a moment he was once again standing *alone* in the silent chamber. The next day the hermit again visited him. He heard his tale and shook his head. "You should have sought my advice first," he muttered. Had you passed the fourth trial successfully, the spirit (elemental?) which personated the serpent and the corpse would have been your slave. Now all your efforts have been in vain. For want of a due warning you have lost all." With this he asked for the book, wrapped it in his robes and left his quondam pupil never to return. As I said before this story is absolutely true. It was solemnly sworn to in my presence and no possible motive could have been suggested for deceit on the part of Mrs. L—the solitary confidante of her brother. As I heard it, I give it. Was it black magic, was it spiritualism? I will not hazard a guess. Mrs. L—thinks the former. She includes the "Devil"—the scape-goat of the orthodox—in her indictment!!

E. D.

ENGLAND, 11th August 1886.

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THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. VIII. No. 86.—NOVEMBER 1886.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

ANIMATED STATUES.

TO whatsoever cause it may be due matters little, but the word *fetich* is given in the dictionaries the restricted sense of "an object selected temporarily for worship," "a small idol used by the African savages," etc., etc.

In his "*Des Cultes Anterieurs à l'Idolatrie*," Dulaure defines Fetichism as "the adoration of an object considered by the ignorant and the weak-minded as the receptacle or the habitation of a god or genius."

Now all this is extremely erudite and profound, no doubt; but it lacks the merit of being either true or correct. Fetich may be an *idol* among the negroes of Africa, according to Webster; and there are weak-minded and ignorant people certainly who are fetich worshippers. Yet the theory that certain objects—statues, images, and *amulets* for example—serve as a temporary or even constant habitation to a "god," "genius" or *spirit* simply, has been shared by some of the most intellectual men known to history. It was *not* originated by the ignorant and weak-minded, since the majority of the world's sages and philosophers, from *credulous* Pythagoras down to sceptical Lucian, believed in such a thing in antiquity; as in our highly civilized, cultured and learned century several hundred millions of Christians still believe in it, whether the above definitions be correct or the one we shall now give. The administration of the Sacrament, the mystery of Transubstantiation "in the *supposed* conversion of the bread and wine of the Eucharist into the body and blood of Christ," would render the bread and wine and the communion cup along with them *fetiches*—no less than the tree or rag or stone of the savage African. Every miracle-working image, tomb and statue of a Saint, Virgin or Christ, in the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, have thus to be regarded as *fetiches*; because, whether the miracle is supposed

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