

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COL. OLCOTT'S CELEBRATED LECTURES.

Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science.

BY

HENRY S. OLCOTT,

PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

WITH GLOSSARY OF INDIAN TERMS AND INDEX.

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The Lectures upon India in this collection are known to the whole public of Bharatavarsha, and have made a greater sensation than any orations of modern times. Several have been translated into the vernacular tongues. Mr. Redway has received orders from all parts of the world and but a few copies are now available. Among the criticisms of the book is the following:

"This book, to which we can only allot an amount of space quite incommensurate with its intrinsic interest, is one that will appeal to the prepared student rather than to the general reader. To any one who has previously made the acquaintance of such books as Mr. Sinnett's 'Occult World,' and 'Esoteric Buddhism,' or has in other ways familiarised himself with the doctrines of the so-called Theosophical Society or Brotherhood, these lectures of Colonel Olcott's will be rich in interest and suggestiveness. The American officer is a person of undoubted social position and unblemished personal reputation, and his main object is not to secure belief in the reality of any 'phenomena,' not to win a barren reputation for himself as a thaumaturgist or wonder-worker, but to win acceptance for one of the oldest philosophies of nature and human life—a philosophy to which of late years the thinkers of the West have been turning with noteworthy curiosity and interest. Of course, should the genuineness of the phenomena in question be satisfactorily established, there would undoubtedly be proof that the Eastern sages to whom Colonel Olcott bears witness do possess a knowledge of the laws of the physical universe far wider and more intimate than that which has been laboriously acquired by the inductive science of the West; but the theosophy expounded in this volume is at once a theology, a metaphysic, and a sociology, in which mere marvels, as such, occupy a quite subordinate and unimportant position. We cannot now discuss its claims, and we will not produce any opinion upon them; we will only say that Colonel Olcott's volume deserves and will repay the study of all readers for whom the bye-ways of speculation have an irresistible charm."—*Manchester Examiner*.

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सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

THE BARISÁL GUN.

IT occasionally happens that our knowledge of the finer forces of Nature is increased by the researches of sceptical scientists who are working on quite another theory. They may intend to prove a purely physical phenomenon, but find themselves confronted by a psychical revelation. If open to conviction, they may, like Professors Hare, Gregory, Zollner, and Buchanan, and Messrs. Crookes and Wallace, step outside the circle of sciolism and become the brave defenders of occult truth; if the contrary, they remain prejudiced adversaries of a spiritual truth for whose comprehension they lack aptitude. When, in 1840, Dr. Buchanan was told by Bishop Polk that the touching of a brass door-knob gave him a brassy taste in the mouth, the stupendous fact of psychometrical law sprang up in his mind, and he set to work to test the theory experimentally. When Baron Von Reichenbach—until then merely a renowned metallurgical chemist—found that a certain patient in hospital was affected injuriously by lying with her head to the east or west, and suffered muscular spasms at the approach of a magnet, his great and open mind instantly set to work upon a line of research which eventually gave to the world his discovery of Odyle.

Conversely, it has frequently occurred that popular superstitions have been uprooted and destroyed upon scientific examination of their basic facts. And so the wise investigator, mindful of both these circumstances, will suspend theory and avoid prejudice until he has got at the bottom of his subject.

Bacon's rule, we know, was this: "We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom, and not to receive upon credit, or reject upon improbabilities, until there hath passed a due examination."

The mystery of what is known as "The Barisál Gun" offers an excellent occasion to exemplify this sound principle. Barisál is

a small town on the western bank of the Beeghaye River, one of the numberless smaller channels of the sacred Ganges. As the crow flies, it is some sixty-five miles due north of the Bay of Bengal. Like the entire Gangetic delta, the land about is flat, the surface only a few feet above the water level. There are no mountains, or even hills, indicated on the map until we come to the ranges to the north-east, which separate Bengal from Burma, and among which is a place called Cherra Punji, distant from Barisâl in a straight line about one hundred and ninety-five miles. Due east, the Tipperah Hill district lies over one hundred miles away from Barisâl, and there is a long and narrow hill bordering Sundeeep Channel, which rises to the height only of eleven hundred and fifty-five feet. The united delta of the Ganges and Brahmapootra covers a space of between fifty and sixty thousand square miles. These physical features of the country must be kept in mind when speculating upon the acoustic phenomenon now to be described.

If the reader will turn to the September (1886) number of the *Theosophist*, he will find, in a note upon my official tour, the following:

"There occurs at Barisâl one of the most startling and hitherto inexplicable of nature's phenomena: it is called the "Barisâl Gun," and is so mentioned in the History of Bakarganj District. Suddenly, without any antecedent atmospheric disturbance or other apparent cause, there will come the sharp report of a heavy gun from the direction of the Bay of Bengal. Usually, it will be followed by six other reports equally loud. The phenomenon is most frequent in the monsoon and after a fall of rain, but its cause is a complete puzzle to all; possibly it must be placed within the category of astral phenomena produced by elementals, etc."

This tentative hypothesis was, of course, suggested only after every physical theory put forward to account for the explosive sounds had been weighed and found wanting. The sounds, as I heard them at Barisâl, could only be compared to the booming of a heavy gun. I have had some experience, and ought to know a cannon-shot when I hear it. At a quarter to nine, as I was leaving the hall where I had been lecturing, the first report occurred—unmistakeably a gun—and seemed to come from some point within the town limits. I fancied at first that it was the evening gun, until upon looking at my watch I saw it was full three-quarters of an hour later than the usual time, eight o'clock. I had taken only a few steps when there came a second report, and then successively five more at regular intervals of about the same length. Surprised at this cannonade in such a quiet part of the Gangetic delta, far from the sea and with no military cantonments near, I asked what it all meant. Then, for the first time in my life, I heard about the Barisâl Gun. Old men told me that they had heard it from boyhood, and I learned that it was familiar to the inhabitants of Dacca, seventy-five miles to the northward, and was not unknown at Chittagong, which lies one hundred miles to the eastward. Among my Barisâl friends were men of high education and intelligence, and with these I discussed the several theories—hydraulic, pneumatic, seismic, or electric—propounded in connection with the sounds. None of them seemed to meet the facts. What, then? Apparently nothing: if the sound of the gun was not made by the tide, the surf, the crumbling of river banks, the crash of falling cliffs, the

impact of wind in caves or hill-corners, echoes reverberating from rocky sounding-boards, the escape of steam-puffs from submarine volcanoes, nor was it an electric detonation resulting from observable causes, then what was the next hypothesis? My Barisâl friends had stopped just at this point, not caring to trouble themselves about a matter which habit had made as vulgarly familiar as the dropping of apples had been to every lounge under English apple-trees until one Newton made it the pivot for the sublimest theory ever conceived by a scientific man. One of the most learned of living Hindus, one whose name is known to every Orientalist in the Western world, once described to me what he had with his own eyes seen done by Hassan Khan Djinni, the famous sorcerer: his own watch, locked up by himself in a cash-box, and that box put inside one or more larger boxes, each locked in turn, was instantaneously withdrawn into the juggler's hand, unharmed and still going. "Well?" I said, when Dr. R. had finished his story. "Well, what?" he rejoined. "What light did that throw into your mind about occult laws of nature and the hidden powers in man?" "'Pon my word, I did not follow it up. It simply seemed something unaccountable." "Sir," said I, "remember Newton's apple, and Franklin's kite. If modern Hindus are ignorant of that divine Vidya which was once universally appreciated and largely proved experimentally by their ancestors, it is because, like you, they are indifferent to the working of natural law, and live only for the social interests of the passing moment." I have been struck with this trait in connection with the Barisâl Gun mystery. The weird artillery has from time immemorial been firing its challenge to study its cause, and suggesting possible inferences of the deepest importance; yet without result. A physician once told me at Niagara that he had grown so accustomed to the roar of the falls, that he did not now hear it unless somebody called his attention to it; so also the Barisâl graduates pay so little heed to their mysterious cannonading, that the stranger gets conflicting reports from different inhabitants as to the number, frequency, and atmospheric concomitants of the guns. In response to my recent inquiries, Babu Aswini Kumar Datta of Barisâl writes:

"The Barisâl Guns are a curious phenomenon. I have not yet been able to ascertain anything about them. The sounds are very irregular. Sometimes we hear twenty or twenty-five reports continuously; sometimes only ten or twelve. I have often heard the reports in clear weather. I never remember to have heard them when it was raining. They are neither preceded nor followed, as a rule, by downpours of rain. I heard them often in April. We don't hear them so often now [his letter is dated 12th July]. The sounds come from the south-west quarter."¹

1. I find in the *Hindoo Patriot* of 9th July the following paragraph:—

"Regarding the Barisâl Guns Mr. Waller, Magistrate of Khulna, writes:—It may interest those whose attention is directed to the subject to know that since the rain began to fall here on Wednesday afternoon there have been heard loud and frequent explosions of the kind called "Barisâl Guns." The sounds come from the south, and are heard sometimes by day, but mostly at night. As many as six explosions have followed rapidly one after the other. The sounds had not been heard for some time previously. The sounds resembled most nearly that which would be caused by a large heavy plank falling on to the floor of a large resonant empty building at a considerable distance."

Most of the facts above noted are important. It is here seen (a) that there is no uniformity in the number of successive reports; (b) that they occur in clear weather as well as rainy; (c) that apparently they are not connected with a superabundance of atmospheric moisture; (d) that there is a certain season more favourable to them than another season; and (e) that they come from a certain direction. The irregularity of the sounds would seem to suggest that they are not due to the boom of surf upon the beach along the Bay of Bengal; their occurrence in dry weather, that they are not echoes of distant noises thrown back from the clouds, like the roll of thunder; and their greater frequency in the monsoon, that they are not persistent volcanic discharges, even if it were possible that any active marine volcano could exist for one month, let alone centuries, without being detected! But why do they seem to come from the south-west? There is no mountain-range to the west of Barisâl, that might reflect sound rippling or rushing towards it from the Bay: all is a flat, alluvial plain. Then again it is reported that at Kúkri Múkri, the most southerly island in the Bakarganj District, the sounds seem to come from out at sea, to the southward, and that "they are distinct from the noise of breakers or of the tide coming in." The natives say "it is the sound of the opening and shutting of Ravan's gates in the Island of Lanka (Ceylon); but in his paper on the "Antiquities of Bagirhât" (*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1867) Babu Gaurdás Bysack says that the popular explanation is that the cannonade is fired by aerial hands [of course, he means the elementals—*Devatas*] in honor of Khanja Ali or Khán Jáhan, who was tahsildar of Bagirhât some four hundred years ago. Mr. Beveridge, the Bakarganj historian, thinks the Ravan-gates theory at Kúkri Múkri "valuable, because it shews that the sound comes from the south." From the south, certainly, but from what nucleus or source to the southward? Yet not always from the south; sometimes from the north and south-west. As an occultist, I think the Ravana theory quite as important as indicating, in connection with the Khán Jáhan theory, the survival of tradition that the *Devatas* cause the guns, and that they are explosions, not in the grosser atmosphere, but in the *akasa*. Since we have nothing better than several physical hypotheses, each altogether inapplicable to the actual facts, I think we may venture to put in our vote to at least consider the occult aspect of the question.

The occasion for the present essay is the fact that the Asiatic Society of Bengal has decided to try to solve the puzzle of the Barisâl Gun, and that the Honorary Secretary has done me the honour to accept the assistance I offered when I heard that the enquiry was on foot. Even before leaving Barisâl, in August last, I had arranged with an amiable Catholic friar there for a series of daily observations and records throughout an entire year, so that we might try to get some light upon the phenomenon; but he was unfortunately transferred soon after to another station. In connection with the enquiry in question Lt.-Col. Waterhouse, B. S. C., has issued a valuable and exhaustive pamphlet embodying all hitherto-observed facts and theories put forth upon the subject of the guns. A map of the

Gangetic delta which accompanies it adds greatly to its value. Among other theories, Mr. Beveridge's, connecting the sounds with "that curious submarine depression in front of Jessore and Bakarganj which is known by the name of the "Swash-of-no-ground," may, I think, be set aside unceremoniously. The depression, we are told by Commander Carpenter, R. N., of the Marine Survey, is caused by the convergence towards this region of all the channels through the shoals formed off the mouths of all the rivers of the delta: hence the theory of the reports being subterranean explosions finding vent and sound through an extinct submarine volcano there is quite untenable. If they invariably came from that spot, the thing would have a different look, but at Bagirhât, which is due west from Barisâl, they are often heard coming from the north, the quarter of Fureedpur, whereas at Fureedpur they are heard as if from the south.

It is an undoubted fact that sounds like cannon-shots sometimes accompany severe earthquakes. For example, I find in *Nature* for June 28th, 1888, the following narrative of an earthquake in the same month:—

"A severe shock of earthquake was felt in Hernö, an island in the Baltic, on June 7th at 7-24 a. m. Houses shook, and furniture moved. The shock went in a direction north-north-west (N. N. W.). At the Lungö Light-house the shock was felt at 9-50, and was accompanied by a detonation like that of heavy artillery. Here the shock went in a direction N. E. to S. W. The shock was also felt in the town of Hernösand."

Like detonations are sometimes observed in movements of floe-ice. Arctic explorers describe the noise of the breaking up of the ice-fields as making a series of detonations like the roar of artillery. The same number of *Nature* contains the following paragraph:—

"Advices from the fishing-village of Kerschkaranza, in the Kola Peninsula, on the White Sea, state that on January 5 a curious and destructive phenomenon occurred there. At 4 a. m. the inhabitants were awakened by a peculiar, dull, heavy detonation like that of distant artillery. Piled up to a height of several hundred feet, the ice—in consequence, no doubt, of the enormous pressure of the ocean-ice without—was seen to begin moving from the north-west towards the shore. The gigantic ice-wall moved irresistibly forward, and soon reached the shore and the village, which it completely buried, the ice extending a mile inland. The forward movement of the ice lasted four hours."

This is all definite and void of mystery: in both earthquake and ice-floe we have the sounds of cannon-firing imitated, but we know they come from these two physical disturbances. But where is the earthquake or ice-field that fires the salvo of the Barisâl Guns? Mr. Medlicott, one of the observers quoted in Colonel Waterhouse's paper, heard the sounds at Cherra Punji, which hill-station is, as above noted, nearly two hundred miles north of the Bay of Bengal; and Colonel Waterhouse suggests that those reports "would appear to be more probably connected with volcanic or seismic agency than with any water-borne sounds." Yet we are not in possession of any records of the occurrence of earthquakes in that hill-range coincidentally with the mysterious detonations at Cherra Punji, hence it is quite an unwarranted proceeding to put forward the theory of possible seismic action to account for them. And do not let

us forget that these sounds have been familiar to the living generation from their earliest recollections, and are traditionally traced back through four centuries. Would the learned Colonel Waterhouse wish us to adopt the extremely unlikely notion that unrecorded and unsuspected seismic convulsions have been firing Barisál Guns at Cherra Punji from time immemorial?

So, we see, the laws of acoustics seem to suggest no solution of the mystery. One obscure fact is highly puzzling, that the guns will be heard at a given place, but not at other places just in its vicinity. This is noticed at Bagirhát. And they are more audible there *when the sky is clear and the weather fair* than in stormy weather.

Twenty observers give a score of theories, some very foolish. For example, one is that the crumbling of the river-banks may make the cannonade. Well, I can only say that I have twice made the trip from Khulna to Barisál and back, and once that from Chittagong *via* Noakhali to Barisál; I have often seen the mud banks slip into the water; and they made no noise that could be heard at a distance of one hundred yards. And would any one have us believe that a crumbling of banks five or ten feet high is going on so consecutively and uproariously as to imitate the report of a forty-pounder cannon! Let us hope that the systematized observations now undertaken by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, with the possible help of Government, and covering both sides of the head of the Bay of Bengal, from Balasore to Diamond Island, and the whole enclosed area of the Gangetic delta, may result in a solution of the problem. Any reader of our magazine within the territory indicated who may be willing to assist should communicate with the Honorary Secretary of the Asiatic Society, 57 Park St., Calcutta, and apply for the printed forms.

Colonel Waterhouse summarizes in his instructive paper the several theories of the guns as follows:

(I.) *The breaking of enormous surf-rollers on the shores of the upper part of the Bay of Bengal: the sound of this travelling inland along the surface of the rivers, and to long distances under the favourable atmospheric conditions of the south-west monsoon.*

This theory is scientifically insufficient to account for the cannonading in even a single place, to say nothing of many places. We have, firstly, the irregularity in the reports—sometimes one gun, sometimes seven, and again a dozen, twenty, or more. In the monsoon the wind blows from a fixed quarter, and if the sonorous waves are travelling thence towards the observer, then they ought—unless it is a case of echoes—to be heard successively all along the track. We have seen, however, that the guns will be heard at some one locality, but not at others close by. Then, the boom of surf is monotonously consecutive; whether loud or dull it matters not. It requires a fixed time for the wave to rise and dash upon the beach; one may time the rhythm by the watch; and so long as the storm lasts and the wind blows from the same quarter, so long will the surf-beats follow each other in their rhythmic measure. At the moment of writing I hear the surf rolling upon the Adyar beach, half a mile away, and not the wildest imagination would note any resemblance to the eight o'clock

gun which was just now fired at Fort St. George, four miles away. Now the Barisál Guns I heard at Barisál sounded as if fired half a mile from my point of observation; and though I have listened to the surf in various parts of the world, I never heard any that resembled a cannon-shot, though some people say they have, where surges were plunging into cavernous cliffs. But no observer has, to my recollection, recorded the fact that such marine salvos would resound a few times and then suddenly cease, notwithstanding that the swell of angry ocean continued and the winds still blew as hard as before from the same quarter and in the same direction!

(II.) *The breaking down of the banks of the rivers in the vicinity of places where they are heard.*

Considering that these river-banks are of alluvium and but a few feet high, and that their erosion is never known to occur rhythmically, nor ever save when rivers are in flood, this theory may be passed.

(III.) *The firing of bombs or guns on the occasion of marriages.* Hardly sufficient, I think!

(IV.) *Subterranean or sub-aqueous volcanic or seismic agencies.*

No evidence supports this conjecture. There are no such reports from the Marine Survey Department; from navigators—to whom the Bay is as familiar, almost, as the streets of their native town or village; nor from the swarms of fishermen who are constantly going over the ground. Referring to the supposition of Captain Stewart that the sounds have some connection with the "Swash-of-no-ground," and rejecting as unfounded the theory that it is the crater of an extinct volcano, Colonel Waterhouse says, "it would be most important to have further observations as to the state of the sea during the monsoon over this depression, and whether the contending currents (in the sea) cause such disturbance as would produce explosive sounds loud enough to be heard miles inland." But I would ask the learned gentleman what importance attaches to the conflict of ocean-currents capable of making such detonations as the Barisál Guns, unless the recurrence of the sounds were as continuous and rhythmic as the clash of the currents would be. If they—the latter—go on night and day the same throughout the monsoon, and the wind blows almost constantly from the Swash towards the delta, then the guns should also be persistent and not intermittent as they are—no two days giving the same number of guns nor reports of the same loudness. And, again, in what other delta, in any other part of the world, do people hear Barisál Guns, though the same conditions prevail of mighty rivers entering the sea by many channels, and through alluvial plains? If the portions of the Gangetic delta where these sounds have been heard were walled in by an amphitheatre of hills of the right conformation to act as reverberators, one might fancy it worth while to consider the theory that the explosions were traceable to the motions of the sea. But, save the low range of hills of Arrakan and Akyab to the eastward, and a right angle with them formed by the lower ranges of the Himalayas, the physical aspect of the delta is an enormous plain, absolutely flat, with no hills to modify, repeat, reflect, or deflect sonorous waves, and intersected by a network of streams and water-courses.

(V.) *Atmospheric electricity.*

This theory is ruled out like the others by Colonel Waterhouse; and very properly, in my humble opinion. We have learnt enough about electricity by this time to be sure that it is not going about the world firing ghostly salvos in sheer sport. When there are electric detonations, we are at no loss to trace them to their source in some atmospheric disturbance: for whatever may be the state of the earth electrically, these phenomena require for their development a complementary state of the atmosphere. None of the observers report any facts tending to show such a connection of opposite polarities in the present instance, though two or three offered general theoretical guesses that the guns may be an electrical phenomenon.

Colonel Waterhouse sums up the case in the following terms:

"In the present very imperfect state of our knowledge regarding this mysterious phenomenon, it is impossible to form any decided opinion as to its cause, though from the evidence it would appear that the balance of probability favours the connection of the sounds in some way with the sea; the sodden state of the soil, the vapour-laden state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind, being exceptionally favourable for the transmission of such sounds, which seem to be heard most frequently at times of the year when the sea is at its highest, and the contending influences of the river floods against wind and tides strongest. At the same time, some of the evidence seems decidedly to negative this theory, and it is quite possible that more causes than one may be active in producing similar sounds. The more or less intimate connection of the sounds with the river system of the delta also seems to be established, but whence the sounds proceed there is nothing to show."

In his *Natural Magic*, Sir David Brewster gives some interesting facts in regard to sound. On the extended heath, he says, where there are no solid objects capable of reflecting or modifying sound—the peculiarity of the Gangetic delta—the sportsman must frequently have noticed the unaccountable variety of sounds which are produced by the report of his fowling-piece. Sometimes they are flat and prolonged, at other times short and sharp, and sometimes the noise is so strange that it is referred to some mistake in the loading of the gun. These variations arise entirely from the state of the air, and from the nature and proximity of the superjacent clouds. In pure air of uniform density the sound is sharp and soon over, as the undulations of the air advance without any interrupting obstacle. In a foggy atmosphere, or where the vapours produced by heat are seen dancing as it were in the air, the sound is dull and prolonged, and when these clouds are immediately overhead, a succession of echoes from them produces a continued or reverberating sound. When the French astronomers were determining the velocity of sound by firing great guns, they observed that the report was always single and sharp under a perfectly clear sky, but indistinct, and attended by a long continued roll like thunder, when a cloud covered a considerable part of the horizon. This being so, the Barisál salvos should in the monsoon be changed from the sharp boom of a cannon to a rumbling like thunder, provided that they are caused by either of the agencies suggested in the above several theories. And like the rumble of thunder, if heard at one place, they should be so also at all points in the neighbourhood. The boom of great guns has been heard at dis-

tances of from one hundred and twenty to two hundred miles; but for such an acoustic phenomenon there is required a stretch of hard and dry ground of an uniform character, or one where a thin soil rests upon a continuous stratum of rock. Do we find any of these physical conditions in and about Barisál? Again: they cannot be echoes, as some suppose, for there is no smooth rocky acclivity athwart the delta to reflect a sonorous wave travelling northward from the Bay of Bengal. And for a gunshot to be heard as an echo at Barisál, a monster cannon would have to be fired a short distance just due south of the observer, and the sound travel northward at the velocity of eleven hundred feet in a second, until it met and was reflected back to him by a smooth perpendicular wall or hill. Moreover, it is a law of acoustics that the waves of sound are enfeebled by reflection from ordinary surfaces, and the echo is in such cases feebler than the original sound. On the other hand, if the reflecting surface is circular, sound may be condensed and rendered stronger in the same manner as light. (*Natural Magic*, p. 224). Where is the circular reflecting barrier to the north of Barisál and Furidpore standing athwart the line of travel of a sound-wave coming from the Swash-of-no-ground? And if there were any—which there is not—why are the guns heard sporadically, in varying number, while the sound-waves should be flowing continuously and persistently northward from the Swash, day and night throughout the monsoon, each wave capable of causing its distinct echo by reflection? I think we may pass over this echo theory.

And now that the ground is cleared for the Asiatic Society's observers, by disposing of all the weak theories heretofore put forward to account for this unique phenomenon of the Barisál Gun, I cannot give a better idea of the depth of the mystery, and the scheme in view for its solution, than by copying *verbatim* the circular kindly sent me by the Honorary Secretary. It reads as follows:

NOTES FOR OBSERVERS.

"I. When possible the position of the observing station with respect to rivers or the sea-coast should be given, also its height above mean sea-level and the nature of the surrounding country.

II. The character of the sounds is important, whether sharp, loud and distinct, dull and distinct, or continuous and rumbling. Whether the intervals between the reports are long, short, regular or otherwise. The duration of the sounds. When the reports are frequent the intervals should be noted with a watch.

III. Observations of the direction of the sounds and of the wind, also of the weather and state of the sky at the time, and especially of the occurrence of thunder-storms and other electrical or meteorological disturbances, are of importance.

IV. Observers at sea-coast stations will aid the Committee greatly by noting the daily state of the sea, and especially any days when the sea is unusually high and the surf breaking very heavily. Observations of currents or other agencies in the neighbourhood of the sea-face of the Sundarbans or Swash-of-no-ground, which might produce explosive sounds, would be very valuable.

V. Observers at river stations should note any unusual floods, bores, high or low tides, or any other occurrence which might be the cause of banks falling in or otherwise might be connected with the occurrence of the sounds.

VI. The forms overleaf should be filled up while recollection is fresh, and forwarded immediately to the Secretary of the Asiatic Society, by whom more forms will be supplied if required.

VII. Besides recording current observations, observers who have heard these sounds would oblige by giving any information they can as to the locality; the circumstances under which the sounds were heard; their character and direction, and the causes to which the observer would attribute them. Also as to:—

(a.) The time of day or night and season of the year at which they were heard most frequently, and whether they were always from the same direction.

(b.) The farthest place inland at which the observer has heard them or knows *personally* of their having been heard, and at what time of year.

Observations of Barisāl Guns.

Place of observation. Height above mean sea-level and nature of surrounding country.

Date—month—day—year.

Time of day.

Character of the sounds.

Duration of intervals between the sounds; and whether regular or not.

Total duration of the sounds.

Direction from which the sounds appeared to come.

Direction and strength of the wind at the time of observation.

State of the weather at the time of observation. Sky cloudy or clear?

State of the weather during the previous twenty-four hours.

Whether rain has fallen at or about the time when the sounds were heard, and, if so, how much and at what period?

Were electrical disturbances or thunder observed either locally or at a distance, before or after, or at the time of the occurrence of the sounds?

If thunder was observed, did the sounds appear to come from the direction of the storm?

State of the sea at coast stations, with reference to the breaking of surf-rollers.

Bores, floods, or specially high or low tides at river stations. The state of the tide at the time the sounds were heard.

Any other fact or occurrence at the time which strikes the observer as important.

Cause to which the observer believes the sounds may be attributed."

Though a professed amateur of occult science, it has ever been my habit when studying any supposed psychical phenomenon first to consider and dispose of every physical hypothesis that may seem pertinent. Readers of my book *People from the Other World* will recollect my laying down that rule for my guidance in my inquiry into the Eddy "materialisation" wonders.

The spirit which actuated me then does so now, and I could not better define the temper in which the Asiatic Society should approach the present subject, than in these words, which are taken from the preface to the book in question:

"Much as the author desires to see this subject inquired into by men of scientific attainments, he could regard it as only a misfortune if they should set out with a disposition to prescribe impossible conditions. Before they reach the point where they would have the right to dictate their own terms, it would be necessary for them to make many observations, collect many data, and inform themselves about many things of which they are necessarily ignorant. . . Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., says, in his pamphlet entitled *A Defence of Modern Spiritualism*, that 'scientific men almost invariably assume that, in this inquiry, they should be permitted to impose conditions: and if, under such conditions, nothing happens, they consider it a proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know that, in all other branches of research, Nature, not they, determines the essential conditions without a

compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learnt by a patient questioning of Nature, and they are different for each branch of science. How much more may they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with subtle forces of the nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant! To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudice the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws."

I have tried to be loyal to science in the present instance, and am open to correction if I have failed to present the exoteric side of the case with perfect impartiality. I am prepared to learn that the inquiry begun by the Asiatic Society of Bengal has resulted in tracing this acoustic marvel of the centuries to a purely physical cause. I am also prepared to hear of the utter failure of the inquest and the discomfiture of the materialistic party.

The weak point in their tactics is that the possible alternative of the phenomenon having an occult cause at the back of the simply physical agency or agencies employed by the masked operators, is completely ignored by the Committee in charge of the research. For all that is to be seen in their Circular, one would never suspect that such a thing as an occult phenomenon had ever happened. Some of the observers quoted in Colonel Waterhouse's pamphlet are Hindus—Babus Gaurdās Bysack, P. N. Mittra, and B. C. Chatterji—yet neither ventures a word in favor of the *superstitious* theory of the poor, benighted natives of Bagirhāt, that the salutes are "fired by aerial hands," or that of the Maghs of Kúkri Múkri, that the noise is that of the slamming of the brazen gates of the Palace of Ravana. Perhaps such theories are not embraced in the B. Sc. course at Calcutta University, and, therefore, are unthinkable for any Hindu with a decent regard for the honour of his ancestors!

It seems to me—who am not a Hindu (this time), but only a believer in the Aryas and their wisdom—more than likely that the Barisāl Guns are occult phenomena, that the *Devatas*, or nature-spirits, are the artillermen, and that possibly the thing traces back to some awful tragedy in or near the Gangetic delta. About such astral detonations, in quality if not degree, there is a mass of accessible testimony in European books; but, as no more space can be spared in the present number of the magazine for enlargement upon the topic, I shall reserve for a future number what can be said on the occult side of the question. Our friends the spiritualists should be interested, as the discussion will have to deal with their own familiar phenomena.

H. S. OLCOTT.

THE DHAMMACHAKKAPPAVATTANA SUTTA.

THE Dhammachakkappavattana Sutta is the first sermon preached by the great Indian Teacher, Prince Siddhartha Gautama, after his attainment of the Buddhahood. It is related in the sacred books of the Buddhists that after leaving the Bo-tree he proceeded to the deerpark of Isipatana, near the city of Benares in Northern India, and there found his five old pupils Kondanya, Bhaddiya, Wappa, Mahanama and Assaji, spoken of in the *Sutta* as "the five Bhikkhus." When, just before the prolonged meditation which led to the attainment of the Buddhahood, Gautama had abandoned as useless the life of fasting and self-torture which he had been living for the previous six years, these five pupils had shrunk from him as a backslider; and now, ignorant of the stupendous change which had come upon him, they doubted as to how they ought to receive him. Their final decision was that they would accord to him the respect due to his princely birth, but not recognise him as a teacher; but after the explanation of his views contained in the following Sutta, the aged Kondanya immediately gave in his adhesion to the new doctrine, and a little further examination of it induced the others to follow his example.

As to the translation of the title, it seems to be difficult to give a concise rendering in English that shall convey all the meaning involved in the Pali. Professor Rhys Davids translates it "The Sutra of the Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness," and remarks:—

This expression is usually translated "Turning the Wheel of the Law," which, while retaining the Buddhist figure of speech, fails to represent the idea the figure was meant to convey; the above rendering gives up the figure in order to retain the underlying meaning. The *chakra* (Pali *chakka*) is no ordinary wheel; it is the sign of dominion; and a *chakravarti* is "he who makes the wheels of his chariot roll unopposed over all the world"—a universal monarch. *Dharma* (Pali *Dhamma*) is not law only, but that which underlies and includes the law,—a word often most difficult to translate, and best rendered here by 'truth' or 'righteousness'; whereas the word 'law' suggests ceremonial observances, outward rules, which it was precisely the object of Gautama's teaching to do away with. *Pravartana* (Pali *Pravattana*) is 'setting in motion onwards'—the commencement of an action which is to continue. The whole phrase means, therefore, 'To set rolling the royal chariot-wheel of a universal empire of truth and righteousness'; but this would sound more grandiloquent to us than the original words can have done in the ears of Buddhists, to whom the allusion to the *chakra* was familiar through its connection with ancient Hindu mythology¹.

In Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism* we find, given upon the authority of that celebrated Pali scholar, L. C. Wijayasinha Mudaliyar, the rendering "The Discourse of the Establishment of the Reign of Law."

The translation of this discourse which is here subjoined has just been made by a competent Sinhalese gentleman for the specimen number of *The Buddhist*.² The latter part is more a summary than a literal translation, for in the original the enumer-

ation of the five means by which each truth is perceived is repeated no less than twelve times, and a list is given of some thirty orders or kinds of the Devas of the sky to whom the good news of the preaching of the law was carried. With the exception of these necessary condensations, we believe that the accuracy of the translation may be depended on. The person supposed to be reciting or speaking is Ananda, one of the most celebrated of the disciples of the BUDDHA.

REVERENCE TO THE HOLY, IMMACULATE, AND OMNISCIENT BUDDHA.

Thus I heard. At a certain time the Blessed One was in the garden of Isipatana called Migadaya,¹ by the city of Baranasi (Benares). At that time the Blessed One addressed the five Bhikkhus,² saying:—

"There are two extremes, O Bhikkhus, which ought to be avoided: namely, the System of Lust,³ which is vile, vulgar, unsound, ignominious, and productive of evil; and the System of Sorrow,⁴ which is also ignominious and productive of evil. Without rushing into either of these extremes, O Bhikkhus, I have fully achieved the middle course which clears the mental eye, which originates wisdom, which satisfies the desire for understanding, and leads to the attainment of NIREVANA.

"This middle course is the Sacred Eightfold Path, O Bhikkhus, that is to say:—Right Belief, Right Thought, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Means of Livelihood, Right Exertion, Right Memory, and Right Meditation.

"The first of the Noble Truths, O Bhikkhus, is *Sorrow*. Birth is sorrow, decay is sorrow, sickness is sorrow, death is sorrow, associating with those unpleasant to us also is sorrow, separation from those dear to us is sorrow, disappointment is sorrow, and in short the generation of the five Skandhas⁵ is sorrow.

"The second of the Noble Truths, O Bhikkhus, is *The Source of Sorrow*. This is desire, which causes rebirth, connected with the inclination to pleasure and the inclination to move from one life to another—that is to say, *Kamatanha* (earthly desire), *Bhavatanha* (desire for life), and *Vibhavatanha* (desire that there should be no future state).

1. The Migadawa or Deer Park is now represented by a fine wood, which still covers an area of about half a mile, and extends from the great tower of Dhamek on the north to the Chaukundi mound on the south. (General Cunningham's *Archæological Reports*—I. p. 107.)

2. A Bhikkhu is a religious mendicant.

3. "The System of Lust" is explained by Professor Rhys Davids as "devotion to the enervating pleasures of sense" (*Buddhism*, p. 47). Beal, in his translation from the Chinese, says that "all worldly sources of pleasure and bodily gratification" are here condemned. (*Romantic History of Buddha*, p. 251.)

4. "The System of Sorrow" applies to the method of endeavouring to acquire supreme knowledge by mortification of the flesh and self-torture, which was so extensively practised by Hindu ascetics. The Teacher well describes both these systems as ignominious—degrading, unworthy of true and noble manhood.

5. The five Skandhas are the constantly-changing attributes of the Ego—those which appertain to (and indeed constitute) its several personalities (see *Buddhist Catechism*, note to Q. 137). They are *Rupa Skandha*, material qualities; *vedana Skandha*, sensations; *Sanya Skandha*, abstract ideas; *Sankhara Skandha*, tendencies of mind; and *Vijñāna Skandha*, thought or reason.

1. *Buddhism*, by Professor Rhys Davids, p. 45.

2. *The Buddhist* is a new paper published in Colombo, a notice of which will be found among our reviews for this month.

"The third of the Noble Truths, O Bhikkhus, is *The Cessation of Sorrow*, only to be obtained by the entire abhorrence of that source of sorrow, the entire destruction of it and entire change from it--by avoiding every connection with it--by entire freedom from and disinclination for it.

"The fourth of the Noble Truths, O Bhikkhus, is *The Method of attaining this Cessation of Sorrow*. This is the Sacred Eightfold Path of which I spake.

"By five means, O Bhikkhus, have I seen these truths--by the mental eye, by understanding, by wisdom, by science, and by intuition. And what I have seen by all five means is this:—

"That the first Great Truth is *Sorrow*, and that this fact should be known to all, as it is known even now to Me.

"That the second Great Truth is *The Cause of Sorrow*; and that this cause should be vanquished by all, as it is even now by Me.

"That the third Great Truth is *The Cessation of Sorrow*, and that this cessation should be attained by all, as it is attained even now by Me.

"That the fourth Great Truth is *The Method of attaining the Cessation of Sorrow*, and that this method should be practised by all, as it has been practised even now by Me.

"All these things have I seen, O Bhikkhus, by the five means of which I spake. As long, O Bhikkhus, as the perception of the real, and thus of the three aspects¹ and the twelve kinds of wisdom in these four Noble Truths, was not perfectly clear to Me, so long, O Bhikkhus, I did not proclaim Myself to the Devotees, Brahmans, Devas or men as the unquestionable and omniscient BUDDHA; but now that this perception has become perfectly clear to Me, I do so proclaim Myself.

"To Me, O Bhikkhus, hath this intuition come. My fruit of the Arahatsip has been undisturbed; this is My last birth: there will be no more re-incarnation for Me."

Thus spake the Blessed One, and the hearts of the five Bhikkhus were gladdened by His language. When this exposition was preached, the eyes of the venerable Kondanya were opened, and the infallible intuition of wisdom came upon him: and whatever of the source of sorrow remained in his heart was altogether destroyed.

And when the Devas of the earth heard the Blessed LORD, by this gracious teaching, set rolling the royal chariot wheel of the Kingdom of Righteousness, they sent up the good news with a shout of joy to the Devas of the sky; and they in their turn passed on the information to others, till this Wheel of the LAW had rolled even to the furthest heavens. And a thrill of joy ran through all the worlds, and there arose a light brighter than all the splendour of the Devas.

1. Each of the four Noble Truths, we are taught by Buddhism, can be regarded in three aspects or relations; and these multiplied by the four, give the "twelve kinds of wisdom" spoken of.

Then the Blessed One rejoiced with great joy, and said, "Dost thou not now indeed know the Truth, O Kondanya? Dost thou not now indeed know the Truth, O Kondanya?"

Thus was the royal chariot-wheel of the LAW set in motion; may it roll on for evermore!

Such is the LAW which moves to righteousness,

Which none at last can turn aside or stay;

The heart of it is love; the end of it

Is peace and consummation sweet. Obey!

(*Light of Asia.*)

THE EDITOR OF THE BUDDHIST.

TRAVESTIED TEACHINGS.

XII.

The Twin Sciences of Life.

THE science primarily committed to the Hebrew scriptures was the science of nature, the science of the visible, the science of manifested Being.

On to these same scriptures a secondary science was grafted, the science of supernature, the science of the invisible, the science of unmanifested Existence.

These sciences were, from their beginning, necessarily opposed to each other.

Thus the Hebrew scriptures became a parent stock, on which two antagonistic growths depended; from which two opposed and opposing sciences proceeded.

Of these the secondary science, acting as a parasitic growth, gradually absorbed the whole nourishment of the stock while changing the direction of its course, leaving the natural growth to perish.

Then the parasitic growth, still depending on the original stock, assumed two aspects or divided against itself: under the one aspect presenting the characteristics of a transformed science of nature; under the other those of a developed science of supernature.

This transformed science of nature and developed science of supernature maintained their inevitable opposition to each other.

The mutual relations of these antagonistic sciences, through what may be termed their parent stem—the Hebrew scriptures—were very remarkable. Their starting point, whether from nature or scripture, was identical. The subject of which they treated—life in its ever varying phases—was the same. But then they regarded that life from divergent and opposing points of view: the one dealing with its natural, the other with its mystical aspect. Thence they were, respectively, the science of manifested Being and the science of unmanifested Existence.

The Science of Manifested Being.

The Elohistic or primary view of the science of manifested Being was simple and clear.

Everything is in space; depends thereon, and might therefore be assumed to have proceeded therefrom.

Space is everywhere present, infinite and boundless; without dimensions; without limitations; absolutely unfathomable, and therefore beyond the comprehension of man.

Incomprehensible space thus became the type of the Incomprehensible, and was thence considered to be a transparent veil under which the Invisible was hidden, until, regarded as the impalpable substance of Divine Being, it came to represent that Being.

In this way the designation "Space" became a name of the Divine Being.

This Being as the source of life must be Life itself: for life can only be derived from life.

But life—even passive life, however impassive it may be held to be—is associated with motion, is perpetuated by change; stagnation as the consequence of inaction and outcome of inanition, being the precursor of and leading up to the lifeless state.

Now change in the Divine substance, consequent on action in the Divine Life, would cause an alteration in the condition of the region of space in which the change occurred, and be the starting point of a transition from the unmanifested to the manifested state of Being.

This primary change would be due to action in the substance of the Divine Being through the uses of the Divine Life, and would be the outcome and expression of that action, and the sole witness to manifested Being of the reality of the unmanifested active Divine Life.

Under this action conversion would take place in the Divine substance acted upon: from being transparent it would become opaque; from being invisible, visible; and so pass, in the elemental state, from the active to the functional Divine Life, to be, as already stated, a starting point of that manifested life.

Space, the invisible vesture or body of the Divine Being, is provided with its own proper organs—the heavenly bodies.

The function of these is to preserve and maintain the transparency and purity of space. This they do by gathering up the changed elements of Divine substance diffused therein, after these have passed from the uncondensed to the condensed state, and subjecting them to revitalizing processes and submitting them to revivifying influences through a series of functional interactions. These prepare them for re-entering the Divine substance by renewing their nature and thus rendering them fit once more to take part in the unmanifested Divine Life, and so enable them to be reabsorbed by and again become one with the Divine Being. For the life of the Makrokosm is, like that of the mikrokosm, a twofold life; of which the manifested, the organic, is conservative and restorative or purely functional, while the unmanifested but active is the life of use: and it is in this twofold aspect that the likeness of the mikrokosm to the Makrokosm consists—though in man the relations are reversed, his organic being an unmanifested, his active a manifested life. He has moreover another claim to

be likened to the Makrokosm, seeing that in embryonic existence he passes through the several successive phases of terrestrial evolution.¹

Under the relations of this twofold life, as interpreted by the analogies of the twofold life of manifested being, the elements of the Divine substance pass from the uncondensed to the condensed, from the unmanifested to the manifested state, because, exhausted by use in the active Divine Life, they are no longer fitted to form a part of and are therefore separated from that substance; and they are separated therefrom that, by submission to the functional processes of the organic or manifested Divine Life, they may be rendered fit to be reabsorbed by the Divine substance and so be ready for the uses of the active but unmanifested Divine Life.

Hence, in passing through the functional processes of the organic, that is of the manifested life of the Divine Being, though from the nature of things they are necessarily in that Being, yet the Divine Being is not in them, and will not be reunited with them until, once more prepared and fitted for that reunion, they repass from the organic to the active, from the manifested to the unmanifested Divine Life.

Such was the basis of this science. Hence its teachings were the reverse of pantheistic.

But though its generalizations were far-reaching, embracing as they did the Universe within their scope, as the science of manifested being its researches were restricted to the investigation, its interpretations limited to the explanation of the phenomena of life submitted to the observation of man; and of such evidence of the further extension thereof as can be reached by his reasoning powers.

Thus terrestrial life was the subject of its inquiries, and the solid foundation resting on which it sought to widen the range of the knowledge of man.

Commencing these inquiries with the earth itself, this is regarded as a vast inorganic cell, primarily constituted by the coalescing of minute watery vesicles or simulative cells, themselves formed by the combustion of gases in space.

This vast cell thus constituted, entering on its career as a member of the solar system, gradually absorbed the solid matter diffused in space—whether as meteoric (that is kosmic) dust, or otherwise—which came within the range of its influence.

From this cell, under the stimulus of electrical, igneous, and solar forces—the three modes of a single base, or one in three as it might well be termed—the three physiological elements, water, air, earth, or three in one, were evolved. Coincident with and consequent on this evolution, and under the continuous action of the same stimuli, the three orders of cells, inorganic, organic, and psychic, were produced—each through the instrumentality of its predecessor or potential matrix—as their primary matrix, the parent cell or planetary body, became fitted for their agency; and through the interactions of these, in due succession, the organic, the animated and the human life of the planet was introduced and carried on.

1. Cf. *Isis Unveiled*—I. 388.

Under this scientific view the cell, with its three modes of expression, was regarded as the one great factor of evolution—the combined interaction of cells and consequent assumption and progressive development of forms in their three successive orders, being considered to have been the instrumentality by which the life of the world was manifested and the agency by which it is maintained. Thus the primary cell, the earth, itself constituted of an agglomeration of innumerable vesicular cells which in coalescing lost their cellular character, was held to have been the mother of a vast progeny—the consecutive orders of cells—through which it became the parent of secondary offspring, the organic, animated and human life it has thus produced, sustains and maintains.

Developing this view, the teachers of the science affirmed that the life of the earth, assuming activity from the germ state in the cell form, gradually passed through the inorganic and the organic—this including the vegetative and the animated—to the human evolution; that in each of these evolutions it clothed itself with and used a succession of progressively advancing forms, culminating in man; and that it was subjected to these evolutions that, by the life uses of the successive forms through which it was thus passed, the subtle elements of which it was constituted might have these exhausted energies renewed, or gradually reacquire and slowly mature perceptive, reflective and deliberative capacities or faculties in the passive or non-volitional state, through the functioning agency of the organs on which the development of these capacities or faculties depends.

Under this process of evolution the inorganic was held to have been the matrix of the organic, the organic of the animated, and the animated of the human development; while the human was regarded as the matrix from which the psychic development proceeds.

The incentive to advance under this system of evolution was appetite—the individual in each class recklessly sacrificing all to its own selfish gratification. In this way, that is by selfishly appropriating all that was necessary for its own well being, each successful selfseeker advanced the form it was using to the most perfect condition that form was capable of reaching; and while and by so doing fitted the self, after disembodiment by death, for re-embodiment by process of generation in a yet higher form, thus to commence a more developed life on rebirth.

This higher form the reincarnating self specially developed during embryonic life, in accordance with its own desires and conformably to its developed appetite—to ensure the fullest indulgence thereof. Thus advance in form was secured by the shaping processes of embryonic existence; maturation of being through the uses of active life.

The inevitable consequence of this process of evolution was that the self, on gaining the human form, was a confirmed selfseeker. By entering that form it was submitted to the action of a further matrix, under which another step in advance was to be taken. That step was to place it in a higher state. The characteristic mark of that higher state is the forgetfulness of self.

To enter this state it is necessary that the self should be humanized; that the individual man should become, what it has pleased him to call himself, a human (*i. e.*, humane) being.

The process of humanizing is a process of decentralization—a process of the decentralization of self. Under this process self-seeking is overcome and the very tendency thereto cast out, that an unselfish love of that which is not self may take its place.

Thus the aim of evolution in the human, which is at once the meaning and the object of the life of man, is that the individual human being should, by the uses of his passing life, change self-seeking appetite into self-forgetting love.

The facility for doing this differs greatly in the individual, and is proportionate to the strength of the self-seeking tendency developed during the antecedent course of evolution. Hence, whereas some may pass from the human to the psychic state at the close of a single life, others would require a series of successive reincarnations in the human form to enable them to gain that state, while to many its attainment might be impossible.

The process by which this change is effected, this passage secured, is functional in character, as has been the whole course of the evolution. It takes place during the uses of individual life.

If the individual so lives as to make of his life a harmony of being, then the Central Force—*El Elohim*, the Force of the forces—attracted by this harmony, combines with the other natural forces already operating, and so acts with these upon the self that, on quitting the body at death, it passes to the soul state. Of this state—that is of the soul of man—the human body is the matrix.

Hence, the condition of the soul in the soul state is that of a personal state of being—a state in which both individuality and personality are retained in a higher order of existence.

This the teachers of the science of manifested Being held to be a logical necessity, if not an actual logical demonstration; for they maintained that—since development of form by the indulgence of appetite through the centralization of self has been the aim of evolution hitherto; while the decentralization of self by the conquest of appetite through the development of the affections, or *the conversion of appetite into affection in the developed form* is the end in view—embodied affection of the highest order must be the combined result sought to be achieved.

According to them neither knowledge nor spirituality are needed to this intent. Love is the one essential now. Love supported by hope and resting upon trust.

These produce and promote the needed harmony of life. Each under the influence of that harmony is free to use his natural impulses, whether in search of knowledge or otherwise, as circumstances may suggest, so long as harmony of being is not impeded thereby. For this is absolutely necessary to the right use of life.

When the individual fails to make of life a harmony of being, as only too frequently happens, but is still capable of harmonizing his existence, the Central Force or Force of forces, acting on this want of harmony, produces a feeling of distress, which

is the voice of conscience warning its subject; and then if the warning thus given is heeded the path of harmony will be re-entered and the feeling of distress cease. But should this warning be disregarded, or if after many trials—possibly during its passage through numerous successive lives—the impossibility of reaching the psychic state be established, then the self passes to the impersonal condition, in order, through a refining process of dissolution, to re-enter the unmanifested existence of the Divine substance from which its constituent elements originally took their departure: unless indeed it has only fitted itself for the denser condition of the grosser matter of its parent, the earth, in which case it remains with the planet as earth-bound.

It can thus be shown that the teachers of the science of manifested life held that the functioning condition of their parent, the earth, was reproduced in their several successive states by all its offspring; and that man is in reality a functioning organ.

Now the proper function of the earth, as an organ of the unmanifested Divine Being, is the absorption and renovation of the exhausted elements of the Divine substance, and their restoration to that substance in a renewed condition—a condition in which they are refitted for the uses of the unmanifested Divine Life.

But with the exercise of this function another, a higher, a special function is associated—the production of the life of the earth.

Thus the function of the earth, viewed as an organ of God, is twofold: the one proper or inorganic; the other special and organizing.

Hence man as a functioning organ reproducing the functions of the earth will, like the earth, be an organ in which a double function is going on: only his functions will be a step in advance of those of his parent because producing higher results—for in him the one function is connected with his organic, the other associated with his active life.

In discharging the former function he, like his inorganic mother, the earth, takes in gases, liquids and solids as nutriment, acts on them functionally even while being nourished by their constituent elements, and passes them from him again as gases, liquids and solids in another state: but the outcome of this function differs widely from that which proceeds from the functional action of the earth, since that quits it in a renewed, whereas this is given off by him in an exhausted, condition,—a condition in which, though fitted for other telluric uses, it has become useless for and even detrimental to himself.

In discharging the latter function, reacting, so to say, upon himself, he, by the uses of his active life, either transforms that self and prepares and fits it for a higher life in a more exalted state of being, or repasses it, through the spirit state, to the unmanifested condition of existence: for in the discharge of this function the individual man determines to which of two states his self shall pass on disembodiment—whether to that of soul to become a Divine Impersonation, or to that of spirit, to re-enter

the divine substance; unless indeed it should fall back into the earth-bound state, to be submitted to a further series of telluric and terrestrial processes.

Such is the issue silently set before man on commencing his human career; for his life is essentially a selective process in which, without his necessary consciousness as man, he determines to which of these conditions his self shall ultimately attain.

This is the sum of the teaching of the science of Manifested Being.

The Science of Unmanifested Existence.

The science engrafted on the Hebrew scriptures—the science of unmanifested Existence, or more exactly, the science of manifested Being tending to unmanifested Existence—is as remarkable for its points of contact with the science it has supplanted as for its divergences therefrom and antagonisms therewith.

These sciences are necessarily associated through having the same point of departure and dealing with the same subject.

They both treat of the life of the Makrokosm, of the life of the mikrokosm, of the life of man. They both regard man, the mikrokosm, as an evolution of the Makrokosm. They both admit that man, as an outcome of the Makrokosm, is a manifestation of its unmanifested life. They both hold that in man spirit is embodied in matter or clothed in flesh. They both claim that spirit has been incarnated in man for a purpose.

But then they differ absolutely in their view, as to the way in which this clothing was effected, as to the intent with which this incarnation was accomplished.

The view of the engrafted science was that spirit, the individualized spirit incarnated in man—so far from originating in the germ state as a product of the renewing processes of unmanifested Being; so far from so originating that it might pass, through evolutionary development, to a higher order of existence—emanated from the unmanifested as an expression of its purity and a focalization of the effulgence of its light; and that it so emanated that, by a series of descents therefrom—during which it was gradually condensed and its illumination quenched by the progressively increasing materialization to which it became subject—its spiritual characteristics might disappear. For, under the imagery of the Sephiroth, spirit, abandoning its original high estate and absolutely pure condition, involves itself successively in denser and yet more dense states of matter, until on its planetary stage in the human form this degrading process of material embodiment culminates, and it is in this degraded state that the evolution of spirit commences, from this degraded condition that spirit has to raise itself, according to this science, until, as the result of its own continuous efforts it regains the unmanifested existence from which it took its departure.

In this way the conclusion was reached that the embodied spirit of man was a degraded spirit; that the condition of man was a degraded state. And this process of the degradation of spirit was regarded as the fall of man.

As a consequence of this view came the further conclusion, that the life of man on earth was illusory; that the only reality accessible to him was the Unmanifested within himself, which could only be realized by union with the One Unmanifested from which it had proceeded.

This union, the science of unmanifested life maintained, could only be effected by a recognition of the illusory character of manifested life, and of the desires belonging thereto and the passions springing therefrom; and the consequent arousing and development of a strong resolution successfully to resist these passions and overcome these desires: since only by the conquest of desire, through the exercise of a firm will, could freedom from illusion be gained and reality reached.

Thus only by the exercise of a resolute will, which willed that the phenomena of nature should be illusory and so made them illusions to the willer, could freedom from illusions be attained.

And yet, in so teaching, this science overlooked the great fact that will is only desire passing into action, desire in action, or applied desire: so that when the individual by the exercise of will overcomes the desires he desires to overcome, he is merely giving full play to his predominant desire, and in feeding that desire at the expense of all others makes himself more completely than ever the slave of desire, the victim of his master passion.

Under the theory of the voluntary descent of spirit into matter the manifestation of the light of the Unmanifested is figuratively set forth.

This light is assumed to have exhibited itself as a bright luminous point in which the effulgency thereof is concentrated—a point which from excess of brilliancy so dazzles that it cannot be looked upon, cannot be perceived.

This point—the CETER, "Crown" or derived source of the thence emanating Sephiroth, the *Memra*, Logos or Word of later mysticisers, the Messiah, Christos or Christ of the literalizing mysticisers and literalizers, and the COTER, Soter or Saviour of their pseudo-mystical supplanters—thus manifested itself as the first step in the voluntary sacrifice of self it meditates and is initiating.

From this luminous point countless rays, scintillations, or sparks were emitted, which of their own accord descended into matter—becoming more and more enveloped therein and obscured thereby as they passed down the ladder of the Sephiroth, until, incarnated in man, their vanishing light wholly disappeared.

Through these rays, the passing radiancy of which radiated from itself, the luminous point completed its voluntary sacrifice while still remaining in undiminished lustre.

The descent of these rays into matter, their voluntary descent into organic life, constituted the mystical fall of man, and caused his natal condition to be a fallen state.

From this fallen state man, the fallen one, has to raise himself voluntarily, by the continuous action of a persistent will to that intent.

To raise himself he has to reascend the ladder of the Sephiroth, unless, by what might be called a short cut through a much more

arduous and difficult ascent, he directly reaches his luminous source.

According to this view the Unmanifested partially manifests itself in an unperceivable manifestation as One, that it may again become unmanifested in many; from this unperceived manifold manifestation to regain its original unmanifested Unity.

To do this, the Unmanifested One in man must do violence to all the impulses of the nature it has assumed. In other words, man must resist and overcome all his natural desires, and so make resistance to nature the path of reunion with God. And here it is that the fundamental difference between the two sciences, as applied to the life, appears, for the science of manifested Being claims that the psychic state of Divine Impersonation is reached functionally, through the natural uses of a natural life passed in hopeful loving trust; whereas the science of unmanifested Existence declares that the unmanifested state of unity—of reabsorption into and reunion with the Divine substance—can only be regained voluntarily, by the deliberate and persistent renunciation of all the functional uses of life, as far as the same can be carried out, or the sacrifice of the natural to the spiritual, which is the completing of the sacrifice prepared for, initiated by, and thus brought to this predetermined issue through the original voluntary descent or volitional fall of spirit into matter.

In carrying into effect this renunciation of the natural the further contradiction is held, under the science of unmanifested Existence, that man cannot free himself, by any thoughts, words or acts of his own, from the circle of rebirths which constitutes his fallen state, although this freedom must be the result of the persistent action of a resolute will to that intent.

This view would seem to imply that some power external to man was needed to free him from his fallen state, a power capable of acting in alliance with him; and the literal acceptance of this view has led to the doctrine of redemption through an atoning saviour and an imputed grace—a doctrine which has found so much favour in the present era, as an easy and intelligible expression of the Christ-idea. What it is really assumed to require, according to its inculcators, is the recognition by man of the Divine origin and nature of the unmanifested self incarnated in him; through which recognition the Divine within learns that it is only through dependence on the Divine without that the lower can become capable of reunion with the higher self, so as, through this reunion, to repass at death to the One Unmanifested Existence from which, with that higher self, it took its original departure. That is to say, for man to attain to final liberation from his fallen estate, according to this interpretation, it is absolutely necessary that he should recognize the Deity hidden in himself, that the God without may be able to co-operate with the God within; and then the lower must be completely passive in the hands of the higher self to this intent: for these are in reality but different modes of a single insensible manifestation of the unmanifested existence of the One Unmanifested Being.

The great difficulty of this theory appears when the question is asked, why did the Unmanifested seek the manifested state? Why did unmanifested Unity assume the illusive veil of a manifested multiplicity?

It is sometimes inferred—for this science deals rather with inferences than direct statements here—that this veil was to be an instrument for the gaining of experience.

Now the gaining of experience in this sense is the acquiring of knowledge. But the One Unmanifested is accredited with possessing the fullness of knowledge. Moreover, what knowledge was there to be gained through the experience of illusion? Could there be a desire for the experience of the unreal in the essence of reality? Could untruth be derived from the source of truth? Could there be a need in absolute truth to sense the value of the true through the endurance of the false?

At other times it is imputed under this theory, that the passage of the self from the unmanifested to the manifested state was due to some irresistible aspiration of its being; and yet if so, the unmanifested can hardly be a satisfied and satisfying state, a state free from desire.

The fact is that the obscurity here is impenetrable, the difficulty insuperable, the dilemma complete. But then this is due rather to the assumptions of the science under which such incompatible relations accrue than to the nature of the phenomena it is seeking to account for.

The obscurity is really caused by aiming at the impossible, in the endeavour to reconcile the irreconcilable and harmonize contradictions; and the only way out of the difficulty thus introduced, the only extrication from the dilemma thus originated is for man, in searching for the meaning of his own life, not to consider whether his surroundings in nature, including the phenomena of his own existence, are real or illusory, but to remember that, whether actual or simulative, they are the means through the actions and reactions of which the object of that existence is attained, the true end of his being gained. In a word, he should realize that they are as actual as he is himself, the expression of the workings of that nature of which he is the outcome; so that the actuality or non-actuality of nature can have no bearing on the relations of his own life thereunto. Whether his incarnation was the result of a descent or fall of spirit into matter, or of a progressive evolution of spirit in matter, he is none the less a natural being dependent on a natural order in which he is called to lead a natural life. This natural life is subject to certain laws, disobedience to which predisposes to, and persistently continued ultimately results in, premature death; so that could man denaturalize his being, the complete denaturalization of that being would be the close of his natural life.

But this natural life, according to the science of unmanifested Existence was voluntarily chosen by the higher for the lower self—so chosen for a purpose. That purpose this science has, so far, failed to declare; and yet if the self was satisfied in the unmanifested state—if it was endowed with all knowledge, possessed of

all good, in the enjoyment of all happiness, why did it quit this state to become subject through illusion to the very reverse of those conditions in order to victimize itself? What need was there for the voluntary sacrifice of self? What good was to be attained thereby? If the unmanifested self was clothed with every perfection, was perfection itself, Absolute Perfection, it could not become more perfect through the temporary sacrifice of its perfection. To claim that Perfection subjects itself to imperfections that, through these rendered perfectible, it may once more become perfect, is to demand complete abdication of the judgment, absolute surrender of the reasoning powers.

HENRY PRATT, M. D.

THE ANGEL PEACOCK.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Final Conflict.

It was about a fortnight later, and Heatherbloom was sitting alone in his study, his elbows on the table, his head resting on his hands, his face full of a profound despair. A mass of papers and letters lay before him; but he had simply pushed them out of his way.

All of us have to realise, some time or other, that that which seemed impossible is not only possible but close at hand. Death, agony, despair, only wait their appointed moment to step into our lives. Heatherbloom was facing this terrible fact.

Already Anemone had become so much worse that the doctors thought it right to warn her father that there was cause for serious alarm. What was the matter no one seemed actually to know; but every one who came near her could easily recognise the fact that she was literally fading away—and that too with a terrible rapidity.

Heatherbloom was face to face with one of those most heart-breaking positions when it seems as if literally nothing can be done even to postpone the approaching misery. All that skill and love and money could do was already done. It was useless to take Anemone away; she was too weak to bear a journey; and besides, though they seemed but little good to her, Heatherbloom was afraid to take her away from the great doctors.

As he sat there, unable to think, not knowing what to do, Veryngtower came in. During the last few days a bond of strong sympathy had sprung up between these two, which had pushed aside the slight constraint that had existed before. This constraint had arisen because Heatherbloom knew very well that the young man was in love with his daughter; and he did not want any one to speak of love to her just yet. But now, when the awful thought of death was present, it seemed as if the mere fact that both loved Anemone more dearly than anything or any one else in the world bound these two together.

Veryngtower sat down at the other side of the table and leaned his head, too, upon his hand.

"I have an idea," he said uneasily and in a very low voice, "an idea I can't get rid of; and I should like to speak of it."
"Well?"

"Do you think Lady Anemone is being poisoned?"

Heatherbloom raised his haggard face, and looked at the speaker; but he did not seem startled or interested.

"No," he said, "I do not. I believe she is being killed, but not by poison."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Veryngtower, who was most effectually surprised by the reply he had called forth.

Lord Heatherbloom got up and walked about a little, apparently thinking deeply. Then he sat down again opposite Veryngtower, and without any preface told him the story that is told in these pages. Veryngtower listened with absorbed and breathless interest.

At its close there was a pause; and then the young man sprang to his feet.

"We will save her," he exclaimed; "if this thing is what you believe it to be, we will save her. Did you know that my grandfather was a Rosicrucian? Well, he was. I have some of his books; I know a little of magic. To-night is the full moon. Don't think I am mad when I tell you that I believe we can save her to-night. I am going home to look up my books. No foul spirit that lives in that idol and feeds on human life shall take Lady Anemone's from us!"

So saying he strode to the door so impetuously that he nearly knocked over the butler, who was just coming in. Veryngtower paused; the interruption made him remember that he had one word more to say, so he stood back and waited. The butler brought in a card and said the gentleman had told him to say that he would only keep his Lordship a moment. The name on it was that of a very learned professor, and Heatherbloom, with due reverence for learning, immediately told the butler to show the visitor in. He entered—a tall, angular man, very meek in manner and not at all calculated to inspire awe. But Heatherbloom accorded the deference due to the brains he knew were hidden behind that placid forehead. In a somewhat hesitating and apologetic way Mr. Black explained that he had been advised to call by the firm of the Indian House, who had assured him that Lord Heatherbloom was willing to be polite in allowing the precious Angel Peacock to be seen by those who could appreciate it.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Lord Heatherbloom with a tone of irritation in his voice, which, however, was not caused by his visitor but by the mere mention of the Peacock.

"Shall we go up to the drawing-room now?" he added, overcoming with an effort his distaste for looking at the idol himself. His first instinct had been to let the butler do the honours; but politeness conquered.

"I shall not be able to do it any justice by a mere cursory glance," said Mr. Black, now betraying a great eagerness which brought life into his face. "I wish, if you have no objection, to make a copy of the hieroglyphs with which I hear the tail is covered, so as to study them at my leisure; will you allow me to do this? And

more," said the nervous man, making a great and heroic plunge, "will you lend me the bird for a day or two, so that I may do it properly?"

"My good sir!" exclaimed Heatherbloom, suddenly losing control over himself, "I'll give you the bird!"

The *savant* leaned back in his chair and stared. He thought this was some kind of joke which he failed to understand.

"I will, upon my honour," said Lord Heatherbloom. "I can't appreciate the thing, and you can. I will send it to your house."

Mr. Black looked steadily at the speaker and could see no trace of a smile on his face; the hot colour began to come into his own. "But this is such unexampled generosity, Lord Heatherbloom," he said, in agitation, "I really do not understand—I really do not know what to say——"

"Say nothing," said Heatherbloom. "I know enough to know the value of learning like yours. It is in your hands that such a relic as the Angel Peacock should be; it is only fit that you possess it. I will send it to you at once."

"Not to-day!" said Mr. Black with suppressed excitement, "I am going out of town for the night, and I would not entrust it to servants or leave it at my house until I have made a safe place for it. I will come for it myself on my way home tomorrow. Of course," he added, as he rose, "you may change your mind before then. If so I shall think it only natural!"

Mr. Black got out of the room with some difficulty, he was so absorbed in the thought of the extraordinary piece of good fortune which had befallen him. In the hall he was struck dumb by the magnificent apparition of Afiz, who stood before him with folded arms and gazed steadily with his great eyes into Mr. Black's face. Afiz looked really splendid now that he was no longer starved, and was dressed gorgeously. Mr. Black shrank away from him and was glad to be out of the house.

"What made me afraid of that man, I wonder?" he asked himself in much perplexity as he went with long strides down the street.

"Mr. Black thinks you are mad," observed Veryngtower, as soon as the door had shut.

"What does that matter?" said Lord Heatherbloom. "It was too good an opportunity to lose. I don't believe myself that he will keep that bird a day. He will bring it back for some reason or other. It will not leave me till the curse has been fulfilled."

"The curse will not be fulfilled," said Veryngtower positively, "The powers of good are stronger than the powers of evil. I stayed because I wanted to ask you whether you will help me in whatever I do to-night, even if it seems very strange."

"Certainly I will," said Lord Heatherbloom gloomily. "I no longer know what to do, so that I am ready to follow any lead that presents itself. As to anything being strange, I shall never think that again. My own experiences have been too extraordinary. You won't surprise me, Veryngtower, whatever you may do."

"Very well," said Veryngtower, "then I shall count on your help." So saying he departed with alacrity, and Heatherbloom was left

once more alone with his despairing thoughts. At last, finding them unbearable alone, he went and sat by Anemone's side. She was too weak to sit up now, but she had always a glad, faint smile for her father. Afiz, as usual, was in the room; he ceaselessly waited on her, taking from the very hands of the other servants anything which they might be carrying to her. Heatherbloom had begun to like him for this devotion; as for Anemone it had pleased her from the first to watch his picturesque and graceful figure, and now she had grown accustomed to regard him as her own attendant,—a position which he had himself assumed.

Heatherbloom no longer had the courage now to ask her how she was; for she was always a little more tired, and it made his heart grow sick to hear her say so. To-day, as he entered the room, he had met Lady Haughton leaving it with the tears running down her face; and he dared ask no question after seeing that. So he sat and talked a little and tried to read; and then went out for a while—alone now, for Anemone could no longer be taken to the carriage. And so the sad, anxious hours dragged by.

In the evening, about nine o'clock, Veringtower came in looking very serious.

"You said you would not be surprised at anything I might do," he commenced. "Well, first of all, I want to stay here all night. And I want you and Lady Anemone to spend the night with me in the drawing room. I suppose you are still willing to try whether I can help. If so, then I want you to let me first have half an hour alone with Lady Anemone; I must talk to her. Without her help we can do nothing."

"You know how weak she is," said Heatherbloom.

"You know, I think, how much I have at stake! I love her."

"Yes, I know," said Lord Heatherbloom with a sigh. "Come upstairs to her sitting room with me."

So, in this sad way, Veringtower got the permission which a month ago he had longed and feared to ask for.

Anemone lay on her couch looking more like death than life. Afiz was in the room, having just brought her some lemonade. Heatherbloom sent him away and then followed himself. He found Afiz in the passage. This habit of the Persian's always annoyed Heatherbloom, and he sent him downstairs now with a few curt words.

Half an hour later he returned, and found Veringtower kneeling by Anemone's side, her hands in his. The young man rose at his entrance. Nothing was said, but everything was understood. Anemone's love had been asked and given, though it seemed as if she would only move from the couch on which she lay to be placed in her coffin.

They sat together, talking a little of indifferent things till it was the time when the servants usually went to bed. Heatherbloom rang then and gave orders that no one was to sit up, saying that he himself would let Lord Veringtower out. To Afiz, who came to the doorway of the room to see if he was wanted, he spoke in Persian, telling him to go to rest.

When all the house was still, Anemone rose from her couch and with great difficulty moved quietly down the stairway to the drawing room. The others followed her, carrying no light, for they did not wish to rouse any one, or attract attention. Yet twice on the way they stopped, checked by what seemed the sound of a footstep in advance of them.

The drawing room had a very heavy portière over the doorway, which was generally held back by cords. When all three had entered, Veringtower shut the door, turned the key in it, and then let the portière fall. The room was very dark, and Anemone, afraid to move lest she should stumble, stood by the wall. Heatherbloom kept by her, fearing she might be startled or alarmed. After a minute or two of groping about, Veringtower found one of the windows and quickly unfastened the shutters, letting in a stream of pale clear moonlight. Then he opened the other shutters, so that the room was no longer dark, but only shadowy and dim. He drew one of the couches in the room to a certain spot, and when he had done so Heatherbloom led Anemone to it. She sank upon it, and for a moment her courage failed her, and her head drooped on her breast. For this was the very spot where she had fallen that terrible night when she fainted with terror; that terrible night when the awful thing which was sapping her life first gained its dominion over her.

"Must I be here?" she said faintly. Then she added hurriedly,—"Yes, you are right; I will stay here. I am not afraid."

Veringtower drew back the curtain which veiled the Angel Peacock, and Anemone found herself gazing straight upon this arrogant and terrible idol. For a moment her heart failed within her. But she found, almost in the same moment, a new strength, a sudden flush of courage and of power. She leaned forward, looking steadily at the bird, and supporting herself by her two hands, which pressed on the couch on either side of her; for she was hardly strong enough to sit upright. Heatherbloom had gone behind the couch, and was standing there looking down upon her lily-like head. Veringtower spoke in a low voice, but so earnestly that Heatherbloom, glancing at him once or twice, hardly recognised him. Was this the gay, handsome young Marquis, who had always appeared to have not a care nor a serious thought to distract him from pleasure?

"Since I left this house this morning," he said, "I have been searching among my books. Many of them deal with actual magic, and I can see that Anemone might be saved and restored to life by a magical ceremony. But there is another mode of breaking this accursed spell which is on her—a mode more worthy of ourselves and of her. By the power of a pure strong will, and by the power of love, this same salvation can be effected. In Anemone is the pure, strong will; she does but need to rouse and use it. She is prepared to do that. You and I," he said, putting out his hand to Heatherbloom, "by the power of love, must support her in this dreadful hour."

The two men clasped hands, and so stood, silently. Anemone remained in the same attitude gazing upon the bird intently. Presently she spoke faintly, and in accents of horror.

"Do you not see," she said, "that tall figure standing beside the bird? It is a woman—strange though it seems, yet it is a woman. For she is full of hate and revenge—how can any woman's heart be so black? Her eyes blaze upon me and strike like fire: she flings up her arms and towers over me! Ah, she is terrible!"

Anemone slowly rose, as she spoke, and stood between the two others, her frame wavering like a flame in the wind, from weakness. Heatherbloom shuddered; to his mental vision her words brought clearly the figure of Zeenab. The gesture she described recalled with a hateful vividness his last sight of the prophetess of the Temple, as she poured upon him the fearful curse of the Yezidis. With an effort he forced himself to look at the Angel Peacock. Involuntarily he started, for in the shadow beside it there was surely the outline of a tall form. The thrill passed from his hand to Veryngtower's, who in his turn looked up, and in his turn started uncontrollably. They both drew nearer Anemone; but she leaned forward to gaze and stood more firmly.

"What is there in that cruel heart for me to fear?" she said, speaking as if in a dream. "Am I not as strong? She is only powerful because the powers of evil are in her. To the powers of good I cry out, come to me and make me stronger than she is!"

For a little while there was silence in the room, Anemone now standing in a rigid attitude, and Heatherbloom watching her in terror lest she should suddenly fail and fall. Presently Veryngtower spoke.

"Anemone," he said, "it is the hour of the full moon. Throw off this spell that is killing you, and defy the powers of darkness."

At his words Anemone suddenly drew herself upright, so that she seemed to grow taller; she used a strange and unfamiliar gesture, as if she were flinging something forcibly from her. And then she raised her hands and burst out into a prayer. The two men were alike shaken by her sudden eloquence, and unaccustomed tears rose, unnoticed; then they stood transfixed, listening and amazed, for Anemone prayed as a priestess of old, one inspired of the benevolent gods, might have prayed.

Suddenly a terrible, a most fearful cry burst forth—whence, none of them could tell, yet it was close at hand; it stunned and staggered them, so appalling was the agony and despair that rang in it. Anemone fell back upon the couch and hid her face. Silence came—a dreadful silence; and a darkness fell on the room. The sky had clouded and obscured the clear and beautiful moon.

"Is she dead?" whispered Heatherbloom at last, uttering the words unconsciously as he looked down on his daughter's motionless form.

"Let us carry her to her room," said Veryngtower in a voice of such agitation that it was hardly recognisable as his.

"Open the door," said Heatherbloom; and stooping he lifted Anemone in his arms. He carried her out of the room and upstairs, straight to her own bedroom. Veryngtower followed them half way, and then stopped and leaned against the wall. Some time later Heatherbloom came to look for him and found him there.

"Good news, Veryngtower," he said in a low tone, but one full of exultation; "she is asleep, and is sleeping quietly like a child!"

Veryngtower said something, but it seemed more like a sob than words. After a moment he succeeded in speaking.

"I have heard a movement in the house, I am certain," he said, "but I hadn't the strength to go and see what it was; it didn't seem as if anything mattered till I heard what you had to tell me."

"Come, let us go and see," said Heatherbloom cheerfully—glad perhaps to make some commonplace effort. It was broad daylight now, and as they went down they unfastened the shutters and let the light in. No one was about: everything was still. But when they reached the front door, and Veryngtower, having found his hat, went to open it and go out, he found it was already open. They looked at each other; but neither said anything. There was nothing to say. Who could have passed through this door and left it open? Veryngtower went slowly out and down the steps; Heatherbloom shut the door behind him and then went away to his own room, where he lay down on his bed and fell asleep at once from utter weariness.

As early as was at all compatible with appearances, Veryngtower again entered the house. He found Heatherbloom in the same chair and in the same attitude in which he had found him yesterday. But there was a totally different expression on his face; he was so lost in thought that he hardly noticed Veryngtower's entrance.

"How is she?" said Veryngtower, almost before he was in the room. But he had to repeat the question.

"She is like herself again," said Heatherbloom. "I went in this morning and found her laughing; and there is a faint tinge of colour in her face. She is saved, Veryngtower! The horror has left her. As soon as she is strong enough we will take her out of town."

He stopped and again the absorbed look came on his face.

"What is it?" said Veryngtower, "you have some other news."

"Afiz is gone, and the Peacock itself," said Heatherbloom abruptly. "And I know now who Afiz is. It came on me like a flash of light, and I cannot but think of it. The man had so altered his appearance, that though those strange eyes of his always made me uneasy, I never guessed who it was, because they were familiar! And then too, the thing was so utterly improbable, it never would have occurred to me!"

"But what is it? Who is he?"

"He is Sheikh Ali, the high priest of the Persian Devil-worshippers; the high-priest of that same idol, the Angel Peacock."

There was a moment's silence. Then Veryngtower said, speaking as a conclusion to his rapid and amazed thought, "Well, we have saved her from him."

"It is well he is out of my reach!" exclaimed Heatherbloom with suppressed fury. "How dared he follow me and masquerade here in my very house? How dared he steal the bird like a common thief? And that was Sheikh Ali! I am beginning to believe he was poisoning Anemone!"

"Hardly with drugs," said Veryngtower, "else she would not be recovering without remedies. At all events, you have got rid of

that demoniac bird, which is more than you hoped for yesterday. Poor Mr. Black will not get it now."

Poor Mr. Black came, full of agitation, to claim the bird. But it was gone. He had to be told that it had been stolen in the night. Very politely, and hardly speaking a word, he went away. To this hour he believes that Lord Heatherbloom had simply laughed at him, and had never intended to part with the precious bird or let any one see it.

And so the strange idol, the proud emblem of Lucifer, has vanished again from this side of the world. Where it has gone, who can tell? Where it is worshipped, who can guess? No traveller has recorded any sight or knowledge of it since that day.

And Anemone woke again to gladness and laughter and to the power of making those happy who love her.

MABEL COLLINS.

PERSONALITY AND PRINCIPLE.

ONE of the greatest evils which has troubled the Theosophical Society has been the tendency to hero-worship. Obviously nothing could be more entirely contrary to all the principles laid down in its teaching; for if there is one thing more than another that clearly follows from the grand doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma which it has been the mission of our Society to revive and emphasize in the West, it is the certainty of absolute individual responsibility—the necessity of complete self-dependence. Yet again and again in the course of its history its members have been found erecting idols for their own private adoration; and frequently, not content with doing that, like very Nebuchadnezzars they have loudly called upon all the world to fall down and worship the golden image that they have set up. Nay, some have even gone so far as to propose the worship of their own particular idol as a test of fidelity to the cause and principles of Theosophy.

It is surely hardly necessary to enumerate the evils which flow from such an attitude of mind; a little thought will readily show that both for the idol and for the worshipper it is fraught with most serious danger. More than one clever man, who if left alone might have worked unselfishly and most usefully for the cause of Theosophy all his life, has been unable to resist the insidious poison of incessant adulation, and so has at length become puffed up with spiritual pride, and fallen from his high estate; and then alas for the worshippers, who find that their golden image was but gilded clay after all! Sometimes they still cling blindly to him, refusing in spite of the clearest evidence to see aught but what is noblest, purest and holiest in his character or his conduct; sometimes they awake from their infatuation—usually with a cynical disbelief in the existence of human goodness, and too often with an unreasoning resentment which is apt to hold Theosophy or the Theosophical Society responsible for the pain and disappointment which are but the inevitable consequence of their own action. And even if the hero be all, and more than all, that his adherents believe him to be, he is yet but mortal—he cannot be their leader for ever; and when

in the course of nature he passes from this form of life to another, he leaves behind him a feeling of desolation and helplessness in the hearts of his followers which might have been entirely avoided if they had but been strong and self-reliant, and given their devotion less to the personality, which is ever changing, than to the principle, which is eternal.

Some years ago the Society was much exercised about the publication by a discharged servant of some most scandalous charges against one of its revered Founders. To those who really understood the case these accusations were supremely ridiculous—too absurd even to excite indignation, except for the fiendish malice by which they were actuated; but such was the diabolical ingenuity with which they were framed that there was undoubtedly about them a certain air of *vraisemblance* to those whose acquaintance with occultism was merely superficial. Of course all who really knew the injured lady laughed these vile slanders to scorn; but the great majority of the members of the Theosophical Society in various parts of the world obviously cannot have the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with its Founders: yet they stood firmly to its banner, careless of the storm of ridicule and abuse heaped upon them by the eager enemies whose vested interests its teachings had endangered. Why was this? Because in joining the Society they had not promised to obey or to believe blindly in its Founders, but only to work for its objects; because they had given their adhesion not to personalities, but to principles: and they felt that those principles still remained true, and those objects supremely worthy of pursuit, whether those who had originally preached them themselves remained faithful to them or not. Even if those horrible slanders had been literally true—even if the teacher attacked had herself confessed them so—it need have made no difference whatever to the work of the Society. Some of its leading members would have had to mourn the loss of their respect and love for a revered teacher and friend—and a terrible loss it would no doubt have been to them; but they would have been the only sufferers. The promotion of universal brotherhood, the study of Sanskrit literature, and the development of the psychic powers latent in man, would still have remained aims which the greatest and wisest need feel no shame in acknowledging; the practical work which the Society has done in so many parts of the world would still have stood as a witness to its usefulness, and could still have been carried on; the teaching of the Society and the books written by its Founders and members would still have remained on record, to be judged—as all teaching and all books must invariably be judged—on their own merits, without reference to their source.

We may be well assured that whatever may happen to ourselves or our leaders, or even to the very Theosophical Society itself, this work which it is doing will still be carried on, for it is a part of the evolution of the world. *Il n'y a point d'hommes necessaires*; when the time comes, nature will always find instruments to do her work. And for us all there can surely be no higher honour than to be engaged in this work, not only in this one little incarnation, but throughout the rolling cycles of the future. No doubt all the

world must take its part in it whether it will or not; but the majority of mankind do the work ignorantly and blindly—often against their will; they go blundering on in pursuit of some favourite delusion, never knowing, never comprehending their true mission on earth at all,

Till in due time, one by one,
Some with lives that come to nothing—some with deeds as well undone,
Death comes suddenly and takes them where men never see the sun.

But we who have learnt to see somewhat of the truth may join in this work of humanity willingly and intelligently—may help to direct the influences which the progress of evolution brings to bear, and so do our little part—a part perhaps not so insignificant as we think—to guide the world towards “that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.”

This then should be the position of every true theosophist. Let us give gratitude, love, and honour, deep and full and true, to those (be they who they may) who set our feet upon the Upward Path, and guided us over some of its difficulties—for to them we owe a debt that can never be repaid; but yet let the heart's deepest devotion be lavished not on the personality, which is fallible, illusive, evanescent, but on the principle, which is firm, true, eternal, shining ever before us like a guiding star.

LANCELOT A. TRISTRAM.

BHAKTI.

BHAKTI, Faith, or Devotion, consists of two factors—belief and action; the belief consisting of a conviction in the faithful man or devotee, that the thing he adores and wishes for, and no other, is his highest and only goal; and the action consisting of conduct consistent with this conviction. This conviction may be the result of his knowledge that the object of his worship and adoration is the highest, the best and the only thing, unequalled by any other; or the conviction may be the result of no such knowledge, but only of strong affection for, or blind love of that object. The conviction which does not result from knowledge of the kind above described is considered by some unworthy of being styled Bhakti, Faith, or Devotion, while others hold the contrary view. The first maintain that anything done in ignorance is useless; while the second hold that the true knowledge of God is unnecessary, and moreover would be detrimental to the exercise of Bhakti towards God, and to the offering of any sacrifice to Him as a mark of the worshipper's Bhakti. Nothing can be regarded as acceptable service to Him when He is devoid of hunger or desire; no church need be built for Him who requires no shelter; nor can one prostrate oneself before Him who is infinite and everywhere. In short, the advocates of this school or doctrine say that he who has true knowledge can only entertain sentiments or beliefs; he can engage in no acts of worship or service. My own conviction is that the Godhead is not susceptible of worship unless our conception of it is associated with humanity, and that therefore the formulation of the idea of a personal God and of his incarnation is indispensable for religions in which Bhakti or Devotion plays a

large part. The Aryan¹ and Christian religions admit the existence of a Personal God and his incarnation. Jesus said to his disciples, “If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.”

Chapter 11 of the Eleventh Skanda of Sri Bhagavat, and Shandilya's Sutras refer to Bhakti. These Sutras have been recognized in the Vedantasara of the Adwaitis. I shall now try to explain as clearly as I can the contents of the above and subsequent chapters of Bhagavat on this subject. These chapters refer to a conversation between the famous Sadhu Udhava and Sri Krishna. Udhava asked the latter to tell him how he defined Bhakti, or Devotion, as it had been explained in various ways by different teachers. Sri Krishna replied that Devotion or Bhakti consisted in the practice of the virtues—compassion, harmlessness, patience, truthfulness, freedom from envy, equanimity, the practice of doing good to all, the keeping unruffled by desires, the conquest of passions, kindness, cleanliness, the absence of love for money, abstemiousness, peacefulness, resoluteness, dependence on God alone, reticence, carefulness, sagacity, calmness, stoicism, humility, chivalry, friendliness, clemency, and knowledge. He is also a Bhakta, who knowing these virtues does not care to practise them, but is solely engaged in worshipping God alone². He is also a Bhakta who, whether knowing or not knowing what God's attributes³ are, yet has the conviction that God is his goal and he exists for Him only. The last is the highest Bhakta. He is also a Bhakta who offers to God everything which he feels to be most pleasant to himself. Bhakti is acquired by the company of God when possible, and by associating with good and devout men. All can be saved by Bhakti. Many are so saved. Let them be Dythias, Rakshasas, beasts, birds, Gandharvas, Apsaras, Nagas, Sidhas, Charanas, Goopykas, Vidyadharas, Vyshyas, Sudras, women, or Parias. Vrittra, Prahalada, Vrishaparva, Bali, Bava, Maya, Vibhishana, Sugriva, Hanuman, Jambuvan, Jatayu, Tuladhara (a meat-seller), Vyadha (a hunter) Koobja, Gopees, and the Brahman's wives, have been so saved. It was their pure Bhakti, or affection for God, without knowledge of his attributes, which secured them the final beatitude. The high Bhakti, therefore, is to devote one's self entirely to God through the practical channel of kindness to his fellow creatures⁴. This is what Sri Krishna said to Udhava. Now so many classes of Bhakti are prescribed that we can adopt whichever suits us the best. Jesus describes Bhakti thus;—“Thou shalt love the Lord

1. Our esteemed contributor forgets that Buddhism, which has twice as many adherents as any other Aryan religion, recognizes no God whatever, and also that a very large number of Hindus would certainly not admit the existence of anything like the personal God of Christianity.

2. We presume that this refers to one who leads the life of a recluse, though some at least of the list of virtues would surely have to be practised even by such a man.

3. None can know the attributes of God but those who see Him face to face.

4. This result, however, is frequently attained *without* the devotion to God at all; for example, this high practical form of Bhakti is the very first rudimentary principle of the morality of Buddhism, which acknowledges no God.

thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind."—*Luke* x. 27.

In Chapter XIV, Sri Krishna said that all worlds and heavens are perishable. Those who wish for them cannot enjoy *that* happiness which men who have surrendered their mind to Him and who desire nothing, and who are ever pleased, enjoy. For such there is happiness everywhere. They do not wish for the world of Brahma, nor for that of Mahendra, the highest of the worlds, nor for anything else, not even Moksha, or exemption from transmigration. They want nothing but God. Sri Krishna added that He was not as much pleased with Brahma, Shankara, Sankersana, or Lakshmi herself, as he was with Udhava, because the latter was desireless, and was moreover possessed of other virtues. God always inclines towards such devotees. Even if they be sometimes misled, it matters not. It does no harm to them. Their devotion to God purges them from all sins¹. Sri Krishna concluded:—"Do necessary acts, ever remembering me. Fix your mind on me. Treat every creature as my tabernacle. Jealousy, envy, contempt and egotism will then disappear. This is the best devotion. In this path there is no ruggedness, no defeat." A brief life of one of the Bhaktas will not be out of place here.

There lived a patriarch named Herranyakasheppa. He had four sons, of whom the fourth was named Prahlada. From his infancy this boy loved God, although his father was a materialist. His Guru was Shukra Charya, and the boy was entrusted to the care of the sons of this teacher for education. This education in fact consisted of the imparting of knowledge of everything about bodily pleasures and amassing of money, and of rituals calculated to advance these low ends. In short it was a godless education, like that now given to us in our public schools. The boy did not like this sort of teaching, but he found in Narada, a son of Brahma, a Guru or preceptor who supplied him with what he wanted. In the absence of the masters this boy told his fellow-students that the education which was being given to them was ineffectual, without any instruction as to how God was to be worshipped, and how salvation was to be obtained. This latter he thought would give all that the godless instruction was intended to secure, while their present teaching would fail in securing even its own objects as well as the main object of education—the securing of eternal happiness.

He told them that the highest object of all of us should be to obtain release from the bondage of sin, which is the source of all unhappiness to us, and to reach our Father, which is all happiness. He exhorted his fellows to learn the way of attaining this end and neglect everything else, saying that it was very easy to do so. By worshipping God we obtain both the highest worldly happiness and the highest happiness of our Father's company. To worship God is the easiest of acts; for He is ever present in every place and in every thing, even within ourselves. He does not require to be worshipped with things difficult to procure. Ho

1. Our readers will notice a parallel here with the doctrines of some Christian sects.

is pleased when worshipped by treating his creatures with kindness and friendship. If he is pleased what is there that we cannot attain? What do we want except His grace? No doubt, it is said that we should try to learn how to secure worldly pleasures and wealth, and how to become moral; but of what use are these to us if they are not the means of securing devotion to God, *i. e.*, if they do not produce piety in our mind?

The boys who heard Prahlada at once acquiesced in what he said.

One day his father, the materialist, asked his son to tell him the best part of what he had learnt. The child Prahlada replied, "I think that is the best lesson from which one learns that one ought to give up worldly things, go out of the dark well of sin, enter the forest, and become attached to God." This was too much for a materialist to hear with complaisance. He became annoyed, and warned the Gurus to instruct the boy better. They took the boy home and asked him to state the name of the person who had taught him this. The boy replied that the Being whom the first-created Brahma and others have yet to know, was his instructor.

When his father found that his son had imbibed the highest love to God and perfect indifference to all else, he ordered that he should be put to death. But he was under the special grace of God, and so death could not overtake him. The boy-saint knew that the mind is the cause of all temporal results, that it is the mind which draws the attention of the soul to the chemical and nervous operations which are constantly going on in the body, and persuades the soul to fancy that these operations are of itself, and that therefore, if the mind is fixed and firmly attached to God, it ceases to perform its functions, and the soul remains steady without fancying that it suffers anything. He therefore concentrated his mind in God, who, in His special grace, undertook to preserve him from death.

The materialist therefore found himself unable to kill his son. He therefore sent for him and asked him who was the person that was instigating him to behave in this rebellious manner. The boy replied:—"That omnipotent Being who is the creator of this universe, who rules over the world, over you, and over Brahma, is my inspirer. He is omniscient and omnipresent. If you worship him he will protect you also." The father then said, "You unfortunate child, you seem to wish to die. People often speak incoherently before they die; you said that there was a sovereign Iswar other than myself. If there be one, where is He?"

"He is every where," replied the son.

"If so, why is he not in this pillar?" asked the father.

"He is there; you may see Him;" answered the son.

"Let him save you now," said the father, "and prevent me from slaying you."

So saying, and arming himself, the father struck the pillar. A terrific noise was heard like a loud peal of thunder, and a figure which was neither that of a man nor of a lion, but contained some characteristics of both, issued forth. Sree Shuka in narrating this

1. Cf. 2 Cor. xii, 9.

anecdote observes that God made his appearance thus to prove his omnipresence to the ignorant world and to verify the words of his true devotee. No Devas, not the Brahma, nor Rudra, nor even the Sree, dared to approach the Almighty. The boy-saint however drew near and prostrated himself before Him. The merciful All-Father, moved by compassion, raised him up and placed His hand upon his head, that hand which saves souls from all fear, and caressed him.

Prahlada addressed God thus :—" Even gods failed to please you by praising you. Am I then competent to do what they failed to do? Yes, I am; neither wealth nor descent, neither personal attributes nor mental qualifications, are enough to please you, but pure love only. The Pariah, devoted to you, is a greater personage than a Vipra possessing the twelve qualifications. These qualifications, without devotion to you, can only make their possessors egotistic. I am not afraid of your terrific appearance, for I know you are all happiness and mercy; I fear only the sins or ties with which I am enchained to this world. When will you release me from these sins and take me to your footstool? I can cross any ocean of misery by singing your praises, and enjoying the company of fellow-devotees. Without your grace, all is useless. I have seen the wealth of the Devas who defended my father. Where is he? He is gone! I therefore do not ask you for anything, even the seat of the Brahma. Take me, Father, into your service and place me by you. I will not ask you to save me alone. You are the Guru or Saviour of the universe; what difficulty is there in your saving all? In saving the foolish you will be praised the more. I pity those who, instead of offering their devotion to you, are attentive solely to worldly pleasures. As for me, drowned as I may be in the miseries of this world, I would not feel pain, because I have been drunk with the nectar of the songs describing your acts; but I am anxious for those who do not think of you. Many try for their own salvation only, but I do not wish to be saved alone, but crave to be saved *with* those ignorant people who neglect you."

God was pleased, and told the boy-saint to ask for any blessing he wanted. Prahlada however replied, "Tell me not to ask for favors. The relationship between you and me is that of the eternal lord and the perpetual vassal. I am sure you are only trying me, for you cannot be so unkind as to instruct me to ask you for any thing other than you. He who serves one in return for wages is not a faithful servant but a trader. I am not a hired laborer, and you are my eternal Lord, not dependant upon my service to you." And God said, "Be it so." Thus did the Almighty Father prove his omnipresence and his special providence on behalf of his Bhakta.

Another Bhakta in difficulty once prayed thus :—" I surrender myself at discretion to him who is the Lord of the universe, and who protects from the grasp of death all who, being in fear of it, surrender themselves to God. I adore that Being from whom this world has emanated, who is personal, who is the original cause of all, who is the Lord of all the great. Him I now contemplate. He in whom, according to his wish, this universe is, a universe which is at times

seen and at other times unseen, yet always visible to Him, as His sight is ever uninterrupted—He who is the universe itself and is different from us and others,—he who is the root of all, may save me from my misery; for he is the Lord of Lords. When time annihilates every thing, there shall be great *Tamas* or darkness, but even then He will be shining and reigning. Him even the Devas understand not. Let Him save me; let Him be my protector. To see His feet, great saints give up the world, practise the great virtue of harmlessness, treat His creatures as if they were themselves, and do them good without expecting any return. I adore that Brahm, who has no birth, who has no name, no shape, who has no good, no evil, yet adopts them as suits the times. I adore Him whose powers are infinite and whose works are wonderful; who shines from His own splendour; who sees every thing; who is the highest of spirits; who is beyond speech and mind, but is yet within the reach of the faithful. Him do I adore who is no Deva, no Asura, no mortal, no animal, no woman imbecile, no man, no creature, no quality, no act, no soul, no matter, but whatever remains, and is victorious after being declared as no other than Himself." All the Devas from Brahma downward found that the description of the being he invoked was not suitable to them. But God made His appearance, and out of His pure grace saved him and made him his companion.

Need I add that this anecdote proves that the one God is a friend of his Bhaktas? Bhakti, according to the Aryan Religion, is the belief in the Fatherhood of God, and the possession of the strongest conviction that He alone is our chief end; and the belief in the fact of the brotherhood of His creatures, and especially the carrying out of this belief in the practice of such virtues as have been mentioned.

Without Bhakti there is no salvation. On this point all sections of Aryans completely agree.¹ Sri Sankaracharya places Bhakti next to that final knowledge (Gnyanam) which leads to Mukhti or salvation. Sri Ramanujacharya ranks it as the direct and immediate cause of salvation, and holds, moreover, that it will continue not as a cause, but an effect of salvation, even after the latter is obtained. Sri Madhwa Acharya is of the same opinion.

Mahomed appears to lay down the doctrine that without faith none will be saved, and he is therefore very severe on those who may be wanting in Bhakti. Vide [LXXVIII.] Sura XL. 10—20 page 253, of *El-Kor'an*, by J. M. Rodwell, M. A.

10. Verily to the infidels shall voices cry, "Surely the hatred of God is more grievous than your hatred of yourselves, when ye were called to the faith, and remained unbelievers."

They shall say, "Twice, our Lord, hast thou given us death, and twice hast thou given us life; we therefore acknowledge our sins: but is there no way to escape?"

"This hath befallen you, for that when one God was proclaimed to you, ye believed not: but when partners had been united with

1. On this point see our first note on p. 739.

Him, ye believed : but judgment belongeth unto God, the High, the Great."

"It is He who showeth you His signs, and sendeth down supplies to you from Heaven : but none receive the warning save he who turneth to God in penitence :

"Call then on God, offering Him a pure worship, even though the infidels abhor it.

"Of exalted grade, of the throne possessed, He sendeth forth the spirit at His own behest on whomsoever of His servants He pleaseth, that He may warn of the day of meeting.

"That day when they shall come forth from their graves, and when nought that concerneth them shall be hidden from God. With whom shall be the power supreme on that day? With God, the one, the Almighty.

"On that day shall every soul be recompensed as it hath deserved : no injustice on that day! Verily, God will be swift to reckon.

"And warn them of the approaching day, when men's hearts shall rise up to their throats, choking them; when the evil-doers shall have no friend or intercessor who shall prevail."

All great founders of Religion seem to agree with the Aryan faith that to secure salvation Bhakti or faith is absolutely necessary, and that men wanting Bhakti have but little chance of salvation.

R. RAGANATHA RAO.

[Note.—The above article should be of considerable interest to our Western readers, since it puts before them a phase of Hinduism with which they can be but very imperfectly acquainted—a phase probably brought into existence by the influence upon the old Aryan religion of the very same ray which has given birth in the West to the various exoteric Christian systems.—Ed.]

KARMA AND ANCIENT LAW.

SOME points in ancient law, which furnish coincidences with the occult doctrine of cyclic progression, and some legal theories which illustrate certain theological dogmas, are the subject of this paper.

Looked at from the standpoint of modern legislation, all that we know of ancient Roman law appears singular, anomalous and unintelligible, until the principle which underlies it is understood.

Modern law occupies itself chiefly with two duties—the adjustment of the relations between individuals and the state, and of the relations of individuals with each other; these relations being so fixed that each individual may be said to move inside a fixed circle, which marks the boundaries of his individual rights and obligations.

Within this circle each man is free to move as he pleases; he may appropriate as much as he can of the gifts of nature, or the produce of industry; he is at liberty to exercise to the utmost the right of competition, the practical outcome of that struggle for existence which is, according to an occult teacher, the real and most prolific parent of most woes and sorrows and all crimes; from this limiting circle the modern man practically makes war for his own good on the rest of humanity,—a war glossed over by the word society, which really means a holy alliance for mutual good.

In modern law the unit of legislation is the individual; the relations between man and man, husband and wife, father and son, brother and brother, being legally fixed and strictly defined.

In the oldest Roman law of which we have definite knowledge, an entirely different principle prevails; here the unit of legislation is not the individual but the family, the relation between family and family being legally fixed, while the internal relations of the family are left to the control of the principle of *patria potestas*; a term indicating that the family—that is, the wife, the children and the slaves—are under the absolute control of the father, and cannot possess property for themselves, nor enter into contracts without his consent. While the father lives, his children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, his adopted children with their children and grand-children, are all absolutely under his control, and the whole family acts as a harmonious unit, or rather as a system of several bodies bound together by some harmoniously acting and perfectly balanced force, under the direction of the father.

That the supremacy of the father was not secured by force, as some students have considered to be the case, the simple consideration of its physical impossibility is enough to shew; for how could an old and perhaps infirm father compel the obedience of several grown up sons and their families in the perfection in which this obedience was undoubtedly rendered? Hence we are compelled to conclude that the bond which held the family together was mutual consent based on mutual benefit. For such a harmonious relation to subsist, every member of the family must have continuously fulfilled every duty to every other member of the family, and the father must have possessed absolute power, not as a despot, but as true representative of the family; he must have been master of all, because he was first servant of all. This mutual fulfilment of every duty would create one Karma for the whole family, and would be likely to ensure that its members would keep together through a series of incarnations.

In this institution of the *patria potestas*, in fact, we have a historical picture of exactly that condition of family life which we are led to expect as characteristic of the Satya Yuga; and it is a remarkable proof of Indian spirituality that a somewhat similar principle regulates Hindu family life at the present day. The present condition of strife and competition, of mutual distrust and evasion of duties, of discord between father and child, husband and wife, master and servant, employer and employed; the present state of confusion of nationalities which has made a great exponent of Vedic religion a son of Christian European parents, which has made a Russian and an American the chosen teachers of the Buddhist and the Hindu, while Europe and the New World look for spiritual instruction to the Brahmans, and the scriptures of the East; in short, the disharmonies which characterize the present Kali Yuga are all due to the gradual neglect of mutual duties, the growth of selfishness and individualism, the tacit acceptance of the doctrine that a man's first duty is not to Truth, or his own divine nature, nor to humanity, or even his family, but to his own selfish personality. The practical conclusion we come to is that

if we wish to bring on the new Satya Yuga, to restore the golden age with all its joys, to bring the gods once more among men, we must begin by repairing the mischief we have done, by truly and unselfishly fulfilling every duty, first to truth, then to our own divine nature, then to the members of our own family, then to our nation and all humanity; so shall we lay this terrible demon called the struggle for existence, and practically realize that grand ideal of Universal Brotherhood, the profession of which is the honour and glory of the Society to which we belong.

While on the subject of ancient law there is one other matter upon which it may be well to touch. The position of father in the Roman family, the sum total of his legal rights and obligations as the representative of the family, was called his *persona*. This *persona* is not insolubly connected with the idea of personality; in fact, several things which had no personality, as, for instance, corporate bodies, had a *persona* in the eye of the law. As we noticed before, the father of the family had power to adopt children into his family, in addition to, or in default of his own; these adopted children were in exactly the same position, legal and social, as his own children; the wife, children and grand-children, whether adopted or not, together with their wives and children, had, as we have seen, no rights of their own, but were in exactly the position which is suggested to us by the word slave, except for the right of inheritance, which right indeed was conceded to slaves in certain cases by Roman law. Inheritance, under early Roman law, had certain peculiarities. As regards their future action the sons were, on the death of their father, separate and individual: each could possess property or make contracts for himself; but as regards the property, rights, and obligations of their father, they still remained united; they took upon them conjointly his complete legal clothing; on them all equally devolved their father's *persona*.

If three sons were co-heirs, they inherited the *persona* equally, that is to say, the phenomenon of three personalities in one *persona*, of three individuals in one person, was quite natural and normal to the Roman mind.

We have but to remember that dogmatic theology, imported from Greece under the early Roman Empire, was matured in the very midst of these ideas, to understand the effect which they have had in moulding its various dogmas.

The theological conception of mankind under the despotic rule of an absolute lord, to whose arbitrary commands they owed implicit obedience, and disobedience to whom was visited with the direst punishments, exactly embodies the view which would be taken of the *patria potestas* by an age which had already forgotten the spirit of that institution while remembering its form.

The God of theology is in fact the Roman *pater-familias*, while humanity, according to this view of the universe, fills the position of the adopted sons; the extreme form of this idea having produced the grovelling wretch who takes a pleasure in stating that he is a miserable sinner, and owes eternal gratitude to his tyrant for the right to exist even in hell.

But there is another dogma on which the conceptions of ancient law shed even more light, and this is the dogma of the Trinity. We have seen how the conception of three individuals in one person had become quite habitual and natural to the Roman mind; and once we fully grasp this fact, we are ready to comprehend the source of the Trinity as at present taught and understood, to understand the process by which the adept of Galilee, the Life-Spirit, and the whisperings of intuition, became metamorphosed into the triune Jehovah, the three persons in one God. The theological trinity is not, like the *trimurti* of the Brahmans, or the corresponding doctrines of Egypt and Persia, a metaphysical idea involving the conceptions of creation, conservation, and transformation, but is a dogmatic assertion of the co-existence of three divine personalities which are at once united and distinct. We should not have said that this doctrine is understood by Christendom, for it is self-contradictory and inconceivable if taken in connection with any modern idea of person and personality, and is unintelligible without the key to its origin which we have indicated.

When Christians come to see that this doctrine of the Trinity is not the gospel, but that the true gospel is something not even remotely resembling it, then may they turn with open and candid minds, with sincerity and love of truth, to seek in the recorded words of Jesus the true eternal and theosophical doctrines which he taught; a right understanding of which, united to their conscientious fulfilment, will make him in very deed their saviour, whom they have long hailed as such, though completely misunderstanding his doctrines; and often flagrantly, if ignorantly, transgressing all his commands.

The reformation of Christendom will begin when professing Christians find that it is really true that "a man's life consists not in the abundance of his possessions," and when they begin to understand the dark saying "whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall save it."

Then will they begin to see that the eternal life promised by Jesus is not a *post-mortem* prolongation of earthly felicity, an extended term of sensuous enjoyment, but a present reality, attainable by all and attained by a few, who have learned, in the words of one of our teachers, to "get rid of their own ego,—the illusory apparent *self*, and to recognise the true self in a transcendental Divine Life," and who unselfishly teach this doctrine to others.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

NOT the witching hour of midnight at all, but twelve o'clock noon in July—hot and breathless; a cloudless molten sky overhead, and red-hot pavements under foot; and all the world, that could be, glad to be indoors.

In a dingy little room in a dingy street sat a young man. He was used to it, but it would seem very dark to any one coming in from the noon-day glare without. Evidently a medical student—judging by certain curiosities round the walls; his books and papers were lying strewn about, but he was sitting now with his elbows on the table, his chin on his hands, staring straight before him. Suddenly he saw, standing there—in the shaft of light, where the curtains were not drawn close—a girl. A slight willowy figure in a straight-hanging dark dress. Her fair hair was piled up carelessly on the top of her head, in a fashion hitherto unknown to him, for it was the day of Madonna bands and drooping ringlets; it was drawn back from her face, and yet softly shading the white forehead. A face of no awe-inspiring beauty, but with a winsomeness of its own. The delicate brows were straight and dark, with a little downward slant towards the temples. Perhaps it was this that gave its look of sadness to the face, for it was a very sad face. He said he could not help looking and gazing, it was such a pretty face!

But who was it? Certainly a mortal maid, for as the grey eyes met his they brightened into a smile of recognition. But she did not stir, and he bent over the table with outstretched hand, feeling sure it was some one who knew him at any rate, though he did not know her—perhaps that cousin they were expecting to come to live with them. He could have touched her hands, and tried to do so, but felt nothing. Had she moved backwards? No, for there she stood, as before, in that narrow shaft of light.

She had not moved, and yet he could not understand. "Are you our cousin?" he asked gently, and then got up to move round the table, but take his eyes off her he could not; and as he was looking and marvelling, *she disappeared*.

This young man was not over-studious, nor likely to bring on hallucinations from over-work, but he knew that this was either an hallucination—a vision—or a real live girl, and yet he knew no such girl. His mother's and his sister's friends he knew, but none them were at all like this dainty *mignonne* creature.

The book before him was somebody on Hip-Disease, and he deliberately read out loud the words on the open page, and then copied out a paragraph to assure himself, at some future time, if not then, that he was not dreaming, nor out of his senses; every now and then glancing up to see if the bright vision had returned. Once it seemed to him it must have come, between whiles, as it were, and he had missed it, for as he raised his eyes he caught a glimpse of *something* darkening that beam of light, and vanishing in the end of the room. No need to examine there, for a blank wall faced him at a distance of not more than a few feet from the table where he sat, and with the exception of a chair or two, the small space was empty.

The strange part of it was that though his visitant had never come in this way before, her face he *had* seen many and many a time—in dreams. That they *were* dreams he knew, for he had felt quite angry at being roused up out of them when called in the morning by the house-maid. Waking too, he had seen her; in drinking a glass of water, he would see the face in the bottom of the tumbler, and of this he had spoken to his mother and sisters.

They laughed at first, but the thing had become too common an occurrence now for remark, so often had their brother turned quickly with the glass in his hand, and begged one of them to look at what he saw so vividly, like a medallion, or photograph held under the glass. The image, however, was never distorted.

A girl's face, this same girl's! and always with the same troubled expression. But though they saw nothing, they never doubted their brother did, and without need of his saying so, for they knew by the bright quick look of pleasure flashing over his face. It came at no special times or occasions; sometimes when he looked for it, nothing was to be seen; and again when he was not specially thinking of it—though this was not often, it had so grown into his life—there it was, a tiny perfect miniature, looking up at him, full in the eyes, frankly and serenely.

He had seen it life-size in his own room when standing in front of his glass, dressing, and reflected on a window-pane when turned back upon a dark shutter. There were one or two old-fashioned windows like that in the house. At all times and places that face was haunting him, adapting itself to the mirror, tumbler, wine-glass; and once he saw it on the polished inside case of his watch. Sometimes life-size, and sometimes a tiny face no bigger than a charm, but always in its perfect proportions.

To-day she came to him, a never-to-be-forgotten vision of girlish beauty, and he felt sure she was trying to speak or make him understand something, her expression was so earnest and meaning. Either both of them were real—he and she—or neither; so it seemed to him; and yet there stood his ragged comfortable old arm-chair in its corner, there were his dog-eared books and notes, the ink-stained table cloth, and there, hanging across a chair, was his dissecting apron of black cotton—an unsavoury thing, shuddered at by any over-dainty person venturing into his sanctum. All this was real enough. But who and *what* was she? To say the boy—for he was not much more, being about twenty or so—was startled or awed would not describe his state of mind; familiar as he was with the face itself, the outlines and features—indeed he would have missed not seeing it now, at all hours—an experience such as this mystified yet delighted him.

Hitherto the face alone had come to him, with its crown of bright hair shaded off in a kind of cloudy mistiness, but to-day there was a softly-rounded figure and white hands. A tall girl too, with a gown; but that, as well as the fashion of her hair, was of some bye-gone age—or was it an inspiration of the future? for in no old pictures had he seen anything like the simplicity of this garb. High to the throat edged with a little filmy lace, and down to the

small wrists, with lace edging there too. All so dainty and so pretty and so strange to him—accustomed to the bare shoulders and red elbows of the young ladies of that day. He found himself wondering what stuff her dress was made of! Serge, cashmere, muslin, were household words to him, brought up among women, imagining he too knew one from another, but he could not give this a name, and yet it looked very tangible and earthly; was put together too very naturally. Altogether his notions of spirit visions were quite unlike this.

She came again afterwards often and often, till there was no more wonder left. The face, by itself, he did not again see in glasses, &c., or rather, he did see it sometimes, but differently. In profile, or the back of the head, and a bit of pretty white neck with its little fluffs of curls; and sometimes only a darkness, a kind of shadow, which when he looked closely at it, as one would bring a picture close to one's eyes, he would find to be the gown she wore.

There was no mysterious receding from or eluding his observation—never. If he raised the object, the glass or mirror, whatever happened to be the thing at the moment, near his own eyes, so much the better and clearer he saw it, but touch it he never could. The very hair would light up if he turned towards the light, or look shadowed if he stood in shadow—as his own hair might—so there *must* have been something real. It was not the reflection of light or sunshine on the polished surface itself, for the twists of hair became quite distinct, one lying folded on another, and the glistening threads were clear enough. Once when his lady, as he called her to himself, stood opposite to him, a puff of breeze floating through the open window lightly ruffled the cloud of soft hair above her brows; he dashed round the table, feeling he *must* hold her hands in his own or go mad—the thing was too bewildering—but she was gone. Once he was reading—she was not there—no, he was certain of that—and he laughed at something in his book—there was echoed a little soft laugh at his elbow; so near, just as a person might in reading with one over the same book. Just on reaching the end of the page, it so happened that the last word was the name of the heroine,—Dora, and as he was turning over, the leaf was kept down obstinately. Without any real belief, he turned his head to where he imagined his fellow-reader might be, and said almost playfully, "Dora, is that *your* name?" and then the leaf allowed itself to be turned over. "It may be her way of telling me what her name is," he thought to himself, smiling with pleasure at being so much the better friends; and went on, feeling as happy again that she was there and longing to hear that lovely laugh; but the mind of the book had changed, and the frolic and fun were over with the turned page, so he heard it no more.

It was no mocking sprite's laugh, but as human as his own in its intelligent appreciation of the story. He never merely *felt* her presence; if she were there she was apparent enough either to sight or hearing; there was nothing in that way mysterious or weird about these visions. Though she might have come many a time,

and he unconscious of it; but if it were so, he never knew it in any way by any hidden sense.

She, to him, was a lovely thing, seen with his mortal eyes, and heard too by his mortal ears; eyes and ears that saw and heard all that others did, and yet had their own secret, sacred from all.

And so the years went by, and the boy became a man; a man high up in his profession, and, as the world goes, paid court to by anxious mothers of daughters long on hand. They could not know how useless it all was; that he was mated for all time and eternity to the vision of his boyhood—and his manhood too was hers: a golden thread spun in with the woof and warp of his homespun life.

As his youth passed by, and as time's foot-marks fell on the steadfast face, and the grey hairs were no more to be counted up, she was the same to him. Young as she looked twenty, thirty years ago, so he now saw her, in his unwasted manhood—devoted, dedicate to a phantom woman's face, "a morning thought, an evening vow; a silence in his life."

II.

A husband and wife are wandering the world over for the sake of the former's health. Not in hopes of cure, but to make life bearable, what is left of it still to be dragged out. They are not very evenly matched. He is a man past his prime in age alone, to say nothing of the wrecked and ruined years that have seamed his face, and brought him to this; and she is a girl in the first flush of wifehood: but her care of him seems to sweeten his life, and the two are happy enough as long as sunshine lasts; but with the winter's blasts came a change—a cough shook her husband's form, tolling a death knell to her heart. There in a strange land, leagues away from home and kindred, he lay dying.

Friends they had in plenty, and one of these suggested, as a last hope, begging the advice of a certain cranky old doctor—a character, they said, whom nothing could induce to attend on rich patients, while he fought for all the poor ones with his medical brethren. He was written to, spoken to, but all in vain—until one evening, when the wife was sitting beside her sinking husband, feeling angry and heart-sore at the continued churlishness that was wilfully letting him die, as she believed—the old doctor was announced.

He came in and walked straight up to the bed-side and sat down, without paying any attention to the lady standing there, but watched the sick man's pallid face, and asked him questions, or rather talked to him, in a kindly quiet way. The wife answered after a little pause, and at the voice the old doctor looked up. His patient's hand fell from his, and he turned white as ashes, trying to rise, but trembling so that Mrs. W. instinctively bent forward to support him. It was some sudden illness, she thought. He murmured something, staggered to his feet, and groped his way out of the room like a blind man. Mrs. W. followed him and offered him water, which he drank, while his hand was shaking so that she almost held the glass for him.

With his eyes fixed on hers, he gasped "Dora, are you Dora?" "Yes. My name is Dora." "Are you not nineteen or twenty?" "I am twenty", she said very softly. He went on asking her question upon question. The girl listened and answered, in breathless amazement as to what was the meaning of this. Romantic ideas crossed her young mind of some loved and long-lost Dora that she must resemble—perhaps.

He told her of the past in his life, and how all through it had been the same. *Her face, her form, her name, her youth.* How *she* had been the companion of his student-days and his maturer manhood. Never a word answered she at last—what could she say to such a tale? Belief was hard, but disbelief impossible.

As he was speaking, he was feeling for something in his coat, and at last he pulled out a worn old black pocket-book. Unlocking it, he pushed it into her hands: "Read it", he said; "read it, that's when it first came—the very first, when I was a boy, and all these years I never missed her, she never forgot me. And then it was you—yourself—my lady! my angel!"

Sometimes "it," sometimes "she," and "you, yourself!"

What incoherent wild words, poured out by the man in his rapture at being brought face to face with his boyhood's vision in mortal guise—the lode-star of his life—this time a very human creature, whose hand was clasped warm in his own; whose eyes—grey and luminous as *that other's*,—were fixed on his.

In everything, every detail, the same. The same masses of fair hair twisted up like the dream-girl's, lying soft and thick across the broad white forehead and the straight brows—following the line of the little down-turned mouth—the same small pointed chin and the delicate outlines of the cheeks; white and worn rather now with long sleepless vigils. Her dress, dark and straight-falling too—with scraps of yellow lace at throat and wrist. It was she. There could be no two like that.

Leaving the pocket-book with her, he moved away—saying something about coming back directly with more for her to read—and left the house. She sat herself down to read—to pore over the wonderful pages—telling a story of half a century ago. The ink was faded and brown, and the leaves stained with time and travel in their many journeyings. "I was not born then!" she whispered to herself in awe and wonderment. It happened, and it was written, fifty years before she came into the world, and yet it was her very self that had appeared to that old man of seventy years who had just left her presence, whose life-long hope and prayer had been the meeting of to-day.

She could not doubt it.

The first time and second, and third, and so on, were fully described, but as the visits became more and more frequent slight entries only were made.—"Saw her," or "did not come to-day—*why?*" The appearance described at the beginning of this paper, when for the first time he saw, not the head and face alone, but the full-length figure—that was written out very minutely, and very much as I have given it here. The diary contained, besides the entries concerning this daily miracle of his life, very practical

downright notes of his work in his profession as a student, and as time went on of hard work in the hospitals. The book brought him to the end of a couple of years only, but while Mrs. W. sat reading and re-reading the pages through and through, the old man returned with a heavily clasped volume in his hands.

He unlocked it with quivering hands and put it before her—with his face on hers—but speaking not a word, gazing at her as though he were learning every line by heart—though indeed it was quite the opposite. For her face he knew, it was as familiar to him as his own, and had been every day of his life with very rare exceptions for fifty years. The last page was carried up to the previous day's appearance of the haunting vision; little dreaming that he was never to see it again—its realization being at hand.

Her husband died, and the old man lavished care and tenderness and love upon her—he prayed of her to stay in that land with him—to be his daughter, his idol, if not his wife. He told her if she left him he would die; he had lived till now, always believing in a coming meeting. He had lived with the hope before him—and she had come. The vision he knew had left him, and without the woman, now living and breathing and speaking, he could not live. But no—she was young and elastic. Her husband's illness and death had tried her, but she was recovering her gaiety and life, and would stay no longer in the country; she must go. No entreaties could persuade her to wait. The strange weird fascination of that story—that life-mystery—was past for her. Her mind was tuned to another key, and in spite of a warning note within telling her that her presence was life—her absence death—to the man whose soul and being were bound up in hers, she bid him adieu; and he watched her with a set stony face as she said the words, but asked her no more to stay: and she went.

She had not sailed many days when a newspaper reached her containing the tidings of his death, with a paragraph upon the circumstances.

"Dr. H., a well-known physician, hitherto in good health, albeit a man well on in years—being about seventy—has suddenly but painlessly died, after a few days' remarkable, almost perceptible, weakening. He could not be persuaded to touch any food towards the last day or two, and at last died, to the inexpressible grief of his friends, who were all among the poorer classes. He leaves his property, consisting of his house and some thousands of pounds, to a young widow-lady with whom he had lately been intimate." The will was disputed by the old man's family in England—and is still in dispute—Mrs. W. not caring to claim anything, and leaving the lawyers to settle it among themselves.

A. J.

[The above extraordinary story is perfectly well authenticated—the "Mrs. W." of the tale being a near relative of the writer, who is well known to us. It is certainly a most remarkable instance of semi-clairvoyant prevision.—Ed.]

TRUTH AND ITS RELATION TO THEOSOPHY.

THIS subject is a very comprehensive one, possessing a wide interest and embracing many abstruse questions. I shall give only the bare outline of my thoughts regarding the vast theme.

सत्यान्नास्ति परो धर्मः

"There is no religion higher than truth" has been the motto of the Theosophical Society ever since its transplantation to Hindustan. This motto only gains definiteness when it is supplemented by its direct corollary—there is no apostasy lower than falsehood. Now if a motto is the concentrated essence of the broad principles and practices of an association, you will not have to go far in search of the relation between Theosophy and truth. In short, Theosophy is nothing but the science of truth, and the Theosophical Society is simply a shrine dedicated to that science.

Of truth itself I shall touch succinctly upon two different aspects:—

First.—Truth as a subject of philosophical enquiry—i. e., *verity*.

Secondly.—Truth as a moral quality—i. e., *veracity*.

The very first question that suggests itself in connexion with the former of these is "what is the test of truth?" The Bhagavad Gita furnishes a very simple and unmistakable reply to this, which runs thus:—"The false never is, the true never ceases to be." Eternity is thus laid down as the essence of truth, and non-entirety that of falsehood. This verse, however, treats of absolute truth and falsehood, whilst we have to deal in every day life with comparative truth. This may sound strange to our ears, but it is nevertheless a fact; for, our own personal experiences being limited at both ends by time, would it not be idle to talk glibly of absolute truth or eternal entities with reference to matters of every-day concern? To us then all truth is comparative or relative, and the measure of it is durability. Thus there is nothing absolutely false within the field of our perception. The wildest vagaries of a lunatic and the most frantic hallucinations of a delirious patient have a momentary existence, and are therefore true to that extent. On the other hand the intensest of our emotions, these tangible bodies of ours—nay, this solid earth and all the resplendent luminaries which begem the infinite azure over our head, being evidently subject to change and decay, are so far false. This is why the Vedanta classes all manifestations under the category of Maya without making any distinction between the more and the less real. But this conclusion of the Vedanta is its loftiest philosophical generalization, viewing the universe from the standpoint of absolute truth. The blunder committed in ascribing the short-sightedness of the European school of idealists to the Vedanta arises from the inability of its critics to distinguish between the standpoint of the absolute and that of the relative. Hume and Mill have but one way of looking at the question, and represent in their philosophy but a single

phase of the truth—and that phase the most uncommon one. The Vedanta on the other hand fully recognizes the conventional aspect of the world, and investigates the laws which regulate it, while it surpasses the subtlest idealist of the west in its abstraction, and is clearer and more emphatic in its declaration of the chimerical character not only of the cosmos perceived, but also of the perceptive. The Vedanta is Theosophy proper, and is the science of truth in all its phases. Thus by an elaborate though simple process of reasoning—and reason is the only discriminative faculty in us—it arrives at the exact logical inference that, considered absolutely, all phenomena physical and mental are alike false, and that Brahma alone, which is pure reason and is the cause of all phenomena, is really true. At the same time it takes a comparative view of the phenomena themselves and in this view formulates the maxim यज्ञैवेत्यम् "what is seen is true." A proper understanding of the Vedanta will make us not dreamers, as is apprehended by some, but truly practical men—supremely happy in the knowledge of the true nature of things, tracing all incidents to their primary causes, explaining them by the laws which govern their course, relegating to their proper sphere the unavoidable events of physical life, and thus remaining peaceful and contented amid all the storms and vicissitudes of fortune. That the Vedanta is the true solution of the mysteries of existence may be readily gathered from its wonderful combination and reconciliation of transcendental idealism and hard and fast utilitarianism. It is prevented by no Anglican sentimentalism from laying down, despite its theory of the illusional character of feelings, that happiness is the end of all activity—that all this restless energy, this feverish excitement, this torture of the body and soul together that we see around us, are simply due to the yearning after and expectation of perfect felicity somewhere. The Vedanta itself is the outcome of this quest for and hope of bliss; and it fulfils this hope and crowns that quest with success. And what does the Vedanta say? All our pain and misery proceed from ignorance; and therefore knowledge—true wisdom,—is the infallible cure for these—the only ambrosia which yields endless beatitude. And what again is true wisdom but knowledge of the truth, the whole truth and every point of it—truth both absolute and relative, real and conventional? Is there anything more certain, does anything stand more to reason than this doctrine of the Vedanta? Do we require any arguments to convince us of the transparent fact that all our trouble and agonies, our heart-breaking disappointments and anxieties, are owing merely to our ignorance of the truth about them, of the sources from which they spring and the law which controls them? If not, why should we hesitate to set up a temple to truth and consecrate all our possessions at its altar in the full confidence of an abundant return in never-failing blessedness?

All this, however, would be nothing if man were devoid of any faculty for the recognition of truth. Theosophy therefore correctly holds that, although our sense-perceptions

are illusive, the intuitions of our reason¹, which is a ray of the supreme intelligence in us, are actual. Wherefore as the foregoing fundamental tenets of the Vedānta are all the deductions of the highest reason unfettered by any bias and undisturbed by any passion, they may justly be cherished as the richest gems of truth. I have shown that truth is the solitary panacea for all evils, and I may add that its acquisition will lead to the highest optimism and invest the whole of this universe with a robe of goodness pleasing to the eye and soothing to the soul.

Now with regard to the second aspect of truth—*veracity*. In order to justify the ancients in their placing truth at the head of the ethical virtues, morality itself should be defined. The plainest and the most intelligible enunciation of ethics is that given by our Rishis, and adopted to a certain extent by modern utilitarians. That then which best promotes the permanent well-being of mankind in general is the loftiest morality. Let us glance then for a moment at the bearing of truth upon politics and sociology.

"Honesty is the best policy" is a trite and ancient proverb. Nevertheless in our own times the idea seems to have obtained currency, even among the foremost rank of our citizens and the educated community in general, that politics is synonymous with diplomacy, that the best of it consists in what we cannot help denominating moral masquerade and intellectual jugglery. To this idea—pernicious as well to the temporal interests of mankind as to the spiritual—I feel it my duty to give an emphatic contradiction. A policy that has no truth for its basis and rests upon a cunning perversion and suppression of facts—a foundation more unsubstantial than even a dream—must necessarily fail. It contains the elements of its own ruin within itself, depending as it does for its success not upon any solid substratum that can defy the minutest scrutiny, but upon the art of dissimulation, which must give way before a careful examination. It also foolishly assumes intellectual supremacy for its own authors, and unwarrantably counts upon the stupidity of the rest of the world. Such a policy may answer its purpose for a time and under particular circumstances, but it contains no inherent guarantee of success and therefore ought to be discarded by all far-seeing individuals and nations. On the contrary, a course of honesty, which is but a practical illustration of truth in conduct, if invariably pursued, breeds confidence and love, wins friends, and consequently strengthens its advocates.

Our political interests being closely allied to our social, it is needless to speak separately of the latter. The same reasons which show that truth is conducive to our political welfare hold with respect to our social concerns also. The happiness of a gregarious animal such as man can only be secured by mutual affection; and what can be more congenial to the growth of this feeling than kindness and straightforwardness in our dealings with one another? Obedience to the law of nature is a perpetual fountain of

1. Are reason and intuition then identical?

bliss, and misery results from opposition to it. The laws of nature are eternal; obedience to these therefore is devotion to truth, and hence truth is the highest moral quality. Veracity is moreover indispensable to the acquisition of truth, the knowledge of the real mystery of being; for nothing is within our reach which we do not love ardently and serve faithfully. Falsehood betrays an indifference to abstract truth, an absence of fidelity to it, which will always keep us away from it. Truth then is our greatest god; at its sacred shrine let us offer our soul's most devout worship; and as Brahma is very truth, pure and absolute, all glory be to him!

ओ-तत् सत् ॥

UPENDRANATH BASU.

OLLA PODRIDA.

TURNING over the pages of the second volume of the *Theosophist* I have lately re-read with great interest two articles; first *The Mother-land of Nations*, by the late Mirza Murad Ali Beg, and second, *Lamas and Druses*, I fancy by Madame Blavatsky. Also, in connection therewith, I have again read through Biddulph's *Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh*. It would be instructive to learn whence Mirza Murad Ali Beg derived his information, for he was a man of deep erudition. I have always hitherto supposed that the ancient legend of the "churning of the sea" referred to the period when the moon separated itself from this planet and became its satellite; but it may also refer to the drying up or escape of the Central Asian Sea, now the Desert of Gobi. The geological formation of Central Asia would seem to show that in times long past the Mediterranean and the sea of Okhotsk on the Pacific were connected by a continuous water-way or chain of great lakes—the Black Sea, the Caspian and the Sea of Aral and Lakes Baikal and Balkash. We have a similar geological formation in North America, in Hudson's Bay and Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario—perhaps also in Central Africa in the Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Albert and Victoria Nyanza. But on these subjects, I suppose, more information will be forthcoming in the *Secret Doctrine*, where doubtless we shall have maps of the world, showing what changes have occurred in each great cycle, with distribution of populations according to their astral colorations. Mirza Murad Ali Beg makes a mystery of the *Mother-land of Nations*, seemingly borrowed from page 590 of the first volume of *Isis Unveiled*. There are few places of sacred renown in India between which subterranean passages do not exist according to popular rumour. Benares (Kāshi), is said to be so connected with Gāpt Kashi and Uttar Kashi (Barahath) in the Himalayas; so also Gungotri and Badrinath, Manikaru and Triloknath, the Mohauts of which in ancient days were said to have been able to officiate in one place in the morning,

and at its sister shrine in the evening. Perhaps they went by pneumatic despatch tube underground!¹

The only mystery of the Asiatic hive is, how it originated; for the origin of root races is wrapped in mystery, and this deponent saith not whether they originate from a divinely procreated couple, or evolve from prior root races in process of decay and disappearance. It is, I suppose, the old question of the egg and the bird, and equally puzzling and unsolvable. Any way, there was the Aryan hive, and in process of time the bees began swarming, "as 'tis their nature to." The dark-skinned Aryans seem to have led the way, from whom were descended the Dravidians, Ethiopians, and Egyptians. These Mirza Murad Ali Beg appears to have confounded with the Atlanteans and their descendants, the Malays and Chinese. As regards these migrations, at page 90 in *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*, we find "The fifth Race has already evolved five sub-races; the first being the Indian Aryans, and the last the principal European peoples." Further we are told at page 344 of the *Theosophist* for February 1886, "The primitive Chinese, ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, belong to the fourth root race; the Chaldeans and Egyptians to the third and fourth races of the fifth root race. Central Asia was the cradle land of the fifth, and Atlantis of the fourth race." This leaves us still in ignorance as to who were the second race of the fifth root race;² it is to be hoped the *Secret Doctrine* will fill up this gap for us, and also tell us who are to compose the future sixth and seventh races³. I suppose this will lie between Australia and America, or perhaps Africa, when the negro races have been either absorbed or exterminated. The remnants left in the central Asian hive, after these migrations, have naturally atrophied and died out from want of fresh blood; and the country has sympathetically followed suit and become a

1. 'Our contributor's guess is perhaps nearer the truth than he thinks; a kind of astral "pneumatic despatch tube" may very well have been the means of communication. Tradition tells us not only that the sacred places are connected as above suggested, but that the whole soil of India is honey-combed with such secret subterranean passages, and it is even said that there is no spot upon its surface which is more than seven miles from one of the entrances to this underground system of communication—these entrances being guarded by elementals which assume the shape of rocks or other natural features of the landscape, so that the portal is visible only to those whose eyes are opened. The priests of the sacred shrines in the old days were usually adepts, who would be able to appear all but simultaneously in the astral form at any two places they might wish to visit, no matter what was the distance between them; but when for any reason it was necessary to transport themselves in physical body to distant stations, they seem to have materialized from the *akasa* a sort of platform (or perhaps rather a throne) seated on which they were able to project themselves along these subterranean passages at a speed which is said to have exceeded a hundred miles an hour. So the "pneumatic tube" theory is not so far wrong after all.

2. But were there not at least two great outpourings of the Aryan race from their cradle-land in Central Asia, separated by many centuries? And what of the ancient Persians and Medes?

3. On this point there is some difference of opinion among occultists; some expect the sixth race to make its appearance, like the fifth, from Central Asia, and think that during the alteration of the earth's surface which will take place before its advent the Central Asian desert may once more become a sea. Others point to America as a probable cradle-land; and, as the sixth is to be one of what are technically termed the "blue-black" races, if this view be correct there may be some

desert. It is curious how much miscegenation has to say to the history of the world; the most vigorous have always been the most mongrel races. For instance, the English in the recent past and the Americans in the not distant future. Herein lies the danger of India, for caste prevents miscegenation. Nor is similarity in this respect wanting between man and the lower kingdoms. Here is what a learned pomologist, Mr. John Scott of Merriott, has written on the Fox-whelp apple. "This fine old apple deserves more cultivation than it now gets; perhaps it is, as Mr. Knight says, verging to decay, its life race having nearly expired—a doctrine not as yet well established, yet there seems some truth in it, for as we look around us, we see the signs of old age taking hold of many sorts of apples, and no efforts of the cultivator seem to have power to arrest them." It is curious how theosophical teachings will crop up in the most unlikely places, even in a manual of pomology.

In the article *Lamas and Druses* we are given to understand that there is a close relationship existing between Druses, Sikhs, and the Brotherhood of Khelang. We read at page 618 of the second volume of *Isis Unveiled*: "Who, in India, has not heard of the Banda-Chan Ramboutchi, the Houtouktou of the capital of higher Thibet? His brotherhood of the Khe-lan is famous throughout the land." In *Lamas and Druses* we read: "(2) Bande cha-an Rem-boo-tchi at Djashi-Loombo. He is the active earthly wisdom"—in contrast, I suppose, to the Talai Lama of Lha-ssa, who is "the spiritual passive wisdom." Are we to conclude, therefore, that while the Lha-ssa Hobilghau concerns himself with religion and the celestial sphere, his brother Hobilghau of Djashi Lumbo and Si-dzang concerns himself with terrestrial affairs and politics? Of this latter, the Indian newspapers are saying:—"The selection of the Pantshen Lama, whose headquarters are at the monastery of Krashis Lunpo in Further Thibet, and who has shared the over-lordship of Thibet with the Dalai Lama since the fifteenth century, took place at Lhasa in the last week of February. The ceremony is, perhaps, the strangest survival in the ritual of any church. It was an old idea with the Northern Buddhists that distinguished members of their order were incarnations of divine beings, who, while continuing to live in heaven, had the power to assume an earthly existence. This belief is still held regarding the pontiffs of Gedun Dubpa and Krashis Lunpo, the one being looked on as the incarnation of Avalokiteswara, a sort of third person in the trinity of which the great teacher is the head (!) and the other that of Amita-

significance in the paragraph now going the round of the papers which tells us that the racial characteristics of the American negro are rapidly changing—that he is losing the thick lips, the flat nose, and the short hair which have hitherto distinguished him, and that the rising generation has instead long hair, thin lips, and aquiline noses. It is certain that in America, both North and South, there is the most ample physical basis for the development of a new race. Time will shew. It is said that a few isolated precursors of that noble race have already incarnated, though we must not yet expect to meet with them among the ranks of ordinary humanity: few indeed can there be in the world whose Karma would give them such a rebirth as that.

bha, the second person in the same.¹ Accordingly when either of the pontiffs dies, as the Pantshen Lama did some time ago, the other has to set to work and discover wherein the celestial spirit has embodied himself anew. The first step is to get the names of all the male children born just after the death of the deceased Lama, and to select three from these, one of which, cast by lot, is the name of the new Nirmana-kaya or incarnation. About the beginning of the year the Chinese Resident of Lhasa was informed that "three young boys of remarkable intelligence and strangeness" had been found, and after some time spent in communicating with Peking, the youngsters were brought to Lhasa and all preparations made for the grand ceremony. All the Chutuktus, or abbots of the great monasteries, were present to supervise the week of prayer; the three children were received by the Resident and the Thibetan authorities "in order that their intelligence and difference from other persons might be tested;" and finally on an auspicious day, a golden vase containing the fate of the boys having been brought in and placed in front of the Emperor's image which stands in the hall at Gedun Dubpa, the lot was drawn and the elect of the three hailed as Amitabha incarnate, the *Pantshen Rinposhe*, "Glorious Teacher," henceforth to rule over half Thibet. Politically the ceremony has no great interest outside the country, for though in theory the Pantshen Lama is the equal of his brother pontiff at Lhasa, the position of the latter at the capital gives him the practical supremacy."

Whatever the Sikhs may have done in the time of their "guru-kings," I do not think they now correspond with Thibet; although the Lahore paper informs us that the Kookas, one of the Sikh sects, have the same signs and pass-words as the Masons of the Royal Arch. In the time of Runjeet Singh the Sikhs invaded Thibet, and like the Goorkhas, got well beaten at Lake Mantilæ (Mansarovara). The second volume of *Isis Unveiled* gives the names of several really secret societies of great antiquity, and of importance even in the present day. Amongst others, the Brotherhood of Luxor in America, the Hermetic Brothers of Egypt, the sect of Pitris in India, those of the Laghana Shashtra in the Deccan, the Bektash Dervishes, etc. Does the Theosophical Society affiliate with any of these; and will any further light be thrown on them and their aims in the *Secret Doctrine*? We read: "But the two are still more closely related to a third and still more mysterious community of religionists, of which nothing, or next to nothing, is known by outsiders; we mean that fraternity of Thibetan Lamaists, known as the Brotherhood of Khelang, who mix but little with the rest." I meet a great number of wanderers from Ladakh, Yarkand, Thibet, and Machin; is there any means of recognising among these one of the Khelang Brotherhood?²

1. We could hardly have expected even the average newspaper editor to display such colossal ignorance of the first principles of Buddhism as this!

2. No one living the ordinary life is likely to see "a member of the Khelang Brotherhood;" and even if any man were so far honoured, he would certainly not recognise him as such unless it were the Brother's wish that he should do so.

In *Lamas and Druses* it is said: "El Hamma or Hâmsa came from 'the land of the Word of God.' Where was that land?" To this question no direct answer is given, but there is a reference to Swedenborg's "Lost Word," for which his followers were to search among the hierophants of Tartary, Thibet, and China. And a little further on we read: "Though separated by the Karakorum Range and Little Thibet, the great Thibet is on the same Asiatic plateau in which our Biblical scholars designate the table-land of Pamir as the cradle of the human race, the birth-place of the mythical Adam." The answer will probably be found in that paragraph of Mirza Murad Ali Beg's *Mother-land of Nations* which I now quote. "The part, however, to which we particularly wish to direct the reader's attention is further to the south. In a position which may be described best as between Ladak, Eusufzai, Wakhan, and Yarkand, lies a region yet very imperfectly known to geographers, and which is really a curious jumble of mountain peaks and elevated plateaux intersected by frightful cañons unapproachably deep, through which rivers thunder after falling headlong from tremendous precipices. In the western and less rugged part of this in every way extraordinary region are the sources of the Oxus, and the country called significantly the "Bâmi Dûnyâ," or roof of the world. Another loose and not very strictly limited title for portions of this territory, but more properly applied to a more easterly portion, is 'the Pamir.' Therein is Mount * * * * and the Valley of * * * *. Easterly beyond this is a still more rugged and distorted tract of country about the districts of Dardistan and Hunza. It is through parts of the Eastern limits of the territory, which, taken as a whole, is more like the jumbled and distorted ruins of a by-gone world than anything else, that the Indus makes its way from Ladak to India. And thereby, it is said, hangs a tale which may be told some day." Let us hope that it may be told in the *Secret Doctrine*.

Now about this part of the world there is a great deal to be found in Biddulph's *Tribes of the Hindoo Koosh*, and I hope I may be therefore pardoned for making a copious extract from the same, especially with reference to the Maulais, who form a sort of half-way house between the Druses and the Khelang Brethren. I am surprised that no mention has been made of these people, either in Mirza Murad Ali Beg's *Mother-land of Nations* or in Madame Blavatsky's *Lamas and Druses*. It is to be hoped that we shall learn something for certain about these people in the *Secret Doctrine*, for what Colonel Biddulph has to tell us, though intensely interesting, is merely wayside gossip and therefore not entirely trustworthy. He says:—

The whole of the people of Hunza, Ponyal, Zebak, Shighnan, Roshan, Munjan, Kolab, and Darwaz, more than half the people of Sirikol, Wakhan, and Yassin, and the greater number of the inhabitants of the Ludkho Valley in Chitral, belong to the Maulai sect. A few Maulais are said to exist in Khokand, Karategin, and Badakshan, among the poorest of the people, and in one district near Balkh they are known as the disciples of Syud Jaffer Khan. Some are also to be found in Afghanistan, where they are known as Muftadis. A few may possibly exist in Bokhara and Khorassan, but in a fanatical country they would probably pass themselves off as Shiâhs. The head of this sect is Agha Khan, the acknowledged spiritual chief of the

Khojas of India and Persia, a gentleman of Khorassan, who came to India in 1840 for political reasons, and who has resided in Bombay ever since. The countries inhabited by the Maulais are roughly divided among a number of Pirs, who are treated by their disciples with extraordinary respect, but residence does not give the Pir authority over the whole of any special district. The office is hereditary, and Maulai families transfer their spiritual obedience from father to son, regardless of changes of residence.

Next in rank to the Pirs are Caliphas, whose duty consists in little more than the collection of offerings. The Pirs each correspond direct with Agha Khan. The Maulais must not be confounded with the Maulavi sect of dancing dervishes, with whom they have nothing in common. They assert that their sect was founded by the Imam Jaffer Ali Sadik (the just), a descendant of Ali, by the daughter of the Prophet, who died A. H. 148. Abu Mahommed Hussain, however, writing in the Zubdat-ul-akhbar, says that Mahomed surnamed Mahdi, who claimed to be sixth in descent from the Imam Jaffer Ali Sadik, founded the sect, who were first known as Ismailiyas, in Egypt in A. H. 299. His followers recognised him as the twelfth Imam, and quoted a supposed saying of the prophet Mohammed that every three hundred years the sun would rise in the West, explaining that Mohammed Mahdi's preaching three hundred years after the Hegira was a fulfilment of the prophecy. Abu Yezid, a Moollah who questioned Mahommed Mahdi's descent from Jaffer Ali Sadik, on the plea that Ismail's only son had died childless, was proclaimed to be Dejjal (Antichrist). The conquest of Egypt by Sultan Sala-ud-deen Yusuf destroyed the temporal power of the sect in that country. They were at that time ruled by Azid, a descendant of Mahommed Mahdi. Meanwhile the tenets of the sect had been brought to Persia by Hassan-i-Sabbah, an Arab of the tribe of Himyar in Yemen, who established himself later in Alamot, where his grandson, on the seventh day of the Ramazan A. H. 555, publicly proclaimed that fasting and other observances of the Sharyat were no longer obligatory.

Colonel Yule in his notes on the travels of Marco Polo, has given an interesting account of the "old man of the mountain" whose representative he recognises in Agha Khan. On this supposition the Maulais of the Hindoo Koosh and Oxus valley belong to the sect of the Assassins, and are an offshoot of the sect to which the Druses of the Lebanon belong. They call themselves Muglees, Maulais, or Mawallis indifferently. Mr. Drew suggests that the name is derived from Maula, an Arabic name for God. The appellation may equally claim to be a corruption of Muwahideen, the name by which the Druses still call themselves, or Mulahidah, from *mulhed*, an infidel, the name given to the sect in old times."

The precepts and observances of the sect are difficult to ascertain, one of their sayings being that "a man should conceal his faith and his women", and the little I have been able to ascertain is from Maulais who have proselytized, and those only men of no education.

Sunnis speak of them as "Kaffirs" and "Rafizi," but they themselves do not refuse to pray or eat with Sunnis. They are sometimes accused of worshipping Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, and accordingly styled "Alipurust," and they undoubtedly esteem Ali, who they say was born of light, as superior to the Prophet Mahommed, and an incarnation of the deity. They reject the idea of a future state, believing in the transmigration of souls. Evil deeds are punished by the spirit being translated into a dog or other mean animal. Good actions are rewarded by a future incarnation as a great or holy man. They claim little in common with other sects of Mahommedans, saying that the Sunni is a dog and the Shiah is an ass. They question the divine character of the Koran, though they say that it was entrusted to the Angel Gabriel to give to Ali, but that he gave it by mistake to Mahommed.

They use in place of the Koran a book called the Kalami Pir, a Persian work, which is shown to none but men of their faith. The precept most commonly quoted by them is that a man should blind himself, so that he should not be moved by envy at sight of his neighbour's prosperity; he should weaken his hands, so that they can grasp nothing belonging to others; and lame himself, that he may be unable to disobey the com-

mands of his Pir. Cattle that have strayed into standing crops are not to be driven out till they have satisfied themselves. A good Maulai is already as one dead, prayers therefore are unnecessary, as also is fasting. If any forcible attempt should be made to cause a Maulai to fast, he should resist it by devouring a pinch of dust. The only pilgrimage enjoined is to the living head of their faith, who is styled the Imami Zeman or Sahebi Zeman. Marriage can be performed by any man whose beard is white. The form of the Maulai Kalima is changed yearly in accordance with instructions from their spiritual head.

A. BANON.

THE PROGRESS OF CONTEMPORARY PSYCHOLOGY.

WE extract the following note from *Nature* of June 14th:—

In a recent interesting lecture, opening his course at the College de France, M. Ribot gave a sketch of contemporary psychology.

The science in France, he said, might be characterised by the expression "the era of monographs." There was no comprehensive work like that of Wundt in Germany; such works were certainly very useful, but, like vast cathedrals, they always needed repair at some point.

In psychology proper, the part belonging to logical operations, to reasoning as the principle of the unity of perceptions, had been well studied; and perhaps the most important results had been reached in the study of the nature and physical conditions of the image.

The psychology of movements, especially those expressing thought, had yielded a rich harvest; while the great amount of experimentation in hypnotism, and the foundation in 1885 of a Society of Physiological Psychology (impossible twenty years ago) showed the vitality of French studies.

In England, the principal contributions were in comparative psychology, represented by the work of Lubbock and Romanes.

Germany was the centre of psycho-physics. Wundt's laboratory at Leipzig, founded in 1879, had acquired great renown, and last year had twenty students of different nationalities working in it.

M. Ribot justified those studies, which had been rather depreciated in France.

The predominating tendency in Italy was criminal psychology (better known as criminal anthropology)—the three chiefs of the school being Lombroso, mainly a biologist; Ferri, a sociologist and statistician; and Garofals, a jurist.

It had gained several adherents in France, and there were symptoms of its invading Spain. In the United States, as in Germany, public instruction had almost alone played the part of initiation in the psychological movement; in England, the work had been chiefly done by books (Mill, Bain, Spencer, &c.)

Four American Universities now gave special teaching in physiological psychology, and had laboratories, psycho-physics being the dominant study.

A journal devoted to experimental psychology was started at the John Hopkins University, last November, by Professor Stanley Hall.

The work of James at Harvard was also referred to. Allusion was further made to Russia, which might be expected to take a good place in the psychology of the future.

As M. Ribot remarks, twenty years ago all this would have been impossible. He gives us a very cheering record of progress on the whole, and the Theosophical Society may very fairly be proud of its share in the work achieved. To those who appreciate the paramount importance of the study it may seem strange that much more has not been done; but we must recollect the tremendous dead-weight of opposition which has had to be encountered from popular prejudice. Those who have worked long and earnestly in the cause may well congratulate themselves on the results obtained.

Reviews.

THE BUDDHIST.

A project, long in contemplation, has been realised in the appearance of a specimen number of our new weekly English journal, *The Buddhist*, at Colombo. It is to be a supplement to our Sinhalese semi-weekly, the *Sarasavisandaresa*, and is intended for the benefit of all who may be interested in Buddhism, and feel an active sympathy in the efforts of Buddhists to purify their religion from the dross of superstition. Its primary object is to revive and strengthen Buddhism in Ceylon, and to spread it elsewhere. It proposes "to give information from time to time as to what is doing in the worlds of philosophy and literature, and to show how by the remarkable phenomena of modern spiritualism on the one plane and by daring religious speculation on the other, the superstitions of Europe are gradually being cleared away, leaving room for the pure light from the East to shine through. It will at all times be glad to receive correspondence on any subject of interest to the Buddhist public, but will not admit any attacks on other religions, or any discussion upon sectarian questions." A very good programme, which we trust may be satisfactorily carried out. The number under review is issued merely as a specimen, but the regular weekly issue will commence almost immediately. The paper is to be an eight-page quarto, printed on good paper, in new type, specially imported. The subscription price is but Rs. 2-8-0 to subscribers in Ceylon and India, or 7s. or \$ 1-75 including postage, to those in Europe and America. It will be published by the Colombo Theosophical Society. We hope that every friend of the Society's Buddhist work who can afford the trifling cost will send in his name and remittance to the Manager of the *Theosophist*, who will act as agent, or to the Secretary of the Colombo Theosophical Society, 61 Maliban Street, Colombo. The specimen number is full of good matter, among the rest a scathing criticism upon the Bishop of Colombo's recent Oxford Lecture on Buddhism.

HESTIA.

We have just received the first number of "*Hestia* ; a magazine devoted to the teachings of the ancient Sages and the study of Philosophy and Science." This magazine marks in more ways than one a very interesting new departure. In the first place, it breaks fresh ground, for it is published at Wellington, New Zealand, and has therefore the honour of being the pioneer Theosophical journal of Australasia ; and secondly, it differs from most other magazines in that it has no subscription, but is sent gratis to all who express a wish to receive it. It is in fact a generous and truly Theosophical effort on the part of some of our members to do really missionary work in a new land—to put the truth before the eyes of many who have hitherto had no opportunity of seeing it, and to create and foster in the most important of the English colonies an interest in those subjects which all who have studied them admit to be of infinitely greater importance than all else in the world. We give to this effort our heartiest sympathy, and we trust that many of our brothers in all parts of the world will partake of the good Karma of so noble a work by forwarding donations or subscriptions to the Editor in order to enable him to print a larger number of copies of his magazine and so spread its teachings ever further and further. We shall be most happy to take charge of and

forward any such donations or subscriptions. We extract a few paragraphs from the opening article, addressed "To the Reader":—

"We have taken for our title *Hestia*—the sacred fire of the hearth of the Greeks—the fire which must be kept always burning. By this is signified the inner light or conscience—that which chiefly distinguishes man from the animal. All men have it, and to extinguish it means spiritual death, and leaves man—now a form only and no longer worthy of the name of man—on a level with the brute. Our symbol includes the interlaced triangles ; the downward pointing one representing matter, or the manifested—the upward pointing one the unifying spirit or the unmanifested. It is a symbol of the intention of this journal to advocate for both the spiritual and material parts of man's nature their due consideration. Neither claiming special knowledge nor presuming to lead, the promoters of this venture feel that in the wisdom of the ancient religious and philosophies of the world lies much that must tend to give hope and enlightenment to an age that has become almost entirely materialistic. We collate then for those who, having no fixed belief, yet long to know : and who, involved in the continual rush of our nineteenth-century life, have little time or opportunity to study those subjects which might bring them peace and satisfaction.

"We desire it to be distinctly understood by our readers that we have no desire to gain proselytes to any form of belief or to any system of thought ; we have nothing to say in favour of or against any particular dogma. We entertain a sincere respect for the *bonâ fide* religious opinions of all men, and we should deem it acting in direct opposition to our own principles to say one word derogatory to what is held as sacred by any person truly religious.

"Religion and science should be one. In any true system of thought they are one, and interblend and support one another. The one is the science of symbols, the other of prototypes. Let us then by our earnest study of these symbols get at their essence—the permanent Idea—the spiritual truth which they strive to exemplify. In such a study a man must use his heart as well as his head, and bear in mind continually during his anxious researches that what is wrong in morality cannot be right in science.

"The form of the religion is but the setting of the jewel—the frame of the picture We can look with implicit assurance to the teachings of those few great lives which seem to us, gazing over the dark page of history, to shine like suns, their rays reaching into the darkness and their influence beyond ; lives whose mission on earth has been the teaching of the same truths, different perhaps in form according to the circumstances, dispositions and understandings of their hearers ; lives whose common object has been the amelioration of man's conditions ; none pointing by any royal road to human happiness, and none by any road to pleasures, but all speaking in accents of the most engaging simplicity of that happiness which is alone the fruit of humility, honesty, purity, loving-kindness. Round the simple meaning of these great Teachers' words we hesitate not to ask the brotherhood of man to rally ; words of truth, words that have stood the test of ages, and have as much application now as they had when uttered ; words that are, we may therefore say, from the divine source of all truth. To each brother we say—'Place the jewel in the setting your heart most desires ; frame the picture according to your liking ; but do not let the setting divide your attention with the jewel—in admiring the frame do not overlook the picture—do not cast away the kernel if you keep the shell.'

Words of true wisdom, these last, and well worthy the most earnest attention of men of all creeds; for all are but too apt to forget that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

In addition to this opening address to the reader, the contents of the first number are original articles on "The Four Noble Truths," "In Memoriam—Dr. Anna Kingsford," and "The Organic Cell"—the latter an abstract from notes gleaned from various writers on biology; and extracts on "Heroism," "An Appeal for the Brute Creation," and "Greek Mysteries"—this last a most interesting paper taken from *Art Magic*.

The magazine consists of eight quarto pages printed on good paper, with an attractive cover bearing as motto the very appropriate words of Goethe:—"Arise, O child, and bathe your earthly senses in yonder fountain of eternal light." Literary contributions are invited, also correspondence upon matters of interest to the readers. Subscription on the part of the reader is, as we have said, voluntary; all subscriptions sent will be acknowledged in the magazine, and will be spent either in its enlargement or in the increase of the circulation. The Editor will also be glad to receive from readers the names and addresses of any to whom the magazine will be of interest. All correspondence should be addressed to The Editor of *Hestia*, care of Edwards and Co., Wellington, New Zealand.

THE MADRAS MUTUAL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL SOCIETY.

We have received for notice two pamphlets from the above-mentioned Society, one being its first Report and the other an appeal for help to the Native Princes, Zemindars, merchants and educated gentlemen of India. The Society was founded in January 1885 by a Committee composed principally of domestic servants, and its object is to raise a fund in order to establish a free Industrial School for the children of pariahs. The Committee very truly remark in their report that the pariahs are as a class strong, intelligent and industrious, yet owing to the utter lack of education among them the majority lead sadly degraded lives, steeped in ignorance and superstition, and too often given up to the terrible vice of drunkenness. Obviously the remedy for this is to provide some means whereby the rising generation at least may be trained on better lines, and enabled to see the wickedness and folly of such evil courses. In too many cases at present the pariah children learn almost nothing, for the parents are almost invariably too poor to pay school fees, and the few who could do so complain—probably, with reason—that their offspring are despised by their class-mates when sent to an ordinary school. The desire of the Committee is therefore to found a school specially for pariah children, where they will receive without charge a primary education, and also instruction in some branch of manual labour, such as carpentry, book-binding, printing, &c. Up to the present time by persevering effort they have succeeded in collecting Rs. 785, which has been deposited in the hands of the Official Trustees of the High Court, Madras; and in reporting this fact they urgently appeal for further help. We commend this appeal to the consideration of our readers, for surely no work can be more truly Theosophical than that of assisting the poor and despised in their efforts to better their intellectual condition, and to live so as to secure a more favourable birth at their next incarnation; and those who have the welfare of India truly at heart must not only strive to obtain Government appointments for young men of the upper classes, but must also face the far more gigantic and pressing problem of raising the masses of the Indian people. Donations for the objects of the School Society are to be forwarded to H. G. Wedderburn, Official Trustee, High Court, Madras.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

Dr. Buck's admirable paper on the "Destiny of Man as Unfolded in Theosophy," which was read at the recent Chicago Convention, and has been reproduced in our pages, is now out in pamphlet form. It is most tastefully printed on fine calendered paper, and in those charmingly artistic types for which American publishers are becoming famous.

EVOLUTION.

M. D'Assier, the learned author of *L'Humanité Posthume*, has kindly sent in an advanced chapter of his work, *La Terre*—now in press—which is to form the third Volume of his great scientific book *Essai de Philosophie Naturelle, le Ciel, la Terre, et l'Homme*. Like all he does this brochure evinces long observation, deep study, and a capacity for original synthesis and analysis of fact. What especially enlists the sympathy of the reader is the fact of his pursuit of science in defiance of the awful drawback of his blindness. Has he not some devoted wife or child who lovingly serves him as eye and hand?

SYSTEMATIC THEOSOPHICAL READING.

Mr. George Redway announces the speedy publication of a pamphlet by Mr. Sinnett, containing hints and recommendations for a systematic course of reading to be pursued by those who wish to acquire a knowledge of Occultism. This is a most timely and welcome help to our movement, and coming from such a hand we may be certain that it will be thoroughly well done.

The pamphlet will appear almost immediately, and will be duly announced when received at Adyar.

PALMISTRY.

We learn from *Light* that Mrs. Katherine St. Hill is preparing a very clear work on this now favourite subject, and she proposes to call it "*The Grammar of Palmistry*." The lines of the hand are differently read in India and Europe, and as the experts hereabouts are probably as successful fortune-tellers as those of the West, it would not be amiss if Mrs. St. Hill should consult some hand-book like *Samudrika* and collate the two systems.

THE MORAL PANACEA.*

As the "Pagoda tree" used to shower its mohurs and rupees into the laps of the Anglo-Indians of the former generation, so by the shaking of our Theosophists is the tree of Sanskrit Literature raining down its ripest and most nutritious fruits for the benefit of the expectant public. The little pamphlet under notice is a timely compilation of the moral apophthegms uttered by Sri Sankaracharya in this famous poem of sixteen slokas. They are printed in Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindi, and English, thus being made accessible to a very large public. Price two annas post-free.

* *Mohamudgara*, or Panacea for Distraction. By Paramahansa Sankarācharya. Edited by Durga Das Ray, Darjeeling, 1888.

Correspondence.

"TYROLESE MAGIC."

SIR,

The following passage from a book of travels in the Tyrol, published in 1856, may interest your readers. The writer says of the Tyrolese peasants:—"Some can tell of the sprites and fairies that used to haunt the solitary hill-tops or the secret places of the mountains: how that a herdsman, going back to his mountain hut for something he had forgotten, after quitting it at the close of the season, found a ghostly neat-herd in possession, and busying himself with spectral dairy utensils and cattle; of another who, having crossed a fairy ring on his way homeward, was awoken at midnight, and made to carry a red hot hammer in his hand to the scene of trespass.

"At times a lonesome wanderer has beheld clouds of dollars floating with enticing glitter in the air, and always just out of reach, mocking his desires: such appearances are said to be a sign that treasures are buried somewhere in the ground beneath the silvery cloud.

"Stones rolling down the hill have slipped from the grasp of unhappy sprites who, toiling without repose, must roll them up again. The malignant ghost, watching his opportunity, sometimes lets the stone escape when it will strike down a peasant or an unfortunate cow in its descent.

"Many are the freaks of the 'Night-folk;' one instance may suffice.

A villager very fond of music went one night upon the Brunnenberg, where fairies used to meet, and listened to their wild music, and watched their dancing and other diversions until daybreak.

"Towards dawn one after the other slipped away; the last, however, before going, stuck his knife into the plank above the door of the dancing shed. So, at least, it seemed to the amazed spectator; but when he began to walk he found the knife sticking in his knee. Unluckily, no one could pull it out, and the curious fellow had to carry it about in his leg, though without pain, for a whole year. But the twelvemonth over, he went again to the same place, where, as before, he saw merry pastimes and jocund feasting, and a sudden flight as the morn grew red: when the last reveller, saying "I must take my knife, though," snatched it from over the door, and the watcher returned to his home without the blade in his knee."

Doubtless a charming book could be made of hitherto unpublished tales like this, if any one had the energy to collect and edit them.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

JOHAR OR ZAUHAR.

SIR,

In the *Theosophist* for August, Captain A. Banon wants to know the locality of "Johar or Zauhar." I know two such names. Jawhar is a native state in Bombay Presidency, in the Kokan District. Johar is a valley in the Kumaun District of the North-West Province, one of the Bhotia Mohals in the North Himalayan slopes inhabited by people of Tibetan origin. This is probably the place inquired after by the abbot of Lundee.

R. P. B., F. T. S.

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE THEOSOPHIST.

SEPTEMBER 1888.

THE PRESIDENT'S EUROPEAN TRIP.

Colonel Olcott left Adyar on the 4th ultimo for Bombay, passed a day with our excellent Brothers there, and on the 7th sailed in the P. & O. Mail Steamer *Shannon* for London, *via* Brindisi. On the 26th he was to reach London, taking the overland route through Italy and France both ways to save the fortnight's difference in time—a matter of moment when he allows himself but twelve or thirteen weeks for the whole tour. It is just possible that his presence may be demanded in New York; in which case his absence would be prolonged about four weeks, and within the four months he would have been sixty days at sea and fifty-five ashore, in Europe and America. The round trip would involve journeys amounting altogether to twenty-one thousand miles: a severe task for a man of his years, and one which nothing but the imperative demands of the Society's welfare would have induced him to undertake at this particular time. It is hoped that the tour will result in the permanent establishment of our movement in Europe and America on the most stable foundation. The Society has already between thirty and forty Branches in Western countries, and exhibits signs of rapid expansion. The President's movements will be reported monthly by us until his return.

CEYLON.

The work in this Island is making steady progress. The recent visit of Mr. Leadbeater to Galle and the villages on the Galle Road was in every way a great success, several new schools being organized and much good work set on foot. An examination of the Society's school at Balapitiya-modara was recently held with the most gratifying results. The English High School at Colombo is working well, and its numbers gradually increase. Mr. Leadbeater has been obliged to leave the Island for a time, to act as editor of *The Theosophist* magazine during the absence of Colonel Olcott in Europe, but he will return as speedily as possible. He has just prepared the second part of the *Children's Buddhist Catechism* (which is intended as an introduction to the more elaborate one of Colonel Olcott) and it will be published as soon as it has been submitted to the High Priest for his approval.

THEOSOPHY IN EUROPE.

A few years ago almost every respectable journal in England thought it beneath its dignity to take notice of Theosophy, the Theosophical Society, or its publications. If any of these journals made mention of Theosophy, they immediately went into hysterics and degenerated into ignorant misrepresentation and abuse.

The *Saturday Review* four years ago was most bitter against the Society and its founders, but its wonderfully changed tone at present is a sufficient acknowledgment that Theosophy has become a powerful factor in the thought that influences many of the educated minds in England and several of the other countries of Europe.

We give below an extract from the *Saturday Review* of June last headed "Occultism:" which will be read with satisfaction by every Theosophist.

"Occultism and Theosophy now enjoy no inconsiderable vogue, and have a very respectable literature of their own, rejoicing, for example, in a "theosophical monthly" entitled *Lucifer*, "designed to bring to light the hidden things of darkness," under the editorship of H. P. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins.

Of the two volumes before us, *Light on the Path* and *Magic*, the first is a brochure avowedly "written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence." Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in his new book, *Scientific Religion*, quotes the last three rules in *Light on the Path*, and terms them the climax of a particular philosophy. Into Mr. Oliphant's question as to whether the philosophy itself is of use to humanity we do not propose to enter. So far as we can gather from the mystic language in which it is couched, *Light on the Path* is intended to guide the footsteps of those who have discarded the forms of religion while retaining the moral principle to its fullest extent. It is in harmony with much that was said by Socrates and Plato, although the author does not use the phraseology of those philosophers, but rather the language of Buddhism, easily understood by esoteric Buddhists, but difficult to grasp by those without the pale. *Light on the Path* may, we think, be said to be the only attempt in this language and in this century to put practical occultism into words; and it may be added, by way of further explanation, that the character of Gautama Buddha, as shown in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, is the perfect type of the being who has reached the threshold of Divinity by this road. That it has reached a third edition speaks favourably for this *multum in parvo* of the science of occultism; and "M. U." may be expected to gather fresh laurels in future.

Dr. Hartmann's *Magic*, as compared with *Light on the Path*, is a bulky tome; and in its closely-printed pages students of occultism will find hints, "practical" and otherwise, likely to be of great service to them in the pursuit of their studies and researches. It was not the author's "object, in composing this book, to write merely a code of Ethics, and thereby to increase the already existing enormous mountain of unread moral precepts, but to assist the student of occultism in studying the elements of which his own soul is composed, and to learn to know his own physical organism. I want to give an impulse to the study of a science which may be called the 'anatomy and physiology of the Soul,' which investigates the elements of which the soul is composed, and the source from which man's desires and emotions spring." Dr. Hartmann's compendium is "an attempt to show the way how man may become a co-operator of the Divine Power, whose product is Nature," and his pages, as described by himself, "constitute a book which may properly have the title of *Magic*, for if the readers succeed in practically following its teaching, they will be able to perform the greatest of all magical feats, the spiritual regeneration of Man." Dr. Hartmann's book has also gone into a third edition, and has developed from an insignificant pamphlet, "written originally for the purpose of demonstrating to a few inexperienced inquirers that the study of the occult side of nature was not identical with the vile practices of sorcery," into a compendious volume, comprising, we are willing to believe, the entire philosophic system of occultism. There are abundant evidences that the science of Theosophy has made vast strides in public estimation of late years, and that those desirous of experimenting in this particular, and in many respects fascinating, branch of ethics, have leaders whose teaching they can follow with satisfaction to themselves."

N. D. K.

AMERICA.

The following Report of the Theosophical Society of Chicago has been forwarded by the General Secretary in America.

The Chicago Branch T. S., on account of its increasing membership, has found it desirable to engage a room for its weekly meetings in the central part of the city. Heretofore it has met at private houses; and for the past year at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Wight. On Saturday evening, May 26th, the last meeting was held at that place and resolutions were passed expressing the appreciation of the Branch of the cordial hospitality ever extended to it. The host responded by declaring

himself the honoured party in the matter, and offering to place his home at the service of the Branch meetings whenever any future necessity might require it. Mrs. Wight also spoke a few farewell words, which were so admirable and universal in their Theosophy that they deserve to be placed on record. They were as follows:—"At this last of our delightful meetings, I wish to convey to you some idea of the gratitude I feel for the great help you have all given me. Not one of you, from the oldest to the newest, from the most eloquent to the most silent member of this Society, could have been left out of my Karmic web, with the same results to me for each one of us is some part of every other here, as the different members of my body are parts of it. If any one is unkind to me, it is as if I had hurt my own hand or bruised my own foot. It is I who have done it and not another. And as I carefully restore a physical wound with the blood of my heart, so I must give to that other wounded part of me the spiritual blood of the heart-love.

If another receive benefit and advancement, spiritual, intellectual or physical, it is a *part of myself* that has won the good, and I rejoice. If another lack what I have, and I supply the need, I have given to *myself* and deserve no thanks. We can give nothing *away*, for it ever remains with *some part of ourselves*. And so, all the beautiful gifts that you—each and every one—have bestowed on me, are still a part of you and I shall guard them sacredly for your service, always. Your combined influence has been like sunlight and rain that have hastened the growth of the hidden grains of truth within me. I may go from you to duties and trials of which I know nothing. I am an humble servant of servants, and to them give as absolute submission as cloistered nun to her superiors. The nun keeps out dangers to her peace with heavy walls: we travellers on the path must build our own walls daily, even in the rush and glare of clamorous life. But whatever duties come to me, I shall ever turn to you, who have helped me to find my soul, for further strength to aid me in the discharge of them. With us then, comrades, there can be no "farewells." We are all parts of each other, as also of the great whole. The realization of this is union with the higher self, and makes us at one with all other selves. Peace be with you!"

M. L. BRAINARD, COR. SECY., C. B. T. S.

THE DISS-DEBAR SPIRIT PICTURES.

Unsavoury in her moral character as she is, Mrs. Diss Debar seems beyond doubt the most marvellous of mediums for "precipitations." The American journals tell the strangest stories of her phenomena. For instance, once while bathing in a lake, a gentleman standing on the shore called out to her to make a picture appear in a notebook he held in his hand. She concentrated her gaze on it for a moment, then told him to look in the book, and upon opening the latter he found there in fresh colours, a portrait of one of his deceased friends! Mr. Marsh, though suffering the loss of some thousands of dollars by her pranks, testified in open Court his conviction that she was "the most wonderful spiritual medium in the world." She and her alleged confederate, Debar, have been sent to the Penitentiary for six months—which counts for little as proof of guilt in actions against mediums and other spiritualists—and there seems a great conflict of opinion among spiritualists as to their mediumistic guilt or innocence.

THE BUDDHIST CATECHISM.

Two of our brothers have just undertaken the translation of this most useful little work into the Hindi and Gujarati languages respectively.

THE INFLUENCE OF THEOSOPHY.

We extract the following item from the *Morning Post* of August 18th:—"Many of the Mughs of the Chittagong Division, according to the Commissioner's annual report, ceased to drink country liquor after Colonel Olcott's visit to the district last year—a fact of which the scoffers at 'Theosophy should make a note.'"

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

As Colonel Olcott's engagements in foreign countries for the coming three months preclude the possibility of his writing for the magazine, our old contributors and other friends will do him a great favour by sending in to the Editor in charge original articles or translations of interesting and instructive works.

THE TWO PRIZES.

As notified last month, subscribers will kindly fill in the voting-papers sent with the present number, and return them as quickly as possible to "The Editor of the *Theosophist*, Adyar, Madras." It will be extremely interesting to see which of the contributions to Volume IX have pleased the greatest number of our readers. The *Theosophist* occupies a distinct literary field, in which we shall ever try to make it pre-eminent—the conversion of old Aryan wisdom into material for high modern thinking, by translations from Sanskrit and Indian vernaculars into English. We do not cater to the uneducated masses, but to that restricted class who think, analyze, synthesize, and lead contemporary opinion. Through them, we hope to reach and elevate the people. The same work that Western Orientalists attempt we attempt, but with the difference—and, we think, the advantage—that the meanings of the Aryan writers and teachers are explained for us by living commentators of the same blood, insight, and inherited aptitudes. To the superficial reader these translations may appear dry, but to those who believe the world's direst present want to be the uncovering of the old spiritual and moral treasures, they are full of life, interest, and power. The volumes of the *Theosophist* are in this respect like tanks full of clear water to the thirsty pilgrim: our series of Sanskrit translations give a permanent literary value to our periodical, and our volumes will always command a good price at the booksellers. Should the vote sent in be large enough to encourage a repetition of the pleasant experiment, the same offer will be made of first and second prizes for contributions to Volume X; of which the opening number will be that for next month.

H. S. O.

NOTICE.

As all subscriptions to the *Theosophist* are payable in advance, and a new Volume will commence with the October number, friends are requested kindly to remit their subscriptions at once. Full directions, as to the form of remittance are given on the inside of the cover of the Magazine.

We are very anxious to reach a wider public, so as to spread the truths of Theosophy ever further and further. Will not our friends help us in this? We would ask each of our readers to make a special effort to induce some of his friends to subscribe, and to try, when renewing his own subscription, to send along with it that of at least *one* new supporter. Since the next number will commence our Tenth Volume, this is a peculiarly appropriate time for such an effort for the good cause. An extremely interesting translation of the Jain *Ramayana*, by Dewan Bahadur P. SRINIVASA Row, will be commenced in our next number.

CARD FROM THE MANAGER.

Without wishing to appear invidious, the undersigned begs permission, at the close of the ninth volume, to testify his great satisfaction with the business relations of his department with Messrs. Colby and Rich, of Boston, and W. H. Terry, and C. H. Bamford, of Melbourne, his agents. Their honesty, promptitude, and courtesy leave nothing to be desired.

THE MANAGER OF THE THEOSOPHIST.

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