

LUCIFER

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THE FALL OF IDEALS.

Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off—and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto! . . . And yet, it is never to be forgotten that ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! . Infallibly.

—CARLYLE.

THE approach of a NEW YEAR of Christendom, and the arrival of another *birthday* of the Theosophical Society on which it entered on its fifteenth year,* afford us a most fitting opportunity to glance backward and see how far public and private ideals have gained or lost ground, and how much they have been changed for better or for worse. This will show, at the same time, whether the advent of the T. S. was timely, and how far it is true that such a Society was an imperious necessity in our age.

Limited by the exclusion of politics from its field of observation, the only horizon that LUCIFER has to watch and pass judgment upon is that which bounds the realm of man's moral and spiritual being. What changes then have taken place during the vanishing year in mortal and immortal man? But here again the sphere of our observation is limited. LUCIFER like a mirror of the times, can only reflect that which comes before its own polished surface, and that only in broadest outline; moreover only those passing pictures of strongest contrast—say of Christian and Heretic life; of the mob of the frivolous and the restricted groups of mystics.

Alas, whether we turn East, West, North or South, it is but a contrast of externals; whether one observes life among Christians or Pagans, worldly or religious men, everywhere one finds oneself dealing with man, masked man—only MAN. Though centuries lapse and decades of ages

* The complete and final organization of the T. S. took place in New York on November 17th, 1875.

drop out of the lap of time, great reforms take place, empires rise and fall and rise again, and even whole races disappear before the triumphant march of civilization, in his terrific selfishness the "man" that *was* is the "man" that *is*—judged by its representative element the public, and especially society. But have we the right to judge man by the utterly artificial standard of the latter? A century ago we would have answered in the negative. To-day, owing to the rapid strides of mankind toward civilization generating selfishness and making it keep pace with it, we answer decidedly, yes. To-day everyone, especially in England and America, is that public and that society, and exceptions but prove and reinforce the rule. The progress of mankind cannot be summed up by counting units especially on the basis of internal and not external growth. Therefore, we have the right to judge of that progress by the public standard of morality in the majority; leaving the minority to bewail the fall of its ideals. And what do we find? First of all Society—Church, State and Law—in conventional conspiracy, leagued against the public exposure of the results of the application of such a test. They wish the said minority to take Society and the rest *en bloc*, in its fine clothes, and not pry into the social rottenness beneath. By common consent, they pretend to worship an IDEAL, one at any rate, the Founder of their State Christianity; but they also combine to put down and martyrise any unit belonging to the minority who has the audacity, in this time of social abasement and corruption, to live up to it.

Mrs. Lynn Linton has chastised this hypocrisy as with a whip of scorpions in her magnificent satire, "Joshua Davidson." That is a book that surely every Pagan as well as Christian Theosophist should read. As unhappily many have not, let us say that she makes her hero practically exemplify the principles and imitate the human virtues of the Founder of the Christian religion. The sketch is neither a caricature nor a malicious perversion of the truth. A truly Christ-like man, whose heart overflows with a tender passionate compassion, tries to raise the ignorant and sin-crushed classes, and awaken their stifled spirituality. By degrees, through an agony of suffering and persecution, he shows the hollow mockery of popular Christianity, thus anticipating but by a few years the very sincere Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Warmed by the spirit of the code of Jesus, poor Joshua Davidson becomes a Socialist, in time a *Communard* of Paris; consorts with thieves and prostitutes, to help them; is persecuted and hunted down by the Christian clergy and pious laity on his return to England; and finally, at the instigation of the highly respectable vicar of his parish, is stamped to death on the platform, under the boot-heels of a clamorous mob.

This is, perhaps, but a romance; yet in its moral and gradual development of thrilling psychological evolution *it is true to life*. Have we not realities of but yesterday, still fresh in the public mind, that match it? Do we not all know such self-devoting men and women in our midst?

Have we not all of us followed the career of certain individuals, Christ-like in aspirations and practical charity, though, perhaps, Christ-denying and Church-defying in intellect and words, who were tabooed for years by bigoted society, insolent clergy, and persecuted by both to the last limits of law? How many of such victims have found justice and the recognition they merit? After doing the noblest work among the poor for years, embellishing our cold and conventional age by their altruistic charity, making themselves blessed by old and young, beloved by all who suffer, the reward they found was to hear themselves traduced and denounced, slandered and secretly defamed by those unworthy to unloosen the lachets of their shoes—the Church-going hypocrites and Pharisees, *the Sanhedrim of the World of Cant!*

Truly Joshua Davidson is a sketch from real life. Thus, out of the many noble ideals trampled practically in the mud by modern society, the one held by the Western World as the highest and grandest of all, is, after all, the most ill-treated. The life preached in the Sermon on the Mount, and the commandments left to the Church by her MASTER, are precisely those ideals that have fallen the lowest in our day. All these are trampled under the heel of the caitiffs of the canting caste *de facto*—though *sub rosa* of course, *cant* preventing that they should do so *de jure*—and *shams* are substituted in their place.

Such an incident as the glove-fight at the "Pelican Club" leaves one in serious doubt. Is modern Society in England consciously hypocritical, or simply, too hopelessly bereft of guiding moral principles to be aware in all cases, of its own sins? Of course the transaction can be criticised easily enough in the light of mere conventional decorum. There is something strangely contemptible about a state of the law which pursues with angry determination the humble bruisers who arrange their honest and straightforward brutalities in the back parlour of a public-house, and leaves respectfully untouched the peers and gentlemen who parade their pugilists at a fashionable club. The champion potman who is put up by his admirers to fight a pugnacious bricklayer for a few sovereigns a side, knows that the chance of bringing off his battle lies in the cunning with which he and his friends can keep the arrangements secret from the police. Let them be suspected and they will be promptly hunted down; let them be caught in this defiance of the law and they will be surely sent to prison. On the other hand let an aristocratic association of vicarious prize-fighters organise a pugilistic display, behind the thin veil of a pretence that it is a boxing-match with gloves; and then, though the gloves themselves may be so thin that the knuckles beneath are capable of inflicting blows quite as severe in their effect as those of the old-fashioned prize-ring, the proceedings come within the pale of legality, and the services of the police can be openly retained to keep order in the neigh-

bourhood and guard the select audience from the too eager curiosity of the envious crowd in the street.

The text is one on which familiar diatribes against the privileges of the rich can be thrown off in any quantity. And in the case before us the time chosen for the costly encounter, emphasizes in an amusing way the cynicism of the whole undertaking. Nominally, the fight took place on Monday morning, but in reality on Sunday night ; on that which was just Sunday evening for the late diners of the "Pelican." The day which a multitude of enactments both legal and unwritten devote themselves to keeping holy—at the expense of all healthy and natural recreation for the people, whether of mind or body—was the day selected by the luxurious fighters of Soho for the brutal display they served themselves with, at the enormous cost we have all heard of. £1,000 was subscribed as the reward of the combatants, whose zeal in punishing each other was guaranteed—or so the aristocratic and Christian promoters of the fight imagine—by assigning £800 to the man who should be victorious and only £200 to the other. The men went into regular training for their fight, as it were to have been conducted on the undisguised system of former days—and in short the whole entertainment was a *prize-fight* to all intents and purposes, and was expected to be an extremely "well" contested one. That it proved the reverse was a circumstance that need hardly affect any remarks that we have to make on the subject.

We leave the obvious comparisons between the one law which operates in such matters for the poor, and the other law which accommodates itself deferentially to the rich, to be drawn by critics who seek to improve the occasion in the interest of political agitation. There is no particular principle affecting the higher region of morals in the fact that laws are often stupid and unequal. But there are considerations affecting the recent prize-fight which impinge on the great purposes of Theosophy. Apart from all questions of law, how is it possible, we ask, that a great body of Englishmen of education and social respectability can find the promotion of a prize-fight an amusement for their *blasé* leisure, which even the consciences *they* possess can allow them to indulge in? For remember, it is mere senseless abuse of any class or people to say they are without conscience. The members of the "Pelican Club" we may be sure, have all of them codes of honour of some sort or another which they respect in a fashion, which their consciences, however distorted by custom, would forbid them to disregard. If a Sunday evening prize-fight comes within the scheme of enjoyments that seem to them permissible, it is due to the fact that the moral principles really rooted in their thinking do not stand in the way of this ; nor do we find fault with the day selected but simply with *such* an enjoyment on *any* day. For them, however, sons of Protestant families, there is a fall and disregard of *two ideals* implied. With all of them probably, their principles would stand in the way of cheating at cards or hitting a woman. The trouble

is not that their principles are weak or their consciences obscured, so far as regards the code of honour of the circles they belong to ; but that the whole scheme of moral teaching on which they have been reared is debased, imperfect, and above all materialistic. The so-called religion to which they nominally belong has hardly contributed to the formation of that code at all. It would not indeed look favourably on Sunday prize-fights, but it has not sufficient vitality to enforce its ideas on the hearts or lives of its careless adherents. The great scandal of modern religion as a rule of life is, that taking modern Society all round in a broad way, it does not command any attention at all. It has failed not so much to show what ought to be done and left undone—for of course even the maxims of the church as far as words go, cover a great deal of ground—as it has failed to show with any adequate force *why* this or that should be a guiding principle. The modern church, in fact, has broken down as a practical agency governing the acts of its followers—*i.e.* of the millions who are content to be called its followers, but who never dream of listening to a word it says.

Fully conscious that a great deal it says is *very good*, its exponents (blandly ignorant how bad is a great deal of the rest) think it is owing to the perversity of mankind that people at large are not better than they are. They never realise that they themselves—the Dry Monopole of social wines—are primarily to blame, for having divorced the good codes of morals, bequeathed to them from the religions of all time, from the fundamental sanctions which a correct appreciation of true spiritual science would attach to them. They have converted the divine teaching which is the Theosophy of all ages into a barbarous caricature, and they expect to find their parrot echoes of preposterous creeds a cry that will draw the worldlings to their fold, an appeal which will stir them up to the sublime task of spiritualizing their own natures. They fail to see that the command to love one another must be ineffective in the care of people whose whole conceptions of futurity turn upon their chances of drawing a lucky number in the lottery of the elect, or of dodging the punishment that would naturally be their due, at a happy moment when the divine mind may be thrown off its balance by reflecting on the beauty of the Christian sacrifice. The teachers of modern religion, in fact, have lost touch with the wisdom underlying their own perverted doctrines, and the blind followers of these blind leaders have lost touch even with the elementary principles of physical morality which the churches still continue to repeat, without understanding their purpose, and from mere force of habit. The ministers of religion, in short, of the Nineteenth Century, have eaten the sour grapes of ignorance, and the teeth of their unfortunate children are set on edge. Certainly there was a good deal of bad Karma made at the "Pelican Club" on the evening of the celebrated prize-fight, but no small share of it will have been carried to the account of the

forlorn pastors who idly and ignorantly let slip their golden opportunities all over the town that morning, as on all others, and left their congregations unmoved by any thought that could help them to realise how they would go out of the churches into the world again when service was over, to contribute by every act and example of their lives to the formation of their own destinies and the crystallisation in their own future of the aspirations and desires they might encourage.

Of all the beautiful ideals of the Past, that true religious feeling that manifests in the worship of the spiritually beautiful alone, and the love of plain truth, are those that have been the most roughly handled in this age of obligatory dissembling. We are surrounded on all sides by Hypocrisy, and those of its followers of whom Pollok has said that they were men:—

“Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
To serve the devil in.”

Oh the unspeakable hypocrisy of our age! The age when everything under the Sun and Moon is for sale and bought. The age when all that is honest, just, noble-minded, is held up to the derision of the public, sneered at, and deprecated; when every truth-loving and fearlessly truth-speaking man is hooted out of polite Society, as a transgressor of cultured traditions which demand that every member of it should accept that in which he does not believe, say what he does not think, and lie to his own soul! The age, when the open pursuit of any of the grand ideals of the Past is treated as almost insane eccentricity or fraud; and the rejection of empty form—the dead letter that killeth—and preference for the Spirit “that giveth life”—is called *infidelity*, and forthwith the cry is started, “Stone him to death!” No sooner is the sacrifice of empty conventionalities, that yield reward and benefit but to self, made for the sake of practically working out some grand humanitarian idea that will help the masses, than a howl of indignation and pious horror is raised: the doors of fashionable Society are shut on the transgressor, and the mouths of slanderous gossips opened to dishonour his very name.

Yet, we are daily served with sanctimonious discourses upon the blessings conferred by *Christian civilization* and the advantages offered by both, as contrasted with the curses of “heathenism” and the superstitions and horrors of say—the Middle Ages. The Inquisition with its burning of heretics and witches, its tortures at the stake and on the rack, are contrasted with the great *freedom of modern thought*, on one hand, and the security of human life and property *now*, as compared with their insecurity in days of old. “Is it not civilization that abolished the Inquisition and now affords the beggar the same protection of law as the wealthy duke?” we are asked. “We do not

know," we say. History would make us rather think that it was Napoleon the First, the Attila whose iniquitous wars stripped France and Europe of their lustiest manhood, who abolished the Inquisition, and this not at all for the sake of civilization, but rather because he was not prepared to allow the Church to burn and torture those who could serve him as *chair à canon*. As to the second proposition with regard to the beggar and the duke, we have to qualify it before accepting it as true. The beggar, however right, will hardly find as full justice as the duke will; and if he happens to be unpopular, or an heretic, ten to one he will find the reverse of justice. And this proves that if Church and State were *un-christian* then, they are still *un-christian*, if not more so now.

True Christianity and true civilization ought to be both opposed to murder, however legal. And yet we find, in the last half of our departing century more human lives sacrificed—because of the improved system and weapons of warfare, *thanks to the progress of science and civilization*—than there were in its first half. "Christian civilization," indeed! Civilization, perhaps; but why "Christian"? Did Pope Leo XIII. personify it when in an agony of despair he shut himself up on the day when Bruno's monument was unveiled, and marked it as a *dies iræ* in Church History? But may we not turn to civilization, pure and simple? "Our manners, our civilization," says Burke, "and all the good things connected with manners . . . have in this European world of ours, depended for ages upon two principles. . . . I mean the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of religion." We are quite willing to test the character of the age by these ideals. Only, it has always been hard to say just what definition to give to the term "gentleman"; while as to religion, ninety-nine out of every hundred people one meets would, if asked, reply in such a fashion as to make it plain that they had confounded religion with theology. The dictionary definition of a "gentleman" is that of a man who is well-born, of "gentle and refined manners, and who bears arms"; a "gentleman farmer" is one who farms his own estate, and a "gentleman usher" an unpaid royal flunkey. But this will hardly do. For how many are there not, in the most aristocratic circle, with a dozen quarterings on their arms, who are vicious and depraved to a degree, for which the parallel must not be sought in Whitechapel but in the Rome of the Cæsars. In comparison with the vices of these, the Odyssey at the "Pelican Club" may be viewed as the childish escapade of schoolboys.

Nay, if the truth is to be told, the habits of Royal Sons and Imperial Heirs Apparent are often unspeakably immoral and uncivilized. The fountain of honour, instead of supplying pure water, overruns with moral putridity. With such examples as these, can we wonder at the disrespect shown by lesser stars for minor ideals? Our "Admirable Crichtons" of to-day beat their swords into yard-sticks, and lend the

honour of their arms for a dividend in shady companies juggled upon the Exchange. The modern troubadour sings not under the balcony of his lady-love, nor defends her honour in the lists of chivalry; but when jilted, writes her name on the list of defendants in breach-of-promise cases, and demands of a jury substantial damages in *£. s. d.* The marks of "honour" given in days of old for saving human life at one's own peril, for noble deeds of valour and heroism achieved, are now too often reserved for those who triumph in the bloodless battlefield of commercial strife and advertisement; and grand "gold medals of HONOUR" (!?) are now falling to the lot of the proprietors of matches, pills and soaps. O shades of Leonidas of Sparta, of Solon and Perikles, veil your astral faces! Rejoice, ye *larvæ* of the too much married Solomon and of the Temple money-changers! And ye, imperial spooks of Caligula, Constantine and the world-conquering Cæsars, look at your caricatures on the Servian and other thrones. The claws of the royal lions of the XIXth century are clipped, and their teeth extracted; yet they try to emulate your historical vices in their humble way, sufficiently well to have lost long ago all claim to be regarded as the "Lord's anointed," to be prayed for, flattered and pandered to by their respective churches. And yet they are. What an unparalleled farce!

But perhaps we have to look for true Christianity and true civilization and culture in the modern higher courts of Law? Alas, there are modern judges of whom their Lord (our Karma) would say, "Hear what the unjust judge sayeth." For, in our day, the decree of justice is sometimes uttered in the voice of the bigots who sit in Solomon's seat and judge as the Inquisitors of old did. In our century of Christian civilization, judges emulating their predecessors of the tribunal of the sons of Loyola, employ the more exquisite instruments of *moral* torture, to insult and goad to desperation a helpless plaintiff or defendant. In this they are aided by advocates, often the type of the ancient headsman, who, metaphorically, break the bones of the wretch seeking justice; or worse yet, defile his good name and stab him to the heart with the vilest innuendoes, false suppositions concocted for the occasion but which the victim knows will henceforth become *actual truths* in the mouth of foul gossip and slander. Between the defunct brutal tortures of the unchristian Inquisition of old, and the more refined mental tortures of its as unchristian but more civilized copy—our Court and truculent cross-examiners, the palm of "gentleness" and charity might almost be given to the former.

Thus we find every ideal of old, moral and spiritual, abased to correspond with the present low moral and unspiritual conceptions of the public, Brutalized by a psychical famine which has lasted through generations, they are ready to give every ideal spiritual Regenerator as food for the dogs, while like their debauched prototypes, the Roman populace under

Nero, Caligula, and Heliogabalus, they crowd to see bull-fights in Paris, where the wretched horses drag their bleeding bowels around the arena, imported *Almées* dancing their loathsome *danse du ventre*, black and white pugilists bruising each other's features into bloody pulp, and "raise the roof" with their cheers when the Samsons and Sandows burst chains and snap wires by expanding their preternatural muscles. Why keep up the old farce any longer? Why not change the Christmas carol thus:—

Gladiator natus hodie.

Or change the well-known anthem after this fashion:—

"GLORY TO GOLD IN THE HIGHEST
AND ON EARTH STRIFE, ILL-WILL TOWARD MEN."

To transmute the *god* of the "uncivilized" age to the *gold* of the present cultured age, needs but the addition of an "l": a trifle to this generation of idolators who worship the coins of their respective realms, as the concrete embodiment of *their* highest ideal.

Avaunt! We are ready to make a free gift to Society with our best compliments, of all those fine European "gentlemen" and Christian champions of our century—the century of mock-civilization and mock-Christianity. As many of the former do not scruple to cheat their hard-working tradesmen out of their dues to pay their gambling debts withal, so many of the latter do not hesitate to receive on false pretences ample "collections" and personal livings, from too-confiding flocks. For who can deny that they entice them to exchange their worldly gear for promissory notes made payable in a post-mortem state of which they themselves know nothing and in which many of them do not believe? Nothing then would be nicer than for a wall to be built around Mayfair, turned into a modern *Parc aux Cerfs* and a *Camp of Moses* combined, for the confinement of the modern Bayards, *preux chevaliers* without reproach or fear, and the modern Pharisees, both types of the glorious Christian civilization with its divine ideal of cultured and converted Humanity. For then, and then only, would we Theosophists and other decent folk be free to consort unmolested with those who are called "sinners and publicans" by the modern "Synagogue of Jesuits—" with the Joshua Davidsons of Whitechapel. Nor would the masses of truly religious souls be the losers, were they to be left to the sole care of the few truly Christian priests and clergymen we know of; those who now live in the daily fear of being made to appear on their trial before their bishops and churches for the unpardonable crime of serving their *ideal* MASTER in preference to the dead forms of their ecclesiastical superiors.

THEOSOPHICAL VIEWS ON THE PRECEDING.

IN a world of illusion in which the law of evolution operates, nothing could be more natural than that the ideals of MAN—as a unit of the total, or mankind—should be for ever shifting. A part of the Nature around him, that Protean, ever changing Nature, every particle of which is incessantly transformed, while the harmonious body remains as a whole ever the same, like these particles man is continually changing, physically, intellectually, morally, spiritually. At one time he is at the topmost point of the circle of development; at another, at the lowest. And, as he thus alternately rises and sinks, and his moral nature responsively expands or contracts, so will his moral code at one time embody the noblest altruistic and aspirational ideals, while at the other, the ruling conscience will be but the reflection of selfishness, brutality and faithlessness. But this, however, is so only on the external, illusionary plane. In their internal, or rather, *essential* constitution, both nature and man are at one, as their essence is identical. All grows and develops and strives toward perfection on the former planes of externality or, as well said by a philosopher is—“ever becoming;” but on the ultimate plane of the spiritual essence all is, and remains therefore immutable. It is toward this eternal *Esse* that every thing, as every being, is gravitating, gradually, almost imperceptibly, but as surely as the Universe of stars and worlds moves towards a mysterious point known to, yet still unnamed by, astronomy and called by the Occultists—the *central Spiritual Sun*.

Hitherto, it was remarked in almost every historical age that a wide interval, almost a chasm, lay between practical and ideal perfection. Yet, as from time to time certain great characters appeared on earth who taught mankind to look beyond the veil of illusion, man learnt that the gulf was not an impassable one; that it is the province of mankind through its higher and more spiritual races to fill the great gap more and more with every coming cycle; for every man, as a unit, has it in his power to add his mite toward filling it. Yes; there are still men, who, notwithstanding the present chaotic condition of the moral world, and the sorry *débris* of the best human ideals, still persist in believing and teaching that the now *ideal* human perfection is no dream, but a law of divine nature; and that, had Mankind to wait even millions of years, still it must some day reach it and rebecome *a race of gods*.

Meanwhile, the periodical rise and fall of human character on the external planes takes place now, as it did before, and the ordinary average perception of man is too weak to see that both processes occur each time on a higher plane than the preceding. But as such changes are not always the work of centuries, for often extreme changes are wrought by swift acting forces—*e.g.* by wars, speculations, epidemics, the devastation of famines or religious fanaticism—therefore, do the blind masses imagine that man ever was, is, and will be the same. To the eyes of us, moles, mankind is like our globe—seemingly stationary. And yet, both move in space and time with an equal velocity, around themselves and—*onward*.

Moreover, at whatever end of his evolution, from the birth of his consciousness,

in fact, man was, and still is, the vehicle of a dual spirit in him—good and evil. Like the twin sisters of Victor Hugo's grand, posthumous poem "Satan"—the progeny issued respectively from Light and Darkness—the angel "Liberty" and the angel "Isis-Lilith" have chosen man as their dwelling on earth, and these are at eternal strife in him.

The Churches tell the world that "man is born in sin," and John (1st Epist. iii., 8) adds that "He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning." Those who still believe in the rib-and-apple fable and in the rebellious angel "Satan," believe, as a matter of course in a personal Devil—as a contrast in a dualistic religion—to a personal God. We, Theosophists of the Eastern school, believe in neither. Yet we go, perhaps, further still than the Biblical dead letter. For we say that while as *extra-cosmic* Entities there is neither god nor devil, that both exist, nevertheless. And we add that both dwell on earth in man, being in truth, *the very man himself*, who is, as a physical being, the devil, the true vehicle of *evil*, and as a spiritual entity—god, or *good*. Hence, to say to mankind, "thou hast the devil," is to utter as metaphysical a truth as when saying to all its men, "Know ye not that god dwelleth in you?" Both statements are true. But, we are at the turning point of the great social cycle, and it is the former fact which has the upper hand at present. Yet as—to paraphrase a Pauline text—"there be devils many . . . yet there is but one Satan," so while we have a great variety of devils constituting collectively mankind, of such grandiose Satanic characters as are painted by Milton, Byron and recently by Victor Hugo, there are few, if any. Hence, owing to such mediocrity, are the human ideals falling, to remain unreplaced; a prose-life as spiritually dead as the London November fog, and as alive with brutal materialism and vices, the seven capital sins forming but a portion of these, as that fog is with deadly microbes. Now we rarely find aspirations toward the eternal ideal in the human heart, but instead of it every thought tending toward the one central idea of our century, the great "I," *self* being for each the one mighty centre around which the whole Universe is made to revolve and turn.

When the Emperor Julian—called the *Apostate* because, believing in the grand ideals of his forefathers, the Initiates, he would not accept the human anthropomorphic form thereof—saw for the last time his beloved gods appear to him, he wept. Alas, they were no longer the bright spiritual beings he had worshipped, but only the decrepit, pale and worn out shades of the gods he had so loved. Perchance they were the prophetic vision of the departing ideals of his age, as also of our own cycle. These "gods" are now regarded by the Church as *demons* and called so; while he who has preserved a poetical, lingering love for them, is forthwith branded as an Antichrist and a modern Satan.

Well, Satan is an elastic term, and no one has yet ever given even an approximately logical definition of the symbolical meaning of the name. The first to anthropomorphize it was John Milton; he is his true putative intellectual father, as it is widely conceded that the *theological* Satan of the Fall is the "mind-born Son" of the blind poet. Bereft of his theological and dogmatic attributes Satan is simply an *adversary*;—not necessarily an "arch fiend" or a "persecutor of men," but possibly also a foe of evil. He may thus become a Saviour of the oppressed, a champion of the weak and poor, crushed by the

minor devils (men), the demons of avarice, selfishness and hypocrisy. Michelet calls him the "Great Disinherited" and takes him to his heart. The giant Satan of poetical concept is, in reality, but the compound of all the dissatisfied and noble intellectuality of the age. But Victor Hugo was the first to intuitively grasp the occult truth. Satan, in his poem of that name, is a truly grandiose Entity, with enough human in him to bring it within the grasp of average intellects. To realise the Satans of Milton and of Byron is like trying to grasp a handful of the morning mist: there is nothing *human* in them. Milton's Satan wars with angels who are a sort of flying puppets, without spontaneity, pulled into the stage of being and of action by the invisible string of theological predestination; Hugo's Lucifer fights a fearful battle with his own terrible passions and again becomes an Archangel of Light, after the awfullest agonies ever conceived by mortal mind and recorded by human pen.

All other Satanic ideals pale before his splendour. The Mephisto of Goethe is a true devil of theology; the Ahriman of Byron's "Manfred"—a too supernatural character, and even Manfred has little akin to the human element, great as was the genius of their Creator. All these images pale before Hugo's SATAN, who loves as strongly as he hates. Manfred and Cain are the incarnate *Protests* of downtrodden, wronged and persecuted individuality against the "World" and "Society"—those giant fiends and savage monsters of collective injustice. Manfred is the type of an indomitable will, proud, yielding to no influence earthly or divine, valuing his full absolute freedom of action above any personal feeling or social consideration, higher than Nature and all in it. But, with Manfred as with Cain, the Self, the "I" is ever foremost; and there is not a spark of the all-redeeming love in them, no more than of fear. Manfred will not submit even to the universal Spirit of Evil; alone, face to face with the dark opponent of Ahura-Mazda—Universal Light—Ahriman and his countless hosts of Darkness, he still holds his own. These types arouse in one intense wonder, awe-struck amazement by their all-defiant daring, but arouse no human feeling: they are *too supernatural ideals*. Byron never thought of vivifying his Archangel with that undying spark of love which forms—nay, *must* form the essence of the "First-Born" out of the homogeneous essence of eternal Harmony and Light, and is the element of forgiving reconciliation, even in its (according to our philosophy) last terrestrial offspring—Humanity. Discord is the concomitant of differentiation, and Satan being an evolution, must in that sense, be an adversary, a contrast, being a type of Chaotic matter. The loving essence cannot be extinguished but only perverted. Without this saving redemptive power, embodied in Satan, he simply appears the nonsensical failure of omnipotent and omniscient imbecility which the opponents of theological Christianity sneeringly and very justly make him: with it he becomes a thinkable Entity, the *Asuras* of the Purânîc myths, the first *breaths* of Brahmâ, who, after fighting the gods and defeating them are finally themselves defeated and then hurled on to the earth where they incarnate in Humanity. Thus Satanic Humanity becomes comprehensible. After moving around his cycle of obstacles he may, with accumulated experiences, after all the throes of Humanity, emerge again into the light—as Eastern philosophy teaches.

If Hugo had lived to complete his poem, possibly with strengthened insight, he would have blended his Satanic concept with that of the Aryan races which

makes all minor powers, good or evil, born at the beginning and dying, at the close of each "Divine Age." As human nature is ever the same, and sociological, spiritual and intellectual evolution is a question of step by step, it is quite possible that instead of catching one half of the Satanic ideal as Hugo did, the next great poet may get it wholly : thus voicing for his generation the eternal idea of Cosmic equilibrium so nobly emphasized in the Aryan mythology. The first half of that ideal approaches sufficiently to the human ideal to make the moral tortures of Hugo's Satan entirely comprehensible to the Eastern Theosophist. What is the chief torment of this great Cosmic Anarchist? It is the moral agony caused by such a duality of nature—the tearing asunder of the Spirit of Evil and Opposition from the undying element of primeval love in the Archangel. That spark of divine love for Light and Harmony, that no HATE can wholly smother, causes him a torture far more unbearable than his Fall and exile for protest and Rebellion. This bright, heavenly spark, shining from Satan in the black darkness of his kingdom of moral night, makes him visible to the intuitive reader. It made Victor Hugo see him sobbing in superhuman despair, each mighty sob shaking the earth from pole to pole ; sobs first of baffled rage that he cannot extirpate love for divine Goodness (God) from his nature ; then changing into a wail of despair at being cut off from that divine love he so much yearns for. All this is intensely human. This abyss of despair is Satan's salvation. In his *Fall*, a feather drops from his white and once immaculate wing, is lighted up by a ray of divine radiance and forthwith transformed into a bright Being, the Angel LIBERTY. Thus, she is Satan's daughter, the child jointly of God and the Fallen Archangel, the progeny of Good and Evil, of Light and Darkness, and God acknowledges this common and "sublime paternity" that unites them. It is Satan's daughter who saves him. At the acme of despair at feeling himself hated by LIGHT, Satan hears the divine words "No ; I hate thee not." Saith the Voice, "An angel is between us, and her deeds go to thy credit. Man, bound by thee, by her is now delivered."

" O Satan, tu peux dire à present : je vivrai !
Viens ; l'Ange Liberté, c'est ta fille et la mienne
Cette paternité sublime nous unit ! . . . "

The whole conception is an efflorescence of metaphysical ideality. This white lotus of thought springs now, as in former ages, from the rottenness of the world of matter, generating *Protest* and LIBERTY. It is springing in our very midst and under our very eyes, from the mire of modern civilization, fecund bed of contrasting virtues. In this foul soil sprouted the germs which ultimately developed into All-denying protestators, Atheists, Nihilists, and Anarchists, men of the Terror. Bad, violent, criminal some of them may be, yet no one of them could stand as the copy of Satan ; but taking this heart-broken, hopeless, embittered portion of humanity in their collectivity, they are just Satan himself ; for he is the ideal synthesis of all discordant forces and each separate human vice or passion is but an atom of his totality. In the very depths of the heart of this HUMAN Satanic totality burns the divine spark, all negations notwithstanding. It is called LOVE FOR HUMANITY, an ardent aspiration for a universal reign of Justice—hence a latent desire for light, harmony and goodness.

Where do we find such a divine spark among the proud and the wealthy? In respectable Society and the correct orthodox, so called religious portion of the public, one finds but a predominating feeling of selfishness and a desire for wealth at the expense of the weak and the destitute, hence as a parallel, indifference to injustice and evil. Before Satan, the incarnate PROTEST, repents and reunites with his fellow men in one common Brotherhood, all cause for protest must have disappeared from earth. And that can come to pass only when Greed, Bias, and Prejudice shall have disappeared before the elements of Altruism and Justice to all. Freedom, or Liberty, is but a vain word just now all over the civilized globe; freedom is but a cunning synonym for oppression of the people in the name of the people, and it exists for castes, never for units. To bring about the reign of Freedom as contemplated by Hugo's Satan, the "Angel Liberty" has to be born simultaneously and by common love and consent of the "higher" wealthy caste, and the "lower" classes—the poor; in other words, to become the progeny of "God" and "Satan," thereby reconciling the two.

But this is a Utopia—for the present. It cannot take place before the castes of the modern *Levites* and their theology—the Dead-sea fruit of Spirituality—shall have disappeared; and the priests of the Future have declared before the whole World in the words of *their* "God"—

"Et j'efface la nuit sinistre, et rien n'en reste,
Satan est mort, renaiss O LUCIFER CELESTE!"

H. P. B.



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MEMORY.

(Concluded from page 186.)

THE *Materialistic Theory of Memory*.—According to this theory Memory, like all other mental functions, is the result of the vibrations of nerve-cells, and may be expressed in terms of matter and motion. When a stimulus from the Object World sets up a vibration in a sense-organ, that vibration is propagated as a wave from cell to cell of the nervous chain till it reaches its appropriate centre in the cerebrum. There arises the perception, the outcome of *mental* activity. This nervous action, once set up, tends to repeat itself more easily with each similar stimulus, the nervous energy following the path of least resistance, and each recurrence of the similar vibration making easier further repetition. Such a vibration having once been set up, it may recur in the absence of the external stimulus, and we have the *idea* in lieu of the sensation-perception. Whenever the nerve-cells vibrate as they vibrated under the first stimulus, the idea recurs, and this recurrence is termed memory. Now when the vibration is first set up it is at its strongest, and it is argued that this intensity of vibration lessens, until it is not sufficient to affect the consciousness. Mr. James Ward writes (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, vol. xvii. No. 2, quoted by Sully): “What, now, do we know concerning this central image in the intervals when it is not consciously presented? Manifestly our knowledge in this case can only be inferential at the best. But there are two facts, the importance of which Herbart was the first to see, from which we may learn something: I refer to what he calls the rising and falling of presentations. All presentations having more than a liminal intensity rise gradually to a maximum and gradually decline; and when they have fallen below the threshold of consciousness altogether, the process seems to continue; for the longer the time that elapses before their ‘revival,’ the fainter they appear when revived, and the more slowly they rise. This evanescence is most rapid at first, becoming less as the intensity of the presentation diminishes. It is too much to say that this holds with mathematical accuracy, although Herbart has gone this length. Still, it is true enough to suggest the notion that an object, even when it is no longer able to influence attention, continues to be presented, though with even less and less absolute intensity, till at length its intensity declines to an almost dead level just above zero.” Put into the materialist language this would be that the nervous elements vibrate at first strongly, and continue to vibrate, with less and less vigour, until the vibration is insufficient to affect the consciousness, and the image sinks below the threshold. The vibrations go on, still diminishing, but *not ceasing*; if they cease, the image is lost beyond revival; if they continue, however feebly, they may be reinforced and once more

rise to an intensity which lifts them above the threshold of consciousness. Such reinforcement is due to association. As Sully puts it very clearly, ("Outlines of Psychology," pp. 236, 237) :—

"In order to understand more precisely what is meant by the Law of Contiguous Association, we may let A and B stand for two impressions (percepts) occurring together, and *a* and *b* for the two representations answering to these. Then the Law asserts that when A (or *a*) recurs it will tend to excite or call up *b*; and similarly that the recurrence of B (or *b*) will tend to excite *a*. . . . The physiological basis of this contiguous association seems to be the fact that two nerve structures which have repeatedly acted together acquire a disposition to act in combination in the same way. This fact is explained by the hypothesis that such a conjoint action of two nerve centres somehow tends to fix the line of nervous excitation or nervous discharge when one centre is again stimulated in the direction of the other. In other words, paths of connexion are formed between the two regions. But it may be doubted whether physiologists can as yet give a satisfactory account of the nervous concomitants of the associative process."

Lewes defines memory on the physiological side as "an organised tendency to react on lines previously traversed" ("The Physical Basis of Mind," p. 462); and Herbert Spencer relates each class of feelings to its own group of cells (vesicles) in the brain. He says :—

"If the association of each feeling with its general class answers to the localisation of the corresponding nervous action within the great nervous mass in which all feelings of that class arise—if the association of this feeling with its sub-class answers to the localisation of the nervous action within that part of this great nervous mass in which feelings of this sub-class arise, and so on to the end with the smallest groups of feelings and smallest clusters of nerve-vesicles; then, to what answers the association of each feeling with predecessors identical in kind? It answers to the re-excitation of the particular vesicle or vesicles which, when before excited, yielded the like feeling before experienced; the appropriate stimulus having set up in certain vesicles the molecular changes which they undergo when disturbed, there is aroused a feeling of the same quality with feelings previously aroused when such stimuli set up such changes in these vesicles. And the association of the feeling with preceding like feelings corresponds to the physical re-excitation of the same structures." ("Principles of Psychology," vol. i. p. 258.)

We are then to regard Memory as the result of the re-excitation of vesicles in the brain—the theory is clear and definite enough. Is it true?

The first difficulty that arises is the limited space available for the containment of these vesicles, and the consequent limitation of their number. It is true that their possible combinations may be practically infinite in number, but this does not much help us; for they are to continually vibrate, however feebly, so long as an idea is capable of revival, and a vesicle vibrating simultaneously in some thousands of combinations would be in a parlous molecular condition. For all these combinations must exist simultaneously, and each must maintain its inter-related vibrations without cessation. Now, is this possible? It is true that from the vibrating strings of a piano you may get myriads of combinations of notes; but you cannot have all these combinations sounding from the strings at the same time, some loud and some soft,

some forcible and some feeble. By keeping the loud pedal down you may keep some combinations going for a short while, while you produce fresh vibrations ; but what is the effect? A blurred confusion of sounds, causing an intolerable discord. If we are to explain Memory under the laws of matter in motion, we must accept the consequences deducible from those laws, and these consequences are inconsistent with the facts of Memory as we know them. Any attempt to represent clearly in consciousness the physical concomitants of Memory as merely the outcome of vibrating nervous elements will prove to the student the impossibility of this hypothesis. The brain is a sufficiently wonderful mechanism as the organ of mind : as the creator of mind, it is inconceivable.

Du Prel (*Philosophy of Mysticism*, vol. ii. pp. 108, 109), helps us to realise the difficulties enveloping the Materialistic hypothesis. On this hypothesis "Memory would depend on material brain-traces, left behind by impressions ; by the act of Memory such traces are continually renewed, re-chiselled as it were, and so there arise well-worn tracks," [Herbert Spencer's "lines of least resistance"] "in which the coach of memory is conducted with especial facility." And he adds :—

"The deductions from this view had already been drawn by the materialists of the last century. Hook and others reckoned that, since one-third of a second sufficed for the production of an impression, in 100 years a man must have collected in his brain 9,467,280,000 traces or copies of impressions, or, reduced by one-third for the period of sleep, 3,155,760,000 ; thus, in fifty years, 1,577,880,000 ; further, that allowing a weight of four pounds to the brain, and subtracting one pound for blood and vessels, and another for the external integument, a single grain of brain-substance must contain 205,542 traces. . . . Moreover our intellectual life does not consist in mere impressions ; these form only the material of our judgment. These brain-atoms do not help us to judgment, notwithstanding their magical properties, so that we must suppose that whenever we form a sentence or a judgment, the impressions are combined, like the letters in a compositor's box, these atoms, however, being at the same time, compositor and box."

There is another result that would follow from Memory being only the outcome of vibrating cells, and I may be permitted to quote it from my article on Hypnotism in the October number of this magazine. "Memory is the faculty which receives the impress of our experiences and preserves them ; many of these impressions fade away, and we say we have forgotten. Yet it is clear that these impressions may be revived. They are therefore not destroyed, but they are so faint that they sink below the threshold of consciousness, and so no longer form part of its normal content. If thought be but a 'mode of motion,' memory must be similarly regarded : but it is not possible to conceive that each impression of our past life, recorded in consciousness, is still vibrating in some group of brain cells, only so feebly that it does not rise over the threshold. For these same cells are continually being thrown into new groupings for new vibrations, and these cannot all co-exist, and the

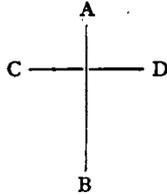
fainter ones be each capable of receiving fresh impulse which may so intensify their motion as to raise them again into consciousness. Now if these vibrations=memory, if we have only matter in motion, we know the laws of dynamics sufficiently well to say that if a body be set vibrating, and new forces be successively brought to act upon it and set up new vibrations, there will not be in that body the co-existence of each separate set of vibrations successively impressed upon it, but it will vibrate in a way differing from each single set and compounded of all. So that memory, as a mode of motion, would not give us the record of the past, but would present us with a new story, the resultant of all those past vibrations, and this would be ever changing, as new impressions, causing new vibrations, come in to modify the resultant of the whole." If the reader have in mind the phenomena of Memory given in the earlier part of this essay; if he note that these seem to imply that we forget *nothing*, *i.e.* that every vibration caused throughout life persists; if, remembering this, he once more attempts to represent clearly in consciousness the brain-condition required by this theory, is it too much to say that he will be compelled to admit that it is inconceivable?

Nor can we forget that there is a certain race-memory, wrought into our physical organisms, which still further complicates the work to be accomplished by these over-burdened vesicles. This unconscious memory of the body, derived through physical inheritance, cannot be wholly thrown out of account when we deal with cell-vibrations.

The Theosophical Theory of Memory. Here I must guard myself. I cannot really put the Theosophical Theory, for I do not find it set out in any work that I have read. I can only suggest a theory, which seems to me, as a student of Theosophy, to be fairly deducible from the constitution of man as laid down in Theosophical treatises. We learn to distinguish between the true individuality, the Ego, and the temporary personality that clothes it. The Ego is the conscious, the thinking, agent. It is this Ego of whom the mind forms part, one of whose functions is Memory. Every event that occurs passes into the consciousness of the Ego and is there stored up: the Past is thus to it ever the Present, since all is present in consciousness.* But how far this Ego can impress its knowledge on the brain of the physical organism with which it is connected, and thus cause this knowledge to enter the consciousness of the person concerned, must, in the nature of the case, depend on the condition of the organism at the moment, and the laws within which it works. What we call the threshold of consciousness divides what is "remembered" from what is "forgotten." All above the threshold is within the personal consciousness, while all below this threshold is outside it. But this threshold belongs to the

* All is present in eternal Ideation, or *Alaya*, the universal soul and consciousness—we are taught; and the higher *Ego (Manas)* is the first-born of *Alaya* or *Mahat*, being called *Manasaputra* = "Son of the Mind."

personal consciousness, and—here is the significant point—varies with the material conditions of the moment. It is movable, not fixed, and the contents of consciousness vary with the movement of the threshold. Thus :



let A B represent the consciousness of the Ego : let C D represent the threshold of consciousness of the person : of all above C D the person will be conscious, it will be impressed on the material brain : of all below C D he will be unconscious. But if C D be movable upwards and downwards, the contents of his consciousness will vary with its movement, and he will remember or forget according as the idea is above or below this dividing line.*

Now the condition of the organism is constantly varying, but there are two states of consciousness which occur in everyone and are clearly distinguishable—the waking consciousness and the dream consciousness. The contents of these differ to a remarkable extent, and they work under curiously different conditions. The waking consciousness works under conditions of time and space : the dream consciousness is free from them ; it can live through years in a second of time, it can annihilate space in its movements. In the dream, the place of the dreamer depends on his thought ; he *is* where he thinks himself. Not only so, but the dream consciousness often retains events erased from the waking. Let the reader turn back to pp. 182, 183, and note the curious phenomena of reproduction without recollection in the dream state. Is it an impossible theory that when the senses are closed to the Object World, when the bodily functions have touched their lowest activity, then the Ego may be able to impress on this negative organism far more of its own contents than it can impress upon it in its more vigorous state ? Does it not seem as though that which is below the threshold of the waking consciousness becomes that which is above the threshold of the dream consciousness, and as though the double life of waking and sleeping is but the activity of the one Ego working under contrasted physical conditions ?

If this be not so, we seem to be driven to the conception of a duality at the very centre of our being ; each man is not one, but twain, in the innermost recesses of consciousness.

* We have to exclude from this the impressions of a purely physical nature, such as enter in the category of *animal* perception and memory. Such impressions reach the Human Ego, and it cannot fail to note them ; but they do not impress themselves indelibly on *its* consciousness, and can never, therefore, follow the Ego to Devachan.

On the other hand, the theory for which I contend leaves the individuality single, varying in its manifestations according to the physical conditions through which it works ; and all the strange cases of double consciousness, which have so perplexed the physiologist and the psychologist, together with the phenomena of somnambulism, mesmerism, hypnotism, and similar conditions, fall into line as severally belonging to one of the two states of consciousness, the dream and the waking, the Ego working equally in either but conditioned in turn by each.

“Ordinary sleep,” as Du Prel says, is “a condition intermediate between waking and somnambulism, the latter being only its exaltation.” In this connection these facts are to be noted : if we sleep lightly and dream, we remember our dreams ; if we sleep more soundly, we sometimes remember the dream vividly on waking, but in an hour or two we have completely forgotten it and cannot revive the memory, try as we may ; in deep sleep we dream, as has often been discovered by closely watching a person wrapped in profound slumber, but no trace remains on our waking memory. In somnambulism, which is closely allied to this deep sleep, no memory persists, as a rule, into the waking state. A person who is a somnambulist lives a double life : sleeping, he remembers his sleep experiences and sometimes his waking ones ; waking, he remembers only his waking life. Occasionally, but comparatively rarely, the golden bridge of memory spans the gulf between the waking and the somnambulant consciousnesses, dream sometimes interposing as connecting link between the two. It must be remembered that a somnambule, left to himself, will pass into ordinary sleep before awaking, and when this is the case dream may carry on memory of the somnambulant into the waking state.

Du Prel puts very clearly the existence of what he calls the “transcendental consciousness,” which has much in common, though it is not identical, with the Theosophical Ego.

“There can be no right theory of remembering, without the right theory of forgetting. The phenomenon of alternating consciousness shews that very clearly. It is only when we know what becomes of an impression when it is forgotten, that we can answer the question whence it comes to memory. Now what is the process of forgetting ? It is a disappearance from the normal sense-consciousness. There can be no destruction of the impression, or its reproduction would be impossible. Excluding the brain-trace theory, there must be a psychical organ, preserving *the faculty of reproduction*, even if the impression, as *product* of its earlier activity, should be destroyed. This organ, lying beyond the self-consciousness, belongs to the unconscious. If, however, this organ had simply the latent faculty of reproduction, and did not rather draw into itself and preserve unchanged the impression as product, we should have again within this organ to distinguish between the conscious and the unconscious. The hypothesis would thus explain nothing, the difficulty being merely pushed back and transposed. There is therefore no alternative but to say that this organ is not in itself at all unconscious, but only so from the standpoint of the sense-consciousness ; that it is not merely a latent faculty of reproduction, but takes up into *its* consciousness the impression, as the latter, disappears from the external consciousness. By this admission of a transcendental consciousness, the possibility of

memory is explained by the mere transposition of the psycho-physical threshold with every retreat of the boundary between the sense and the transcendental consciousness. If a forgotten impression sank into a real unconscious, it would not be apparent how in memory this unconscious should suddenly become again conscious. The forgotten, therefore, cannot thereby cease to belong to a consciousness, and since forgetting is the disappearance from the sense-consciousness, we must admit the existence of a second. And so, to say that an impression is forgotten means that it has passed over from the sense-consciousness to the transcendental." (Vol. ii. pp. 111-113.)

The answer to this that would leap to the lips of the Materialist is that the impression "goes" nowhither, any more than motion "goes" anywhere when a wheel is stopped. But this obvious answer leaves out of account important facts of the case. The motion is changed into other form of physical energy, as heat caused by the friction which stops it, and the wheel cannot reproduce its motion; the new impulse to move must come from a living force without it. Now the impression *is* revivable, without any external impulse, by Self-action, and the Materialist theory of Memory implies its continued production by ceaselessly vibrating vesicles, albeit the vibrations be not vigorous enough to attract attention.

If we admit the existence of the Ego, personal memory would be the power of the physical brain to receive impressions from it; to respond, so to speak, to the subtler vibrations of, perhaps, the "thought-stuff" of which Clifford dreamed. Comparing the vibrations of our gross forms of matter with the vibrations of the ether, we can reason by analogy to a form of matter as much subtler than the ether as that is subtler than the nerve-matter of our brain. There, indeed, may be the possibility of vibrations such as are necessary to make our thought processes conceivable. At present, this can only be a hypothesis to us, but it is a hypothesis which throws light on this obscure subject, and may be provisionally accepted, until further researches prove or disprove it.

Here will find their justification all attempts to refine, and increase the sensitiveness of, the nerve-matter of the brain, for increased delicacy will mean increased possibility of responding to the hyper-ethereal vibrations—that is, it will enable the Ego to impress on our personal consciousness more and more of the contents of its own. By this theory we can understand the exalted mental faculties of the somnambulist, the tension of the nervous system rendering it more sensitive, *i. e.* more responsive. By this also the danger of ignorant striving after this abnormal condition, the nervous elements becoming exhausted by over-rapid discharge and excessive strain. "Great wits to madness often are allied" is only too true; the sensitiveness that is genius may easily pass into the hyper-sensitiveness that is insanity.

And so we reach the practical conclusion—to walk warily in these little-trodden realms, because there is danger; but to walk, because without courage to face the darkness no light can come.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CANONGATE.

(Continued.)

MR. DALRYMPLE'S STORY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

"THE house has belonged to my family for many generations, in fact it used to be called Dalrymple House some hundred years ago, though this name seems to have been dropped since. I don't quite know why. No one knows its earliest history ; there are legends in the family about some monastic foundation ; you know the corner window looking up towards the Canongate, well, that is said to be the remains of some very old ecclesiastical building, older than anything else in Edinburgh, founded on the site of some Druid altar or temple. I never had much turn for archæology myself, so I can't tell you much about it ; my own personal experiences I can tell you, and perhaps you may be able to interpret them. My father never lived in the old house. I question whether he ever set foot within it ; he was a merchant much engaged in the Indian trade, but as he died soon after I was born, all my knowledge of him is but hearsay. I was sent to school in France, then brought home and sent to school in England, then to Oxford where I took a fair degree, but until I was two and twenty I never was in Edinburgh, and, beyond the fact that my family possessed a town house there, I knew nothing whatever of the old house in the Canongate.

"During my minority it was inhabited, that is when it was inhabited at all, by my uncle, a bachelor and a man who was generally looked upon as a *mauvais sujet* in the family ; though my father had confidence enough in him to nominate him as my guardian. Except however for paying for my education and keeping me liberally supplied with pocket money, my uncle did little for me, and thus it chanced that until I was twenty-two I knew but little either of the house or my uncle. After I had taken my degree, however, I determined to go North, and take possession of my property, and make myself familiar with the old traditions of my race, and the places with which for so many generations we had been associated.

"My uncle was always called, and I believe is called still, the Auld Laird, but he never had more than an ample income left him by my father in recognition of his trust on my behalf.

"I was just twenty-two at the time I begin my story, as happy a stripling as you often see, with magnificent health, ample fortune, and not a care in the world. I had just taken a good degree, I had troops of friends, I was engaged to a sweet girl, the daughter of my old College coach. My first wish on leaving Oxford was to know more about this old Edinburgh house, the most curious bit of my possessions, as I gathered from some notes left my father, relating to my grandfather who had lived there. It was a cold night in January when I first ar-

rived in Edinburgh, but my uncle's welcome was warm and boisterous. 'Welcome to your own home, my boy,' he cried, his jolly old red face beaming with pleasure, 'you're master here now. By gad, Sir! I'm glad to hand over the reins to you, but if you'll let me have a corner in the old place, I'll be obliged to you, for I've got fond of it, and an old man's like an old tree, suffers if it's transplanted you know.' 'Indeed, Uncle,' I said, 'I hope you'll stay here all your life.' 'Well, until you're married, my boy!' he answered, 'and look here, I've told them to put you in your proper place, in the Laird's room; I've been sleeping there myself lately, but only to keep it warm for you.' Talking like this he led me upstairs to that room we were speaking of just now at the left hand side of the first landing; a cheerful fire burnt in the grate, but that huge bed with its dark hangings made me think of a hearse somehow. "There was tapestry on the wall then, and that old mirror was new. By the way, did you notice the little door leading out of the room, up one step, a queer looking door?" I had not noticed it. "Well, it's there," continued Mr. Dalrymple, "if you go again, go through it, it opens on a little landing; there was some lumber piled there the night I'm speaking of and a pile of old books; there's a narrow stair leads up and down from that landing; so much I saw, but I hadn't time to explore further; the place might have been damp, at any rate it gave me the shivers, so I picked up a book thinking if I were wakeful I could read myself to sleep as I often did, and returned to the fire; at that moment I heard the clock chiming a quarter to six, and six was the dinner hour; no time to be lost; I pitched the book on to the table by the bed and rid myself of my travel-stained garments and put on an evening suit with all the haste I could muster. My uncle and I dined alone that night, and I am bound to say I found him capital company. I wanted to hear about the old house, but not a word would he tell me; time enough to explore in daylight, he said, and I should probably live there a great deal in the future, and come to know it all by heart. So he discoursed generally and genially about his travels, and about books and famous men whom he had known, and the time slipped by till bed time. I retired to the stately old room, very handsome I thought it then, for the hangings and decorations, though not new, were fresh and in excellent preservation. I sat down by the fire intending to write to Edith Challoner, my *fiancée*, and I commenced a letter; but never, since we were engaged, had my words flowed so sluggishly; measured and commonplace sentences such as one might write to the merest acquaintance were all I could frame and even these with difficulty; what a contrast to the free outpouring of thought and feeling of my letters to her of only a week ago.

"'Pshaw!' I thought, 'I am overtired, or the champagne was too good or something. I must just turn in, I shall be all right after a night's rest.' I jumped into bed and blew out the candle, but no sooner had I done so than a most unreasoning fear of that door on to the little stair came over

me ; an apprehension growing to certainty that something would come out from there made me sit up and strain my eyes at the door, and as I did so the feeling lessened and almost vanished. I must say here that I was not previously imaginative. I had never known any sensations of this kind before, though I had slept in so-called haunted houses, and had laughed to scorn what seemed to me superstitious fears. No sooner did I close my eyes again than the same idea came before me ; something gruesome and horrible was behind that door and would open it. Physically, I was no coward. I was afraid of nothing I had ever seen—of nothing I could imagine. I was afraid that some new shape of a horror I had never dreamt of, would appear to me—the tension was growing unbearable. I jumped up—plunged my head in cold water and the feeling vanished as soon as I was broad awake ; I put on my silk-lined dressing-gown and sat down by the fire, taking up mechanically the volume I had brought out of the landing with me—by a strange chance it was *Don Quixote*. I read and read, and the scenes grew more and more vivid. Spain seemed to lie all round me. So clear was it that I actually thought I saw the waving boughs of an olive tree, till I realized that it was only the dark green arras stirred by a passing breath of wind.

“I looked up from my book and my eye fell upon that long mirror with a start and a tremble as I saw what seemed to be a dim figure faintly outlined in its depths—amber drapery and black lace—clearer and clearer it grew, till I saw, or thought I saw, a pale lovely face, with great limpid black eyes raised half piteously, half coquettishly to mine. That face burnt itself into my brain as no living face had ever done, yet when I looked again there was nothing there but the reflexion of one of the figures on the tapestry.

“‘This won’t do,’ I said to myself, ‘my brain is getting out of gear. I’ve been working too hard I suspect.’ But while I thought this, an irresistible drowsiness passed over me—my eyes would not keep open—my brain refused to act. . .

“When I awoke I was lying in the great funereal bed ; how I got there I never knew, the sun was streaming in at the window, it was near eleven o’clock.

“My uncle did not fail to chaff me on my late appearance, and asked me in a bantering tone if any of the old Lairds’ ghosts had disturbed me ; but not wishing to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer, I kept my own counsel, though half resolving to leave Edinburgh that day on any excuse rather than face another night in that room. As evening drew on however my thoughts changed. I began to feel an intense interest in the lady of the mirror, a feeling like that of a lover who has a tryst with his mistress. My better nature reproached me with disloyalty to Edith, but I put the thought aside, saying to myself : ‘What nonsense, why it is but a shadow!’ Nevertheless I knew that the memories of Edith were

growing very thin and pale and that the shadow was to me a far more substantial reality.

“That night I sat again by the fire reading Don Quixote, and ever and anon glancing in the mirror I saw the reflexion of the figure on the tapestry, but nothing else. However towards the early hours of the morning a faint rustle seemed to come behind me like the very light trail of silk over the carpet, a faint odour as of sandal wood and a cold air as the rustling sound seemed to pass me. My heart beat fast. ‘She is there,’ I thought. ‘Come to me, darling!’ I said half aloud, stretching my arms. And I thought I felt a warm breath on my cheek, and then the same drowsiness as on the previous night.

“I must have been in a parlous state of mind and brain at this time, for my whole waking thoughts seemed to turn on these experiences, and whatever questions I had to decide on the most trivial matters of business connected with my property were mentally referred to this. Since that first night, I saw the form in the mirror sometimes, but never so clear again—often I was conscious of the *frou-frou* of the sweeping dress, passing over the carpet, the cold air and the scent of sandal wood—sometimes it passed me on the stair, once it seemed to linger beside me in the hall, when I stood looking at that picture of Hernandez. I had projected a trip abroad, now I thought with dread of any separation from the dream lady. I was obliged to visit my estates in Ross-shire, the night before I left I was wretched. I sat by the fire as usual and heard the silken rustle. ‘My darling,’ I whispered, ‘shall I hear from you while I’m away?’ I fancied a soft ‘yes’ breathed on my cheek, and I went away half consoled. When I reached the market town, I stopped to order some toilet necessaries I had forgotten to be sent out to me. I was to stay at the factor’s house. The parcel did not arrive till next morning. When it came it was brought up to my room with my shaving water. I opened it carelessly enough, but as I did so the well-known scent of sandal wood came on my senses, and a tiny scrap of pink paper fluttered down. I seized it eagerly. It bore simply written or lithographed the word ‘*Mercédes*’—nothing else in the parcel had the scent of sandal wood—but as I inhaled the sweet fragrance from the scrap of paper I seemed to know that my lady of the mirror had kept her promise—and more—for she had revealed her name. ‘*Mercédes!* my darling!’ I murmured, ‘true love! when shall I meet and know you?’

“I must stop for one moment here to say that no single thing happened to me which plain and common-sense people would not have accounted for by the most commonplace of reasoning; whatever of the supernatural there was, if there was any, came from within and was quite personal to myself; this may perhaps throw a good deal of light on the state of my mind at the time.

“We were living then much as the bulk of well-to-do Edinburgh folk lived; my uncle and I went out to dinners, heavy, stiff and formal, and

heavy, stiff, formal people came to dine with us, and often drank a great deal more than was good for them. My uncle, however, was very abstemious, much to my surprise, for I had heard he was terribly dissipated in early life. We knew many people whose names are household words now, but with these I do not trouble you, nor did I trouble myself at the time. I was deeply in love with a shadow. I still wrote fitfully to Edith Challoner, and now and then had pricks of conscience, but ordinarily my dream love monopolized all my thoughts and fancies. I should say here that never since that first night had I any return of the feeling of shrinking horror from the little door on to the stair that I have mentioned, save once, when I felt the presence of Mercédes, as I had now learned to call her, at that side of the room; but it was not the stately sweep of the dress like a queen moving through her throne-room, rather the fluttered and excited rush of a terrified woman fleeing from danger. My own heart was strongly stirred and agitated, alarm for her rather than myself moved me, but all that night I had that vague terror of that door. I could not take my eyes off it, once or twice it actually seemed bulging as though pushed from the other side with enormous force. I felt sure something wicked was behind it. I longed to go and look and reassure myself, yet—coward as I must appear to you—I *dared not*. Next morning the bright sunlight drove away these visions and the little landing looked commonplace as usual, but a strange thing happened, for I dropped a sleeve-link and feeling about for it on the floor I came upon a loose board in the wainscot, and pulling it away I saw something glitter behind it; I pulled it out and found a cross-hilted dagger, or rather stiletto. See here it is, I never part from it.”

Mr. Dalrymple as he spoke drew from the breast of his waistcoat a tiny dagger, hilt and all about eight or nine inches long; the hilt was of old fashioned silver work of Moresque pattern, shaped like a cross, the point of the blade broken off, some strange characters were engraved on the blade which I could not see. He kissed it devoutly, as a Catholic might the relic of a Saint, and softly murmured the name “Mercédes.”

“Yes,” he continued, “it was that morning I found this and put it in my pocket as a curiosity; as I pushed the board back it creaked and I suppose there must be some hollow spaces behind, for the creak echoed down below, like the wild laugh of a mocking fiend, or so it seemed to my excited imagination. I started in horror, broad daylight as it was, all my veins running cold, for that moment, the floor, the walls, the whole landing seemed to be oozing forth some ghastly exhalation hostile to human life; a stain on the wall with which I was perfectly familiar, appeared like a great splash of blood. I turned and fled hastily, slamming the door behind me, and rushed into my uncle’s room. ‘Look here, uncle,’ I said. ‘what I’ve found!’ He turned the dagger over curiously, poising it in a strange way point upwards between his fingers, then he pressed it on his forehead. ‘Very wonderful!’ he said

at last. 'Tell me, nephew, have you studied the occult sciences at all?' 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Clearly from that question you haven't,' he said. 'Well, look here! I'm a bit of a conjurer and this dagger can do strange things, I fancy; just give me your hands a moment.' I gave him my hands, the dagger was lying on a little round ebony table between us. In an instant I felt an intense vibration run through both hands and up my arms, a thrill like that of an electric shock; my uncle raised his hands and mine, holding them above the dagger, which to my intense surprise began to move, and at last stood up as if it were balanced on its point, swaying its cross hilt to every movement of our hands.

"Such phenomena are now the stock-in-trade of every spirit medium, and are scarcely deemed even startling; but at this time no such things as mediums were known as public performers, and I was deeply impressed and slightly alarmed. I felt, however, that, in some strange way, a magnetic attraction raying forth from our linked hands was the cause of the motion of the dagger, but I was more astonished to see its point moving, apparently by its own volition, and tracing geometric figures of a kind new to me, on the polished surface of the table. I have the table still with the cuttings on it, the import of which I understand now. As the designs grew complete, it seemed to me as though the black surface of the table was like a well of clear water of infinite depth, through which, deep down, I could see strange, fantastic forms; gradually one image detached itself as though floating upwards, white and still, and as it grew clearer and clearer I saw the face of Mercedes—but pale as ashes—clearer still and I saw it was the face of death; and would to God it were death only—for that white face floated up almost to the surface with a more awful expression of extreme agony than I ever conceived or dreamt could have been on any human face. I gave one shriek and wrenched my hands away from my uncle's and that instant the dread white face vanished—the dagger fell with a clatter on the floor, and my uncle, angry for a moment, exclaimed, 'You pitiful young fool! do you know you might have killed us both by such an absurd caper?' 'Rather that,' I said, 'than see again what I saw just now.' 'See!' he said, 'you don't mean to tell me you saw anything, you poor ignoramus—the place was full of lovely forms—lovelier than any women of earth, but no untrained eye like yours could see them. Come! come!' he added in a gentler tone, 'you're overwrought—you want a little distraction. Lady Scott's ball is to-night you know; we'll go!' I was on the point of saying I would do no such thing, but some undefined impulse of the moment prompted me to assent. I stooped to pick up my dagger—it was burning hot—too hot to hold. 'Ah,' said my uncle, 'the magnetism is in it yet,' and he passed his hands over it once and handed it back to me, now cold as well-conducted metal should be."

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be continued.)

THE ALCHEMISTS.

IT is doubtful if any school of philosophers have been maligned and misunderstood as have been the Alchemists. They are commonly referred to as either frauds or victims of fraud, who wrote unintelligible treatises upon "a pretended science by which gold and silver were to be made by the transmutation of the baser metals into these substances, the agent of the transmutation being called the Philosopher's Stone." Modern dictionaries define Alchemy as "An ancient science which aimed to transmute metals into gold, to find the panacea, universal remedy, universal solvent, etc." In 1852 Dr. Charles Mackay published a History of the Alchemists. He has given what purports to be sketches of some Forty Searchers for the Philosopher's Stone, and he represents them as a parcel of fools and imposters, with no other object in their studies and labours than the transmutation of base metals into gold, or the discovery of an agent for lengthening life.

It seems never to have occurred to these modern critics that the works of the genuine Alchemists are essentially religious: that under the veil of symbolism, man was the subject of, and his improvement or perfection the object of their Art. In that night of the Middle Ages the priesthood had armed itself with civil power. None but the servants of the Church were permitted to express an opinion upon the great questions of God, nature and man. The penalty of free speech upon matters that concerned the future welfare of man was the *auto da fé* of the Inquisition. It is for this reason that the treatises of the Alchemists upon man, his "second birth," and the powers of nature, were written in a cypher which was a meaningless jargon to the uninitiated. The salvation of man and his transformation from a state of ignorance to a state of wisdom was usually symbolized under the figure of the transmutation of metals, though scarcely two writers adopted the same mode of expression. As one says: "Although the wise men have varied their names and perplexed their sayings, yet they would always have us think but of one only thing, one disposition, one way. The wise men know this one thing; and that it is one they have often proved." And again: "Those who know the mercury and sulphur of the philosophers, know that they are made of pure gold and the finest *luna* and *argent vive*, which are daily seen, and looked upon, from which our *argent vive* is elicited. . . ." "Minerals made of living mercury and living sulphur are to be chosen; work with them sweetly, not with haste and precipitancy." This might read in ordinary English: Men having a living or sound soul and body are to be chosen; work with them sweetly, not with haste and precipitancy (if you wish to accomplish that transformation which is treated of

in "The Voice of the Silence," and "Light on the Path"; or, in the Bible, spoken of as the re-birth).

Sometimes the real meaning of the author is but thinly veiled. Heriot de Borderie has written of

" an isle,

Full, as they say, of good things ;—fruits and trees
 And pleasant verdure : a very masterpiece
 Of nature's ; where the men immortally
 Live, following all delights and pleasures. . . .
 This island hath the name of Fortunate :
 And, as they tell, is governed by a Queen
 Well spoken and discreet, and withal
 So beautiful, that, with one single beam
 Of her great beauty, all the country round
 Is rendered shining. . . .
 Those who come suing to her, and aspire
 After the happiness which she to each
 Doth promise in her city. . . .
 Ere she consenteth to retain them there,
 Sends for a certain season all to sleep.
 When they have slept so much as there is need,
 Then wakes them again, and summons them
 Into her presence. There avails them not
 Excuse or caution ; speech however bland,
 Or importunity of cries. Each bears
 That on his forehead written visibly
 Whereof he has been dreaming. . . .
 None, in brief,
 Reserves she of the dreamers in her isle,
 Save him that, when awakened he returns,
 Betrayeth tokens that of her rare beauty
 His dreams have been.
 All this is held a fable ; but who first
 Made and recited it hath, in this fable,
 Shadowed a Truth."

In an old work entitled "The Open Way to the Shut Palace of the King," the author in one place exclaims: "My heart murmureth things unheard of. . . . Would to God that every ingenious man in the whole earth understood this science. . . . Then would virtue, naked as it is, be held in great honour, merely for its own amiable nature." . . . "Our Gold is not to be bought for money, though you should offer a crown or a kingdom for it : for it is the gift of God."

These esoteric writings through which they taught, saved their own heads, yet plunged thousands into vain and useless efforts to find their

supposed agent for transmuting baser metals into gold ; but as one of them asks : " Who is to blame, the Art, or those who seek it upon false principles ? " The genuine Alchemists speak of these blind searchers for a universal solvent, which, if they found it, no vessel could contain, as having the " Gold fever : " they looked upon them as " sick men . "

It is quite true that those who wasted their lives in the laboratory among retorts and chemicals in the vain effort to discover the Philosopher's Stone were the fathers of modern chemistry ; though it is also evident that some of the genuine Alchemists were among the most learned men of the day, in the fields of chemistry and medicine .

" The Salt of Nature Regenerated , " is an English translation of an Alchemical work written in Arabic . The author talks about the central salt, the firmament, the astrum, the spiritual water, the watery spirit, the water of life, etc., but in one place speaks quite plainly : " He that hath the knowledge of the Microcosm, can not be long ignorant of the knowledge of the Macrocosm . This is that which the Egyptian industrious searchers of Nature so often said, and loudly proclaimed that everyone should KNOW HIMSELF . This speech their dull disciples took in a moral sense, and in ignorance affixed it to their Temples . But I admonish thee, whosoever thou art, that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of Nature, if that which thou seek thou findest not within thee, *thou wilt never find it without thee* . If thou knowest not the excellency of thine own house, why dost thou seek and search after the excellency of other things ? The universal Orb of the world contains not so great mysteries and excellencies as *a little Man*, formed by God in his own Image . And he who desires the primacy amongst the students of Nature, will nowhere find a greater or better field of study than Himself . Therefore will I here follow the example of the Egyptians, and from my whole heart, and certain true experience proved by me, speak to my neighbour in the words of the Egyptians, and with a loud voice do proclaim : O MAN, KNOW THYSELF ; *in thee is hid the treasure of treasures* . "

In a most excellent little work on Alchemy and Alchemists, anonymously published by a gentleman in St. Louis, and now out of print, and of which this paper is really a review, there is cited a chapter from " Secrets Revealed , " by Eyrenaeus . It treats of " the Regimen of Sol . " I quote it, with the explanatory remarks of the author of Alchemy, as a good specimen of the extent to which some of the Alchemists carried their symbolical mode of writing :

" Now thou art drawing near to the close of thy work, and hast almost made an end of this business, all appears now like unto pure gold, and the Virgin's Milk, with which thou imbibest this matter is very citrine . (I. Cor. iii. 2. The conscience is very sound and healthy .)

" Now to God, the giver of all good, you must render immortal thanks, who hath brought this work on so far, and beg earnestly of him, that

thy counsel mayest hereafter be so governed, that thou mayest not endeavour to hasten thy work, so as to lose all, now it is so near to perfection ; consider that thou hast waited now about seven months (the time is indefinite) and it would be a mad thing to annihilate all in one hour ; therefore be thou wary ; yea, so much the more by how much thou art nearer to perfection.

“ But if thou do proceed warily in this Regimen, thou shalt meet with these notable things (experiences, symbolized, of an entrance into the higher Light or Life): first, thou shalt observe a certain citrine sweat to stand upon thy Body ; and after that citrine vapour, then shall thy Body below be tintured of a violet colour, with an obscure purple intermixed. (When these works were written, physicians were in the habit of judging of the condition of their patients by the appearance of a certain water, a citrine colour indicating a healthy condition, . . . here intended to signify the moral condition of the matter of the Stone: . . . violet is the symbol of Love, and purple of Immortality * . . . which are beginning to dawn upon the man in this stage of work: . . . but to proceed.) After fourteen or fifteen days' expectation in this Regimen of Sol, thou shalt see the greatest part of thy matter humid (submissively yielding, . . . not by any force of will, but by a much more irresistible constraint, acting yet sweetly and not violently), and although it be very ponderous (self-willed), yet it will ascend in the Belly of the Wind. ('But when they arise or ascend,' says Artephius, referring to the Soul and Body of the one man, 'they are born or brought forth in the Air or Spirit, and in the same they are changed, and made Life with Life, so that they can never be separated, but are as water mixed with water. And therefore it is wisely said, that *the Stone is born of the Spirit*, because it is altogether spiritual.† But to return to Eynæus.)

“ At length, about the twenty-sixth day of this Regimen, it will begin to dry ; and then it will liquify and recongeal, and will grow liquid again a hundred times a day, (fluctuate between hopes and fears, assurances and doubts ; . . . some of the writers say that, in this stage of the work, the matter will put on all the colours in the world, &c.), until at the last it will begin to turn into grains ; and sometimes it will seem as if it were all discontinuous in grain, and then it will grow into one mass again : and thus it will put on innumerable forms in one day ; and this will continue for the space of about two weeks.”

* Would not “ thy body below be tintured of a violet colour ” rather refer to the *Linga Sharira* which corresponds to the violet colour as a compound of red (Kamarupa) and indigo dark blue of the upper Manas—the “ purple ” becoming obscure, meaning simply the beginning of the purification of the lower Quaternary?—[ED.]

† That is to say, the “ Soul (Manas) and Body of Man ” (Body standing for the *astral* man) assimilate Spirit (*Buddhi*) ; are made “ Life with Life ” (or merge into the ONE LIFE). In other words the mysterious process of the transformation of lead (personality) into gold (pure, homogeneous Spirit) is here meant. Verily the *Stone* is born of the Spirit.—ED.]

“ At the last, by the will of God, a *Light shall be sent upon thy matter, which thou canst not imagine.*”*

“ Then expect a sudden end, which within three days thou shalt see; for thy matter shall convert itself into grains, as fine as the atoms of Sol and the colour will be the highest Red imaginable, which for its transcendent redness will show Blackish,† . . . like unto the purest blood when it is congealed.”

“ But thou must not believe that any such thing can be an exact parallel of our Elixir, for it is a MARVELLOUS CREATURE, not having its compare in the whole universe, nor anything exactly like it.”

(Descriptions similar to this may be found in all of the writings of the Alchemists in best repute among themselves. The author of the above wrote a Commentary upon Sir Geo. Ripley's Compound of Alchemy, expressly, as he tells us, that the reader might have the testimony of two combined. In this Commentary may be found the following passages):

“ In the beginning, therefore, of our Work, through the co-operation of heat (nature), both internal and external, and the moisture of the Matter concurring, our Body gives a Blackness like unto pitch, which for the most part happens at forty, or at the most fifty days.”

“ This colour discovers plainly that the two natures are united. (By these two natures, the reader surely understands by this time, are meant what are called by innumerable names, Sol and Luna, gold and silver, Heaven and Earth, Phœbus and Daphne, superior and inferior, Soul and Body, &c., &c.) And if they are united, they will certainly operate one upon the other, and alter and change each other from thing to thing, and from state to state, until all come to one Nature and Substance Regenerate, which is a new Heavenly Body.

“ But before there can be this renovation, the Old Man must necessarily be destroyed (Eph. iv. 22-24, and Col. iii. 9, 10), that is, thy first Body must rot and be corrupted, and lose its form, that it may have it repaid with a new form, which is a thousand times more noble. So then our work is not a forced nor an apparent, but a natural and radical operation, in which our Natures are altered perfectly, in so much that the one and the other, having fully lost what they were before, yet without change of kind (without an absolute change of substance) they become a third thing, homogeneal to both the former.

“ Thus, they who sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he who goeth forth mourning, and carrying precious seed, shall return with an abundance of increase, with their hands filled with sheaves, and their mouths

* “ This translation is described in the *Theologica Germanica* (Chap. xi.) as something which is called “ the Eternal Good,” and is said to be “ so noble and passing good that none can search out or express its bliss, consolation and joy, peace, rest and satisfaction.”

† The transcendent red or golden orange of the Sun. This must not be confused with the scarlet Kamarupan redness. Have in mind the colour of the Yogi-ropes, the colour of which is symbolical of the sun of life and of human life-blood.—[Ed.]

with the praises of the Lord.* Thus the chosen or redeemed of the Lord shall return with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, and sighing and sorrows shall fly away.

“Remember, then, this alchemic maxim, namely, that *a sad cloudy morning begins a fair and a cheerful noontide*; for our work is properly to be compared to a day, in which the morning is dark and cloudy, so that the sun (the Truth) appears not. After that, the sky is overclouded, and the air cold with northerly winds, and much rain falls, which endured for its season; but after that the sun breaks out, and shines more and more, till all becomes dry; and then at noonday not a cloud appears, but all is clear from one end of the heavens to the other.”

Here the author introduces cautions against haste and over-anxiety, advising patience, and proceeds:

“Then shalt thou have leisure to contemplate these wonders of the Most High, and if they do not ravish and astonish them in beholding them, it is because God hath not intended this science for thee in Mercy, but in judgment Remember, then, when thou shalt see the renewing of these Natures, that with humble heart and bended knees thou praise and extol and magnify that gracious God (your own higher Self), who hath been nigh unto thee, and heard thee, and directed thine operations, and enlightened thy judgment; for certainly flesh and blood never taught thee this, but it was the free gift of that God who giveth to whom he pleaseth. (Jno. iii. 8.) This is the highest perfection to which any sublunary Body can be brought, by which we know God in One, for God is Perfection:—to which, whenever any creature arrives in its kind (according to its nature), it rejoiceth in Unity, in which there is no division nor alterity, but peace and rest without contention

“This is the last and noblest conjunction, in which all the mysteries of this microcosm have their consummation. This is by the wise called their Tetractive conjunction, wherein the Quadrangle is reduced to a Circle,† in which there is neither beginning nor end. He that hath arrived here, may sit down at banquet with the Sun and Moon. This is the so highly commended Stone of the wise, which is without all fear of corruption

“*And this work is done without any laying on of hands, and very quickly, when the matters are prepared and made fit for it. This work is therefore called a Divine Work.*”

In the Commentary upon the Fifth Gate of Ripley, the author, taking up the work in its more advanced state, says:

“Thy Earth (meaning Thyself, addressing the Seeker), then being renewed, behold how it is decked with an admirable green colour which

* By “Lord” the HIGHER SELF is here meant—“that SELF which is the Redeemer of man” whether it be called Christos or Krishna.—[ED.]

† The four elements of nature are seen running into each other, so that they constitute a circle.

is then named the Philosopher's Vineyard. This greenness (the indication of Spring), after the perfect whiteness, is to thee a token that thy matter (thyself again) hath re-attained, through the will and power of the Almighty, a new Vegetative Life: observe then how this Philosophical Vine (thyself still) doth seem to flower, and to bring forth green clusters; * know then that thou art now preparing for a rich vintage. (Col. i. 10.)

"Thy Stone (thyself) hath already passed through many hazards, and yet the danger † is not quite over, although it be not great; for thy former experience may now guide thee, if rash joy do not make thee mad.

Consider now that thou art in process to a new work; and though in perfect whiteness thy Stone was incombustible, yet in continuing it on the fire (of human passions) without moving, it is now become tender again: therefore, though it be not in so great a danger of Fire now as heretofore, yet immoderacy may and will certainly spoil all, and undo thy hopes; govern (thyself, understood) with prudence, therefore, while these colours shall come and go, and be not either over-hasty, nor despondent, but wait the end with patience.

"For in a short time thou shalt find that this green will be overcome with azure; ‡ and that, by the pale wan colour, which will at length come to a Citrine; which Citrine shall endure for the space of forty-six days. §

"Then shall the Heavenly Fire descend, and illuminate the Earth (thyself) with inconceivable glory; the Crown of thy Labours shall be brought unto thee, when our Sol shall sit in the South, shining with redness incomparable. ||

"This is our true Light, our Earth glorified (or body translated into Spirit): rejoice now, for our King (the inner man) hath passed from death to Life, ¶ and possesseth the keys of both death and hell, ** and over him nothing now hath power. (Rev. i. 18.)

"As then it is with those who are redeemed, their Old Man (the

* This "philosophical Vine" is the *lower Manas* merged at last and reunited to its higher Alter Ego, when it begins to bring forth the green clusters of the "true Vine" for the Husbandman, the "Father" or Higher Self (*Atma Buddhi*) vide Gosp. St. John xv.—[ED.]

† This "danger" comes from the *Antaskarana* the bridge of communication between the Personality and the individuality not being yet destroyed. Vide "Shri Vakya Sudha," the Philosophy of Subject and Object, page 3, 1st note in *Raja Yoga*, Practical Metaphysics of the Vidanta.—[ED.]

‡ The green of the *lower Manas*, the Animal Soul, will be "overcome with azure" or the reflection of the *Higher*, (which is *Indigo*) into their *aura* which is blue, when pure.—[ED.]

§ The cycle of the 46 Fires, the period between death and new rebirth, on *Devachan*. The cycle of the 49 Fires is the period between two *manvantaras*. The members of the E. S. will understand it better than the F. T. S.—[ED.]

|| The HIGHER SELF will shed its radiance on the heart (the chamber of Brahma) of even the still living Man.—[ED.]

¶ From the death in *matter* into the *Life in Spirit*.—[ED.]

** Man becomes a CHRISTOS, the Master and custodian of "death and hell," *i.e.* of Earth, Matter and of the physical body of Senses.—[ED.]

physical man of flesh) is crucified, wherein is sorrow, anguish, grief, heartbreaking, and many tears; after which the New Man (the true *inner* Man or the Ego) is restored, wherein is joy, shouting, clapping of hands, singing, and the like; for the ransomed of the Lord shall return with songs, and everlasting joy shall be on their heads: even so it is after a sort (the author means, precisely after this sort) in our operations; for first of all our Old Body dieth and rots, and is, as it were, corrupted, engendering most venomous exhalations, which is, as it were, the Purgatory of this Old Body, in which its corruption is overcome by a long and gentle decoction. And when it is once purged, and made clean and pure, then are the elements joined,* and made one perfect, indissoluble Unity; so that from henceforth there is nothing but concord and amity to be found in all our habitations.

“This is a noble step, from Hell to Heaven: from the bottom of the grave to the top of Power and Glory; from obscurity in Blackness, to resplendent whiteness; † from the height of Venosity, to the height of Medicin. O Nature! how dost thou alter things into things, casting down the higher and mighty, and again exalting them from lowliness and humility! O Death! how art thou vanquished when thy prisoners are taken from thee, and carried to a state and place of immortality! This is the Lord’s (our Higher Self’s) doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.” (Ps. cxviii. 23.)

The author then proceeds to illustrate the necessity of alternate action upon natural Bodies, before they can be prepared for a change of nature: they must be exposed to “heat” and “cold,” must be “dried” and “watered” (prospered and saddened), ‡ in order to be made pliable and yielding, &c., &c., all of which must be done with one Fire, which he immediately calls the “Spirit proper to it,” § and then tells us that the wise men have called it their Venus, or Goddess of Love and says:—

“Proceed, therefore, not as a fool, but as a wise man; make the water of thy Compound (thine own spirit) to arise and circulate, so long and often that the Soul, that is to say, the most subtle virtue of the Body, arise with it, circulating with the Spirit in manner of a Firery Form, by which both the Spirit and the Body are enforced to change their colour and complexion: for it is this Soul of the *dissolved* Bodies, which is the subject of wonders; it is the life, and therefore quickens the dead; it is

* All the “Principles” in Man merge into *one* “Principle”—Atma Buddhi, the grosser terrestrial elements of the lower body being of course destroyed.—[ED.]

† It is hardly necessary to render this more clearly. With the ancient Mystics and even the modern Occultists, the physical body was ever called, “the grave” and the “Hell,” while the Spiritual man was referred to as the Heavenly Power etc.—[ED.]

‡ Man rises to glory through suffering in order to be made “pliable and yielding,” or impervious to the emotions and feelings of his physical senses.—[ED.]

§ This “Fire” is that of *Alaya*, the World-Soul, the essence of which is LOVE, *i.e.* homogeneous Sympathy, which is Harmony, or the “Music of the Spheres.” *Vide* “Voice of the Silence” III D Treatise page 69.

the Vegetative Soul, and therefore it makes the dead and sealed Bodies, which in their own nature are barren, to fructify and bring forth. . . .

“Make sure of thy true Matter, which is no small thing to know, and though we have named it, yet we have done it so cunningly, that, if thou wilt be heedless, thou mayest sooner stumble at our books than at anything thou did'st ever read in thy life. Meddle with nothing out of kind (out of species or nature) whether Salts (generally called corrosives) or Sulphur, or whatever is of like imposition; and whatever is alien from the perfect metals (foreign to our nature) is reprobate in our mastery. Be not deceived either with receipts or Discourse, for we verily do not intend to deceive thee; but if you will be deceived, be deceived.”

These writers have a favourite way of saying that recipes are deceits, and yet their books are filled with them; but their recipes deceive no one who proceeds so far in the knowledge of their Art as to understand that it is not a work of the hands, but one of thought and meditation, with which the life must be kept in unison; for it is the destruction of the whole work not to have the thought and deed keep company, insuring in the end a perfect union of the intellect and will; for Sol and Luna must be indissolubly joined, and when this is done by nature, no Art can separate them.”

The author of Alchemy gives the following list as comprising the best among the numerous works of the Alchemists. There were many pretenders and false prophets, and it is not an easy matter for one unfamiliar with their strange symbology to distinguish at sight the writings of the true Alchemists from the false. A gullible public looking for some secret by which they could secure an advantage over their neighbours, were evidently as easily duped in those days as in the present.

“The books being sifted,” says the author we have quoted, “a few only are retained—such as *Hermetical Triumph*; Arterphius (in Salmon's *Clavis Alchymiae*); Espagnet's *Arcanum*; *The Open Entrance to the Shut Palace of the King*; Ripley's *Compound of Alchemy*, but more especially *Ripley Revived*, by Cosmopolita; *The Marrow of Alchemy*; *Zoroaster's Cave*; *Aurifontina* (a small volume containing fourteen treatises, including the excellent letter of Bernard Trevisan to Thomas of Bononia); Sandivogius; Pernety's, or Gaston le Doux's *Dictionary*, both valuable; Basil Valentine; Isaac Hollandus; and some other works, not forgetting those of Hermes, whose *Smaragdine Table* is said to contain the whole Art, though comprised in a page or two; (see note, p. 297) the books being sifted, we say, the student, after passing through various transitions of confidence and doubt, prizing the books highly and verging upon a contempt for them, may finally be content to use them as means only; and, having his attention directed to one only thing, may at last strike the key note which reduces to harmony all discords; and then (some of the writers say) he may burn his library; for the Truth is prior to the books expressing it, and remains unaffected

by all the perversities of man in the treatment of it. The Art cannot be false, however men err about it; so these writers say; and when discovered, it is found to be true in all countries, under all governments, and in view of all religions."

The student of Theosophy will find an interesting study in the comparison of the teachings of the Alchemists with the ethics of Theosophical Occultism. It is strange but true, that the essence of true Wisdom-Religion was taught in Europe in the darkest days of its known history to those who would listen. It well illustrates the oft-repeated fact that for those who will hear, the voice of the Masters is always in the world.

Following is a copy of the *Hermetic Creed*, well known to Occultists. It is also called the *Smaragdine* (or *Emerald*) *Table*. The translation here given is taken from Salmon's *Clavis Alchymiae*, published in 1692.

1. This is true and far distant from a lie; whatsoever is below is like that which is above; and that which is above is like that which is below. By this are acquired and perfected the miracles of One Thing.
2. Also, as all things were made from One, by the help of One, so all things are made from One Thing by conjunction.
3. The Father thereof is the Sun, and the Mother thereof is the Moon; the Wind carries it in its Belly, and the Nurse thereof is the Earth.
4. This is the Mother or Fountain of all perfection; and its power is perfect and entire, if it be changed into Earth.
5. Separate the Earth from the Fire, and the subtile and thin from the gross and thick; but prudently, with long sufference (patience), gentleness, and with wisdom and judgment.
6. It ascends from the Earth up to Heaven, and descends again from the Heaven to the Earth, and receives the powers and efficacy of the Superiors and Inferiors.
7. In this Work, you acquire to yourself the wealth and glory of the whole World: drive therefore from you all cloudiness, or obscurity, and darkness, and blindness.
8. For the Work increasing and going on in strength, adds strength to strength, forestalling and over-topping all other fortitudes and powers, and is able to subjugate and conquer all things, whether they be thin and subtile, or thick and solid bodies.
9. In this manner was the World made, and hence are the wonderful conjunctions or joinings together of the matter and parts thereof, and the marvellous effects, when in this way it is done, by which these wonders are effected.
10. And for this cause I am called Hermes Trismegistus; for that I have the knowledge or understanding of the philosophy of the Three Principles of the Universe.
My Doctrine, or Discourse, which I have delivered concerning the Solar Work is complete and perfect.

JOHN RANSOM BRIDGE, F.T.S.



"LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES."

THE CHRIST.

I HAVE been sent forth to seek for thee, O little one. It was told me thou shouldst perish if I sought thee not. But I find thee swathed in the luxurious purple of kings and covered with the ermine of the nations, and thy head is nestled upon snowy feathers where the rose of the cheek showeth rosier by contrast. Is it *thus* Christ shall be born?

And she who spake was an Hebrew of the Hebrews, but she dwelt alone in a city of mist where none might enter who had not been purged from the grossness of the body.

And the babe whom she sought lay in a marble hollow shaped like a manger, but formed in the most exquisite fashion of carving to represent both the wheat-sheaf of Ceres with its heavily-laden ears, and the Chalice of Bacchus, and underneath were the sculptured forms of four gods of the Body, while upon the outer circle were golden shields blazoned with the twelve labours of Hercules and the Loves of Venus.

And the hollow which was manger-like in shape was lined with the softest down taken from the breasts of a certain breed of sacred swans at the time of nesting, for these fed upon the fish of the holy water and had become an institution of the Temple long ages past, as was recorded in the Holy Script, but the down had been stored away in the perfume of spices and incense that it might be preserved against the time it was wanted for this particular purpose.

But this breed of swans has lessened age by age as the prophecy said they should do, so that from uncountable numbers there remained only *two* and at the plucking time these also died, so that those wise ones who kept the ancient scripts knew that the time was at hand when the Christ should be born. So they set about making this cradle manger for him of marble, gold, precious stones and its wealth of Syrian silks, that the babe who was called by the name of the Sun-God should lie therein and be worshipped by all the people. She who came from the land of the mist, was fair to see and her feet were swift.

And she stood gazing at the rosy babe in his dead splendour, till her heart was moved with compassion for him. And she said :

"Surely a *living* heart and a *living* love were worth a thousand times as much as all these offerings of the dead, and the unjustly plucked feathers which have been withheld from the nest of the young cygnets, who being thus denuded of their warmth, have gradually diminished in number, and become extinct as a species, leaving the holy water tenantless. Although the marble basin hath been cut into quaint devices by the skill of man's hand, yet because this also hath been wrought *merely* for the daily wage that man's body might flourish, it is profitless, therefore are the lines of thy graven forms full of corruption, and thy fair living flesh, O babe, will become pregnant with these before the eyes of thy discernment are opened. These offerings of Ceres are not the *living* germs but the *dead* pictures thereof, and the wine of Bacchus, that which mocketh the Gods with such a draught of hallucination that they are maddened thereby. Who am I, that the task of nourishing thee should be given unto me? And yet methinks to spare *thee* so much discomfort and loss as my dainty robes and furbished bed are like to cause thee, I am well content to bear the penalty, for

my beauty is beyond the beauty of earth, and love groweth within me as I gaze thereupon.”

And as she spake, the little one opened his eyes, and looking up, shuddered as though an evil shadow had fallen over him; and she seeing his aversion to these gauds and cold splendours which were heaped around and upon him, leaned forward so that his eyes should meet hers; and immediately he stretched out his arms with a glad cry of welcome, and cast from him his coverlet of purple in the effort to uprise and embrace her. And she being overjoyed at the babe's recognition of the love in her, unwound the bandages and swathes which had been put upon him and began to fold them neatly and lay them daintily each on the other. For she said, “In ignorance have these people done this, not *knowing* of what Nature the child should be, but they will be better pleased if the care of ages be *reverently* put aside, rather than rudely crumpled and trodden under foot. Truly in ignorance wrought they, not *knowing*. Yet because they laboured with zeal and had an *honest* purpose of help in them, their offerings shall not be despised. *Thy* body hath lain therein and made the place of their worship—Holy.”

And when she had put from Him all the many embroidered vestments and golden symbols as things no longer needed, she took the child in her arms and folded him against her bosom nearest her heart, that He might take warmth from the warmth of her own life, and He looked unto her with the joy of freedom and the tenderness of her own love reflected seven times back at her.

And she said: “Having nothing, *thou* possessest all treasure; but having much earth treasure, thou wast poor in the eyes of those who know the nature of love.”

And they who came to worship at the shrine of the sleeping babe, came with music and incense and all the glory of the pomp of pride, and all the beauty of changeful dyes.

And when the woman heard the sound of the music and knew that the hour of worship was come, she took the coverlet of purple from its place and lay it over the draperies she had folded in the manner of a pall, and arose with the child in her bosom, travelling swiftly towards the land of mist.

And the crowd came hither, and music rang to the vaulted roof of the temple, and all things therein were bathed in the luxurious light and splendour of the scene.

Then He who stood nearer the manger-cradle, lifted up the purple with a gesture of adoration. And behold—in the place of the child, lay one who looked at him out of mocking eyes and he had a face such as demons wear. Moreover, his body had consumed the whiteness of the down, and the garments which the babe had worn were spotted living crimson, which burned with increase and was disease.

And immediately the priest lifted the purple, he who had lain concealed beneath it, uprose and spread his wings and laughed until the temple shook from base to roof, and the light of the glorified Altar became red as blood; the fragrant incense also turned into clouds of noxious fumes, and all men's faces gathered blackness as though the day of the wrath of the Lord had come.

And when the people saw what had happened, they made as though they would escape out of the Temple, but the laughter of the demon followed them,

and all things fell into dust before this terrible sound. So that, behold, the morning sun looked not any more on the fair presentment of *Power* but upon a blackened heap of cinders scattered over a large space of earth, in which was contained all that was left of the vestments of long gathered centuries and the bones of men.

But she who dwelt in the land of the mist kept the living babe and none knew of her, for her land was lonely.

And He grew with her love rapidly until the voice of his speech made itself heard in her heart.

Then said He, "There is a cry of woe in the land of Darkness. Behold it is time one went unto them to teach them the way of the path of Light."

And she said: "Am not I *Thine* and Thou *mine*. Surely whatsoever is in me I render freely unto Thee as though it were Thine own will and Thine own strength. Shall we go unto the people who love phantoms, but hate *Truth*?"

And He answered: "It is so urged upon me that we seek again the place of the Temple where at first I lay, and under the dome of which the offerings of zeal were gathered."

So she took him in her arms, and they went forth together.

And when they had come into the place of the Temple where he was born, there remained no mark of its mighty walls and carven pillars, only the ground was blackened with the memory of the past.

And the scattered remnants of burned-out glory lay crisp in ashes under the woman's feet.

And she said: "Surely destruction hath come speedily. Methought that the days of doom to others halted, because *our* love was so pleasant, and *our* land so blessed."

And He answered: "Behold the pattern of the True Temple is Here. *Thou* shalt build it. And I will tell thee what thou shalt do, but first scoop out with thine hands a hollow for me in the cinders wherein I may lie, while thou buildest around me such a home as I love."

And she put him from her and hollowed in the ashes of the charred wood which had once been oaken rafters of the Temple, a place fitted for the size of His body, and she spread her outer garment over it and laid Him carefully therein, mutely caressing his limbs and murmuring over Him words of love.

And He said: "Gather out from the left side of me such pieces of cinder as have got in them traces of their early nature remaining, and lay these together upon the left side in a heap."

So she gathered as he dictated and at eventide the heap was larger than she supposed possible.

And when night was come she lay down beside the hollow, and took His hand in hers, and slept the sleep of the righteous, and saw a vision.

And behold. This was not a Temple like the Temple builded with hands that she had been working upon, but an eternal monument, a living essential Truth. And the strewn ashes were the lives of saints purified by the *zeal* that had given so *much* for a mistaken cause, for the *creeds* had to die that the men might live.

And she saw all those who had suffered aught for the name of Truth, from every nation under Heaven, bursting out of their sepulchre of darkness and

becoming vital in the glory of the Child. And the hollow which she had made with her own hands was formed of lives more holy than all the rest, and behold a much fairer couch than the swan's-down-lined-manger, carven of cold marble and decked with jewels. And one stood by her in her vision and said :

"How great a work is thine, O woman, of the land of the mist. Dost thou not question with thyself who thou art? and for what virtue in thee thou wast chosen to take upon thee so *heavy* a labour as this?"

And she answered: "So that the child fare well, I care not about *my* labour, neither do I seek any reward. Let the glory be His. I am content to remain in the land of the mist."

And he said: "Hast thou seen the Sun at his uprising dimmed with light vapour? What thinkest thou will become of *this* when the meridian of his height is reached?"

And she said: "The Sun drinketh it into his beams, by reason of warmth it is lost."

Then answered he: "Can there be any loss in that which out-giveth and in-taketh *Life* for ever?"

And she said: "I know not. Let me look upon the face of the Child again. The glory of the Saints around Him has hidden Him from my Sight."

And immediately there was a loud cry of adoration—and she was before a great disc of light—and the face of the Child looked out from it, and He said unto her: "Behold thy labour and rejoice, for there is no more Death."

And His features were changed, His voice also had become powerful with the power of His Holy Ones. And he said again: "What wilt thou I give unto Thee?" Then stood she before Him sorrowfully and answered: "Let it be enough I have so long laboured in ignorance that my soul is weary. Let it be given unto me, that the people live and I go into the land of mist, my own land, and there live forgotten until my earthly days are done. All my *joy* was in Thee. They who are nearer unto Thee in glory—to them commit I my charge over Thee." And he said: "Shall any part those whom God hath joined?"

She answered: "I know not—I am weary." And the sorrow that smote into her heart like a sharp shaft of steel awoke her, and behold the hollow of ashes. The place of desolation and the remembrance of the past was with her—but the babe was not there.

Then went she a day's journey seeking Him, and at night-fall came unto a Forest, where even night was made trebly dark by interlacing branches and the air was poisonous because the trees were fed from fetid waters.

But this she knew not.

And stood communing with herself saying: "Shall I go further or perish here? It is as well that I die in one place as in another. Life is burdensome unto me."

And behold He who had lain in the hollow stood near her and said:

"Thou art reserved for the fuller life, for if thou touchest the trees they shall become vital with *thy* vitality and the old order of poison fumes shall be done away." Then said she: "Art *Thou* always with me that *thus*—when I am in the deep of despair—Thou answerest me?"

And he said: "Thou hast carried me on thy bosom heretofore—*now* thou shalt bear me with thee in thy Soul—and we shall never part, for thou shalt be unto me another Self, no less dear because thou art yet left unto thy time of limitations—demand and supply from the law of the natural body."

And these words of the Child and the vision of Him comforted her, so that she went forth amongst the people—carrying with her the presence of the Holy One—who waiteth the hour of revelation by the faith of His People.

THE VIVISECTORS.

A STORY OF BLACK MAGIC, FOUNDED ON FACT.

AT the foot of the mountains of Auvergne on the eastern border of the great plain which stretches through the centre of France, lies a small city renowned for many a stirring scene in history. Not the least of these was the frenzied preaching of the Hermit who wrung from a passion-wrought and ignorant mob the blasphemous shout of "Dieu le veut," and by his cry "Lo, there was Christ!" announced himself a traitor to that ever-present and living Truth he claimed to serve.

Near the centre of the city stands a small university, of no great renown in itself, but interesting because Pierre Ducharme and Gaston Luguet were some few years ago among the number of its students.

Outwardly they were an ill-assorted couple, for Gaston was handsome and rich, while Pierre was ungainly and ill-featured and dependent on a miserable pittance which an almost bankrupt father grudgingly doled out to him.

It was a strange bond of union that kept these two together. Dissimilar in all other respects, they were both madly impassioned of Science. For them it was everything; it explained all, or at least all that was explainable. If there was a Saviour of the world it was Science; truly a goddess meet to be worshipped, a goddess whose brilliant radiance had put to flight the misty hosts of superstition and poured from her beneficent lap the blessings of civilization on all men. Their sole ambition was to gain a niche in the Temple of Fame among the great discoverers and pioneers who had fought in the battle of Man against Nature. For them Science had nearly covered the ground of possible knowledge. Since Mind had been conclusively demonstrated to be a product of Matter, there was nothing more to say in that direction. Experiments which were being made to perfect our knowledge on the origin of life were nearly successfully completed, so that the evolution of Matter would be proven all along the line.

The lines of study which especially interested them were the splendid achievements of surgery and the important discoveries arrived at by vivisection, particularly the labours of the renowned *savants* Bernard, Bert and Pasteur.

Gaston who was a *fils de famille* and was well supplied with money, had spent it freely in the purchase of subjects on which he and Pierre operated in private, taking careful note of the nerves and tissues necessary to life and making elaborate experiments to demonstrate the limitation of environment under which life was supportable. For them, the sacrifice even of the whole animal kingdom was as nothing compared to the addition of one valuable fact to the sum of proved scientific knowledge. The animal was merely a continuation of the vegetable kingdom. Why then have more compunction in cutting up a dog, than in paring an apple? To speak of such valuable experiments as cruel and brutal, was mere sentiment and effeminate squeamishness, the proof of an unscientific mind and weak intellect.

They deplored the soft-hearted public opinion which forbade the vivisection

of criminals and spoke with enthusiasm of the enlightened government which had once given Science the means of prosecuting so valuable a field of discovery.

Together they had operated on some of the animals which, according to the Hæckelian "Tree," were most closely related to man, and eagerly yearned to push their investigations into the human kingdom. "Why did not the government," they cried, "make the proletariat cast lots yearly and so supply a certain number of subjects for their great benefactress Science? Bah, the government was too chicken-hearted now-a-days!"

At this period they were working very hard for an approaching examination. For Pierre this crisis was of the most vital importance. It would make or mar him. Gaston, on the contrary, was spurred on merely by his ambition. Yet so powerful was his love of fame and so assiduously did it keep him to his studies, that his health began to give way and he had to be hurriedly packed off home for a week's rest.

As the two friends parted at the station, Gaston whispered with suppressed excitement: "But for *one* miserable subject and we should head the lists by a thousand marks, Pierre! I'll get one, never fear, old fellow! I swear it."

Pierre, who was of a less sanguine nature, recognized the impossibility of gratifying their wish in so benighted an age and returned with equal mind to his work. He heard nothing of his friend for a week, and then received a brief note ending in the somewhat alarming sentence: "At last I have my eye on a subject."

Gaston was evidently off his head, thought Pierre. The old fellow had worked too hard and tired his brain. He would run over to R— and see him.

R— was a town some eight miles distant, where the Luguets lived in an ancient mansion on the quiet main street.

At Pierre's knock, the servant girl, who knew him well for M. Gaston's friend, told him that the family were from home but that the young master was in his study. He had particularly asked not to be disturbed, but no doubt would see Monsieur.

Dismissing the girl, Pierre went straight to Gaston's door and knocked. No answer. He knocked again. Still no answer. On turning the handle he found the door was locked.

"Gaston, old man," he shouted, "it's I, open up, you sleepy beggar!" Still no response.

Fearing something might be wrong, Pierre placed his shoulder against the door and the lock flew off.

Hastily entering, he drew back with a start of alarm.

There lay Gaston, stripped to the middle, face downwards in a ghastly pool of blood. Swiftly and deftly Pierre raised the dead body of his friend expecting to find a gaping throat wound. But no sooner had he turned the body round than he dropped it with a cry of horror, for the bared trunk, from the mangled flesh of which blood was still oozing, showed signs of careful *dissection*.

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A subject had been found, it was Gaston himself.

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Pierre staggered to a chair, prostrated with emotion. As he gazed round the room in a dazed manner, his eye rested on the writing-table.

What was that bloodstained paper in his friend's well-known writing? Seizing it with trembling hands, he saw at a glance that it was a detailed account of the whole ghastly operation, every nerve and muscle noted, the writing getting feebler and feebler until a series of small blots marked where the pen had fallen from Gaston's fainting hand. Pierre's anxiety to read this valuable record overcame all other thoughts. Sitting down he perused with bated breath and intense interest the minute details of what, from a scientific point of view, he considered a most magnificent operation.

He was laying the paper down with a sigh of disappointment that it ended so abruptly and at a point where the interest was greatest, when his eye was attracted by two or three sentences written at the bottom of the page and which he had not previously noticed. The writing was very minute but yet written firmly and boldly.

Pierre, it ran, we have been mad fools. . . . Matter is delusion. . . . Nothing exists but ideas. . . . Mind is no product of matter, but a thing in itself. . . . Hypnotism; study hypnotism. . . . Farewell!

Surely Gaston was mad! Of course he must have been to kill himself: but here was an additional proof. How fearfully mad the poor fellow must have been to write such stuff! Matter a delusion! Bah! the one reality of science—a delusion! He was as mad as a whole lunatic asylum, surely. Mind not a product of matter! Why every child knew that it was! And had not Gaston himself moreover, written a thesis on the interaction of the molecular movement of the brain and consequent thought-production? *He* study hypnotism, the hallucination of insufficient observation—absurd! Why Gaston and himself had clearly and completely demonstrated to their mutual satisfaction that it was merely a continued hallucination caused by sustained attention and a consequent partial paralysis or inhibition of the nerve centres. Poor Gaston *was* mad; most awfully mad.

Carefully folding the paper, he placed it in his pocket-book.

* * * * *

After the funeral, Pierre tried to settle down to his studies again but with poor success. His work always reminded him of Gaston, and Gaston of his tragic self-immolation to science.

From time to time he took out the ghastly record of his friend's last handiwork, and studied it attentively. He regarded it as a sacred secret and as the most precious souvenir that could be left by one man of science to another.

At first it struck him as somewhat curious that Gaston had penned those last mad sentences so neatly; but he speedily found a satisfactory solution to the difficulty, and placed it securely on a strictly scientific footing. Gaston had evidently fainted from loss of blood; on coming to his senses again, however, his already overwrought brain had given way completely. In this miserable state of mind he had written the concluding sentences, when a second fainting-fit had completely finished him.

As his examination was rapidly approaching, he determined to banish the subject from his mind and work hard; but as he was reading up physiology, he had frequent occasion to refer to his friend's precious notes, and he finally determined to bring them into his paper by hook or by crook. He accordingly found his mind always dwelling on Gaston and his strange heirloom.

So much did this recollection haunt him that as he read he could have sworn that he heard Gaston's voice whispering in the far distance : " Matter is delusion, delusion ! " He would wake up at night with the words " Mind is a thing of itself " ringing in his ears. Wherever he went he was pursued by a gentle murmur of " Hypnotism, study hypnotism ! "

Maddened to desperation by his inability to banish these thoughts from his mind, he determined to read the subject again, and so prove once more to his own complete satisfaction, by pure reason and science, that hypnotism was nothing but hallucination and a nonsensical and unproductive branch of enquiry.

Still as it would be a pure waste of time to consult the accepted authorities, all of whom he had previously read, he prepared for his amusement and distraction to analyse the unscientific absurdities of the Mesmerists.

With this intention he entered the City Library and taking down Dupotet's *Magie Devoilée*, commenced to read it in an absent-minded and contemptuous manner. As he mechanically turned the pages over, he gave a sudden start. Close to his very ear he heard Gaston's voice distinctly whisper, " Read, Pierre, study hypnotism ! "

He was now thoroughly desperate. " Was he too going mad ? " he asked himself. Mad ! He, Pierre, mad ! Bosh, it was all nerves !

Once, however, that he had determined on a task, it was not his habit to leave it unperformed ; so that opening the book again, he proceeded to carefully analyse the theories and experiments brought forward by the author.

We must pass over the various changes of mind through which he went during the next few days and the way in which he was gradually forced to admit several of the hypotheses of the followers of Mesmer. The study of these books brought under his notice an entirely new literature, and forced him occasionally to refer for verification of quotations to the writings of the mediæval " Adepts," such as Paracelsus, Agrippa, Van Helmont, Flamel, Robertus de Fluctibus, etc. In the works of these authors he read contemptuously enough of Magic. Hypnotism, he admitted, had been treated scientifically ; there was also a probability that mesmerism could be dealt with in the same manner, but *Magic*—absurd ! That *was* pure madness and hallucination, if you like.

But hardly had the thought crossed his mind when he heard the well-known voice whisper : " Hallucination !—What is hallucination ? . . . Nothing exists but thought . . . Study Magic ! "

Study Magic ! As well tell a Scientist to study Theology ! thought Pierre. He was evidently overworked and overwrought and must take a day's holiday. Suppose he were to go for a long tramp into the mountains and clear away the cobwebs ?

With this determination he started off and walked with feverish energy till nightfall, returning footsore and hungry. His walk had done him no good, for all the time his brain was working wildly as he strove with all his power to reason himself back again to his old position.

He was passing through the streets as one in a dream, when suddenly he stopped before an old curiosity shop, and mechanically took up a small dilapidated volume covered with worm-eaten vellum. As he turned over the pages, his attention was riveted by the accursed word, *Magic*.

It was the Grimoire of Pope Honorius.

Seeing a probable customer, the old dealer came forward, and noticing the book in his hands, began with the garrulousness of old age to explain how he came by it, pouring forth a voluble story of some Father Leclache, a Jesuit who was found dead in his bed.

Pierre listened without comprehending a word, and mechanically following the garrulous curiosity monger into his sanctum, dreamily watched him rummage out a small dust-covered oak box bound strongly with iron clasps.

* * * * *

The next recollection he had was that of placing the same box with great care on the dissecting table in Gaston's former laboratory and securely fastening the door.

One who knew him would have declared that it was no longer Pierre Ducharme. Every gesture was altered, an unnatural change had completely transfigured him. He now seemed to be acting with a set purpose and performing a familiar task of which he knew every detail.

Carefully selecting certain herbs, he commenced to pound and mix them together, muttering strange words in rhythmical cadence the while. Two long hours he plied his task, for six different mixtures were to be prepared and all was done deliberately and solemnly and with the greatest possible care.

Next proceeding to the mysterious box and opening it he laid the contents in due order on the table and extinguished the light.

Then taking a handful of one of the mixtures, he turned with strange gestures to the four quarters with reverent mien and placed the incense in a brazier, intoning a prolonged syllable which died away in weird and mysterious whisperings. This he did three times.

With steel and flint he lighted the herbs, and soon dense clouds of smoke were rolling through the apartment. One by one each article from the strong-bound box was passed eight times through the smoke and consecrated with the utmost care. You would have said that the fortunes of a kingdom hung in the balance for each detail of the ceremony.

When all was duly consecrated, with slow and stately steps the *Magister* moved in silence to the centre of the chamber and there remained motionless, arms folded, closed eyes and bowed head.

It was a strange weird scene, lit only by the unsteady glow of the embers in the brazier. Now and again their fitful light allowed a glimpse of the laboratory-shelves with their glass instruments and furniture, shelves which had so often been the silent witnesses of the excruciating pains and agonized death throes of that torture chamber of science.

Ceasing from his contemplative attitude the operator now traced with great deliberation a circle of some six feet diameter in the centre of the apartment, adding strange cabalistic figures within it. Next he drew a cross the ends of which joined the outer circle and at the points he placed four braziers filled with different perfumes, and in the centre placed a fifth. Setting four tapers within the circle on the arms of the cross, and donning a red vesture reaching to his feet, he girded round his waist a belt inscribed with strange and mystic characters and bound with practised hand a *Lamen* round his forehead.

Precisely as the clock was striking twelve, with wand and book in hand, the

now transformed magician stepped within the circle, which now was shrouded round with rolling clouds of incense from the smoking braziers.

Facing the East, in low and solemn tones and with expectant gaze, the red-clad figure pronounced with emphasis a weird and awe-inspiring invocation to the Spirits of Fire. Then from South, North, West, the Spirits of Air, Earth and Water were severally invoked to aid the daring mortal in his task

Denser and denser grew the incense fumes ; wreath after wreath curled into strange fantastic shapes and arched into a brooding canopy overhead. And now the hardy summoner of unseen powers lights the centre brazier and springing to his feet with terrible earnestness pronounced the following awful words :—

By the Rulers of the Four Corners of Solid Earth, and by Princes and Powers of Fleeting Air ; By Regents and Demons of Running Water and by the bright spirits of Flaming Fire : By all these and by the Great Name of the all-mighty Dragon Bibdabradoft, I summon thee, Gaston Luguët, to appear. Notsag Teugul : Yau tezie kodol y bednu ! Appear ! Appear ! ! Appear ! ! !

Round and round the circle sped the fumes in dizzy swirls with ever-increasing rapidity ; but within the charmed surface all was intensely clear and unnaturally still. As the last syllable died away, lambent tongues of flame quivered through the rapid smoke spirals threading them like weavers' shuttles, until the two motions intermingling, a living wall of whirling atoms hemmed the circle in. Suddenly the motion ceased ; and the sphere assumed a dull monotonous glare, as though the bold magician were hemmed in with walls of red hot iron ; yet there was no heat but rather the sensation of a cool wind blowing.

Suddenly the blood-coloured envelope split on all sides and disappeared.

Mighty powers what are these ; what this horrid spectacle ? There on all sides pressing round the circle are standing the wretched victims which had died beneath the ruthless scalpels of the pitiless pair ; dissected to the limit of life ; in horrible mutilation ; piteously gazing at the silent watcher in mute appeal for mercy. Above them was the shade of Gaston, pointing to his self-inflicted wounds. Each gazed upon their summoner in mute appeal ; and Gaston gazed at them, with awful looks of undying sorrow and remorse.

With a violent shudder the whole demeanour of the formerly intrepid lord of the circle changed, the previous calm *Magister* vanished from the scene ; the red-clad figure was now Pierre Ducharme himself.

Turn where he would the same awful sight presented itself to his panic-stricken gaze ; desperately, with starting eyeballs he turned his eyes upward.

There above his head hovered a grand and noble personage of stern sad gaze. "*Mortal,*" it seemed to say, "*Life is sweet Harmony : but thou hast made of it sad discord. As thou hast sown, so must thou reap. Like unto like ; SUCH IS THE LAW.*"

With a shriek of terror the hapless student tottered backwards and fell outside the circle unconscious.

* * * * *

The morning sun shone brightly on the figure of Pierre Ducharme. There he lay on the floor of the laboratory, dressed in his ordinary clothes, with

Gaston's bloodstained notes clasped tightly in his hand. All else had disappeared.

* * * * *

On returning to consciousness, he strove to recollect how he had come to pass the night on the floor, but in vain. He could remember returning from his long walk, tired and faint for want of food. All else was a hopeless blank. He supposed the fit of nervous prostration from which he had been suffering, had culminated in some fit of unconsciousness.

He felt very tired and shattered. Something must be done to pull himself together, a glass of brandy would set him to rights, he thought. Hastily pouring out a glass from a bottle that had been used once for an experiment, he drained it to the last drop; it did him so much good that he poured out another. The second had even a better effect than the first. Pierre had a natural dislike for spirits, but strange to say, in his present queer state, he seemed to derive nothing but benefit from the fiery liquid, and by the time he had finished the bottle felt almost quite his old self.

During the next week or so before his examination he threw himself heart and soul into his work, keeping up his strength by increasing quantities of brandy. He found that he had much to get through, especially as he had to make up for the time lost during what he now regarded as his nervous illness. So occupied however, was he with his other subjects, that it was not until the very morning of the examination that he snatched a hasty glance at Gaston's notes, which since the night of the crisis of his illness he had kept locked up in a drawer of his desk. In fact he had to finish his reading of them as he hurried down to the examination hall.

Hastily putting them into his breast pocket, he entered the hall and ran his eye over the paper.

"Splendid! Nothing could be better! The very question he wanted! He was a made man!" Such were the mental comments of the delighted Pierre.

On he wrote, cleverly leading up to the point where he could bring in the priceless information that his dead friend had bequeathed to him.

As he more clearly brought the fatal paper and its precious contents before his mind's eye, the whole sequence of events from the time of Gaston's suicide, massed themselves and began to rush through his being with ever-increasing intensity. Once more he felt himself carried with wild headlong impulse into the magic circle. And now with lightning rapidity he was a second time brought face to face with the ghastly vision which had been evoked.

With the awful words "SUCH IS THE LAW" ringing in his ears, he fell forward heavily over his papers.

Silence reigned in the hushed examination hall. Nothing could be heard but the plying of busy pens; when suddenly the stillness was broken by a demoniacal shout of laughter. Peal after peal rang through the rafters. As the startled students looked up they saw that one of their number was waving his papers frantically over his head and then tearing them with frenzied fingers into fragments. At this terrible sight the awful truth burst upon them. . . . PIERRE DUCHARME WAS MAD.

Rest.

A SOLITARY cottage stood on the edge of a bleak moorland. The sun sank behind the low horizon, and left marshy pools glowing like living opals. A stream of homeward flying rooks made a streak of indigo across the topaz sky where gauzy wind-riven clouds floated westward. The sacred hush of eventide brooded under the calm wings of night.

Out on the waste wandered the Angel of "Sleep," and the Angel of "Death" with arms fraternally entwined, and whilst the brotherly genii embraced each other, night stole down with velvet footfall, and the green stars peered forth. Then the Angel of Sleep shook from out his hands the invisible grains of slumber, and bade the night wind waft them o'er the World. And soon the child in its cradle, the tired mother, the aged man, and the pain-laden woman were at peace. The curfew tolled out from the distant hamlet and then was still. Inside the cottage a rushlight burned faintly, indicating the poverty of the room, and illumining the death-like features of the boy who lay on the bed. By his side, worn out, sat the father, his horny hand clasped in that of his child. And the two brother Angels advanced, hand in hand, and peered in at the window, and the Angel of Sleep said: "Behold how gracious a thing it is, that we can visit this humble dwelling and scatter grains of slumber around, and send oblivion to the weary watcher. I am beloved and courted by all. How merciful is our vocation."

And silently he entered the room.

He kissed the eyelids of the weary watcher, and as he did so some grains fell from out the wreath of scarlet poppies that lay, like drops of blood, upon his brow. But the Angel of Death sat without, his pallid face shrouded in the sable of his wings. And he spake to the Angel of Sleep, "Of a truth thou art happy and beloved. The welcome guest of all, whereas I am shunned, the door is barred as against a secret foe, and I am counted the enemy of the World." But the Angel of Sleep wiped away the immortal tears from the dark and mournful eyes of his brother Death. "Are we not children born of the one Father," said he. "And do not the good call thee friend, and the lonely, the homeless, the weary laden, bless thy hallowed name when they wake in Paradise."

And the Angel of Death unfurled his sable wings and took heart. And as LUCIFER the light-bringer paled in the violet Heavens he silently entered the dwelling. With his golden scythe he cut the silver cord of life, and gathered the child to his faithful bosom.

“WHEREIN IS LOVE, THEREIN IS GOD.”

By COUNT L. TOLSTOI.

ONCE there dwelt in a city a bootmaker, Martin Avdeyitch. He lived in a small basement room with one window. The window looked on the street. Through the window one could see the people passing; though their legs alone could be seen, yet Martin Avdeyitch used to recognise the owners by their boots. Martin Avdeyitch had lived in his room for a long while and had many acquaintances. Rare was that pair of boots in the neighbourhood that missed his hands. Some he soled, others he patched, some again he trimmed afresh, putting on occasionally a new heel or two. And often he used to see his work through the window. Of orders he had plenty, for Avdeyitch's work was solid; he always furnished good material, putting on it no higher price than he should, and stuck punctually to his promises. Whenever sure of being ready at the time fixed, he would accept an order; if otherwise, he would never deceive a customer, but would warn him beforehand. So Avdeyitch became known and had no end of work. Avdeyitch had always been a good man, but toward old age he took to thinking more of his soul and approaching nearer his God. In the now old days, when Martin yet lived as a journeyman, he had lost his wife. A boy about three years old had been all that remained of her. Their elder children had all died. At first Martin thought of sending his boy to the village, to live with his sister, but pitying the child, he changed his mind—“too hard for my Kapitoshka to grow up in a strange family,” he said to himself, “I'll keep him with me.” Asking his master to discharge him, Avdeyitch went to live together with his little boy in a lodging. But God had not given him luck with children. Hardly had the child grown up sufficiently to be of help to his father, than he fell sick, burnt with fever for a week, and died. Martin buried his son and fell into despair. So much did he despair that he murmured against God. Such weariness got hold of Martin that more than once he implored God for death, and reproved Him for not taking him, an old man, instead of his beloved and only son. Avdeyitch even ceased to go to Church. Once an old village neighbour visited Avdeyitch, on his way from Troitza Monastery—a pilgrim in the eighth year of his travels. After conversing awhile Avdeyitch complained to him about his sorrows. “No desire, man of God, do I feel for life:” he said. “Death alone do I covet, and pray God for. Here am I, a hopeless man in all?”

And the Pilgrim answered:—

“Thou speakest not well, Martin, for it behoves us not to judge the acts of God. 'Tis not as we fancy but as God decrees! And if God so willed that thy son should die and thou shouldst live, therefore must it have been for the best. As to thy despairing, this is only because thou seekest to live for thine own comfort alone.”

“And for what else should one live?” asked Martin.

Quoth the old man—“For God, Martin, thou shouldst live for God. He

giveth life, for Him then we should live. Once thou livest for God, thou shalt cease fretting, and life shall seem to thee but a light burden.”

After a short silence, Martin asked :—“How should one live for God?”

Saith the old one : “As for this, Christ Himself showeth us the way. Canst thou not read? Well, buy the *Evangels* and read them, and thou shalt learn therein how one can live for God. It is all there.”

And these words found their way into Martin’s heart. And he went and bought a *New Testament*, in large print, and set himself to study it.

Avdeyitch had intended to read only on holidays, but no sooner had he begun, than he felt his soul so overjoyed that he read daily. At times he would go on reading so late at night that the oil in his lamp would be all burned out, and he still unable to tear himself away from the book. Thus Avdeyitch read every evening. And the more he read, the more it became clear to him what God expected of him, and how one should live *for God*; and he felt the burden on his heart becoming lighter and lighter. Hitherto when retiring to rest, he used to begin groaning and moaning for his *Kapitoshka*, but now his last thoughts became, “Glory to Thee, glory, O Lord! Thy will be done.” And now all the life of Avdeyitch was changed. Hitherto, as a Sunday offering, he used to visit the inn, to get a glass of tea, and to occasionally indulge in liquor. He, too, had drunk with casual friends; and though never enough to get drunk, yet often retired in too good humour, talking nonsense, and even shouting to, and abusing people on his way home. But now all this had gone by; his life had become quiet and full of contentment. From morn till eve at work; and when the task was done, taking his little lamp from the hook on the wall, placing it on his table, and then getting his book from the shelf, opening it, and sitting down to read. And the more he read, the better he understood it and the lighter and happier he felt in his heart.

Once, it so happened that Martin sat up later than usual. He was reading the Gospel according to St. Luke. He had read the sixth chapter, and had come upon the verses: “And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy shirt* also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.” Then he read those verses wherein the Lord saith :—

“And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings and doeth them, I will show you to whom he is like: He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock; and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the sand; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great.”

Read Avdeyitch these words and his soul felt overjoyed. Taking off his spectacles, he laid them on the book before him, and leaning on the table fell into deep thought. He tried to fit his life to the precepts. And then he asked himself:

“Is my house built on rock or on sand? If on rock, well and good. Aye,

* In the Slavonian text the word is “shirt,” not “coat,” as in the English texts

it is easy enough, sitting here alone to fancy that one has done everything as God commands ; but forget this for a moment and there's sin again. Nevertheless, I'll try. Too good, not to—and may God help me !”

Thus ran his thoughts ; he half rose to go to bed, but felt unwilling yet to part with the Book. So he went on reading the seventh Chapter. He read about the centurion, read all about the son of the widow, read the reply to John's disciples and came to that place, where a Pharisee asked Jesus to eat with him ; and finally read how the woman “which was a sinner” anointed His feet and washed them with her tears and how He forgave her sins. At last he came to verse 44 and began to read : “And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman ? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet ; but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head ; and since the time I came in, she hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint ; but she hath anointed my feet with ointment.” And having read these verses he repeated to himself : “*Gave no water for the feet, gave no kiss, nor did he anoint HIS head with oil. . .*”

He took off his spectacles once more, placed them on the Book, and fell into deep thought again.

“That Pharisee, there, must have been one of my sort. I too never used to remember anyone but myself : how to indulge in tea, to sit in warmth and comfort, and no thought of others. Thought of himself only ; as to his guest, no care did he feel for him. And who, that guest ? Why the Lord Himself. Would He but come to me now, could I ever act as he did ?”

Placing both arms on the table, Avdeyitch fell unconsciously into a half slumber.

“Martin !” he suddenly heard, as if something had breathed near his ear.

Startled in his sleep, “Who's here ?” he cried.

Turning round he looked at the door—and saw no one. He fell asleep again. Suddenly he heard distinctly a voice saying :

“Martin, I say, Martin ! look out on the street to-morrow for me. I will come.”

Then Martin awoke, arose from his chair and began to rub his eyes, not sure whether he had really heard these words, or only dreamed them. Then he turned off his lamp, and took to his bed.

On the morrow Avdeyitch arose before twilight, said his prayers, kindled his fire, put his *stshy* * and *kasha* † into the oven, made his *samovar* boil ‡, donned his apron, and taking his seat under the window commenced his work. There sat Avdeyitch, working, but thinking all the while of what had happened. And his conclusions were two-fold : one moment he thought that it was all fancy, at another that he had heard a voice, truly. Well, he argued, such things have happened before.

Thus sat Martin at his window, working less than looking out of it, and no sooner would a pair of boots of † foreign make pass by than, straining his body, he would try to catch a glimpse through the window, not of the legs alone but of the face too. There goes the *dvernik* (porter) in new felt boots, § there comes the water-carrier, and finally an old invalid soldier of the Nicholas period, in

* Cabbage broth.
Brass tea-urn to boil water in.

† Thick porridge of buck-wheat.
§ *Valenki*, thick felt boots without soles.

worn-out and mended felt boots and leggings, armed with a snow-shovel, stood before the window. Avdeyitch recognised him by those leggings. Stepanitch was the old man's name, and he lived with a neighbouring merchant, on charity. His duty was to help the porter. Stepanitch commenced to shovel away the snow from before the window; Avdeyitch looked at him and then returned to his work.

"I must have lost my senses in my old age!" laughed Avdeyitch to himself. "Stepanitch is cleaning away the snow and I am here fancying Christ is coming to visit me. I must be a doting old fool, that's what I am." Nevertheless, having drawn his needle through about a dozen times, Avdeyitch was again attracted to look through the window. And, having looked, he saw Stepanitch who, placing his spade against a wall, was trying to warm himself or perhaps get a rest.

"The man is old, broken down, perchance too weak even to clean off the snow," said to himself Avdeyitch, "warm tea might be welcome to him, and, as luck has it, there's the *samovar* ready to boil over." So he stuck in his awl, rose, placed the samovar on the table, poured boiling water over the tea, and tapped with his finger on the window-pane. Stepanitch turned round and approached the window; Avdeyitch beckoned to him and went to open the door.

"Walk in and warm thyself," he said. "Feel cold, hey?"

"Christ save us, I do, and all my bones aching!" In walked Stepanitch, shook off some snow, and, so as not to soil the floor, made a feeble attempt to wipe his feet, himself nearly falling.

"Don't trouble to wipe; I'll scrub it off myself; that's our business. Come and sit down," said Avdeyitch. "There, have some tea." Filling two glasses, he placed one before his guest, and pouring tea out of his own glass into his saucer, proceeded to blow on it.

Stepanitch emptied his glass, turned it upside down on its saucer, and placing on it the bit of sugar he had not used,* he rendered thanks for the tea. But he evidently longed for another glass.

"Have some more," said Avdeyitch, filling the two glasses again, for himself and guest. Thus he talked and drank, yet never losing sight of the window.

"Art thou expecting anyone?" enquired the guest.

"Do I expect anyone? Seems queer to say—whom I keep expecting. Not that I really expect anyone, only a certain word stuck in my heart. A vision, or whatever it was, I cannot say. Hearken thou to me, brother mine. Last night I was reading the Gospel about Father Christ, all about how he suffered and how he walked on earth. Thou hast heard of it, hast thou not?"

"Aye, heard of it, we have heard," answered Stepanitch. "But we are dark people † and have not been taught to read."

"Well, then, I was reading just about this very same thing, how he walked the earth, and I read, you know, how he visited the Pharisee and the Pharisee failed to give him a reception. And I was reading this last night, thou

* Though they drink tea immoderately, the lower classes of Russia do not sugar it, but bite a piece off from a lump which serves them for several glasses, the guest leaving his remaining piece in the manner described.

† The Russian peasant, and the lower classes call themselves "dark" or ignorant people. The also often use the plural pronoun "we" instead of the pronoun "I" when speaking of themselves.

brother mine, and, while reading, fell a-thinking. How is it that he could receive Christ, our Father, without any honours. Had this happened as an example to myself or anyone else, methinks nothing would have been too good with which to receive him. And that other one, offering no reception! Well, that's what I kept thinking about, until I fell a-napping like. And while napping, brother mine, I heard my name called, lifted my head and heard a voice, just as if someone whispered, 'Expect me, I'll come to-morrow,' and that twice. Well, believe me or not, but that voice remained fixed in my head from that moment—and here I am, chiding myself for it, and still expecting Him, our Father."

Stepanitch shook his head wonderingly and said nothing, but emptying his glass, placed it this time on its side,* but Avdeyitch lifted it up again and poured out more tea.

"Drink more and may it give thee health. So then I think to myself, when He, the Father, walked the earth, He scorned no man, but associated more with the common people, visiting rather the simple folk and selecting his disciples out of the ranks of the poorer brethren, the same as we sinners are ourselves, journeymen and the like. 'Whosoever shall exalt himself,' says He, 'shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. You call Me Lord,' says he, 'and I,' He says, 'will wash your feet for you. If any man desire to be first, the same shall be servant of all. Because,' says He, 'blessed are the poor, the meek and the merciful.'"

Being an old, and soft hearted fellow, Stepanitch forgot his tea. And there he sat listening, big tears running down his cheeks.

"Come, have some more tea," said Avdeyitch. But Stepanitch, crossing himself,† rendered thanks, pushed away his glass and arose to depart.

"Thanks to thee, Martin Avdeyitch," he said; "thou hast entertained me well and fed both soul and body."

"Pray thee come again; a guest is ever welcome," replied Avdeyitch. Stepanitch departed, and Martin pouring out the last drop of tea, cleared away the tea things and sat down once more to his table under the window, to backstitch a seam. There he sat backstitching, but still looking out through the window, awaiting the Christ, thinking of Him and His doings, his head full of Christ's various discourses.

Two soldiers passed by, one in regimental, the other in his own boots; passed the proprietor of a neighbouring house, in brightly polished overshoes, and finally the baker with his basket. All passed and vanished, and now a woman in woollen stockings and village shoes walks past the window and stops at the partition wall. Looks up at her from under the window panes Avdeyitch, and sees an unknown female poorly clad, with a baby in her arms, placing herself with her back against the wind and trying to wrap up the baby but having nothing to wrap it in. Her garments are thin and worn. And Avdeyitch through his window, hears the child crying, and she trying, but unable, to hush him. Arose Avdeyitch, opened the door, passed up the staircase and called: "Goody; hey, my goody!" The woman heard him and turned round.

"Wherefore standest thou with that little child in the cold? Come into the

* An act of politeness, denoting that he had enough tea.

† Making the sign of the cross, which people in Russia do before and after every meal

warm room, where thou canst wrap him at thine ease. Here, come down here!" The woman looked surprised. She sees an old man in his working apron, and with spectacles on his nose inviting her into his shop. She followed him. Reaching the bottom of the landing, they entered the room, and the old man led the woman to his bed. "Sit down here, my goody, nearer to the oven—just to warm thyself and feed the baby."

"No milk left; had nothing myself to eat since morning!" sadly muttered the woman, preparing nevertheless to feed the babe.

Shook his old head Avdeyitch, upon hearing this, went to the table, got some bread and a bowl, opened the oven-door, poured into the cup some *stshy*, got out from the oven a pot with *kasha*, but found it had not steamed up to the proper point yet, returned with the *stshy* alone, and placed it on the table with the bread; and taking a wiping-cloth from a hook, he laid it near the rest.

"Sit down," says he, "and eat, my goody, and I'll take meanwhile care of thy infant. I had babes myself—so I know how to deal with 'em."

The woman crossing herself, went to the table and commenced eating, and Avdeyitch took her place on the bedstead near the baby, and began smacking his lips at it, but smack as he would he smacked them badly, for he had no teeth. The little child kept on crying. Then it occurred to Avdeyitch to startle it with his finger; to raise high his hand with finger uplifted, and bringing it rapidly down, right near the baby's mouth, and as hastily withdrawing it. The finger was all black, stained with cobbler's wax, so he would not allow the baby to take it into its mouth. The little one at last got interested in the black finger, and while looking at it, ceased crying and soon began to smile and coo. Avdeyitch felt overjoyed. And the woman went on eating, at the same time narrating who she was and whence she came.

She was a soldier's wife, she said, whose husband had been marched off somewhere eight months before and since then had never been heard from. She was living as a cook when her baby was born, but since then, they would not keep her with it.

"And now it's the third month that I am out of a situation," she went on. "All I possessed is pawned for food. I offered myself as wet-nurse, but didn't suit—was too lean, they said. Tried with the merchant's wife, yonder, where a countrywoman is in service, and she promised to have me. I had understood it was from to-day, and so went, but was told to come next week. She lives far. I got tired out and wore him out too, the poor little soul. Thanks to our landlady, she pities the poor and keeps us for the sake of Christ under her roof. Otherwise I know not how I would have pulled through."

Heaving a sigh, Avdeyitch asked: "And hast thou no warmer clothing?"

"Just the time, my own one, to keep warm clothing! But yesterday I pawned my last shawl for twenty copecks."

Approaching the bed the woman took her child, and Avdeyitch, repairing to a corner in the wall, rummaged among some clothing and brought forth an old sleeveless coat.

"There," he said, "though it be a worn-out garment, still it may serve thee to wrap him up with."

The woman looked at the coat, looked at the old man and began weeping.

Avdeyitch turned away too, crawled under the bed and dragging out a trunk rummaged in it and sat down again, opposite the woman.

And the woman said : "Christ save thee, old father, it is He perchance, who sent me under thy window. I would have had my child frozen. When I left the house it was warm, and now, behold the frost is beginning. It's He, the Father, who made thee look out of the window and take pity on hapless me."

Smiled Avdeyitch, and said : "Aye, it's He who made me. It's not to lose time, my goody, that I keep on the look-out."

And then Martin told the soldier's wife also his dream, how he had heard a voice promising him that the Lord would visit him that day.

"All things are possible," remarked the woman, and arising put on the coat, wrapped up in its folds her little one and bowing, commenced again to thank Avdeyitch.

"Accept this for the sake of Christ," answered Avdeyitch, giving her a twenty copeck piece, to get back her shawl from the pawnshop. Once more the woman crossed her brow, and Avdeyitch crossed his, and went out to see her off.

The woman was gone. Avdeyitch ate some broth, cleaned the table, and sat down to his work again. His hands are busy, but he keeps the window in mind and no sooner a shadow falls on it than he looks up to see who goes by. Some acquaintances passed along, and some strangers likewise, but he saw nothing and no one out of the ordinary.

But suddenly, Avdeyitch sees stopping opposite his window an old woman, a fruit-seller. She is carrying a wicker basket with apples. Few remain, she must have sold them all, for, hanging across her back is a bag full of chips, got by her no doubt, at some building in construction, and which she now carries home. But the heavy bag hurts her, it seems; trying to shift it from one shoulder to the other, she drops it down on the kerb, places her wicker basket on a street post, and proceeds to pack the chips tighter in the bag. As she is shaking the bag, there suddenly appears from behind the street corner a small boy, in a ragged cap, who seizes an apple and is in the act of disappearing unperceived, when the old woman abruptly turning round, grasps him with both hands by the coat sleeve. The boy struggles, trying to get away, but the old woman seizing him in her arms knocks off his cap and catches him by the hair. The boy cries at the top of his voice, the old woman swears. Losing no time to put away his awl, Avdeyitch throws it on the floor, makes for the door, runs up the steps, stumbles and loses his spectacles, and reaches the street. On runs Avdeyitch, on goes the old woman, shaking the small boy by his hair, cursing and threatening to drag him to the policeman; the small boy kicking and denying : "I did not take thine apple; why shouldst thou beat me, let go!" Then Avdeyitch endeavoured to separate them, and taking the boy by the hand, said : "Let him go, *babooshka* (grandmother), forgive him for the sake of Christ."

"I'll forgive him so that he won't forget it till the next switches! I'll take the rascal to the police." And Avdeyitch began to entreat the old woman.

"Let him go, *baboohska*," he said. "He won't do it again. Let go, for Christ's sake!"

The old woman let the boy go, who prepared to run away, but now Avdeyitch would not let him.

“Beg granny’s pardon,” he said, “and don’t do it again. I saw thee take the apple.” The boy burst into tears and begged the old woman to forgive him.

“Now, that’s right. And there, have the apple now.” And Avdeyitch, taking an apple out of the basket, gave it to the small boy. “I’ll pay thee for it, grandmother,” said he to the old woman.

“Thou wilt spoil the dirty urchins,” said the woman. “His best reward should be of such a nature that he could not lie on his back for a week.”

“Nay, nay, mother,” said Avdeyitch, “not so. This may be according to our law, but it is not according to the law of God. If he deserves flogging for a stolen apple, then what should be the punishment for our sins?”

The old woman was silent.

And Avdeyitch told the old woman the parable about the Lord who loosed his servant and forgave him his debt, the servant going forthwith and laying his hands on his debtor, throttling him and casting him into prison. The old woman stood and listened, and the boy stood and listened. “God commands that we should forgive our brothers their trespasses,” said Avdeyitch, “that the same should be done unto us. Forgive all, let alone an unreasoning child.”

The old woman shook her head and sighed.

“That’s so, that’s so,” she said, “but children have become too unruly now-a-days.”

“Just why we old people should teach them better!” said Avdeyitch.

“I say so, too,” replied the old woman. “I had seven of them, myself, but only one daughter is left to me out of them all. And the old woman began telling where and how she lived with her daughter, and the number of grandchildren she had. “See,” she went on, “my strength is almost gone, and still I work, pitying the chicks, for my grandchildren are very good and none love me better than they. As to Aksyutka, she won’t leave my arms for anyone. ‘Granny, dear granny, my heart’ . . . says she.” And the old woman softened entirely. “Of course, that’s a child’s doings. God be with him,” she added, looking at the boy.

As she prepares to hoist the bag of chips on her back, the little boy, making up, says,

“Let me carry it, granny, for you: I am going your way.” Shook her head reflectively the old one, nodded and placed the load on the boy’s back.

And both went along the street, the old woman actually forgetting to ask Avdeyitch for the price of her apple. Avdeyitch stood looking at them and kept listening to their dying voices, as they went on holding converse together.

Having seen them off, Avdeyitch returned to his room, found his spectacles on the steps unbroken, picked up his awl and sat at his work once more. After working for a little time he could no longer thread the bristles through the holes, and saw the lamp-lighter passing on his way to light the street lanterns.

“Time to light my lamp,” he thought; so he trimmed it, hooked it on to the wall and continued his work. One boot was now ready; he turned it on all sides and examined it; it was all right. He gathered his tools, brushed off the parings, put away the bristles, stray bits and strings, took down his lamp, placed it on the table and got from the shelf his Gospels. He tried to open the book on the page which he had marked the night before with a bit of mcrococo leather,

but it opened at another place. And no sooner had Avdeyitch opened it than he remembered his last night's dream. And no sooner did it come back to him than it seemed to him as if someone moved about behind him, softly shuffling his feet. Turns round our Avdeyitch, and sees something like people standing in the dark corner—men of whom he is yet unable to say who they are. And the voice whispers into his ear :

“Martin! Hey, Martin. Knowest thou me not?”

“Know whom?” cried Avdeyitch.

“ME,” said the voice; “it is I.” And out from the dark corner emerged Stepanitch, smiled, vanished cloud-like, and was no more.

“And that is I,” said the same voice, the woman with the little child coming out of the dark corner; and the woman smiled and the little child cooed, and they too were gone. “And that is I,” said the voice, followed by the old woman and the little boy with the apple, and both smiled and forthwith vanished too.

And great joy crept into Martin's heart, and making the sign of the cross he put on his spectacles and began reading there where the Book had opened. And on the top of the page he read :

“For I was hungered and ye gave me meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me drink, I was a stranger and ye took me in.” And further down the page he read : “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.” (Matth. xxv.)

And Avdeyitch knew that his dream had not deceived him, but that on that day the Saviour had indeed come to visit him, and that he had indeed received Him.

ALAS !

BUT half-thought thoughts, but half-
wrought deeds,
The past hath set 'twixt thee and me;
Where strength of sin, or grace of good,
Hath never crown of victory.

Torn half-loved loves, half-hated hates,
Forgotten, ere their strength had
grown

Beyond mere babbling babyhood,
With stony eyes, meet mine alone.

Weak half-wrung hands hang heavily,
Whose fingers once were laid in mine,
I held them not, nor flung away ;—
Oh God give back those days of thine !

Give back the thoughts I might have
thought,

Until they seeded into life,
Until they blossomed into deed ;
Give back the chances of the strife !

Give back the instinctive love of good !
Oh give me love of Love again,
And hate of Hate, and oh dear God,
Give me the loveless lover's pain !

Lay but once more warm clinging hands
In mine outstretched, that I may know
Life lives the sweeter at death's root,
And love's rose blooms thro' age's snow.

Alas ! half-prayed ! No strength have I !
No will—no heart—no soul—in vain—
God's face is but a grinning mask—
I sink to half-lived life again !

EVELYN PINE.

Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

PART III.—(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

THE HEXAD. 6.

NICOMACHUS calls it "the form of form, the only number adapted to the Soul, the distinct union of the parts of the universe, the fabricator of the Soul, also Harmony, and it is properly "Venus" herself.

It is also Zygia, Nuptialia; and Androgynæ, who Pliny tells us were an African tribe who had "dextra mamma virilis, læva muliebris. Among the Fates it is Lachesis. Among the Muses it is Thalia.

Six is also Benevolence, Peace, and Health, Acmon, one of the Cyclops (*akmon*, an anvil), and Truth.

By the Pythagoreans it was called "the Perfection of parts."

As to "Marriage," it is a number equal to its parts, and marriage is a ceremony to sanction the production of offspring similar to the Present.

Formed by the multiplication of the first (beyond unity) odd number, and the first even, it resembles the union of Male and Female, as in Marriage or in Androgynicity, Health and Beauty, on account of its symmetry.

It was called "all-sufficient," *παναρκεια*, *panarkeia*.

According to the Pythagoreans, after a period of 216 years, which number is the cube of 6, all things are regenerated, and they said this was the periodic time of the Metempsychosis.

When multiplied into itself, like the pentad, six has also always itself in the unit place, thus, 6, 36, 216, 1,296, 7,776.

On the 6th day Man was created, according to Genesis. On the 6th day of the week Jesus died on the cross.

In a Freemasons' Lodge there are 6 Jewels, three of which are immovable and lie open in the lodge for the Brethren to moralize upon, while the other three jewels are transferable from one Brother to another at the periodical changes of officers.

In the Hebrew "Book of Creation," the "Sepher Yetzirah," the Hexad is spoken of, the units representing the four quarters of the World, North, South, East, and West, and also height and depth, and in the midst of all is the Holy Temple. See my translation, cap. i. v. 11, on page 9, and notes on p. 25.

The Druids had a religious mysterious preference for the number 6. They performed their principal ceremonies on the 6th day of the moon,

and on the 6th day of the moon began their year. They went 6 together to gather the sacred mistletoe (misseltoe), and in monuments and plates now extant we often find 6 of their priests grouped together. See Mayo II. 239.

An astronomical period of 600 years, spoken of as the "Naros," the Cycle of the Sun, the Luni Solar period or Sibylline year, consisting of 31 periods of 19 years, and one of 11 years, is often referred to in old works on the Mysteries. It seems to have been known by the Chaldeans and ancient Indians; it is a period of peculiar properties. Cassini, a great astronomer, declares it the most perfect of all astronomic periods.

If on a certain day at noon, a new moon took place at any certain point in the heavens, it would take place again at the expiration of 600 years, at the same place and time, and with the planets all in similar positions.

It is supposed that one recurrence of this period is referred to in the 4th Eclogue of Virgil, the poem, which, as is well known, has been spoken of as an allusion to the Messiah, Jesus.

"The period sung by the Cumæan Sibyl has now arrived, and the grand series of ages (that series which occurs again and again in the course of a mundane revolution) begins afresh. The virgin Astræa returns, the reign of Saturn recommences, and a new progeny descends from heaven."

It has been calculated by some savants, by the late Dr. Kenealy in particular, that a Messiah, or divine teacher, has been sent to the world every 600 years, thus :—

Adam, the first messenger from the Gods to our race on earth.

Enoch, the second, 600 years after.

Fo-hi, the third, to China in particular.

Brigoo, Brighou, a Hindoo prophet.

Zaratusht, Zoroaster, the fifth, to Persia.

Thoth, Tautus, sent to the Egyptians. (Hermes Trismegistus ?)

Amosis, or Moses the Jewish law-giver, the seventh.

Lao Tseu, a second to China, 600 B.C. the eighth.

Jesus the ninth, to the Jews first and then to the Gentiles.

Mohammed the tenth, he flourished about A.D. 600.

Chengiz Khan the eleventh, A.D. 1200 conquered Persia.

Who the special messenger of 1800 was, the author is ignorant.

The secret of the Naros, the Apocalypse, and the Mediatorial sacrifice have been considered *the* secrets of the Great Mysteries. Circumcision was possibly an outward sign of Initiation.

Jesus, at any rate, writes the author of the "Book of God," appeared at the 9th Naros, and no one can deny that such a messenger was expected. Juvenal, oddly enough too, mentions in Satire XIII. v. 28, "Nona ætas igitur"—"now is the ninth age"—which indeed it was, though how he knew it is a mystery.

N.B.—Naros is not to be confused with “Saros,” a cycle of the moon of 18 years and 10 days, which was known to the Chaldeans and Greeks, a period after the expiry of which the eclipses of the moon recur similarly.

The circumference of a globe has been fixed at 360 degrees, six sixties ; the hour divided into 60 minutes, each of 60 seconds. The Tartars had a period of 60 days, the Chinese also ; and the Asiatics generally a period of 60 years.

The Babylonian great period was 3,600 years, the Naros multiplied by 6. The “Lily” which in all the old Annunciation pictures Gabriel presents to the Virgin has 6 leaves, and the flower shews 6 petals all alike, around a central three-headed stigma as is botanically correct.

One of the three main divisions into which plants are arranged by Botanists, is typified by a predominance of the numbers 3 and 6, in all parts of the flowers, 6 leaves forming a perianth, 6 stamens, and a 3 lobed stigma with a 3 or 6 celled ovary is the common arrangement.

Berosus, “On the Chaldean Kings,” mentions three periods of time, a Sossus of 60 years ; a Naros, or neros of 600 years, and the Saros, 3,600 years. There seems some confusion here with the Saros of 18 years and 10 days.

Bailly in his *Astronomie Ancienne*, p. 31, says The Brahmans used the numbers 60 and 3,600 in computing time. The Chaldeans also did so. The Brahmans have also an Antediluvian period of 600 years. The Tartars and Chinese also used a period of 60 years in their computations of time.

Under the number six too, we must not omit to mention the symbol of the double triangle or Hexapla, used at present as a sign in the degree of the Royal Arch in England. It must not be confused with

the Pentalpha  ; the true Solomon's seal  is the Hexalpha :

the Pentalpha is the Pythagorean sign of Hygieia, Health. In Christian Churches we find this symbol used to express the union of the Divine and human natures, deemed to exist in Jesus, the Christ of the New Testament. The blending of the two triangles has also been used to typify the union of Fire and Water ; for the old symbol of fire was the triangle apex upward, and that of Water the same apex downward : the symbols of Air and Earth were two similar triangles, each with a cross bar.

THE HEPTAD. 7.

The Heptad say the followers of “Pythagoras,” was so called from the Greek verb “sebo,” to venerate (and from the Hebrew SHBO, seven, or satisfied, abundance), being Septos “Holy,” “divine,” and “motherless,” and “a Virgin.”

From Nicomachus we learn that it was called “Minerva,” being unmarried and virginal, begotten neither by a mother, *i.e.* even number,

nor from a father, *i.e.* odd number : but proceeding from the summit of the Father of all things, the Monad ; even as Minerva sprang all armed from the Forehead of Jove or Zeus.

Hence also Obrimopatrē, or daughter of a mighty father, and Glaukopis, shining eyed, and ἀμητωρ and ἀγελεια, Ametor and Ageleia, she that carries off the spoil.

And "Fortune," for it decides mortal affairs.

And "Voice," for there are seven tones of every voice, human and instrumental : because they are emitted by the seven planets, and form the music of the Spheres.

Also Tritogenia, because there are 3 parts of the Soul, the Intellectual, Irascible, and Epithymetic (desiring), and 4 most perfect virtues are produced. Just as of the three intervals, length, breadth, and depth, there are four boundaries in corporeal existence—point, line, superficies and solid.

It is called "Agelia" from Agelai, herds, as groups of stars were called by the Babylonian sages, over which herds ruled 7 angels.

Also Phylakikos, φυλακικος=preserving "guardian," because the Seven Planets direct and guide our universe.

Also Ægis, from Pallas Athene, or Minerva, the bearer of the breastplate or ægis, also Telesphoros, leading to the end, because the 7th month is prolific ; and Judgment, because their Physicians, looked for a crisis on the 7th day, in many diseases.

Among other curious problems and speculations the Pythagorean philosophers attempted to prove that offspring born at the full term, 9 months, or at 7 months, were viable, *i.e.*, might be reared, but not those born at 8 months, because 8 consists of two odd numbers (male only) 5 and 3 ; but in 9 and 7, male and female numbers are united, as $5+4=9$ and $4+3=7$, whilst eight can only be divided into two odd or two evens, *i.e.*, similar sexed numbers.

In respect to life and its divisions, they remarked the ages are measured by the number 7.

In the first 7 years the teeth are erupted.

second 7 years comes on ability to emit prolific seed.

third 7 years, the growth of the beard as manhood.

fourth 7 years strength reaches its maximum.

fifth 7 years is the season for marriage.

sixth 7 years the height of intelligence arrives.

seventh 7 years, the maturity of reason.

eighth 7 years, perfection of both.

ninth 7 years, equity and mildness, passions become gentle.

tenth 7 years, the end of desirable life.

Solon the Athenian Lawgiver, and Hippocrates the physician, also used this 7 year division of life.

The Pleiades, a group of seven stars in the constellation Taurus, was thought of mighty power over earthly destiny ; there were seven also of the Hyades, daughters of Atlas ; and the seven stars which guided the sailors. Ursa Major, in which the Hindoos locate the Saptarishi, seven sages of primitive wisdom, are a group of the first importance and are easily recognised.

Duncan, in his Astro Theology, gives 7 stages of life with associated planets ; thus, Infancy, Moon, Lucina ; Childhood, Mercury, Knowledge ; Youth, Venus, Love ; Manhood, Sol ; Full Strength, Mars ; Maturity of Judgment, Jupiter ; and Old Age, Saturn.

Some philosophers have said that our souls have 7 foci in the material body, viz., the five senses, the voice, and the generative power.

The body has seven obvious parts, the head, chest, abdomen, two legs and two arms.

There are seven internal organs, stomach, liver, heart, lungs, spleen and two kidneys.

The ruling part, the head, has seven parts for external use, two eyes, two ears, two nostrils and a mouth.

There are seven things seen, body, interval, magnitude, colour, motion and permanency. ?

There are seven inflections of the voice, the acute, grave, circumflex, rough, smooth, the long and the short sounds.

The hand makes seven motions ; up and down, to the right and left, before and behind and circular.

There are seven evacuations, tears from the eyes, mucus of the nostrils, the saliva, the semen, two excretions and the perspiration.

Modern medical knowledge corroborates the ancient dictum that in the seventh month the human offspring becomes viable.

Menstruation tends to occur in series of four times seven days, and is certainly related to Luna in an occult manner.

The lyre has 7 strings, corresponding to the planets.

There are 7 vowels in English and some other tongues.

Theo, of Smyrna also notices that an average length of an adult's intestine is 28 feet, four times seven, and 28 also is a perfect number.

The number 7 is also associated with Voice and Sound, with Clio the Muse ; with Osiris the Egyptian deity ; with Nemesis, Fate,—Adrastia, not to be escaped from ; and with Mars.

As to the sacredness of the number 7, note among the Hebrews oaths were confirmed by seven witnesses ; or by seven victims offered in sacrifice ; as see the covenant between Abraham and Abimelech with seven lambs, Genesis, cap. 21, v. 28, 21—28 ; the Hebrew word seven, also SH B O H, is derived from, or is similar to SH B O to swear.

Clean beasts were admitted into the ark by sevens, whilst the unclean only in pairs.

The Goths had 7 Deities from whom come our names of week days ; Sun, Moon, Tuisco, Woden, Thor, Friga, Seatur, corresponding, of course to the planets.

Apollo, the Sun God, had a Greek title Ebdomaïos, sevenfold.

The Persian Mithras, a Sun God, had the number 7 sacred to him.

Note the Mysterious Kadosch Ladder of 7 steps ascent and 7 steps descent, the one side Oheb Eloah, Love of God ; the other Oheb Kerobo, love of the neighbour.

Plato, in his Timæus, teaches that from the number seven was generated the soul of the World, Anima Mundana (Adam Kadmon).

The seven wise men of Greece were :

Bias who said, "Most men are bad," B.C. 550.

Chilo " " "Consider the end," B.C. 590.

Cleobūlos, "Avoid extremes," B.C. 580.

Periander, "Nothing is impossible to perseverance," B.C. 600.

Pittācus " "Know thy opportunity," B.C. 569.

Solon " "Know thyself," B.C. 600.

Thāles " "Suretyship is ruin," B.C. 550.

The Seven Wonders of the World are thus enumerated :

1. Pyramids of Egypt.
2. Babylon, Gardens for Amytis.
3. Tomb of Mausōlus, King, of Caria, built by Artemisia, his Queen.
4. Temple of Diana at Ephesus, 552 B.C. Ctesiphon was the chief architect.
5. Colossus of Rhodes, an image of the sun god, Apollo, of brass 290 B.C.
6. Statue of Zeus, by Phidias.
7. Pharos of Egypt, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, of white marble, 283 B.C. or the Palace of Cyrus is sometimes substituted.

Sanskrit lore has very frequent reference to this number : note

Sapta Rishi, seven sages	Sapta Kula, 7 castes
Sapta Loka, seven worlds	" Para, 7 cities
Sapta Dwipa, seven holy islands	Sapta Arania, 7 deserts
Sapta Samudra, seven holy seas	Sapta Parna, 7 human principles.
	Sapta Vruksha. 7 holy trees.

The Assyrian Tablets also teem with groups of sevens—
 7 gods of sky ; 7 gods of earth ; 7 gods of fiery spheres.
 7 gods maleficent ; seven phantoms : spirits of seven heavens, spirits of seven earths.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., F.T.S.
 (To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS PEACE.

MME. BLAVATSKY asks me to try to write a short article for the Christmas number of "Lucifer." "Something pretty for Christmas," she said. I do not know whether I am capable of producing anything worthy of this description; but I will do the best I can.

And surely if it is to be in harmony with the Spirit of the Season, it must be a word of peace and not of controversy. An old prophet declared "Woe" to such as say "Peace, peace, where there is no peace," but is it not almost more woeful to say "War, war," where there is no war? Religious controversialists have ever been in greater danger of erring on this side than on the former, not discerning what manner of spirit they professed to be of.

If a man will look earnestly into himself, he will see that his real danger is to cry "Peace" for himself, and "War" for others. It was entirely against this spirit that the Prophet's "woe" was directed. It is recorded, I believe, of Father Benson, of Cowley, that, travelling in a railway carriage once, a Salvation Army captain entered into conversation with him regarding the state of his soul. "Have you found peace, brother?" said the Salvationist. Whereon Mr. Benson laconically replied. "No! War!" The strong and fiery controversialist, who threatens and denounces, is not he looking for peace where he should look for war, for war where he should look for peace. He is in himself, as he thinks, at peace. His whole effort is not to set himself right, to judge, to weigh, to criticise himself but to set others right and criticise them: he has believed; he is saved. Alas, he sees not the self-righteous pride, the ignorance of his own ignorance, the too easy satisfaction with his own very poor standard of attainment of the practical virtues such as self-sacrifice and humility. He sees himself only as he believes himself to be. But of those who do not agree with him in all he sees, or thinks he sees, their wilful obstinacy; their perverse shutting of their eyes to the truth. It is not to be denied that he is strangely devoted in a mistaken way. He will labour with these erring ones, as he thinks them; he will argue with them, pray for them: *but*—if they do not submit he will then treat them as unworthy of any consideration; will assume all means which may bring them into disrepute as lawful to him, and think that in so doing he is doing service to the Prince of Peace!

Thank God we are many of us growing wiser now. We are beginning to understand that the conflict we are called to is a conflict not with the sins of others but with our own. A wise man once said to me: "I know more evil about myself than about anyone else," and it is true:

for the evil we mark in ourselves is surely there, whereas the evil we think we see in others may not be there at all; and even if it were, until we are quite sure that *we* are quite perfect it is no part of *ours* to be angry with others.

It is impossible to discover by anything that a man can *say* to us, whether he is on the true side or not. Neither are isolated deeds a true criterion. The only sure test is one that only God can use. It is to know the whole trend and spirit of the man's life. You may see his sins, and not see the frightful source of temptation before which he has fallen; or the agonies of self humiliation and repentance with which he himself regards his fall. Not to know *some* of his acts, but to know *all* his acts, this alone is sufficient; and you cannot know all fully without knowing the opposing force he has had to resist, and the estimate he himself forms of his act when it is done.

But indeed our own Christian Scriptures cut the ground entirely away from under the feet of the man who sets himself up to judge and condemn his fellows. "Judge not that ye be not judged." "Judge yourselves," for the same reason "that ye be not judged of the Lord." "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth." Fine words, these last: and all the finer when we remember that they are the words of one who said of himself, "After the way that men call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."

But it will be replied: "Perhaps it may be true that Christians ought to emphasise less rather than more the differences of view that exist among themselves, but it is quite another thing when you come to consider other religions. How can a Christian ever be at peace with a Mohammedan, a Brahman, or a Buddhist? Do not our Scriptures themselves denounce false religions and say "their Gods are Devils?"

To this I answer: No religion is ever called false on account of its name merely. Every tree must be judged by its fruit. The false religions denounced by the prophets were very different things from the great book-religions of the East. They were generally Phallic: their worship consisted in the sanctifying of lust, and the practice of every abomination. Now, although it is true that the fruit alone is the true test, yet it must ever be borne in mind that "fruit" does not mean unripe fruit; or fruit spoilt by the presence of some hidden worm, which affects the one particular apple alone, and for which the parent tree is in no sense responsible. What Christian, for instance, would like to offer his whole public and private life to most searching examination as an exemplification of What Christianity is? So in judging of all religions we must remember this. We cannot, from the condition of the case, fully and accurately estimate the exact value of the fruit borne by the wide-reaching trees of these great religions; what we ought to endeavour to estimate is the sort of fruit that these systems themselves declare they are aimed at producing. There are a hundred points on which we should

go wrong if we begin definitively setting side by side the acts and spirit (as far as we can know it) of those who belong to some other religion and those of our own. First of all we shall probably begin by assuming our own spirit to be perfect because it professes to be Christian, and conversely the others to be imperfect because they are not Christian. But, in truth, our own spirit is very far below true Christ-likeness. Our social system is heathen to the core. I say it in all serious earnestness. Our charity is a cold dead lay figure, tricked out to seem to represent the warm living truth. While Christ denounced competition and bade us not be careful about the things of the bodily life, we entirely reverse his teaching. Well, if the like allowances must be made for the professed disciples of other masters (and we surely shall not submit to the humiliation of confessing that these other masters are more faithfully obeyed than ours is), then it may surely quite possibly be that, unprogressive and childish as much that we hear of them may be, this is rather, as with us, to be credited to the feebleness of the professors than to the falseness of the truth taught by that master.

Of course I am not going to say that I personally think any teacher a better revealer of truth than Christ, because I do not. But I do say that the best way to prove this truth is not to get angry with those who think otherwise. Far better, far stronger, would be our case if we would seek to support it by that demonstration which can never fail to hit its mark and convince, even the demonstration of the power of our Master to raise and ennoble and sanctify the lives of those who call him Lord. Sympathy, love, self-sacrifice, truth, manifested in all departments of life; at home and abroad; when it makes for our present interest and when it does not: in Church and in the market; to friend and to stranger, and even to foe—this is the most powerful argument, and when this spirit is enshrined in the hearts of all Christians, and shines out in their daily acts and their whole national spirit and policy, that will be the finest missionary effort ever made. No need to shout and clamour and argue. No soul of man at all raised above savagery, be he black, or yellow, or white, but will at once feel and respond to this best experiment. When Christians are Christ-like, the world will believe in Christ.

Meanwhile, for my part, I will have war in myself against my own limitations and shortcomings, but peace with all mankind who are earnestly following out the highest that they know. War I must declare against those misguided brothers who are themselves warring against, or rather plundering, their poor brethren, utterly unable to help themselves. War is legitimate, and in God's name let us declare it, against self-worship wherever it is found. That is the one idolatry never to be tolerated; but I have nothing but peace and God speed to say to those who worship any idea that points them away from themselves to the universal truths of righteousness and love.

(REV.) GEORGE W. ALLEN.

THANATOS.

Far down in the Land of Wonders old 'Mid the rushes of the Nile, He stands, deep hidden, of giant mould And pensive brow : no smile	But he never raises his bended head Or his eyes from the flood below.
Has ever smooth'd his hoary front, Whose wrinkles tell of Time : He stands unseen ; for the beasts that hunt Their prey thro' the marsh and slime,	He is tired of the old, old story told Each day since earth began ; He is tired of its struggle and lust and gold He is tired of its conqueror,—Man !
Go never near the Sacred Spot, Nor beast, nor man, nor bird : He hears their cries, but he heeds them not ; He hears and has ever heard :	He has seen him dwindle from day to day, In stature and in mind ; And he knows he shall see him pass away, And the beasts, and the wave, and the wind
He stands in Silence, and has stood Since first the earth began ; And his eyes are fixed upon the flood, And his form is the form of man.	And Silence shall reign from pole to pole, As it reign'd when earth began ; And the black and lifeless mass shall roll Thro' the universal span !
And the low winds lisp to the Silent God, In the pensive midnight hush ; And the tall reeds bend their heads and nod, And the murmuring waters rush.	So he fixes his finger on his lip, And the low winds do his will, And the rushes bend their heads and dip In the flood—and all is still !
They tell the tale of the day that is dead ; They tell of its weal and woe ;	And down in the Land of Wonders old, A hush on Nature falls, And star-gemm'd Silence, pale and cold, Reigns in her voiceless halls.

REAVEL SAVAGE, L.L.B., F.T.S.

LUCIFER.

The veil of the darkness swung coldly
O'er revels, o'er birth-throes and death,
And winter night prayed to the north wind
To spare it the blight of his breath.

Till lo! o'er the hovering shadows
Gleamed Lucifer, Star of the Morn,
With light for the waking and weary,
And joy for the birth of the dawn ;

And shed, over watcher and warder,
The orient power of his ray
To fill every soul that is waking
With hope for the bright, nascent day.

O, lift up the gates of the cloud world !
Spread golden-wrought banners, and sing
The song of the Star of the Morning,
Who lighteth the path of the King !

London, December 5th, 1889.

MARY FRANCES WIGHT, F.T.S.

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

WE will not ask the reader to follow Pancho in his meditations; it may be sufficient to say that it seemed to him more than ever that the whole world was one great and ludicrous maskerade, in which the truth is neither desired nor understood. He saw himself engulfed in a mass of hallucinations and conflicts arising from the most profound ignorance existing in all departments of human life, and he asked himself whether it would not be better to make an end to the farce and to step out of a life in which there was no truth, and which seemed to have no object. But who assured him that if he were to make an end to it by his own hands, that he would find the truth after all? If knowledge of spiritual things is attainable without the possession of a physical form, why then are men born at all? Perhaps if they step out prematurely, before they have gained the experience which they need, they may have to be born again to acquire it, and, perhaps, under less favourable conditions than they are enjoying at present? He now saw how unreasonably he had acted in the past, merely because he had no self-knowledge, but allowed himself to be misled by appearances and by adopting the opinions of other people in the place of perceiving the truth. He realised that it would have been far better for him if he had always listened to the voice of conscience that speaks within the heart, instead of following the vagaries created by the imagination. In the voice of conscience he now recognized the "invisible guide," of whom he had read in the Book of Mysteries, and he made up his mind henceforth under all circumstances to follow that guide, and always cling to the truth. To begin with, he resolved not to take the lawyer's advice, but to confess openly who he was. He had had enough of the fictitious Krashibashi.

On the following day, although it was still holiday, his release came in an unexpected manner. Early in the morning, the commissary of police arrived, and, with many apologies, begged pardon for having detained Pancho.

"I regret it exceedingly that you have been deprived of your liberty so long. Just to think of such a distinguished person being shut up in a prison. But it is all due to the stupidity of the police. As soon as I found out who it was that was honouring us, I immediately hastened to release you. I hope you will bear us no grudge, and consider the little unpleasantness as a carnival joke."

"But," said Pancho, "my name is not——"

"Your name, Mr. Kratki-Bashik," interrupted the commissary, "is known all over the world as belonging to one of the most distinguished and celebrated prestidigitateurs and cleverest sleight of hand performers of this age. I saw you myself many years ago performs at Vienna. What nice things you did! How I laughed to see you make coffee out of shavings, and milk out of cotton; and steaming hot they were; and how you fell down and smashed that stove-pipe

hat, which you had borrowed from a gentleman in the audience, and then you apologised to him and cut the hat to pieces and made it whole again. I am sure that gentleman was your confederate."

"But you are mistaken," said Pancho, "I never——"

"No," said the commissary, interrupting the sentence, "of course you did not make the coffee out of the shavings, but it looked so natural. By-the-bye, you must have played it hard upon these Africans with your 'Talking Image.' What a hoax! Just think of it. That man Brahm went completely crazy over it. He actually swears that the statue could speak. He is raving about it, and has had to be sent to the insane asylum. I know how the trick is done. I have seen you cut off the head of a man, and the head talked while it was upon the table. What a fool this Mr. Brahm is!"

The commissary shook with laughter.

"Moreover," he continued, after the fit of laughing was over, "it has been discovered that the man's name is not 'Brahm' at all, but 'Puffer.' The case requires the strictest investigation. Just imagine the enormity of this impudence. To give a false name and try to mislead the authorities. This alone is enough to prove him either insane or a most hardened criminal. He deserves an exemplary punishment. I tell you we are not to be imposed on by such a ragamuffin. There is nothing so secret that we do not find it out. We always keep our eyes open."

Pancho did not consider it advisable to continue the conversation.

The commissary accompanied him to the door, still begging his pardon for the mistake, and expressing a hope that he would reveal to him the mystery of the stove-pipe hat.

Pancho went to his lodgings, and immediately sent for Marietta. From her he learned that Conchita had recovered, but that on the very next day Mr. Smith had taken her away, and that they both had left for parts unknown. She supposed that they had gone to Verona.

On the next day Pancho went to Verona, and hunted everywhere for a man by the name of Smith, but although there were many Smiths in the city, he could not find the one Smith he wanted. He returned to Venice, and with the aid of his new friend, the commissary of police, he tried for a week to find out all the Smiths in Europe.

Letters were written in every direction, and numerous answers received. There was in almost every town and village some version of "Smith." The letters coming from Germany spoke of many "Smiths, Schmieds, Schmidts," but there was not the right one among them. There was none whose description fitted Mr. Hagard. Pancho at last gave up his research, nor would it have done him any good if he had hunted up all the Smiths in the world, for Mr. Hagard had taken the name of "Muggins," and instead of going to Verona he had taken passage on the steamer that leaves at midnight for Trieste.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOT very far from Trieste, in a valley surrounded by some spurs of the Alpine Mountains, is a semi-Italian town. The country there looks like a garden. There are fields of grain, divided off into parcels by rows of mulberry trees

upon which the silkworm feeds, and swinging vines creep from tree to tree forming natural hedges, while the neighbouring hills are covered with vineyards and olives. The valley is watered by a river of considerable size, coming from the mountains and running swiftly towards the ocean. The village itself is composed of factories, the houses are spacious and high, and instead of church steeples and spires, there is a forest of tall chimneys continually sending forth dark volumes of smoke up to the blue Italian sky.

In the neighbourhood of that village, but still nearer to the coast, there is a solitary inn. In its vicinity there are celebrated stalactite caves, and the place, on account of its beauty and salubrity of climate, is considerably frequented by tourists during a certain season of the year; although the great stream of pleasure-seeking humanity does not yet run in this direction. At the time of which we are writing there were only a few guests at the place.

It was on a frosty morning in February, when a carriage drove up to the door of the hotel and from it alighted a coarse-looking man and an extremely pale and delicate-looking lady, who was, to all appearance, consumptive, and had to be assisted to descend from the coach.

Immediately the housekeeper appeared, making many reverential bows.

"Do you speak English?" said the stranger.

"A leedle, mine sir!" answered the innkeeper.

"I want a room for Mrs. Muggins," said the newcomer in whom our readers will recognize Mr. Hagard.

The strangers were taken upstairs and soon "Mr. Muggins" left again, to take, as he said, a stroll. Conchita was fatigued and went to bed, waiting for his return; but Mr. Hagard did not return, neither on that day nor on any following one: his disappearance remained a mystery. We only know that two days after his disappearance the *Corriere de Trieste* contained the following account of

"A FEARFUL ACCIDENT."

"An accident has happened at the mills at S——, which is as horrible as it is mysterious. How it occurred or who was the person of the unfortunate victim has not yet been discovered. It seems that yesterday at noon, while the workmen were at their dinner, terrible yells and cries of distress were heard, coming from the engine-room. The engineer hastened to the place and found the floor covered with blood and shreds of clothing. The walls were bespattered with brains and human entrails clung to the great cog-wheel; but of the human being that thus perished nothing was found except unrecognizable remnants, not enough to establish his identity.

"None of the workmen are missing and it therefore seems that some stranger must have entered by the private door into the engine-room. The place is quite dark and the floor slippery. It may be that he fell and that his coat was caught in the wheel. If so, he must have been dragged slowly but irresistibly into death, and this is still more probable on account of the terrible cries he uttered before he was torn to pieces. It is not explained how the unknown man could enter the place unobserved, as the engineer denies the charge of having left the door open and one of the firemen swears that he saw that it was locked."

Thus the mystery remained unexplained. Conchita did not read newspapers. Pancho may have heard of the accident; but what if he did? Such things are nothing remarkable; accidents happen often. They are talked about for an hour and forgotten the next.

Conchita remained at the inn. A pocket-book which Mr. Hagard had left, contained a sufficient sum to pay her expenses for several months and as to what had become of "Mr. Muggins," she did not care to know. She had no desire for his return, for she never really loved him; she was only bound to him by some mysterious power. In the pure and exhilarating air that came from the mountains, fragrant with the odour of pines and mixing with the balmy breeze from the ocean, her health improved rapidly, and in proportion as it improved, she felt as if the clouds around her were growing thinner and pressing less heavily upon her heart. She tried to remember her past life, before she became "Mrs. Smith"; but there was not a single clue to solve the mystery. It was as if her mind was imprisoned; but at last the deliverance came.

Visitors to the Friaul during the spring and summer of 188— may remember having frequently seen a stranger, a pale lady with dark hair and eyes, and invariably dressed in black, taking solitary walks along the seashore, or sitting on some prominent cliff in some secluded spot overlooking the sea. Was it the awakening of memories of olden times that attracted Conchita to the ocean shore, or is there something soothing in the rumbling of the waves, that lulls the troubled waters of the soul? For days Conchita strolled along the coast, leaving the inn at an early hour of the morning and returning at night; seeking the most deserted places, and when some stranger approached, flying like a frightened roe.

Once, while watching the play of the waves, Conchita found a double shell consisting of two parts; one of oval shape, and out of it grew another in the form of a tulip. She knew that she had seen such shells before and picked it up. She knew that once before, at some time in the past, she had been in a similar place, where there were cliffs and rocks, seals and barnacle shells. She strained her will to remember, and suddenly the light broke through the clouds; the darkness disappeared and she knew who she had been before she became Mrs. Smith. Gradually all the memories of her past life returned. She knew that she was Conchita and that Pancho had sailed for Africa in search of the Mysterious Brotherhood. She remembered Juana and Mrs. Wells and how she was "magnetized" by Mr. Smith; but she could not remember having married him. Then it was that for the first time since her husband's departure Conchita began to weep; but her tears were tears of joy, full of gratitude for that power which had enabled her to find again her old former self.

What was now to be done? Should she write to Africa or to San Francisco, or return immediately to America? Then she remembered that the money which had been left by Mr. Smith was exhausted, in fact she was already in debt to the landlord. What was to be done? Her health had returned and she was as strong and beautiful as before. If necessary she could do manual labour until she received letters from home. But her situation required immediate attention. Then it was that her former unbounded faith in divine providence asserted itself, and full of confidence that something would happen to show her which way to turn, she went back to her room.

It may have been due to the direction of divine providence or to some other inferior cause, or perhaps a mere coincidence, that just at that time a woman from Vienna happened to be at the same inn. "Miss Flora," for this was the name by which she was known, was a corpulent woman of middle age, with traces of former beauty. She was dressed in great style and wore a profusion of jewelry. This woman was struck with Conchita's loveliness and found an opportunity to make her acquaintance.

For several days Miss Flora remained at the inn and gained Conchita's confidence. The latter told her about her circumstances and that she was waiting for letters from home.

"You might as well go with me to Vienna and wait for your letters there," said Miss Flora. "Vienna is such a nice place and I will give you a room in my house."

"I am already indebted to the landlord here," said Conchita, "and I must wait for funds before I leave."

"Oh!" said Miss Flora, "do not trouble yourself about that. The landlord told me that you owe him about twenty florins. It is a mere trifle; I will pay it for you with pleasure."

Conchita was surprised at this generous offer. There was something repulsive about Miss Flora; but was it not evident that divine providence had sent her. Would it not be rejecting the aid of God to reject such an offer? She therefore accepted it and said:

"You are very kind indeed! How can I ever hope to repay you for your generosity?"

"Don't mention it," said Miss Flora. "It is nothing. I will do all I can to make you comfortable. Of course you cannot receive company with these old black clothes of yours; but I am going to get you a fine dress, to make you look like a lady."

"Never mind," answered Conchita. "I do not wish to receive company. If you will only let me have some small room, where I am in nobody's way and where I can remain until I hear from home, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"Don't trouble about that," said Miss Flora. "We will talk it all over by-and-bye."

Conchita left the inn with Miss Flora, and when they went away all the occupants of the hotel from the head waiter down to the chambermaid and the porter stood at the door looking after Conchita and her companion.

"It is a pity!" said the porter.

The head waiter shrugged his shoulders.

The chambermaid said nothing, she only giggled.

Conchita noticed the ironical smiles and the staring looks; but she attributed them to the strange contrast which existed between her appearance and that of her companion; for while the latter was dressed as if she were going to the opera, Conchita's dress was of the plainest kind, threadbare and dilapidated.

They boarded the train, which swiftly bore them through one of the most picturesque countries of the world, the beautiful Styria; while the sun was sinking behind the mountain tops and the evening glories faded away. The night which followed was dark; but while its gloom rested upon the outside world, joy reigned in the heart of Conchita. She had not the least suspicion of

foul play, but saw in Miss Flora her redeemer, an instrument of the kindness of divine providence. This lady, a stranger, had been sent to her at the very time when she was in the greatest need of help. She saw now plainly that the world was not so bad as it appeared to be, and that love, charity, and benevolence still exist among mankind. Her heart felt the deepest gratitude towards the unknown Creator who watches over even the least of his creatures. She prayed silently and fervently, and after that she took Miss Flora's hand and kissed it reverently.

It was early in the morning when they arrived in the *Kaiserstadt*. They took a coach and went to Miss Flora's residence, which was in the central part of the city. The noise produced by the rattling of the wheels over the stone-paved street sounded harshly in Conchita's ears and she almost wished herself back in the tranquility of the country. For some unexplained reason a heavy weight seemed to rest upon her soul, and as the carriage stopped in the narrow alley at the place of her destination, an indescribable horror seemed to creep over her. They descended, Miss Flora opened the door and made her guest ascend three flights of stairs, where she led her into a room.

"This will be your room, my dear," she said, "and now I advise you to go to bed, so that you will look bright and refreshed this evening. You must be very tired, and as it is still early, you may have a good sleep before breakfast."

Conchita embraced Miss Flora and told her she would obey. She then undressed and went to bed, for she was very much fatigued from having travelled all night. Nevertheless she could not sleep for a long time. She laid awake and looked around in the room. It was richly furnished; but showed little taste in its arrangement. The walls were ornamented with some cheap chromos, representing nude females. One represented Diana coming out of the bath, another one Leda with the swan, and the centre-piece was according to the inscription which it bore, a representation of how pope Alexander used to amuse himself. Wondering about Miss Flora's singular taste, Conchita fell asleep.*

The evening wore on, and Conchita thought over her present condition, comparing it with her past life. She had always believed in God; but how had her implicit trust in divine providence served her? She had always followed the impulses of her heart, and to what did it lead? Her belief that God or some other person would do for her that which she ought to have done herself, had landed her in a house of prostitution. She therefore resolved henceforth not to trust to any external aid, but to take hold with her own hands of the helm, and steer the ship of her life.

It had grown dark. Conchita put on the dress which Miss Flora had left; she had no other choice. It was a ball dress cut low, without sleeves, but with laces and trimmings. Cautiously she opened the door and peeped into the hall. A flood of light came from the lower floor. This was not an appropriate time to attempt an escape. She closed the door and waited again until late in the night. Then she tried again. She stepped into the hall, and heard the

* Owing to a circumstance beyond the editor's control, a large portion of this chapter does not appear in this magazine. It will be found complete in book-form, in which it will very shortly appear in America and England.—[Ed.]

sound of a piano and the patter of dancing feet. She cautiously descended the stairs to the second flat, and found herself in another hall, from which a door led into the room where they were dancing. If she could only pass that door unobserved she might reach the stairs that led to the first floor and be safe. Gathering all her courage, she made a rush forward; but at the same moment the door was opened and a man appeared upon the threshold. Seeing Conchita, he threw his arms around her and dragged her into the room. A moment afterwards she found herself in the midst of a crowd of half-drunken men and women. They all looked up in surprise and the dance stopped.

"Madame Flora," exclaimed the man, as he held on to Conchita, "why have you been hiding away this girl? She is the jewel of your harem."

"The jewel is not yet polished enough to be sold," answered Flora, "she is a wild cat, she has to be tamed. She will make a lovely pet if we can teach her good manners."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the man, "we will begin the lesson right away," and addressing the musician, he called out: "Go ahead with your valse."

"Let me go," hissed Conchita; but the music began again and she was pulled around the room a few times. Her movements excited great laughter. The men and women crowded around her, for it was to them an unusual sight to see a woman dance against her will. Some people who were drinking brandy at a side table, rose to their feet to see the fun, and inadvertently overturned the table. Bottles and glasses fell to the floor, and the brandy was spilled over Conchita's dress.

This created a moment of confusion. Conchita's partner stopped and turned around to see what was the matter, loosening his hold of Conchita's arms. This gave her a chance to tear herself from his grasp and to run out of the room. She was immediately followed by the crowd. She flew towards the stairs that led to the lower floor and was about to descend, when she saw some men coming up. They evidently wanted to stop her; for one of them spread out his arms to prevent her passing. At that moment she perceived an open window at the head of the stairs, and with the agility of a tigress she jumped upon the sill and threw herself out of the window. When the inmates of the house descended the stairs and emerged into the street, they found the bleeding body of Conchita upon the pavement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW DISCOVERIES.

WE must now ask the reader to return with us about ten months in time, and look after Pancho whom we have left at Venice in search of Mr. Smith.

Having become convinced of the futility of his attempts to find Conchita, and having cured his curiosity to his hearts content, he retired once more within his own soul, trying to find the truth within himself, and the more he succeeded in collecting his thoughts within that interior chamber, the more did he become convinced that man has within himself an infallible interior guide, an unknown and invisible "Master" and mysterious Brother such as had been described in the "Book of Mysteries." He also found that if one pays strict

attention to the admonitions of that guide, his voice which at first is only heard like a faint whisper may develop into a source of positive knowledge, and his light, which is at first seen only like a distant star, will at last be seen like a sun illuminating the dark chambers of the mind. He now knew—not because he had read it in books, but from self observation—that material man cannot develop himself spiritually, nor give to himself that which he does not possess; but that he must be developed by a teacher who is a spirit, and that no spirit is nearer to man than the divine Spirit whose temple is Man, and who has his sanctuary within the centre of one's own inner self, but whose presence cannot be demonstrated to the sceptical reasoner, nor be perceived by those who live within the dark clouds of matter, and whose judgement is perverted by doubt and denial.

He now began to take lessons in "practical occultism," that is to say, he tried to habituate himself to recognize the true value of all things, and not to put any higher estimate upon a thing than that which it actually deserves. This he found to be a most difficult undertaking, because the earthly parts of the soul of man have their roots in the realm of matter and cause him to cling to that which is earthly and sensual. There are a thousand invisible strings by which the world of sense attracts the soul that wishes to rise above it, and the wings which carry the consciousness into the higher regions of thought are at first easily fatigued. But Pancho's strength increased by his daily practical exercises, and at last he found within himself that magic power, the "Will," by which he could lift one of the curtains that hide the interior world, although there were still many more curtains to be lifted for him—not by the hands of another—but by his own. He then found, as his interior perceptive power increased, that the interior world is just as real to the inner senses as the external world is real to the outward perceptions, that the outer as well as the inner world were both the products of the spirit who was their creator, and that the former contained forms of great beauty, which were of a more permanent character than those of the latter.

He saw that thoughts are substantial things, rendered objective to the mental perception by the power of the will, and that they are just as "material" on the plane on which they exist, as trees and rocks are "material" on the external plane. He found that everybody who had the power to call a picture up in his mind was actually exercising a magic power, by which a thought becomes objective to the mind, a thing which by a more developed will, may be impressed even at a distance upon the mind of another who is receptive to thought.

All these things, which are so absurdly simple, that it is almost ridiculous to mention them, and which might be known to all men, if their minds were not thrown into confusion by the complicated vagaries of metaphysical speculators, Pancho learned—not because he had some scientific authority to inform him about it—but because he acquired the power to perceive what was taking place in his own mind. He looked within himself, and thought his own thoughts instead of thinking the thoughts of another person; and he perceived that the universe is an instrument full of divine harmony which however can only be realized by him who is himself of a harmonious mind. He saw that every form in the world of matter and mind is, so to say, a string upon that instrument, constituting for itself a compound instrument that ought to sound in unison with

the whole. He saw how vibrations of thought started in one place, produced corresponding vibrations in similarly attuned instruments in other parts of the world, and it became clear to him that a spiritual thought of great power, emanating from one person, may affect and be expressed by not only one, but a thousand "Talking images" in different parts of the world, even if the forms from which these thoughts emanate, and the forms which receive them are separated by thousands of miles. For, in the realm of mind, there are not the same material obstacles as in the world of matter, and the vibrations of thought impelled by will may travel like the vibrations of the light of the rising sun.

It seems that as physical man has his relationships in the sensual world, and sympathizing friends and relatives to whom he is especially attracted, so likewise there are relationships between harmoniously attuned souls, and affinities existing between similarly constituted minds. Thus mutually harmonious minds may communicate with each other while the physical bodies of such persons are resting in sleep; provided that the soul has become sufficiently self-conscious to realize its own existence during the sleep of the physical form. Cases are known in which persons have visited in their dreams strange places, and communicated with other persons whom they had never seen, and that they afterwards, while awake, met with such places and persons on the external plane.

Who knows to what part of the universe his soul may be attracted, and with what beings it may be in communication, while his terrestrial form rests in unconscious sleep? If, after awakening, he has no distinct recollection of the nature of his inner experiences during the sleep of the body; this does not prove that no such experiences took place. It merely proves that the external activity of the soul was at rest, and that the mind received no material impressions to register by means of the material brain; but occasionally it may happen that the external and internal states of consciousness are blended together, and then the nature of our inner experiences may come to the external understanding of the mind.

We will not try the patience of the reader by recording the various visions which Pancho experienced in his inner consciousness, visions which grew more and more vivid and real as he succeeded in withdrawing his attention and desires from the external world. But we will state that there often appeared to him in such "dreams" a stranger of noble aspect, a man whom he had never seen, dressed in white garments and wearing upon his breast a golden cross; but whenever he made an effort to speak with that person, his external consciousness returned, and the vision disappeared. Whether or not his soul was in communication with him when his body was asleep, Pancho could not say, because on awakening he had no recollection of it. Only once he remembered having dreamed that he went with that man to a room filled with many curious things, with scientific instruments, bottles and books, from which he concluded that this man was an Alchemist. He could plainly remember the room. There were some curious pictures hanging around the walls; one especially was very remarkable. It was a masterpiece of some artist and dark from age. It represented the battle of the archangel Michael with the dragon of selfishness. As this story proceeds, we shall see that this dream was not a product of fancy; but at present it is our duty to call attention to another line of events.

There is no doubt in our mind that some of our readers have become inter-

ested in the fate of Mr. Puffer, whose career towards adeptship was sadly interrupted by his incarceration in a lunatic asylum.

Pancho likewise felt sympathy for the man and after some delay and trouble he finally obtained permission to visit him in the place where he was confined under observation by medical men.

The asylum was quite interesting. There were some curious cases among the patients. There was, for instance, an eloquent preacher who was in the habit of going out at night upon the graveyard and preaching sermons to the corpses, although the corpses could not understand what he said. Another patient imagined himself to be dead, while all the time he enjoyed a good appetite ; but would not rise from the coffin in which he had made his bed ; another who had been a philosopher, talked incessantly in a learned manner about things of which he knew absolutely nothing, and there was a number of people who wanted to reform the world without even being able to reform themselves. In fact the inhabitants of that asylum looked very much like the inhabitants of the world outside ; the difference between the insanity of the former and that of the latter being only a difference in the degree in which the disease manifested, itself.

Dr. Sellerio, the medical director of the asylum, cordially received Pancho and heard his request.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that Mr. Puffer, or, as he calls himself, Mr. Brahm, is completely insane. Fortunately his insanity seems to be of a harmless character, and we may be able to send him back to his friends. The poor man's brain has been entirely deranged and its forces brought out of equilibrium by the reading of books on magnetism and spiritualism. It is a shame that in this enlightened age any apparently sane person should believe in such nonsense, and that otherwise intelligent people countenance occultism instead of frowning it down. I deeply regret that the authorities of the state and the church are not able or willing to suppress all kinds of occult literature."

"It is, indeed, very unfortunate," answered Pancho, "for merely theorizing, and speculating about things of which one has no practical experience is very likely to disorder the imagination and to derange the mind."

"There is only one rational spot left in Mr. Puffer," continued the director, "namely that he agrees that there is no soul. He imagines himself to be the god of the universe ; but he is reasonable enough not to believe in a soul."

"Do you then not believe yourself in a soul ?" asked Pancho.

"I am a scientist," answered Sellerio, "and science is proud of knowing nothing about such things. If a soul did exist, we should know it."

"Nevertheless," said Pancho, "I have seen testimonials in the possession of Captain Bumpkins, written by Lord Fitznoodle and Lady Partington, which certify that the soul exists."

"These people are all deluded," replied the director. "All anatomical, physiological and pathological researches have failed to lead to the discovery of a soul, either in the pineal gland or anywhere else. Such a belief is a superstition, which like the belief in ghosts and spirits, belongs to the dark ages and has fortunately been abandoned by all recognized authorities. A belief in the soul is sufficient to stamp him who is convicted of it as extremely ignorant, if not downright insane."

"By the term 'soul,'" explained Pancho, "I refer to the power of the divine spirit in man."

"Whoever heard of a divine spirit in man?" exclaimed Sellerio. "I do not believe in spirits. Nobody believes in spirits except dreamers and cranks. I am a scientist. I want facts, sir, facts! I want facts such as I can see and handle. I have not yet seen anything divine."

"How do you classify a belief in Divinity?" asked Pancho.

"Emotional insanity," at once replied the director. "Sometimes it is spontaneous, at other times it seems to be inherited, sporadic or epidemic. Occasionally we find it associated with hallucination of sight and hearing; frequently it is the result of an abnormal development of the occipital portion of the brain."

"There seems to be many people affected with it," said Pancho.

"Fortunately for science," answered Sellerio, "there is an abundance of pathological material for the study of such cases; nor would it be well to cure them. A belief in a God is a form of insanity which has to be tolerated at present; because it serves to keep up order in the state and the church. When all men have become thoroughly scientific, such a superstition will be unnecessary."

"Then you consider all kinds of idealism as emotional insanity?" asked Pancho.

"Most assuredly I do," said the director, "and the quickest way to cure it is a good dose of Ipecac."

They went to Mr. Puffer's cell and found him sitting cross-legged in Oriental fashion upon the table.

F. HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be continued.)



TO-DAY.

A SOCIALIST SONG.

HAVE we not watched, and waited? . . . Have we not
 Shut fast each starving mouth, and held each breath,
 And bent pale brows unto the hand of death,
 We, crucified of men, whom God forgot?

Have we not loved, and laboured, thro' the night,
 Wherein all Gods were shadows, and all kings
 Dread visible signs of dread invisible things,
 And priests stern jailors who barred out the light?

Have we not silently set haggard eyes
 To watch the waning stars, that when at last
 The day should dawn, and night be overpast,
 New life might come to us, clad otherwise

LUCIFER.

Than that old life we loathed—wherein no part
 Of all the laughing land, and leaping sea,
 Yea, scarcely so much air as scantily
 Creeps close thro' prison bars, fulfilled our heart ?

But now, behold ! yon East is one sweet rose,
 Set 'mid a chaplet of gold daffodils !
 And o'er the purpling distance of the hills,
 And thro' the fragrance of the garden-close,

There breaks a sound of singing clear and high,
 And far across the sobbing of the sea
 (That weeps so long for our long slavery)
 The triumph-music of To-Day sweeps by !

To-day the fair, and holy ; wherein pride
 Of birth, or name, or tinsel worn unwon
 Shall flaunt no more beneath the glad gold sun,
 Night's cursing child with the cursed night she died !

But thou, sweet queen and mistress, thou to whom
 All hands are stretched, all broken hearts are turned,
 All love is given—thou fairest, who hast spurned
 The dead day's sin and sorrow, fear and gloom—

Wilt thou not give us all our hearts' desire ?
 Wilt thou not loose our hands, and set us free ?
 O Queen ! O Goddess ! our souls yearn to thee,
 Yea, even as the moth is fain of fire,

So are we fain of thy sweet promises !
 Come forth resistless, from the flushing east,
 And lead the workers to their well-won feast,
 Nor scorn thou of thy children one of these . . .

So brothers shall be brothers, tho' there be
 All barriers 'twixtth their hearts—strange garb and speech—
 And mountains—and wide plains, too far to reach
 For meeting hands—or miles of sullen sea—

No longer shall man stand 'twixt us and God,
 And set his cruel will for God's behest,
 To make us slay our brothers, that so best
 Their blood poured forth makes green his barren sod !

No longer shall the glory of the land,
 The radiance and the riches of the sea
 Be his to hold for his posterity
 Who hath the hardest heart, and strongest hand !

To-day hath burst all fetters ! Shout ! Rejoice !
 We crucified lift up our pierced hands,
 And from the circuit of the sea-swept lands
 Cry "It is finished !" with one mighty voice !

EVELYN PYNE.

Theosophical Activities.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S TOUR.

THE number of press notices and multiplicity of letters from correspondents to editors, provoked by Colonel Olcott's lectures upon "Theosophy," "Karma," "Reincarnation" and "Man's Psychical Powers," show very clearly that the tour is producing all the anticipated effect. We are quite warranted in expecting that the present agitation, all opposition notwithstanding, will have permanently beneficial results for our cause. As the Eastern doctrine of Karma is more closely studied by the educated classes, its philosophical reasonableness is being seen. At the close of his lectures, but more largely in the frequent conversaciones and private lectures he has given, Col. Olcott is cross-questioned upon the various bearings of the doctrine and his answers have not as yet been successfully rebutted. The past month has been a busy one for him. On November 8th he lectured privately at the house of Mr. Stapley, F.T.S.; every Thursday evening he attended the meeting of the Blavatsky Lodge T.S.; the 23rd he lectured at Steinway Hall on "The Psychical Powers in Man"; the 30th gave a private lecture in Edinburgh, and on the 3rd December presided at a reception given to Herr Carl Hansen, the Danish hypnotist. These, with constant paying and receiving of visits, correspondence and literary work, filled up his time. His further engagements are a lecture on Dec. 7th before the Bedford Park Club, several private ones in London, a public lecture at Bradford (Yorkshire), on "Japan," another on Theosophy the next day, one in Newcastle on the 17th, and a meeting of the British Section on the 18th. Beyond this he is not likely to take provincial engagements, as he sails from Marseilles for Colombo on the 29th, and is compelled to look after his health, the disease which attacked him in Japan having again broken out. Col. Olcott has made a host of friends in Great Britain, who would gladly persuade him to stop here altogether if it were possible to wean his affections away from India; which it is *not*. Our best wishes will accompany him on his return voyage.

The *East Anglian Daily Times* plays a melancholy dirge on the organ of public sentiment; thus:—

"The Theosophic Propagandists are scoring so many successes that the Fathers at the Brompton Oratory will soon have to look to their laurels. Madame Blavatsky, as all the world knows, persuaded (? !) Mrs. Besant within the pale, and now it is announced that Colonel Olcott has converted an Anglican clergyman, who will henceforth act as his private secretary. The name of the reverend convert is not given."

During the last few weeks Annie Besant has been addressing crowded audiences on Theosophy, and has roused much interest in the subject in the minds of the

more thoughtful and intelligent. On October 27th, she spoke at Rochdale, and the lecture was followed by some slight opposition from the Spiritualists present. On November 10th she addressed an exceptionally thoughtful audience at Nottingham, Professor Symes taking the chair. Here there was no opposition, but a very large number of questions were put and fully answered. On the 17th, Milton Hall, Kentish Town, was crammed, to listen to the answer to the question, "What is Theosophy?" and here again the inquiries bore eloquent testimony to the interest felt in the subject. On the 24th, at the Hall of Science, Old Street, a lecture on "Salvation by Christ or by Man?" gave the lecturer an opportunity of contrasting the ethical value of the doctrine that "character moulds destiny," with the easy vicarious atonement of ecclesiastical Christianity. The month's lecturing closed with an explanation of Theosophy to an audience that packed every foot of space in the marquee of the St. Pancras Reform Club, the most concentrated attention following each link of the argument presented.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, AMERICAN SECTION.

First ad interim Convention of the Pacific Coast Branches.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS.

[Our American branches have evidently no idea of going into "obscuratation," as may be seen by the following *précis* from the Report of the *ad interim* Convention held at San Francisco. Such signs of activity are distinctly encouraging and mark a growing power of initiative in the Society which should speedily bring about great results.]

THE CONVENTION assembled at the hall, 106 McAllister Street, San Francisco, Cal., October 12th and 13th, 1889. Dr. W. W. Gamble, President of the Bandhu Lodge, of Santa Cruz, was elected and took the chair. Allen Griffiths was nominated and elected Secretary.

The Chairman stated the objects of the Convention as follows: For mutual advancement; for the election of a Delegate to represent the Pacific Coast Branches at the next Annual Convention of April, 1890; for adoption of certain resolutions.

It was unanimously decided to hold the following sessions:—

Sunday, October 13, 10 a. m. Transaction of business. Consideration of methods for Theosophic work. Reading of Contributed papers.

2 p. m. That the Convention, by invitation, attend the regular open meeting of the Golden Gate Lodge.

7.30 p. m. An open session at which short speeches and papers bearing upon the three objects of the Society be in order.

Miss M. A. Walsh read a paper contributed by Mrs. M. H. Bowman of the Bandhu Branch, entitled, "Try to Lift a Little of the Karma of the World," which aroused deep feeling and called out considerable discussion.

Communications were read from Los Angeles and Satwa Branches of Los Angeles, and St. Loma and Gautama Branches of San Diego, expressing cordial sympathy in the objects of the Convention, and heartily wishing that harmony should prevail, and that much good would result from its deliberations.

SECOND DAY, OCTOBER 13th, 1889.

Under the head of unfinished business, the subject of "Theosophic Work" was taken up. Miss M. A. Walsh spoke as follows upon the subject:—

"The great purpose of Theosophic work is not so much to obtain members for a Branch, or to convert people to any special system, as it is to scatter seeds of truth, which, taking root, will cause people to become better Christians of any and every denomination. To dispel the darkness of ignorance, to show the universality of law, and man's relation to the Cosmos, is the work of all those who have learned the first lessons of the Wisdom Religion—and this great purpose can be carried

out in numberless ways, some of them apparently very round about, yet all tending to the goal. For example, a large field of indirect work presents itself in the many clubs and societies established in our cities and towns for mental culture. Our great poets are all scers of the occult; literature is a flowery by-path leading one unconsciously into theosophic fields; philosophy, especially German philosophy, leads directly to the fundamental truths; while science takes one to the very threshold. A theosophic student endowed with tact can, as a member of any such society, do a great work in directing thought in the right direction. People who would not listen to anything under the name of Theosophy have by these indirect means become enthusiastic accepters of the fundamental principles of the Wisdom Religion—and have learned to make these principles a factor of their lives.

“Theosophy teaches wisdom, and wisdom is the knowledge how to produce the best results with the least expenditure of force, not only on the spiritual but also on the material planes; hence earnest Theosophists are needed in all reforms. To apply wise methods to practical ends, and thus to help lift the heavy Karma of the world, is a duty of every one whose eyes have been opened to the light.

“Another practical work is to establish centres of force. Scattered brands may be of little moment but let them be brought together, and behold the atmosphere is aglow with light and heat. The Theosophic movement is yet in its infancy; the workers are few, means are inadequate; many branches are doing to the utmost of their ability; to do more seems impossible; yet it is well to have an ideal, something to work towards, and would it not be well to think of our young people? What shall we theosophists do for the coming generation?”

Resolutions were then passed of adherence and devotion to the objects of the Society and of loyalty and allegiance to its founders; of recognition and appreciation of the General Secretary of the American Section and of all others who are devoting their lives and energies to the welfare and elevation of humanity; of assisting in every way in extending the influence of Theosophy, and increasing its usefulness by spreading abroad its literature and teachings. It was further:—

Resolved: “That we will correct mis-presentations of Theosophic truths; defend against unjust attacks its leaders and teachers; and endeavour to realise in our own lives, the truths which we advocate.

Resolved: “That we realise Theosophy as world-wide in its application, and universal in its power to reach and elevate all conditions of mankind; that no method is too insignificant, nor any plan too impracticable, to be utilised if humanity may be thereby elevated and made to realise a higher conception of its destiny.

Resolved: “That we realise the present as a cyclic period of great spiritual potentiality, and urge upon all Theosophists the importance of increased effort during its continuance.

Resolved: “That we recognise that mesmeric, and all other phases of occult phenomena, are dangerous if not understood, or when used for selfish purposes, as they are valuable if beneficially employed by the wise.”

Dr. Jerome A. Anderson was then elected as Delegate to represent the Pacific Coast Branches at the next annual Convention of the American Section. It was decided that the next *ad interim* Convention should be held at Santa Cruz.

We are sorry that lack of space compels us to put off the reprinting of the papers read before the Convention, or at least portions of them, to the January number, when we hope to have the pleasure of introducing them to our readers. Their titles are as follows:—*Try to Lift a Little of the Heavy Karma of the World; A Few Suggestions Regarding the Higher Life; The First Object of the Theosophical Society—Universal Brotherhood; Aryan Literature; The Third Object of the Theosophical Society; Reasons for a Theosophical Revival.*

THEOSOPHY IN SPAIN.

Theosophical literature has already been introduced into Portugal by the work of our learned brother the Marquis de Figanière, entitled, “Under, In and Above the World,” which was published at Oporto in the early part of the year, and is, according to our reviewer in the May number, “one of the most scientific manuals of scientific literature that has yet appeared”; we have now the pleasure of announcing that Theosophy has made its public appearance in Spain by the publication at Madrid of a pamphlet entitled, “Que es la Theosophia?”

by two energetic members of the Society. Translations of *Isis Unveiled*, *Esoteric Buddhism*, *Light on the Path*, *The Buddhist Catechism* and *The Key to Theosophy*, are already completed and will appear as the demand for theosophical literature increases. All honour, we say, to the brave pioneers of Theosophy in Spain!

THEOSOPIY IN ITALY.

Theosophy has also broken new soil in Italy, at Milan, and the *Buddhist Catechism* has been translated into Italian. Major Tarsillo Barberis recently gave a public lecture upon Buddha and his doctrine to a large and highly appreciative audience, taking his facts, as he informs us, from the Catechism. Our Milan sympathizers are greatly disappointed that Colonel Olcott is not able to pay them a visit before returning to India.

THEOSOPIY IN SWEDEN.

The latest advices inform us that the Stockholm Branch numbers already about seventy members, and that our literature is on sale throughout the kingdom, and also in Denmark.

THEOSOPIY IN HOLLAND.

The *Post Nubila Lux* Branch, at the Hague, suffered a great loss by the death of Capt. Adalberth de Bourbon, the President, and ceased from their former activity; we are, therefore, glad to hear that a new nucleus is forming which promises to be more active and useful than even the old Branch



At a meeting of the San Francisco "Freethought Society," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, F.T.S., is reported to have spoken on the following subjects. We quote from "FREETHOUGHT."

This was the second lecture on "Matter and Spirit," Dr. Jerome A. Anderson being the speaker and representing the Theosophical side of the question. Dr. Anderson laid down the proposition that matter and spirit are coeternal and self-existing, matter being something in motion, and spirit a power that controlled such motion. Scientists called the controlling power force, but unless they were ready to admit that force to be intelligent the speaker could not agree with them. He also rejected the popular scientific theories regarding the process by which worlds are thrown off from a central sun, averring that science failed to explain how the central sun first came into position. Theosophy taught, on the other hand, that there was no original central sun, but a "laya" centre produced by intelligent will—a point where there was no gravitation, and hence one toward which all the nebulous mass would necessarily gravitate, gravitation being only the expression of the cosmic will acting upon matter. Primary motion must also, the speaker held, be a direct expression of an intelligent force. Madame Blavatsky two years ago declared that gravitation was not universal in its action, and Professor Holden of the Lick observatory had lately confirmed her statement. Everything, Dr. Anderson held, was created to express an intelligent will—flowers to express beauty, mountains and forests to express grandeur, and so on. The doctor explained in a very interesting way his conception of the difference between the human soul and that of an animal. As to eternal life, Theosophy did not promise it to *man*, as such. The spiritual monad in man was given *individual* persistence only during one *manvantara*, or cycle of material existence.*

* This sentence must not be misunderstood as it is reported a little too vaguely. The "Spiritual Monad" is eternal because uncreate, but its "individual persistence"—*in human form and bodies on this terrestrial chain or during the life-cycle*, lasts only "one manvantara." This does not prevent the same Spiritual Monad starting at the end of Mahapralaya (the Grand Age of Rest) unto another *higher and more perfect* "life-cycle" with the fruit of the accumulated experiences of all the personalities the "individual" Ego (*manas*) had informed.

This meeting was pronounced, by all who were fortunate enough to be present, one of the best yet held. Dr. Anderson is a man whose abilities command respect whatever may be thought of his opinions. His achievements as a microscopist and his published works on physiological subjects place him among the eminent medical men of the country. Touching the unsolved conundrums of life he is an ingenious if not accurate guesser.

This is precisely the difference between the learned men of Science who are true Theosophists, and those scientific men who being materialists—are not. Dr. J. A. Anderson is, in the opinion of his critics, at any rate an “ingenious, if not an accurate guesser,” while most of the materialists are disingenious, and therefore have to be inaccurate to save their theories. And even when they happen to be exact this is only so in the deceptive light of *maya* and so long as one evanescent hypothesis is not yet dethroned and replaced by another, on its way to the same destiny of oblivion.

PREHISTORIC MAN ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT—is the latest find of Science. The horizon is clearing for the SECRET DOCTRINE in the new as in the old world. While in the latter Mr. Grant Allen is confessing to a fully formed Miocene Man, American anthropologists confess to relics of men under twelve feet of *pre-glacial* gravel. We are told that :

In a railway cutting near Trenton, New Jersey, there have been found the earliest traces of man on the American Continent. They were buried under twelve feet of pre-glacial gravel: When they were disclosed, the objects were left undisturbed, until telegrams brought to the spot several anthropologists of authority, who declared the articles to be palæoliths of argillite, and characteristic of the earliest human efforts to form sharp edges in stone. The discovery followed a prediction by Dr. C. C. Abbott, whose views have hitherto been disputed both in Europe and America. After photographs had been taken, the specimens were removed to the Peabody Museum.

The particle “pre” in the word “pre-glacial” makes the term very elastic, as this allows “Esoteric Buddhism” to carry man far back before the Eocene into the Permian period of the carboniferous age, as much as it permits orthodox Geology to place him on the soil of pre-glacial gravel. But how about these at least approximate, dates of the beginning and the end of the so-called glacial period. Have Geologists finally agreed?

The following has been sent to us from America for insertion by our brother, Prof. Anthony Higgins.

From *The Washington Post*, November 23rd, 1889 :—

“To all to whom it may concern: The only actual Theosophical Society in Washington and the District of Columbia, is ‘*The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood*,’ incorporated by the Blavatsky Branch of the Society, according to act of congress, July 8, 1889. Any other Society in Washington that appropriates our name, ‘*The Theosophical Society*,’ does so without legal warrant or right. To any Society thus using our name and title, and falsely professing to be the *only* genuine ‘*Theosophical Society*,’ I give notice to cease using our name—‘*The Theosophical Society*.’ I make this notification by the legal authority vested in the incorporated privileges and rights of our Society, particulars of which may be found deposited with the recorder of deeds of the District of Columbia, U.S.A.

ANTHONY HIGGINS.

“President of the Blavatsky Branch of the Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood, of Washington, D.C.,

“November 21, 1889.”

[Foreign papers please give notice.]

A NEW THEOSOPHICAL EFFORT.

THE ARYAN PRESS.

THE energetic General Secretary of the American section has inaugurated a new departure in the establishment of a Theosophical Press.

The practical and co-operative spirit of the Prospectus will be seen by the following quotations :—

“Any member, club of members, or Branch paying \$10 shall be entitled to have printing done for twelve months at the actual trade cost, that is to say, the cost of paper, ink, composition, and press work, and in addition the cost of mailing the matter when finished.

“In this way Branches can have papers printed, Branch stationery made up or tracts reprinted for distribution. The suggestion is offered that each Branch for a small outlay can thus keep its own printed transactions.”

This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and deserves the cordial support of all Theosophists. When will our English Theosophists do the same?



“Going to and Fro in the Earth.”



OUR MONTHLY REPORT.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THE “SOCIETY TIMES.”

In the journal of that name of November 23 we read the following :—

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES.

PEOPLE who are fond of imagining for themselves great futures should read Mme. Blavatsky's work “The Secret Doctrine.” Those of them with brains enough to follow it through will stagger somewhat at the immensity of progress there depicted for them. We are taken through cycle after cycle, round after round, and shown the new faculties and magnified old ones that will evolve in us, and the ranges of cosmic laws whose comprehension will demand their use. We are regarded each as issuing from the ultimate fountain of divinity as spiritual embryos, and in the course of ages as returning to conscious rest therein as transcendently perfect Gods. And for Gods no less than for men, the ultimate law is everlasting evolution. This should satisfy ordinary ambition.

Theosophists do not seem to regard with much hope any political nostrum for bettering the condition of our lower classes. Every man's surroundings and physique are the natural outcome of his own tendencies, development and effort (or want of effort) in his own last lifetime; all efforts made now similarly affecting the next. Therefore their message is—do your duty fully in your present condition, since it is your own creation, and your self-appointed place in nature. This done, learn to evolve by care for the interest of others. The atmosphere will thus brighten, new faculties and modes of consciousness begin to evolve, and the Gods once more walk among and teach men. Their creed is certainly worth attention.

It is the fashion to refer to Theosophy as a new fad, a new creed, and so on. But it seems to be really none of these. The name was assumed by a mystic sect who, two or three centuries after Christ, followed the teachings of Ammonius Saccas. This man taught, as do the Theosophists, that under all religions and creeds is the same basis of truth under various aspects and variously corrupted. The truth is the deliverance of men's deepest consciousness, but is nevertheless inaudible till the howlings of the lower nature for undue satisfaction of its desires are subdued and disregarded. So alike speak the ancient and the modern Theosophists, and their other resemblances are not less striking.

In the September number of LUCIFER, the organ of the English Theosophists, is an exultant article pointing out that there are now in India no less than 144 branches of the Theosophical Society, comprising many thousand “Fellows.” It is in reply to a statement of the *Methodist Times*, that the number of persons willing to own to their fellowship might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Since new branches in that country are frequently started, it would seem that Theosophy offers to the Buddhist a diet that agrees with him. Theosophists, in fact, claim that all real religions and philosophies consist of Theosophy in different suit of clothes, diaphanous or opaque, well- or ill-

fitting, and one of the professed objects of their Society is the making of such rents in these as to enable them to see truth naked. Like the Buddhists they mostly hold strongly to the idea of the thread of *individuality* in each man reincarnating in a succession of *personalities*, in each of which it acquires more essentially unforgetten knowledge.

Yes; Branches in India are many, and Members, many. Verily "Many are the called;" but how many *chosen*?

DEMONISM IN CEYLON.

Under this charitable Christian title, we find a "Village Missionary" ventilating his theological cobwebs in *The Ceylon Friend*, the organ of the Methodists, in that island. The *Buddhist* of Colombo makes copious extracts from it; and we can do no better than let our contemporary speak. It begins by quoting the precious bit of Wesleyan information that—

"... Every one of the demons has as real an existence as that of any member of his own family. He will tell you of terrible noises that he has heard produced by no human voice or act of any kind, of terrible calamities which can be ascribed to no other agency, of epidemics of cholera and small-pox which he never thinks of tracing to the execrable sanitation of the village, of how great stones have been thrown on houses and men out of 'the invisible.'"

Belief in *demons* may be regarded as a *superstition* in a Buddhist, but it is an *article of faith* for every Christian, on the authority of St. Paul and the Churches. In this case, however, our brother, the editor of the *Buddhist*, disposes of the "Village Missionary" in one mouthful. He says:

The pharisaical scribbler of this article is evidently ignorant of the commonest phenomena of spiritualism. Although his life may have been spent here, books and papers are cheap; if his reading had been such as should be pursued by every teacher and instructor of others, he would know that what is so distressing to him is now an acknowledged scientific fact, and that the laws governing these manifestations are now considered proper and legitimate objects of study. Has he ever read the life of Wesley, the founder of his own sect? If not, let him do so, and he will learn that just such mysterious noises and occurrences were known to that gentleman. Perhaps, however, in this particular case they were angels and not "Sinhalese demons."

If the "Village Missionary" wrote from any but a narrow and strictly partisan standpoint, he would admit that the Christian system has its angels and archangels, its cherubim and seraphim, its thrones, principalities and powers—that these are legion. He would also know, although we could hardly expect him to admit it, that of these some were originally the very demons he so deprecates. It is fitting, moreover, that those who have elevated an unnatural, fire-snorting, revengeful devil into a God, should take a train of demons along with him to form a hierarchy of angels. It is a mere change of names. Is not the Christian devil—created by this demon-god for the sole purpose of tempting man to disobey him and be thereby damned eternally—constantly employed in this delectable business; or are the "Village Missionary" and his brothers preaching lies?

Now that several Europeans and Americans of culture, far better educated and able than is the "Village Missionary," have become Buddhists by conviction, and have the columns of the *Buddhist* at their disposal, we fear hard times are in store for the traditional enemy of the mild Hindu and philosophical Buddhist. Dr. E. J. Eitel, Ph. Doc., Tübingen, is quoted from his recent work on Buddhism:

"Another spark of divine light which the Buddhists possessed is discernible in their recognizing and constantly teaching the most intimate connection between the visible and invisible worlds. They knew that things seen are not the only realities. They looked upon the planets as inhabited by multitudes, all eagerly listening to BUDDHA'S preaching. They peopled the air with spirits, the firmament with legions of human beings, superior to ourselves in purity and happiness, but constantly communicating with us pigmies. They saw heaven open to each aspiring soul and mansions visible and invisible prepared for those of a pure and tranquil heart. They understood that an immense crowd of spectators is watching us unseen with intense interest, a crowd of devils grinning with delight at the progress of evil, and hosts of angelic beings rejoicing over the spread of truth on earth."

The only thing to which we take exception in the above extract is the Christian phraseology; we repudiate that and refuse to have it saddled upon Buddhism. We do not believe in souls and heavens and the other materialistic paraphernalia of the Christian system, *as it is taught and accepted by them*. The attention of the "Village Missionary" is called most earnestly to the fact that this Christian writer, who fears Buddhism, although much in it extorts his unwilling admiration, calls this belief "another spark of divine truth;" which is most certainly an admission that that noble and glorious philosophy has other sparks of the same nature. Let these gentlemen fight it out between them

Yes, the Buddhist knows that evil influences are constantly around him, trying to tempt to evil, and when possible to harm him through purely malicious motives. He does not *worship* them in the Christian sense of that word; with the system he pursues to placate them we can have no sympathy, nor indeed has any educated Buddhist. We know that the best shield, the strongest talisman, is to follow faithfully the precepts of our BLESSED LORD, and then these influences will be powerless for harm.

* * * * *

Our "Village Missionary" tells us that the only way to expel this terrible system is to bestow on all a Christian education. In all humility and earnestness we suggest, that a nation that has murdered thousands of inoffensive people to force them to take a hated drug which was dragging its victims down to ruin—a nation that encourages drunkenness in order to increase its revenues—is not fit to be entrusted with the education of any youth—not even its own. If this is the result of *Christian* education in a *Christian* country by a *Christian* Government then by all means give us HEATHENISM and DEMONISM!

(From *The Buddhist* of the 3rd *Ava Wap*, 2433, or the 11th October, 1889).

THE CANE AS A PROSELYTIZING AGENT.

The same journal inserts a letter from our Brother, Mr. Powell, the American gentleman appointed *pro tem.* by the President to supervise the Ceylon Section of the Theosophical Society. We insert its last paragraph, showing that in despair, the meek, God-fearing and Christ-following Methodists have resorted to the cane as the best means to convert the "heathen Buddhist."

A letter from Trincomalee informs me that the missionary in charge of the Wesleyan school at the place has been caning Hindu boys for refusing to learn the Christian Catechism. Most of the parents of pupils attending this school have taken their children away. Quite right, let all do so at once, so that this school shall lose its grant. I here beg of the Tamil community to express their disapprobation of this brutal act by laying the matter before the Director of Public Instruction and by helping their brothers in Trincomalee to get a good teacher and establish a school of their own. To the Trincomalee people I would say let each one give a handful of rice daily for this cause and they will succeed in having a school of their own. To the Buddhists of that place I say, help our brothers to withstand the common enemy.

THE "FAITH-WORKERS" OF SHENANDOAH.

But there is an abasement of Ideal far more pitiful than that caused by the cane or the animalism of the dissolute. It is that springing from ignorant and prosy emotionalism. We see it in past epochs, we see it now.

The vulgar boasting of the "Village Missionary" and the paradoxical fanfare of Salvation Army devotional methods, attended though they be with sincere zeal, are surpassed by the extravagancies of the American *Faithists* and "Fire-Brand" workers of the Free Methodist Church. The *Fire-Brand*, whose copies are constantly inflicted upon us, is the organ, apparently, of a handful—an army perchance, for all I know—of "Faith-workers" so called. Curiously enough the editor of the said organ declares that he is "publishing this paper for the Lord;" that it has no fixed price as "God will provide means to place it. . . in the hands of all whom He is desirous to have it;" and that finally, the editor "shall seek divine guidance in its distribution." But it is not for printing materials and printers' devils' alone that the "Faith-workers" seem to depend

upon God, but also for their daily food. What more repulsive degradation could there be of the ideal of the Divine Essence than the following acknowledgments which we copy from the last issue of the "Fire-Brand" column headed "Life of Trust. . . The Master provides all that we need."

Fri. Sept. 27.—Our confidence and love increases day by day. "Thanks be to God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

Two quarts of nice rich milk, a cup of meat fryings and twenty-five cents are supplies from Father to-day.

Sat. Sept. 28.—A dear young sister in the Lord brought in two under garments for the band workers, ready made; also, gave fifty cents to one of them. A pail each of grapes and sweet potatoes, and a good big chicken were also brought in by different members of the King's family. Bless His name!

A nice lot of tracts was given us to-day for distribution, also, a half bushel of tomatoes and a sack each of sage and popcorn. Bless the Lord!

Wed. Oct. 2.—This has been a day of real rejoicing in our soul. A gallon of vinegar, pint of milk, apples, potatoes, cabbage, sweet potatoes, squash and a pail of sweet corn dried, were all provisions sent from Father to-day. Praise God! Glory be to God.

A basket of potatoes and twenty-five cents, were acceptable gifts to-day.

Tue. Oct. 8.—We are waiting on God, and seeking only His will in all we do. Satan is on our track as never before, but we have the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Praise the Lord! We have put on the whole armor of God, and with the shield of "faith," we are able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. Hallelujah! One dollar was handed us to-day at a much-needed time, and we could not but recognize Father's hand, also a quart of rich milk and a large squash, were acceptable gifts from our loving Father.

Would it be regarded as too disrespectful were one to suggest to the "King" and "Father" that a little brains along with the "squash," and "rich milk" in that quarter might be more useful perhaps, even if less acceptable?

THE CATECHISM OF SCIENCE.

Going to and fro in the earth, the adversary came across a relic of Paul Bert, the late vivisector. He was a practical man it seems; who having succeeded in his praiseworthy efforts to "exile the god" of theology from the schools, tribunals, burial grounds and hospitals of France, proceeded to replace the old by new primers; hence his "Civil Catechisms," for the use of the future citizens of the great Republic. He wrote himself a *Manual of Civic Ethics*, and invited others to do the same. His appeal resulted in the creation of a model library of Primers full of civic morality and scientific revelations. We choose a fragment out of the *Catéchisme Laïque* (of 1883), as a sample in them of the great truths (revealed to, and by, Science).

QUESTION. *What is God?*—ANSWER. "I do not know."

Q. *Who created the Universe?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *Whence mankind? Whither does it tend?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *What have we to expect after death?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *When and how has man appeared on earth?*—A. "I do not know."

Q. *Do not you feel ashamed of your ignorance?*—A. "No shame to be ignorant of that which no one ever knew."

Q. *If you deny all the truths of alleged religion, what are the truths that you do accept?*—A. "I believe in the emancipation of mankind through natural science; I believe in the harmony created by the enactment of all our duties; I believe in the regeneration of my country with the help of democracy; I believe in the conquering genius of our nation which ever was and will be the bearer and promoter of light and freedom."

This is followed by the teaching of other truths of the *natural religion* according to the last word of natural science. *Zoological evolution* is explained.

The descent of the bird from the lizard is taught as follows :—The lizard, we are told, was consumed with gigantic ambition ; it wanted to become a bird, and fly sunwards ; this was its *idea fixa*. The dreams and aspirations of that flat-headed quadruped reptile were so decided and intense, its will so strong, that obedient nature had to submit and act accordingly. (*sic*).

Q. *Obedient to whom, or what ? What is it nature had to submit to ?*—A. "To the eternal right, the law of evolutionary life, diffused throughout the universe in such quantity that it overflows every spot of it, ever absorbed and ever renewed."

Q. *Go on !*—A. "I say, that once that the *taste* for evolution had been developed in the lizard nature had to undertake the duty of transforming it into a bird. The lizard felt one day the appearance of feathers on its scaly back, and standing on its hind legs, proceeded to move rhythmically its four paws, which it did until these gradually changed into wings."

It is interesting to note that the mere uninterrupted action of intense will power and desire, is regarded by Science as a *magic agent* calculated to perform that which the occultists call phenomena through *Kriyasakti* ("creative will") which transforms one object into another, and even *created men* out of *materia on hand*, in days of the *pre-Adamic* mankind. Thus one point is gained. But had these *Catéchismes Laïques* prevailed and become popular, what kind of a race would Frenchmen have become, brought up in the sole faith in the "principles of lizard evolution" bereft of even an inkling of metaphysics ?

A very curious study is that of Chiromancy, and one that may well be looked into by the biologist. It is known that at Paris the most infallible way of registering criminals has been by taking the impress of the finger-tips. People can change their faces, but their hands never. The shape of the hand, as a whole, undoubtedly shows character and training. To be sure of this, it suffices to set side by side the hand of the artist, the man of administrative ability, and the navy. Contrast the finger-tips of the weaver, the watchmaker, the collier. The relative lengths of palm and fingers are also said to show character, the passionate and physical nature showing itself in the undivided part of the hand, the intellectual and psychical in the fingers. The thumb, again, is significant, showing in shape and length the balance of the character—"a capable thumb," as a novelist said, describing a clever woman. And then the lines ! fewer and simpler in the more direct and simple characters, numerous and complex in the more many-sided and sensitive natures. If any of our readers care to look into this queer byway of speculation, they will find Mrs. Louise Cotton, 43, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W., a very intelligent expounder of the subject.

ADVERSARY.



Reviews.

THE ASTRAL LIGHT *

IS the title of a very interesting and carefully expressed book written under the *nom de plume* of Nizida, a name well-known in the columns of *Light*. The subject is replete with and full of some of the deepest mysteries of Nature and for every one who has any sort of touch with this unseen part of the universe that envelopes this physical plane of consciousness, is a never-ending source of study and inquiry. It is of course regarded very differently by mystic students according to the school to which they may individually or collectively belong. Many spiritualists are apt to conceive that once *en rapport* with this vast sphere of nature they are face to face with ultimate Truth, while on the other hand Eastern Occultism, as taught through Theosophical publications, regard the astral plane as more illusory if possible than the ordinary plane of physical consciousness or that which is objective to the five senses of normal humanity, and consider it as still more dangerous and contaminating in its subtle and deleterious influences. The clever writer however steers her way with great tact between these widely divergent schools of thought, and although she is obviously a follower of the more philosophical Eastern teachers, she manages to let this become clear to the reader without offending any one's religion or beliefs. Nevertheless the title is rather misleading, as the book deals with a much wider range of thought than that embraced by the astral light alone. Indeed it touches upon, and with great insight, almost all the topics dealt with in recent writings of the new theosophical exposition and draws freely in addition from such well-known authors of occult lore as Eliphas Lévi, Paracelsus, the late Lord Lytton, and others. There is consequently in this unpretentious volume a great deal of suggestive and useful information placed before the public in a comparatively simple and yet condensed form and it deserves to have a cordial welcome and wide circulation. Perhaps in view of encouraging this end it will be better to give the readers of *LUCIFER* one or two extracts drawn from the pages of the book under notice, rather than to go into any elaborate review of the work as a whole.

Speaking of the astral light the author says :

"The thought substance of the universe *i.e.* the astral light,† which obeys all wills, man must absolutely mould to his desires—for he is not otherwise constituted. It is the unfolding aura the infilling life of his being and becomes transformed in self-emanation; as his *breath* may become poisoned, or healthy, according to his corporeal condition. Ignorant and vicious he moulds it to his destruction enlightened and spiritually perfect, he clothes himself with it as with the garment of a god, and sways it in the beneficence of perfect love and wisdom." Again: "It is because of the widespread poisoning of the astral light, by the almost universal perversion of the human wills, that disease,

* By NIZIDA. THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING Co., 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.—

† According to Occult teaching the Astral light is *not* the "thought substance" of the Universe, but the recorder of every thought; the universal mirror which reflects every event and thought as every being and thing, animate or inanimate. We call it the great Sea of Illusion, *Maya*.—[Ed.]

deformity, insanity, fanaticisms, or false enthusiasms which propel to destruction, mental stagnation and apathy, every human ugliness, every taint and poison spot destructive to life and happiness, reign in the world. The earth is invested with death-dealing powers; and rolls wrapt in a dense malarial aura, in which float the germs of disease which fasten even upon the vegetable kingdom in the shape of rot, blight, insects, or worms. The man-poisoned elemental or *nature-spirit* forces culminate in objective forms of ugliness and disorder, and form the casual world, wheresoever conditions invite or compel the manifestation."

Again elsewhere the author says: "To possess a true conception of that inner ambient and penetrative atmosphere called the astral light, is an indispensable requisite in the study of spiritual or occult science. Without a knowledge of this wonderful agent of all life, material as well as physical, the student will find himself at sea without chart or compass when he endeavours to deal with spiritual facts. He will find also that to rightly conceive of the functions performed by this mysterious element in the life of man, in the life of every creature or object in the universe, in the very processes of thought and in the creation of this world will throw a light upon his mind, explaining many problems, and effecting a complete revolution in his ideas concerning the world and everything that exists."

These quotations will suffice to show the reader that the author has a conscious and comprehensive grasp of its subtleties. Many others might be given, taken almost at random through the book, but in this short and necessarily inexhaustive notice the extracts have been intentionally limited to those dealing more especially with the title of this interesting and instructive book.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MATTERHORN.*

A NOBLE little book, and one of great interest, is the small volume of Lord Queensberry before us; yet strange and at times provoking. We read on in the full conviction that the writer is filled with the spirit of true Theosophy and Altruism, that he too has sensed the Great Harmony of things, and that the strife of man is but for his Eternal Progress, to be the more quickly attained, once that he has realized his stern responsibility, both to himself and to the rest. Carried away with this great thought-wave, we are on the point of giving all our praise, when suddenly a phrase occurs which breaks the current and brings us back to the duty of criticism. There is one proposition of the writer with which we are compelled to dissent, viz., that "the Soul is simply the resultant or the effect of the body." As this statement, however, frequently occurs in passages of what we may call, without cant, the highest inspiration, it is just possible that the author intends to convey some fuller idea by so crude a statement. Moreover, this view is strongly supported by another apparent disagreement with the philosophy in which the Theosophical Society takes so great an interest. Although the distinction between the personality and the individuality has forced itself upon our author as an absolute necessity, he, nevertheless, expresses the idea in words which, to a student of Theosophy, are at first sight somewhat confusing. At the end of the preface we read:—

"With the selfish longing after an individual and personal hereafter, removed, as go it must in time, when man comes to his senses, and which removal seems a blessing to those who have

* By LORD QUEENSBERRY: London, WATTS & Co.

accustomed themselves to look it in the face, what a terrible thing would be this clinging to one's *personal individuality* all through eternity! With the departure of this baneful delusion will come the only hope and consolation, the hopes we bear respecting our posterity, in whom it is quite possible and I think probable, the *life* in us shall be revived again and again, until the final state is attained of the perfect mind in the perfect body. Out of our errors and consequent miseries shall those our children—perhaps *ourselves repeated*—reap the fruits of our experiences, how much more so from the good to which even we may attain?"

But if we read for *personal individuality, personality, for life, individuality*, we have the identical idea, which the greatest philosophy of the East teaches.

Therefore it is that we are almost persuaded that the sentence we have objected to may bear some other interpretation.

The *innate* ideas of the writer, which are almost identical with those of our philosophy, are tinged in some places with Spencerian thought, and the spirit of divine progress and attainment is now and again shackled with the too material terms of the great Western thinker.

An additional proof that the flame of the spirit of the real truthseeker burns brightly in the soul of the intuitive author, is to be found in the dedication:—

"This Poem is respectfully inscribed to those Peers who, at the election (1880), in Holyrood Palace, of the Scottish Representative Peers, deprived me of my seat in the House of Lords. Their rejection was founded on the avowed and acknowledged ground, that I had previously expressed opinions in antagonism to the Christian religion; that I had, as was then asserted, publicly denied the existence of God, and that, as Lord Lothian expressed it, I held as a negation all that my brother Peers regarded as most sacred."

In conclusion, we cordially recommend this poem to our readers, for not only is the theme a lofty one and replete with ideas of noble sublimity, but the expression and form of them is beautiful and harmonious. The following short selections will give our readers an idea of the thought and style of the author.

"For naught which death destroys in Nature's scheme
But bursts afresh in other forms of life:
And thus all life remains eternal still,
For death is life, and life eternity."

"Then time may come when earth must pass away,
Melting in fervent heat, to rise anew,
To form yet other worlds more glorious still,
Beyond conception, in their loveliness.
And shall these germs of life, refined like gold,
In furnaces of bitter sorrow here,
Be lost for ever in eternal time?
Nay, rather, from the essence of the all,
'Twill issue forth, to blossom yet again,
Till all these worlds, with one triumphant shout,
Shall echo forth one chord in harmony.
But this is naught to man: learn thou his task,
All fellow workers with the great Divine,
All atoms of the one identity.
Mankind, thus striving to attain this will,
Must lose faith in this personality;
Must learn to know that, when this mortal frame
Returns to dust, his being does not die,
Yet is no more his individual self,
But part of an eternal endless force,

Merged in the ocean of the mighty Il.
 And having conquered thus his selfishness
 His hopes shall centre in his future race,
 To raise mankind from what it is to God's.
 O faith! which yet shall consolation bring
 To all the races of this teeming earth;
 O happier age, when man, united thus
 Within the bonds of this eternal truth,
 Shall conquer all that now makes him despair,
 And ring the knell of war, disease and crime!

" Yet shall a brighter, happier faith arise
 From out the false conception of the past,
 To take the place of all the worn-out creeds:
 The last green shoot, an outgrowth of the tree
 Implanted deep within the heart of man—
 The tree of knowledge and the tree of truth.
 So, on the dawn of happier days to come,
 Bright shines the promise of the rising sun,
 A true and nobler faith—humanity."

PERSEPHONE AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE writer of these fine poems is evidently a woman of fine intellectual culture, honest heart, and broad human sympathies. A tone of worthy aspiration to know and live the truth runs throughout the volume. She is one to be trusted in friendship, we should say. Among her collection is the following poetical paraphrase of the touching story of Kosigotama, the young mother who brings her dead babe to the Buddha, imploring him to show her how it may be awakened from the terrible sleep into which it has fallen. The whole story is given in Professor Rhys Davids' well-known little work on Buddhism:—

THE MOTHER'S QUEST.†

To Gautama, holiest prophet, a mother,
 With grief-laden brow,
 Came, saying—"O Prophet, on earth is no other
 More potent than thou;
 Oh! Hermit of Healing, can'st succour me now?"

"As one little blossom in beauty that bloweth
 Alone on a strand,
 As one little streamlet life-giving that floweth
 Thro' sun-smitten land,
 Where else were but arid and desolate sand—

Even such to my heart was the child that I cherished
 With love kin to pain;
 In my impotent arms at the dawning he perished;
 My tears are in vain,
 But thy voice from the darkness may call him again."

* By LIZZIE MARY LITTLE. Dublin, WILLIAM MAGEE.

† Taken from a legend in the history of Buddhism.

Then the prophet made answer : " Thy prayer shall be granted
 When sorrowing most ;
 If thou can'st obtain but the smallest of seeds
 (All earth may be crossed)
 From a house where no tears have been shed for the lost."

In the homes where she passed, there was laughter that lightly
 Might fall on her ears,
 And many a glance might have told her how brightly
 Were welcomed the years ;
 But the mother marked only the falling of tears.

Oh, Maid ! In whose eyes the full sunshine of gladness
 Is radiant as yet,
 Have they ever been dimmed by the cloud of a sadness
 That cannot forget ?
 Say, with tears for the lost have they ever been wet ?"

II.

And the maiden made answer : " A grave, flower-circled,
 Lies under the steep,
 And there, in a silence unbroken and solemn,
 My brother doth sleep,
 And the blossoms that bloom there know well that I weep !"

" O youth ! in whose hand is the wine-cup of life,
 What griefs have been thine ?"
 " I have mourned for a hand that in sorrow and strife
 Was aye clasped in mine,
 For a friend that was faithful in shadow and shine."

" The music of voices, loved fondly, has drifted
 Away from thine ears,
 Old man, from whose loneliness rarely is lifted
 The veil of the years ;
 In thy heart are their memories watered with tears ?"

And the soul of the old man was stirred at her pleading,
 With passionate ruth—
 " I have suffered, O Mother ! a grief far exceeding
 Thy sorrow, in truth ;
 Oo babe have I wept, but the love of my youth !"

Then she cried : " Not alone in my grief I am left ;
 Fast travels the wind ;
 But faster his feet who the hearts has bereft
 Of all human kind,
 And never, oh never ! the home shall I find

“ Whence none has been taken. All men have in sorrow
 A brotherhood dread.
 Yet we weep not in vain, if we learn but to cherish
 The living,” she said,
 “ With a love that is hallowed by thoughts of the dead.”

WE have received from the Path Office, New York, the foresheets of letter A of “A Working Glossary for the use of students of Theosophical Literature”; it promises well and will undoubtedly be a useful and handy little volume to put on theosophical bookshelves.



Correspondence.

THE THIRD EYE.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

SINCE my communication on this subject in the June number of LUCIFER (iv. p. 341), evidence has accumulated in favour of the information given in the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. 2. page 289.

Professor Prestwich in his “Geology” page 140, gives evidence in favour of the existence of a number of fossil forms, in which the third eye was developed. They had broad frog-like heads, long salamander-like bodies, and were covered with sculptured scales. Others are lizard-like amphibians, while some are snake-like in form. Some of this group show labyrinthine structure in their teeth, others are devoid of it. They were mostly creatures of small size.

Further evidence is given in the work of Dr. Anton Fritsch, “Fauna der Gaskohle und der Kalksteine der Perm-formation, Bohmens,” 4to, Prague, 1874, &c. This work gives in detail the osteology of the smaller congeners of *Labyrinthodon* and its allies. In this he describes *Melanerpeton*, *Ophiderpeton*, *Microbrachis*, *Dendrerpeton*, *Chelydosaurus*, *Limnerpeton*, *Melosaurus*, *Osteophis*, *Hyoapterion*, *Urocordylus*, *Keraterpeton*. The type of these is *Branchiosaurus salamandroides*, which is illustrated in fig. 68 of Prestwich’s work.

All these forms are from the Kupfer Schiefer, at the base of the Zechstein.

We have thus evidence that the statement of H. P. B. made in the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii., p. 299. was not merely as I said, “probable,” but is borne out by the careful researches of modern Geology and Palæontology. The only blank in my chain of scientific argument is now complete.

There is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and I shall not take it again* by analysing Dr. Foy’s recent communication to the “Medical Press and Circular,” in which he has absolutely confused the parietal foramen with the middle fontanelle! Yours truly

C. CARTER BLAKE, F.T.S.

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* This is in reference to an article already written by Dr. Carter Blake in answer to an attack in the “Medical Press and Circular” upon the *Secret Doctrine*, or rather upon its author who was more abused in it than her work. As the latter had evidently never been read by the writer of the attack, Dr. Carter Blake, who is certainly a greater authority on Anthropology than our kind critic, was good enough to write in defence of the *Secret Doctrine*, but his reply was *courteously* declined.—[ED.]