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Forlorn Hopes.

“ Hope without action is a barren undoer. . . ”

FELTHAM.

“ From the lowest depth, there is a path to the loftiest height.”

CARLYLE.

NE year more at its eleventh hour. A grain of sand on the brink of eternity, preparing to fall and disappear in the fathomless Sand-dial of Father Kronos, the cruel measurer—in space and time. One fortnight more, and 1890—the year welcomed by the teeming millions of the civilized lands, as it now seems but yesterday, will be replaced with the last stroke of midnight by 1891. The Old Year that was born amongst us, that grew so rapidly beside us, became adult, mature, and has now aged—has lived its life, while we, mortals, have lived but a portion of ours. And now (for many of us), the two will soon become things of the Past.

And what hast thou given us, or left us to remember thee by, O year 1890? Not much, in truth, save evil, disappointment and sorrow. Born in the lap of Dame “Influenza,” thy days have rolled on—as those of thy predecessors have, and as the days of thy successors will, we fear—in the mephitic atmosphere of political and personal strifes, and also, alas, of very unseemly squabbles among Theosophists. Men have lived thee through, O departing year, as usual, more in envy and bitter hatred of each other than brotherly love; and the sister nations—again, as usual—have passed thee in arrogant glorification of self, in vilification of others, and perhaps, in a trifle more lying and bitter, international slanders. Thus, thou art dying as thou hast lived: in the loud din of mutual condemnation, of unexpected exposures, the

crash of gigantic fortunes, the ruin of great reputations, and in a pandemonium worthy of all the Evil Spirits and "goblins damn'd" of our glorious age of pretensions to righteousness, and skin-deep civilization. . . . Good bye, OLD YEAR, good bye; thou blessed by so few and cursed by so many!

Woe to us, men and races born in the tail-end of the present and most dreadful cycle! Mystics and Theosophists, think that the world will be living for the next decade over a volcano. For the year 1891 is the eldest son of the last Septenary in the said cycle. On February 17th next, will commence the last series of seven years which will close the first cycle of 5,000 years of *Kaliyuga*—the "Black Age" of the Hindu Brahmins. Thus, in truth, neither the blessings nor the curses of men can influence, let alone alter, the Karma of the nations and men which they have generated in their respective Pasts. But people are blind to this truth. They see the decrees of retributive sentences carried out in the marshalling of public events, but refuse, nevertheless, to comprehend their true causes. "Oh," they cry out, "it is the immorality and untruthful nature of Mr. A that has caused this new public scandal. It is a calamity brought, through the hypocrisy of A, on B, and C, and D, and thus, through them, it is affecting a whole nation! We righteous men had nought to do with all this. *Ergo*, our plain duty is now to vilify A, agreeably to our pharisaical social code, to express our holy horror of him, and wash our hands of the rest." . . . Oh, you dear private and political vipers! Has it never struck you, that if the nightmare of a dreaming goose, causing the whole slumbering flock to awake and cackle—could save Rome, that your cackle too, may also produce as unexpected results? That if A, or B, or C,—better think at once, of the whole alphabet—has broken a commandment or two, it is simply because, like all of you, he is the product of his times and century. But don't you know, that the building of a nest by a swallow, the tumbling of a dirt-grimed urchin down the back-stair, or the chaff of your nursery maid with the butcher's boy, may alter the face of nations, as much as can the downfall of a Napoleon? Yea, verily so; for the links within links and the concatenations of this Nidanic* Universe are past our understanding.

Every transgression in the private life of a mortal, is, according to

* *Nidanus*, or the concatenation of causes and effects, in the Eastern philosophy.

Occult philosophy, a double-edged sword in the hand of Karma ; one for the transgressor, the other for the family, nation, sometimes even for the race, that produced him. If its one sharp edge cuts him badly, its other edge may, at a future day, chop into mincemeat those morally responsible for the sins of their children and citizens. One Caination is made to bite the dust, while its slaughtered Abel-sister resurrects in glory. . . .

“ He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone ” —at the guilty. These words appear to have been said in vain, as even Christian law sneers at their practical application. “ Heathen ” Theosophy alone tries to remember, in our modern day, these noble words addressed to one caught in adultery: “ And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee ; go and sin no more ; ” and alone, again, bows in deep reverence before the divine mercy and Buddha-like wisdom of this judgment. But then we are only infidels and “ wretched atheists.” Yet this is the key to the seeming “ contradictions ” in our teachings: we accept and try to follow almost every injunction of Christ—whether the latter be historical or ideal—while feeling the greatest contempt and irritation against that which is now called Christianity but is simply unadulterated Pharisaism.

Prophecy is at a discount in our times. Prophets, both Christian and Heathen, have fallen off in grace. They stand low in the estimation of society, and are out of touch altogether with that portion of mankind which calls itself “ cultured.” If the soothsayers are no longer stoned by order of the Sanhedrims of our civilized nations, it is because they are no longer believed in. But who is, in our modern day of Didymi? The city *Augurs* “ on the Stock Exchange ” are, perhaps, the only prophets Society now bows to. For the chief Temple wherein our races worship, is the temple of Mammon and his evil imps ; and if his High-priests—the Bulls and Bears—are listened to, it is only because all know that they prophesy but those events which they have themselves carefully prepared, set going and thus “ *made* to pass.” To these soothsayers too, methinks, the Karmic tail-end of 1890 was not entirely propitious. But let them go. In the good old days of the preceding *Yugas*, however, it does seem as if our earliest Aryan ancestors—whose eldest descendants are now contemptuously included among the “ inferior races ”—knew and foresaw clearly, the moral state in which *civilised*

mankind would be, in the present era.* For see what is prophesied in the *Purânas*, generally, and in the *Vishnu Purâna*, especially. The following is an abridgment from the fourth volume of the latter (Wilson and Fitz Ed. Hall).

In those days there will be reigning over the earth, Kings of churlish spirit, of violent temper, addicted to falsehood and wickedness. They in authority will inflict death on women, children and cows, (the sacred animal); they will seize upon the property of their subjects and BE INTENT ON THE WIVES OF OTHERS; they will be of limited power, and will often rapidly rise and fall; their lives will be short, their desires insatiable, and they will display but little piety . . . the world will be wholly depraved. . . Wealth alone will confer rank; wealth will be the only source of devotion; passion the sole bond of union between the sexes; falsehood the only means of success in litigation; and women objects merely of sensual gratification. [Has the Prophet caught a glimpse in the astral light of the KREUTZER SONATA of Tolstoi, we wonder!] The Brahmanical thread (or the priestly array) will alone constitute a Brahman; dishonesty will be the universal means of success; impudence and presumption will be substituted for learning; liberality will be devotion; a man, if rich, will be alone reputed pure . . . fine clothes will be dignity. . . Amidst all castes, he who is the strongest will reign over the earth. . . The people, unable to bear the heavy load of taxes, will take refuge beyond the seas, amongst the valleys of the mountains . . . etc., etc., etc.

The last sentence looks very much like a prophecy regarding the immense wave of European emigration. However it may be, no modern critic could depict more accurately the present state of things. Is it not verily, "as it is written"? Are not most of our Kings of "churlish spirit," some addicted to falsehood, cruelty and wickedness? Are not our Royal and Imperial Highnesses, and Kings, only *too* truly "intent on the wives of others"? And which of them is a genius, since the days of King Arthur, and the good old kings in the Fairy Tales? Does not wealth in "our day, confer rank" much sooner than real merit; and craft and cunning, false evidence and cant, ensure the best success, before both courts and juries? Outward form alone constitutes in nine cases out of ten, a "man of God" a priest or clergyman. Women are to this day—in England, before the law at any rate—merely the goods and chattels of their husbands, and mere objects of lust but for only too many. Slanders—private or

* In *Vishnu* and other *Purânas*, (the former being surely pre-christian) the description of the evils of *Kaliyuga* applies most evidently to our present period. It is stated in them (a) that the "Black Age" will last 1,200 *divine* years, (i.e., 432,000 of the years of mortals); and (b) that the state prophesied for our world will happen toward the end of the first half of the first "year" of the *Kaliyuga*. Now as we know from the teachings of occult science that one of the secret sub-cycles or "years of the Devas" lasts about 12,000 of our common years, this brings the calculation to the end of this first cycle of 5,000 years since the present Yuga commenced 3,102 years B.C., between the 17th and 18th of February.

public—are rarely, if ever, save in cases of blackmail, directed against wealthy men; thus, the rich alone have a chance of being “reputed pure” as the prophet has it. But what of the poor man, of one who has no means of going to law for redress: in England, for instance, where justice is the most expensive thing in the Kingdom, and where it is sold in ounces, and paid in pounds—what of him? And what of one, who, besides being poor, is falsely accused, of that *which he can no more disprove than his enemy can prove*—with the handicap, moreover, against him, that while slander and bad reports require no proofs to be eagerly believed in by charitable Christians at large, he can no more disprove the charge—say, of having murdered his mother-in-law in a dream—than he can pay his “costs” in court? For, does not the smallest law-suit generally equal three fires and a successful burglary? How is one so situated, to protect and vindicate himself? In the eyes of the whole world, save of his friends, he stands accused of everything his traducers can invent, and thus he remains at the mercy of any blackguard who owes him a grudge. And oh, the terrible helplessness, and the mental agony of the victim, especially in lands of *blessed* freedom of speech and press, such as England and America! Do what he may, the slandered man will go down into his grave with a name left dragging in the mud of calumny; and the inheritance of his children will be the opprobrium attached to that name.

Blessed are the deaf, the dumb and the blind, for they will not hear themselves traduced and condemned; not in this world of sorrow, at any rate.

But how far was the Puranic prophet right when foretelling among other things that “presumption will be substituted for learning,” in this, our “black” Age?

Something might be said upon the subject, but silence is in some cases golden. Were truth always declared and spoken, life would become very soon not worth living for the sincere man. Moreover, Dr. Koch, of Berlin, has just caused a lightning rise in the stocks of science, and it would be rather dangerous now to take the latter to task for its “presumptions.” Nevertheless, there’s always “balm in Gilead.” The year 1890, has carried off a considerable number of victims, especially among royalty and the “upper ten,” and its sudden and mad changes of weather have nigh driven frantic the legions of gouty and rheumatic humanity. But the past year, now

happily dying, has redeemed its sins by bringing forward a new benefactor of men, in the shape of a Neapolitan professor. This favoured mortal has just found out that growing old, with its gradual weakening of organisms and final decrepitude, is not in the programme of human life at all (nor of animal either); and that perennial youth, from birth till death, is really the lot of all that lives and breathes—even during Kaliyuga. That which causes decay and old age is—again a *bacillus*, you see, and the professor has just discovered this cunning microbe.

The Lord love him—not the bacillus, but the professor, of course! Just fancy the magic effects of this new “grandest discovery” of the age! One has but to invent and prepare a lymph suited for the complete destruction of the monster, inoculate oneself with it and—remain young for ever. This particular lymph is not yet prepared, nor has any one, so far as we have heard, begun to work at its invention. Yet, we have no doubt—in view of the lightning speed of the progress of applied science, that the new lymph will prove a terrible rival to Dr. Brown-Sequard’s “elixir of life,” which, we are not sorry to hear, is fast coming to grief. At any rate it is sure to give a point to some of our bottled insecticides, the “unparalleled flea-catchers” and the like. The latter is also warranted to kill “instantaneously.” You have but to catch your flea, say the *instructions*, imprison it by dropping it delicately with thumb and finger into the bottle (like King Solomon’s *djin*), cork it up, and—our acrobatic enemy has *lived!* But the triumphs of chemistry can never parallel, let alone surpass, those of modern bacteriology. We may imagine the roaring popularity of the new lymph—when ready. No more grey hair, shaky teeth with their widowed gums, bleared eyes, deafness, and what is more important still—no more wrinkles. The modern Ninon de Lenclos of fashionable society will be able to dispense with her daily prayer, “Oh Lord, grant me the favour of confining my wrinkles to my heels!” Every grandmother will have the privilege of marrying as a “blooming and blushing bride” her own grandson’s school-fellow; nor will any more weeping maidens have to be sacrificed to the purse and title of noblemen in their dotage. No decrepit frames will meet our eye—as the one that so impressed the Prince of Kapilavastu, Gautama, that it became the first step that led him to his Buddhahip. Like the Homeric Gods and the heroes of the golden age, we will live and die in the full rosy bloom of youth, and “sweet sixteen” will be no longer at a premium. Truly, where are the “seven sciences” of the pre-Christian ages, when compared to our seventy-seven sciences of modern times. And what shall we

say of the latter, after Pope has declared, even of the former, that—

“ Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven ;
And though no science, fully worth the seven ? ”

Withal, Science applied or pure is a mighty power in our times : especially applied Science in its experimental garb, whether dealing with microbe or practical cannibalism. If it has destroyed religion, it has on the other hand established and guided civilisation, which it is now carrying even into the heart of the darkest continents. Therein, its practical observations of comparative “cruelties”—as between Siberia and Africa—have been especially successful. Let us make obeisance to “Modern Research.”

To destroy old age may be truly glorious ; yet we, Theosophists, at any rate many of us, would rather decline the offer. Eternal youth is an alluring, but dangerous gift. Youth is quite long enough as it is, to allow each mortal to spin a Karmic web vast enough to cover the span of several successive lives with a dark veil of sorrow. We agree with the Greek chorus in *Ædipus*, that the happiest fate for man is not to be born at all, while the second best is to die—no sooner he sees the light. Sophocles was a wise man in advising mankind to lament rather than rejoice over every new birth. He, whom the Gods love, dies young, Menander tells us. At any rate, old age is less dangerous and more respectable in every country than youth, a defect of which, luckily, man is very soon cured. Progress toward old age is the first approach to the secure haven of life, for every one ; and, as Brück has it, it is far from being an evil. The wave of every individual life, he says, rises out of the sea of Being to return to its parent source once more ; and in exceptionally healthy people the vital functions become weakened gradually, and without being noticed. A happy old age carries us insensibly, as on a ship, away out of the current of life. We do not ourselves sense the motion, but feel as if the shores were moving and passing before us, until we reach unawares the Ocean of eternal sleep. . . .

Just so ; and the “Ocean” is preferable to the “Sea of Being” or Life. Life is certainly, and at its best, “but a walking shadow” ; and short as it may be, each mortal will find, one day, that he has lived too long. With most of us

. “ It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. ”

With everyone, without exception, life is as full of pains and sorrows as a bramble-bush of thorns. An undesirable thing, at best.

“But this is Buddhist pessimism!” we hear the reader say. Not at all. No more Buddhist than Christian; and quite as Biblical as Buddhist. For, see for yourself. Does not Jacob complain to Pharaoh of the sorrows of life, when asked his age? “And Jacob said . . . the days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.” And Joshua, the son of Sirah describes life from the beginning to its end as one uninterrupted wave of sorrow! In his view, wherever we look we find but cares, fear, dangers, broken hopes and then—death. Do not the long-suffering Job, and the much-married King Solomon, depict life under the same colours? Life is a series of hard trials for the “Soul”; *a new initiation of the Ego into a new mystery*, every time It incarnates. Believe me, reader; the luckiest ticket man can draw in that never ceasing, dark Lottery called human life, is, an—empty ticket.

Since happiness is but a dream on earth, let us be resigned, at least. To do this, we have but to follow the precepts of our respective great and noble Masters on earth. The East had her Sakyamuni Buddha, “the Light of Asia”; the West her Teacher, and the Sermon on the Mount; both uttered the same great, because universal and immortal, truths. Listen to them:—

“Crush out your pride,” saith the One. “Speak evil of no one, but be thankful to him who blames thee, for he renders thee service by showing thee thy faults. Kill thine arrogance. Be kind and gentle to all; merciful to every living creature. Forgive those who harm thee, help those who need thy help, resist not thine enemies. Destroy thy passions, for they are the armies of Mara (Death), and scatter them as the elephant scatters a bamboo hut. Lust not, desire nothing; all the objects thou pinest for, the world over, could no more satisfy thy lust, than all the sea-water could quench thy thirst. That which alone satisfies man is Wisdom—be wise. Be ye without hatred, without selfishness, and without hypocrisy. Be tolerant with the intolerant, charitable and compassionate with the hard-hearted, gentle with the violent, detached from everything amidst those who are attached to all, in this world of illusion. Harm no mortal creature. Do that which thou wouldest like to see done by all others.”

“Be humble,” saith the Other. Resist not evil, “judge not that

ye be not judged." Be merciful, forgive them who wrong thee, love thine enemies. Lust not; not even in the secrecy of thy heart. Give to him that asketh thee. Be wise and perfect. Do not as the hypocrites do; "but, as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

Noble words these. Only how far are they practicable, in the Nineteenth Century of the Christian era, and the tail-end of the Brahmanical cycle? Alas! While a Protestant Bishop was opposing these precepts, consequently his Master, here in England, by showing the impossibility of any civilised State carrying them out in practice—(civilisation first, and Christianity afterwards?)—a French journalist of note was doing the same across the Channel. Reviewing the Buddhist Lectures of Professor Leon de Rosny, of Paris, M. Anatole France makes his readers feel that it is a Forlorn Hope, indeed, to think that the present generations of Europe will ever attempt to carry out the noble commandments of either Christ or Buddha; and hence that true Theosophy is doomed to be, for the present, a failure in its practical realization.

"Ah me!" he writes, "If He did live, as I firmly believe He did, Sakyamuni was the most perfect of men. 'He was a Saint!'—as Marco Polo exclaimed, after hearing his history. Yea, he was a Saint and a Sage. But this kind of Wisdom is not suited for the ever active European races, for the human families that are so strongly possessed by life. The Sovereign panacea discovered by Buddha as a remedy against the Universal evil, will never do for our temperaments. It demands renunciation, and what we want is to acquire; it teaches us to desire nothing, and lust and desire are stronger in us than life. As a final reward, we are promised Nirvana, or absolute Rest, when the thought alone of such a rest creates a feeling of horror in us. No; Sakya Muni Buddha has not come for us, nor can he save us—whatever M. de Rosny may do or say!"

No; He cannot. But no more can Christ, as it seems. Buddha was not alone in offering the remedy of "personal indifference" to the allurements of this world, or care for the *self* of matter, as a *panacea* against the world's evils, its sins and temptations. The "Kingdom of God" of Jesus, is but another name for "Nirvana." His injunctions to take no thought for the morrow, nor as to what we shall eat, drink, or clothe our body with, but to live, as "the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field" are but another version of the teachings of Buddha (*Vide* Matth. vi. 24-34 and vii. *et seq.*). Both the Masters tried to impress their followers with the idea that "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; but so far, the Buddhist laymen alone, have tried to follow the injunction, while the Buddhist clergy have done so *literally*, and do so to this day.

Many and great are the reforms enacted in this age; and yet, as year rolls after year, each bringing some new light, each speeding the wheel of progress and civilisation, no *new* reform seems to affect or alter the *old* man. It is a

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indeed! Let us then say good bye to the Old Year and reproach him no longer. Let us neither curse nor bless him; but saying "Sufficient unto *the year* 1890, is the evil thereof," let Karma dispose and take care of the coming 1891.

Pythagoric Sentences

FROM THE

Protreptics of Iamblichus.

AS we live through Soul, it must be said that by the Virtue of this we live well; just as because we see through the eyes, we see well through the virtue of these.

It must not be thought that gold can be injured by rust, or virtue by baseness.

We should betake ourselves to virtue as to an inviolable temple, in order that we may not be exposed to any ignoble insolence of soul with respect to our communion with, and continuance in, life.

We should confide in Virtue as in a chaste wife: but trust to Fortune as to an inconstant mistress.

It is better that virtue should be received accompanied with poverty, than wealth with violence; and frugality with health, than voracity with disease.

An abundance of nutriment is noxious to the body; but the body is preserved when the soul is disposed in a becoming manner.

It is equally dangerous to give a sword to a madman and power to a depraved man.

As it is better for a part of the body which contains purulent matter to be burnt than to continue in the state in which it is, thus also it is better for a depraved man to die than to live.

We shall venerate Divinity in a proper manner if we render the intellect that is in us pure from all vice as from a certain stain.

A temple indeed should be adorned with gifts, but the soul with discipline.

As the lesser mysteries are to be delivered before the greater, thus also discipline must precede philosophy.

The fruits of the earth indeed are annually imparted, but the fruits of philosophy at every part of the year.

As land is especially to be attended to by him who wishes to obtain from it the most excellent fruits, thus also the greatest attention should be paid to the soul in order that it may produce fruit worthy of its nature.

The Theosophical Society and H.P.B.

[The following article expresses the views of many members of the Theosophical Society, who feel strongly that it is time that some protest should be made against the constant petty criticisms levelled at H.P.B. As co-editor, I put in the article, which has not been submitted to H.P.B., nor will she see it until the magazine is issued ; so she is in no sense responsible for its appearance.—ANNIE BESANT.]

N the 17th day of last month, the Theosophical Society completed the first fifteen years of its existence, and can look back over a youth tempestuous indeed, but marked by continuous growth. When first, in New York, the two "Founders" of the infant Society enrolled their earliest members, a profound sadness must have lain at the heart of the one who realised all that was meant by that primary step. "The last quarter of the century!" Not for the first time had that cry been sounded in the Western World, but all the previous attempts had but stirred the waters and had—failed. Was this nineteenth century effort to pass into Hades with its predecessors, bearing only the wreckage of shattered hopes, of broken forces? Was this dawn to darken into night instead of morning, and leave the twentieth century to grope in darkness with none to guide? Or were there, scattered through the West, enough of the students of the past to awake at the summons from the Orient, students in whose hearts the occult fire was smouldering, waiting but the "breath" to make it burst forth in flame? Only when the knell of the century has sounded will the answer to such questionings be fully heard: still is the lot hidden, save from the eyes that pierce beyond the veil. It "lies on the knees of Osiris," and it will fall thence into the lap of failure or of triumph, as *they* keep faith or break it, who form the working brotherhood of the Theosophical Society.

The seed planted in America has grown there to a tree with widely spreading branches.* In India, the Society quickly made its way, and thanks to the energy, the eloquence, and the devotion of Colonel H. S. Olcott, the co-founder and President, branches sprang up in every direction, the ancient literature was enthusiastically studied, schools were founded where knowledge untainted by Christianity could be gathered by the young, and India, waking from the sleep of centuries, felt herself to be once more a nation, a nation with a mighty past, and with the possibility

* An early draft of the constitution of the T. S. lies before me, and shews that, in its inception, membership of the T. S. involved much heavier obligations than are now required from accepted candidates. The fellowship had three sections and each section had three degrees. For the highest, the conditions were severe, and could only be taken by those ready to devote their whole lives to occultism.

of a glorious future. While all this rush of new life thrilled along the veins of Hindustan, the heart of that life throbbed steadily on, the fount of the circulating energy, though the limbs and the organising brain were more prominent in the eyes of the world. That heart was H.P.B. Indifferent to the exercise of authority, careless of external show—even to the shocking of those tight-fettered by social conventions—willing to efface herself if thereby her mission might the better prosper, there she was, the source of the occult forces which alone could sustain the Theosophical Society. Ready to prove the reality of those as yet little known powers of Nature, the effects of which are as marvellous to the cultured European as are electrical phenomena to the Central African, she performed experiment after experiment for the instruction of those who personally sought her. But she steadily refused to vulgarise her mission by any kind of general “performance of phenomena,” which could only gratify curiosity and serve no useful purpose. When urged to “show her powers” merely to convince the general crowd, who cared nothing for Theosophical teaching but only desired to gratify their idle love of the marvellous: when told that thus she might win credence and establish her authority, she merely shrugged her shoulders, and, with the indifference of the trained occultist, answered that they might believe or not as they chose; let them say she was “a fraud;” what did it matter? For the real student she had an inexhaustible patience, willingness to prove, readiness to explain: for the idle curiosity-hunter a careless “Oh, it’s nothing! psychological tricks, maya, what you please.”

With many of the Brahmins she came into direct collision. Sent to teach to the world at large many of the doctrines which had been jealously preserved as the treasure of a privileged minority, she struck them on their tenderest point, their pride in the possession of knowledge hidden from the vulgar crowd, their sensitive jealousy lest their holiest should be profaned. Knowing that she was speaking truth, they often contradicted her in public, while in private they hotly protested against the desecration of their sanctuaries. Physically a subject race, conquered by the material force of the aggressive West, they retired the more into the strongholds of their intellectual pride, looking with unutterable contempt on the foreigner who could subdue their bodies, but who, in his ignorance of the secrets of Nature, was but a barbarian in their haughty eyes. That he should rule in India was well, since India had forsaken her ancestral wisdom and was unworthy to be free: but that he should catch a glimpse of that mental and spiritual realm of which they were citizens—nay, such intrusion should be resisted to the last, and the very existence of such a realm should be kept secret, lest he should find a gate that might let him in. That this Russian teacher had her knowledge from the sages they revered, they were unable to deny: but they resisted her publication of the teachings as their ancestors had resisted the teachings of Gautama,

the Buddha. Not for the "common people" were even the crumbs of the "Divine Wisdom."

Nevertheless, despite all, her influence steadily grew, and the Theosophical Society struck its roots far and wide. Then came the bitter and unscrupulous attack of the Christian missionaries in the famous Coulomb forgeries, forgeries some of them so transparent that they could not have deceived an intelligent child, others ingeniously concocted of the half-truths that "are ever the blackest of lies."

And here, I venture to say, a mistake was made, a mistake in tactics as well as a failure in loyalty. An examination held promptly and on the spot proved the falsehood of the calumnious accusations, and exposed the nefarious artifices by which evidences had been fabricated. So far, so good. But then, instead of closing up round the assailed Teacher and defending to the utmost her position and her honour, the fatal policy was adopted of attempting to minimise her position in the Society, of arguing that the teaching remained impregnable whether the teacher was or was not trustworthy. It was a policy of expediency, not of principle, it being thought wise to ignore attacks rather than to refute them, and to lay stress on the inherent strength of the philosophy rather than to continually vindicate its exponent. Suffering from acute disease, and always too doubtful of her own judgment in mere exoteric matters, in questions of policy and expediency, to trust to it against the advice of men of the world, H.P.B. allowed herself to be put aside, while the Society was exalted at the expense of its Founder, and left it to go its own way in Hindustan. When sufficiently recovered from almost fatal illness, she recommenced her work, but in Europe not in India, confining her activity to the Western World.

The effects of her presence quickly became manifest. Where was the occult heart, there was centred the life of the Society, and in the West, on every side, appeared signs of new vitality. How the Theosophical movement was spread through Western lands it needs not here to relate. The "Theosophical Activities" in every number of *Lucifer* tell the tale so that he who runs may read.

This rapid growth has been due primarily to H.P.B.'s personal presence, secondarily to the formation of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society. Into this, those only are admitted who accept H.P.B. as their teacher in Occultism, recognising her as the messenger of that Brotherhood who are the real Founders of the Theosophical Society. This Section embraces most of the most active workers in the Society, and as they base their activity on their philosophy little of it is wasted in running after false scents. There is a certain fringe of people who come and go, who enter from curiosity and are disgusted when they find only hard work; who seek for "powers" and are angry when they find only self-denial; who enter thinking Occultism an easy and exciting study, and

break under the tension to which they find themselves subjected. But the centre of the Section is steadily solidifying, and it encircles H.P.B. with evergrowing trust—founded on lengthening experience—with ever-increasing love, gratitude and loyalty.

Now touching the position of H.P.B. to and in the Theosophical Society, the following is a brief exposition of it, as it appears to many of us:

(1) *Either she is a messenger from the Masters, or else she is a fraud.*

From this dilemma there is no escape. If she does not come from Them, bringing their message, doing their work, executing their commission, her whole life is a lie. From beginning to end, she has claimed nothing as her own, everything as from Them. Those who are in daily contact with her, know how she continually refers to their decision, speaks in their name. No third course is open to us: there are only these alternatives, the mission is either real or fraudulent.

(2) *In either case the Theosophical Society would have had no existence without her.*

The folly of trying to separate the Theosophical Society and H.P.B. lies in this fact. Without H.P.B. no Theosophical Society. All the Westerns who know anything of Theosophy have learned from her or from her pupils. Col. Olcott, as he always recognises, obtained through her his introduction to the work. Save for her, he would be a well-known American Spiritualist, not the President of the Theosophical Society. So with Mr. Sinnett, so with Mr. Judge, so with each and all. Many have obtained independent evidence afterwards, but for all she has been the portal through which they have passed into the occult world. Nor is the fact that the existence of the Theosophical Society is due to her the only proof of the hopelessness of the attempt to rend the twain apart. For just as it owed to her its inception, so now it owes to her its vitality. Where she is, there, evident to all eyes, is the centre of energy: and where she is not physically, there the progress is in proportion to the loyalty shewn towards her. Unfair criticism of her, ungenerous carping at her, slackness in defending her against attack from outside, wherever these are found there also quickly follow stagnation, decay, death.

(3) *If she is a fraud, she is a woman of wonderful ability and learning, giving all the credit of these to some persons who do not exist.*

As to the ability and learning, these are not challenged by her enemies. They sometimes say that her knowledge is ill-digested, that she arranges her materials badly, that she is misty, involved, self-contradictory. But that she possesses an extraordinary fund of varied information, bearing on out-of-the-way topics, and obscure philosophies, is admitted on every hand. If she be a fraud, why is she such a fool as to invent imaginary Teachers, fathering on them her knowledge, and so gaining from every side abuse and slander, while she might have gained credit, to say nothing of money, by the simple and natural course of giving out her own as her own? Can

anything more insane be imagined than for a Russian woman of noble family, married to a high official, to go out into the world on a wild-goose chase after imaginary Teachers, and having acquired a mass of recondite knowledge at great cost and suffering, to throw away all the credit of acquiring it, to ascribe it to non-existent persons, to face slander, abuse, calumny, instead of utilising it in a more common way, to remain an exile from her own country, to be poor and despised where she might be wealthy and honoured? If anyone can produce, outside Bedlam, a lunatic more mad than H.P.B. must be if she be a fraud, I should be grateful for the honour of an introduction.

(4) *If H.P.B. is a true messenger, opposition to her is opposition to the Masters, she being their only channel to the Western World.*

This proposition scarcely needs argument to sustain it: it is self-evident; she alone is in direct and constant communication with the trans-Himalayan Adepts. They chose her, and presumably they can manage their own business. Once accept the philosophy, you must accept her; accept her and you cannot stop short of the full proposition as stated above. And here let me make a suggestion to those who rashly and superficially judge H. P. B., and complain that she is hasty, that she "shuts up" enquirers, that she repels would-be disciples. H. P. B. varies with the people who come to her. To the person who veils mere curiosity under polite forms and false courtesy, she will be abrupt, sharp, repellent. The hostile feeling masked under smiles, finds itself pierced by a keen sarcasm, or knocking itself against a wall of ice. But to the honest enquirer she is patient and gentle to a rare extent, and only her pupils know of a patience that has no limits, a strength that never falters, an insight that never errs. In fact, H. P. B. herself is the test of the members, and when they begin to grumble at her, they would do wisely to analyse themselves. I sometimes think of a test dropped into a solution, precipitating some substance therein contained. "What a horrid liquid it must be so to dirty that beautifully clear fluid," cry the ignorant. If the substance had not been present, it would not have been precipitated by the test, and if enquirers and members are honest, they will find themselves attracted, not repelled, by H. P. B.

(5) *If there are no Masters, the Theosophical Society is an absurdity, and there is no use in keeping it up. But if there are Masters, and H. P. B. is their messenger, and the Theosophical Society their foundation, the Theosophical Society and H. P. B. cannot be separated before the world.*

This is the conclusion of the whole matter, the decision on which must guide our policy. I see on some sides a disposition to temporise, to whittle away the Esoteric Teachings, to hastily twist them into accord with temporary hypotheses of Science, in order to gain a momentary advantage, perchance a fuller hearing. This is not wise. Already some such hypotheses, opposed to occult teachings, have been thrown aside by

more advanced scientific thought, and have been replaced by other hypotheses, more nearly approaching the occult views. There is no need to hurry, nor to try to pour the archaic doctrines into new bottles, ere those bottles have been tested. The Secret Teachings have stood many thousands of years, and have been the source from which the stream of progress has flowed. They can venture to stand on their own basis for a few years more, till Science crosses the dividing line it is tentatively approaching with each new discovery.

To the members of the Theosophical Society, I venture to say a word of pleading. But a few years stretch before us ere the century expires, a century whose close coincides well-nigh with the close of a cycle. As the sands of those years are running through the hour-glass of Time, our opportunities are running with them; it is "a race against time," in a very real sense. If the members care at all for the future of the Society, if they wish to know that the Twentieth Century will see it standing high above the strife of parties, a beacon-light in the darkness for the guiding of men, if they believe in the Teacher who founded it for human service, let them now arouse themselves from slothful indifference, sternly silence all dissensions over petty follies in their ranks, and march shoulder to shoulder for the achievement of the heavy task laid upon their strength and courage. If Theosophy is worth anything, it is worth living for and worth dying for. If it is worth nothing, let it go at once and for all. It is not a thing to play with, it is not a thing to trifle with. Ere 1891 sees its earliest dawning, ere 1890 falls into the grave now a-digging for it, let each Theosophist, and above all let each Occultist, calmly review his position, carefully make his choice, and if that choice be for Theosophy, let him sternly determine that neither open foes nor treacherous friends shall shake his loyalty for all time to come to his great Cause and Leader, which twain are one.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

"WHERE?"

I stood where robéd priest did chant,
 In mournful notes, a solemn prayer;
 Where swell'd majestic organ-tones,
 And fragrant incense fill'd the air;
 Where all resplendent altars shone
 In light than earthly light more fair:
 I lowly bow'd and tried to pray:
 My soul refus'd its duty: "*Where,—*
Where shall I seek my God?" I cried:
 An angel answer'd my despair:
 "*Erect a temple in thy heart,*
And worship thy Creator there!"

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

"The Emperor's New Clothes."

IT is the fashion of the day to seek in myths, legends, and fairy stories some fundamental and underlying truth, which may serve to rescue them from the charge of mere trivial absurdity, and place them on the higher level of instructive allegory. We are all much indebted to Mr. Andrew Lang, and other workers on those lines, for what their researches have already done in this direction, and for the flood of light which has recently been shed on many of those household tales and legends, which our infant minds received so readily, and have retained so faithfully.

And far deeper still is our sense of gratitude to those who, for purposes of real instruction, have sought to unfold the meaning of much that was obscure and bewildering in Eastern Symbolism, and thereby to open our understandings to the reception of unsuspected truth; every day, indeed, it becomes more and more apparent how potent an instrument allegory has always been in the world's history for the purpose of at once concealing and conveying lessons of a profound natural and spiritual significance.

Now in the instance to which I am about to allude, I am quite aware that some will be of opinion that I am straining a point, and imputing motives to my author which he was quite innocent of entertaining. But the charge of fanciful interpretation notwithstanding, I cannot help thinking that the originator of the story entitled "The Emperor's new clothes," whoever he may have been—for I hardly know whether Hans Andersen is to be regarded as the author or the collaborateur merely—had some moral to convey for those who could read between the lines: or, at least, that the story itself was suggested to his mind by the evidence of what he saw around him. Whatever may have been its history before it came to us in its present form, I know not; nor is it a matter of much moment. What is of concern is that we should learn to deduce and appreciate the argument it embodies. Satirical, nay, almost cynical, as it appears when viewed in the light of an allegory, no one, I think, can fail to see how very true it is to nature.

The story runs as follows: Many years ago there lived an Emperor who cared so enormously for new clothes that he spent all his money upon them. In the great city in which he lived it was always very merry; every day a number of strangers arrived there. One day two cheats came: they gave themselves out as weavers, and declared they could weave the finest stuff anyone could imagine. Not only were their patterns, they said, uncommonly beautiful, but the clothes made of the stuff possessed the

wonderful quality that they became invisible to anybody who was unfit for the office he held, or was incorrigibly stupid.

"Those would be capital clothes!" thought the Emperor. . . . and he gave the two cheats a great deal of cash in hand, that they might begin their work at once.

As for them they put up two looms, and pretended to be working; but they had nothing at all on their looms. . . .

"I should like to know how far they have got on with the work," thought the Emperor: "I will send my honest old Minister to the weavers." . . .

Now the good old Minister went into the hall where the two cheats sat working at the empty looms.

"Mercy preserve us!" thought the old Minister. "I cannot see anything at all." *But he did not say this.* . . .

"Do you say nothing to it?" said one of the weavers.

"Oh it is charming—quite enchanting!" answered the old Minister, as he peered through his spectacles. "Yes, I shall tell the Emperor that I am very much pleased with it."

"We are glad of that," said both the weavers, and then they named the colours, and explained the strange pattern. The old Minister listened attentively, that he might be able to repeat it when the Emperor came. .

The Emperor soon sent again, despatching another honest statesman to see how the weaving was going on. He fared just like the first.

"I am not stupid!" thought the man,—it must be my good office for which I am not fit. It is funny though, *but I must not let it be noticed.*" So he praised the stuff which he did not see.

All the people in the town were talking of the gorgeous stuff. The Emperor wished to see it himself while it was still upon the loom. . . .

"What's this?" thought the Emperor. "I can see nothing at all!" . . . "Oh, it is very pretty," he said aloud. . . . All the Courtiers looked and looked, and saw nothing; but, like the Emperor, they said "That is pretty," and counselled him to wear those new clothes for the first time at the great procession that was presently to take place.

* * * *

So the Emperor went in the procession, and everyone said "How incomparable are the Emperor's new clothes." . . .

"But he has nothing on" a little child cried. "But he has nothing on" said the whole people at length. . . . The Emperor thought within himself, "I must go through with the procession." And the chamberlain held on tighter than ever, and carried the train which did not exist at all.

And never, perhaps, was the truth of this satire more evident than now. In these days of conflicting doubts and false securities, of empty forms and vain pretences, of pseudo-sensationalism and barren agnosticism,

when men, who have long lost all faith in the efficacy of the teachings of the Church, or of dogmatic Christianity generally, and know that such is the case with them, still call themselves members of a community with whom they can have no sort of sympathy, and still continue to worship—outwardly, at least—a personal and anthropomorphic God, whose very existence they regard as exceedingly problematical, we find in our story a very faithful representation of such, in the mental attitude of those who made pretence to believe in that which had no existence. Surely this is a course of action at once undignified and harmful, naught but a poor kind of fetish-worship without the sincerity attaching to such, and rightly deserving the caustic denunciations of a Carlyle.

But besides these, there is another class of persons who, while dimly conscious that the popular religious systems of the day do not confer any true knowledge of man, or at all accurately define the relation in which he stands, either to his environment or to the transcendental world of which he is a subject, are yet afraid of questioning their authority, or of seeking to arrive at any solution of such problems, however partial, outside the pale of that which they have been taught to recognize as revealed doctrine. Such questionings are stifled, regarded as presumptuous or unlawful, and finally relegated to the limbo of unattainable knowledge which it would be hopeless and dangerous to pursue. They would have us believe that they are content to remain as they are, "finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark"; and from constant suppression of all desire of progressive knowledge, and persistent adhesion to some stereotyped form of belief that their reason tells them is insufficient to satisfy their demands, end by becoming so indeed. They sought rest, and they have found it. But it is the rest of stagnation. Fearful of entertaining, and unwilling to exercise their reasoning faculties in the examinations of those feelings of doubt and dissatisfaction, which assail every one at some time or another; refusing even to recognise their existence, they have thrown logic to the winds, and succeeded in a great measure in persuading themselves, and deluding others into the belief, that such feelings never did exist, or if they did that they have lost their power. In the words of Matthew Arnold, "they believe that they believe,"—and believing so live on. Nor is fear the only agency which works to bring this about. Other causes, no less powerful, combine to effect a like result. They have been admirably epitomized by the poet Cowper:—

"Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment, hoodwink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error lead them by a tune entranced;
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husk and all."

What else is this than what Professor Drummond would denominate "parasitism." It is almost an axiom that man can, by dint of persevering, persuade himself to believe almost anything; and I make no doubt that if the courtiers in the story had persisted in their endeavour to dispute the evidence of their senses they would, in the end, have succeeded by a process of self-hypnotism in creating the desired phantasmagoria.

I have called the story a satire. Let anyone look around him, with unprejudiced eyes, and I think he will agree with me. What sadder spectacle can be conceived than men in search of the truth, and seeking to find it where it is not. Many give up the search altogether, and boldly announce that if it exists at all, it is only in some inaccessible region, and that therefore it is pure folly to waste further effort in its discovery. This at least is honest. Others, like our poor courtiers, pretend that they have found it, or are in sight of it; and this pretension must be kept up at all hazards, despite the conviction in many minds that it is merely some will-of-the-wisp that is deluding their senses, and leading them they know not whither. And, strangest fact of all, by refusing to exercise their discriminative faculties, others again have honestly, and quite unconsciously, deluded themselves into the belief that for them the search is at an end, since they have found that which they were seeking.

It is well-nigh hopeless to do anything for these latter. Rooted conviction like this it is generally impossible to shake. But for those others who are beginning to suspect that the cause of their failure to perceive the truth arises from the fact that they are all the while turning their backs upon it and seeking it where it never was and never will be, we would say, that the honest and persistent seeker, if he looks deep enough into his own heart, may find it there revealed. He may send a ray of intelligence into the depths of his own soul, which will illuminate its hidden treasure, and discover the germ concealed therein, "which awakened to consciousness will grow into a Sun that illuminates the whole of the interior world wherein everything is contained." And truth having thus awakened knows that it alone is, and that all else is delusive.

M. U. MOORE, F.T.S.



SELFISHNESS is truly the seed of every vice and evil known to the human soul, and in itself an invocation of the heavy penalty of Karmic law, irrespective of the fruits that spring from it in action and that have their own recompense.

J. H. CONNELLY in *Neila Sen*.

"If we take the good we find, we shall have heaping measure."

EMERSON.

Pistis - Sophia.

(Translated and annotated by G. R. S. M., with additional notes by H. P. B.)

(Continued.)

[148] And the First Mystery again continued in his conversation and said to his Disciples: "It came to pass when I had brought PISTIS-SOPHIA upwards in Chaos, she cried out again, saying: 'I have been preserved in Chaos and freed from the bonds of Mist. I have come to thee, O Light, for thou wert Light on every side for me, preserving and helping me. And thou didst prevent the Projections of the Self-willed One, which are fighting against me, by thy Light, and they were not able to approach me, for thy Light was with me, and was preserving me by thy Streams of Light, for they oppressed me and took away my Power from me, and cast me into Orcus (*pl.*), (1) deprived of my Light. I was like as heavy Hyle before them. And afterwards the Power of the Stream came to me from thee preserving me. It shone on my left hand and on my right, and surrounded me on every side, so that no part where I was, was without Light, and thou didst cover me with the Light of thy Stream, and didst purify in me all my evil Hyle (*pl.*), and I was above all my Hyle (*pl.*) because of thy Light and thy Stream of Light. This it was which exalted me, and took me from the Projections of the Self-willed One, which were compressing me. [149] And I trusted in thy Light, and also in the pure Light of thy Stream; and the Projections of the Self-willed One, which were oppressing me, were removed from me, and I became Light by thy great Power, for thou dost preserve me for ever.' This is the *Repentance* which PISTIS-SOPHIA spake, when she was proceeding upwards in Chaos, and when she had been freed from its bonds."

Thereupon Thomas came forward and said [150]: "Thy Power of Light prophesied of old through Solomon, the son of David, in his Odes; 'I am loosed from my bonds. I have fled to thee, O lord, for thou wert on my right hand protecting me; and preserving and helping me, thou didst prevent them that were fighting against me, nor did they become visible; for thy face (appearance) was with me preserving me by thy grace (beauty). I am laden with dishonour before the multitude, and they have cast me forth. I was as lead before them. Thou hast given me a power to help me, for thou hast set lamps on my left hand and on my right, so that nothing around me should be without light. Thou didst shelter me under the shadow of thy mercy, and I was placed above the *coats of skin*. (2) Thy right hand has exalted me, and thou hast removed my weakness from me. I am made strong by thy truth, and purified by thy

righteousness. They that fight against me, are removed from me, and I have been justified by thy goodness, for thy rest is for the eternity of eternity.' This, then, my Master, is the interpretation of the Repentance, which PISTIS-SOPHIA spake when she was preserved in Chaos. Harken, therefore, I will speak in freedom."

[151-153] [Thomas then compares the Hymn of SOPHIA and the Ode of Solomon, sentence by sentence, and is commended for his interpretation.]

And the First Mystery continued and said to his Disciples: "And PISTIS-SOPHIA continuing, sang to me saying: [154] 'I sing this hymn on high to thee. By thy Statute, thou hast brought me forth from a high Æon, which is above the Heaven, and thou hast led me down into the lower Regions; and again by thy Statute, thou hast freed me from the lower Regions, and of thyself thou hast taken away the Hyle there, which is in my Powers of Light and I have seen it, and thou hast also dispersed from me the Projections of the Self-willed One, which were oppressing me, and were hostile to me, and thou hast given me Authority so that I should be freed from the bonds of the Projections of Adamas, and thou hast smitten the Basilisk with the seven heads. Thou hast cast it from my hands and set me above its Hyle. Thou hast caused it (the Hyle) to perish, so that its Seed should not rise again henceforth from this time, and thou art the one who wast with me, giving me power in all these (afflictions), and thy Light surrounded me in all Regions, and of thyself, thou didst render all the Projections of the Self-willed One impotent, for thou didst take away the Power of their Light from them and didst direct my path to lead me forth from Chaos, and thou didst transfer me from the Hyle Darkness, and didst take all my Powers, whose Light they had taken, from them. [155] Thou didst infuse into them pure Light, and to all my Limbs, which had no Light, thou didst give pure Light from the Light of the Height, and thou didst direct their path for them, and the Light of thy *Form* has become my Life, void of Destruction. Thou hast brought me upwards above Chaos, the Region of Chaos and Destruction, so that all the Hyle (*pl.*) might be dissolved, which are in that Region, and that all my Powers may be renewed by thy Light, and thy Light be in them all. Thou hast set the Light of thy Stream in me. I am become purified Light.' This is the second hymn which PISTIS-SOPHIA spake."

[And Matthew, having asked and received permission to speak, answered and said:] "Thy Power of Light prophesied of old in an ode of Solomon: '(He it is), who brought me down from the lofty regions above the heaven, [156] and led me upwards in the regions, which are in the lower foundation; who took away there these things, which are in the midst, and taught me them; who scattered my enemies and my adversaries, who gave me authority* over the bonds so that I might loose them; who smote the serpent with the seven heads from my hands. He set me above his

* In the further explanation this term is changed to "wisdom" (*Sophia*).

root, that I might pluck up his seed ; and thou wert with me, helping me, in every region thou didst surround me with thy name.* Thy right hand has made to perish the venom of him who speaketh evil. Thy hand hath made smooth the way for them that have confidence in thee. Thou hast redeemed them from the tombs, and thou hast transferred them from the midst of the corpses. Thou hast taken the dead bones, thou hast clothed them with a body, and to them who stir not themselves, thou hast given the energy of life. Thy way has become free from destruction, and by thy *form*, thou hast led thy æon into destruction, that all might be loosened (dissolved) and become new, and that thy light may be doubled for them all. Thou hast built up thy wealth through them, and they have become a sacred dwelling.' This then, my Master, is the interpretation of the hymn which PISTIS-SOPHIA spake. Hearken, therefore, I will tell it openly." [157-160] Matthew then further explains the Hymn of SOPHIA, by comparing it with the Ode of Solomon, sentence by sentence, and is commended for his interpretation.]

And the First Mystery continued : "Then SOPHIA continuing in this Hymn, said : 'I will say thou art the Light from on high, for thou hast freed me and brought me to thyself, nor hast thou suffered the Projections of the Self-willed One, which are my foes, to take away my Light, O Light of Lights ; I sing on high to thee. Thou hast freed me, O Light ; thou hast led my way on high in Chaos ; thou hast freed me from those which descend into the Mist.'" [161] And Mary came forward and said : "I will tell the interpretation of the words which she (SOPHIA) spake, but I fear Peter, for he threatens me and hates our kind." And the First Mystery said unto her : "None shall prevent whomsoever it may be who is filled with the Spirit of Light, from coming forward and uttering the interpretation of the things which I say." Mary, therefore, answered and said : "Concerning the interpretation of the words which PISTIS-SOPHIA spake, thy Power of Light prophesied of old through David : 'I will exalt thee, O lord, for thou hast received me to thyself, neither hast thou made my enemies to rejoice over me. O lord, my god, I have cried on high to thee and thou hast preserved me. O lord, thou hast led my soul upwards in chaos. Thou hast preserved them that descend into the pit.'"

[162] And the First Mystery having commended Mary, said to his Disciples : "Then PISTIS-SOPHIA continued in this Hymn and said : 'The Light has become my Preserver, and has turned my Darkness into Light, and has cleft the Chaos surrounding me ; he has girded me with Light.'" And Martha came forward and said : "My Master, thy Power prophesied of old through David concerning these words : 'The lord has become my helper, he has turned my grief into joy. He has rent my sackcloth and girded me joy.'" And the First Mystery commended Martha and said : "And PISTIS-SOPHIA continued and said : 'Sing my Power to the Light.

* Sc. the Light.

Forget not all the Power of the Light, which it hath given thee, and all the Powers which are in thee: sing to the Name of its Sacred Mystery, which remits all thy transgressions, for it preserves thee from all the afflictions of the Projections of the Self-willed One, [163] which are numbered for Destruction, for he has given thee in his mercy a Crown of Light, while he preserved thee, and filled thee with pure Light, and thy Beginning shall be new as an Invisible of the Height.' Thus sang PISTIS-SOPHIA: *and she was set free and REMEMBERED all the evil deeds which I had done to her.*" And Mary came forward again and said: "Concerning these words thy Power of Light prophesied through David: 'Praise the lord, O my soul: let all that is within me praise his holy name. . . . thy childhood shall be renewed like as an eagle's.' That is, SOPHIA shall be as the Invisibles, which are in the Height. Therefore he said 'as an eagle's,' because the habitation of the eagles is in the Height, and they are invisible also in the Height. [164] That is, SOPHIA shall shine as the eagles, like as she was in her very Beginning."

And the First Mystery continued and said: "Bearing PISTIS-SOPHIA, I brought her into the Region, which is below the Thirteenth Æon, and gave her a new Mystery of Light, which does not belong to her own Æon, the Region of the Invisible, and I also gave her a Hymn of Light, so that the Rulers (of) the Æon, should not overcome her henceforth from this hour; and I set her in that Region, until I should come and bring her into her Region in the Height. It came to pass, therefore, when I had set her in that Region, she again sang this Hymn as follows: 'With confidence I have trusted in the Light, and recalling my memory, it has heard my Hymn. He has brought my Way out of Chaos and the lower Mist of Hyle, and leading me upwards, he has set me in a lofty and strong Æon; he has set me in a path leading to my Region, and has given me a new Mystery, which belongs not to my Æon, and has given me a Hymn of Light. Now, therefore, O Light, all the Rulers shall see what thou hast done with me, so that they may fear and have confidence in the Light."

[165] And Andrew came forward and said: "My Master, this is what thy Power of Light prophesied of old concerning her through David: 'With tarrying I waited for the lord. He gave heed unto me and heard my prayer. He led my soul from the pit of distress and the mire of the mud; he has set my feet upon a rock and directed my goings. He has cast into my mouth a new song, the praise of our god. Many shall see it, that they may fear and hope in the lord."

And the First Mystery, after commending Andrew, continued and said to his Disciples: "These are all the things which befell PISTIS-SOPHIA. [166] It came to pass when I had brought her into the Region, which is below the Thirteenth Æon, that I was about to approach the Light in order that I might depart from her and she said unto me: 'Light of Lights, thou art going to the Light, in order that thou mayest depart from me, and Adamas,

the Tyrant, will know that thou hast departed from me, and he will know that there is no one to preserve me. He is again coming to me in this Region, he and all his Rulers, who hate me, and the Self-willed One also will give strength to his Projection with the appearance of a Lion, in order that all may come together and oppress me, and take away the whole of my Light from me, so that I may become impotent and be again deprived of my Light. Now, therefore, Light of Lights, take away the Power of their Light from them, so that they may be not able to oppress me henceforth from this hour.' And when I had heard these words, which PISTIS-SOPHIA spake, I answered and said unto her: 'My Father which projected me, has not yet given me command to take away their Light from them, but I will seal the Regions of the Self-willed One and all its Rulers which hate thee, so that thou mayest have confidence in the Light: and I will also seal the Regions of Adamas and his Rulers, so that they may not have the Power to fight with thee, until their time has been completed, and the hour arrives for my Father to give me commandment to take away their Light from them.' [167] And afterwards I again said to her: 'Hearken, I will tell thee the time, when these things which I tell thee, will come to pass. It will be when *three Times* have been completed.' And PISTIS-SOPHIA answered and said unto me: 'O Light, how shall I know, when the three Times shall be, in order that I may rejoice and be glad, in that the time has drawn nigh, for thee to lead me to my Region; when also I shall rejoice in that the time is nigh for thee to take away the Power of Light from all of them which hate me, for I have trusted in thy Light?' 'And I answered and said unto her, 'When thou shalt see the Gates of the Treasure of the Great Light, which is opened in the Thirteenth Æon, which is in the Left,—when they shall open that Gate, three Times shall have been fulfilled.' And SOPHIA answered again and said: 'O Light, when shall I know, while I turn in this Region, that that Gate is opened?' And I answered and said unto her: 'When they open that Gate, they who are in all the Æons, shall know because of the great Light, for it shall be in all their Regions. Lo, then, I have ordained it, that they should not venture against thee in any evil, until three Times are fulfilled. But thou shalt have the power of going into their Twelve Æons at what time thou mayest wish, and of returning [168] to come into thy own Region which is below the Thirteenth Æon, in which thou now art; but thou shalt not have the power of entering within into the Gate of the Height, which is in the Thirteenth Æon, that thou mayest come into thy Region, from which thou didst come forth. Nay, then, when three Times are fulfilled, the Self-willed One with all its Rulers shall oppress thee again, to take away thy Light from thee, being enraged with thee, thinking that thou art suppressing its Power in Chaos, and that thou hast taken away its Light from it. Therefore, will it be enraged with thee, in order that it may take thy Light from thee, and send it into Chaos, and impart

it to that Projection of his, in order that it may have power to issue from Chaos and come into its own Region. These will Adamas help; but I will take away all their Powers from him; I will give them to thee and come to take them. Now, therefore, when they oppress thee at that time, sing on high to the Light, and I will not delay to aid thee; nay, I am coming to thee quickly from the Regions *which are below thee*; and I am coming to their Regions; I will take away their Light from them: and I am coming to this Region, in which I have set thee below the Thirteenth Æon, until I shall seek again thy Region, whence thou hast come forth.' [169] And it came to pass, when PISTIS-SOPHIA had heard these words, which I spake unto her, that she rejoiced with great joy. And I, leaving her in the Region, which is below the Thirteenth Æon, came to the Light and departed from her."

Thus had the First Mystery spoken to his Disciples concerning all the things which had befallen PISTIS-SOPHIA, and was seated on the Mount of Olives narrating them. And he continued and said unto them: "It came to pass after these things, when I was sitting in the World of Men, sitting beside the way, which is this place, that is the Mount of Olives, before they had sent my Vesture to me, which I had placed in the Four-and-twentieth Mystery from the Interior, which is also the First from the Exterior, which same is the great Uncontainable, in which I shine forth; and I had not yet come into the Height to receive my two Vestures also; when I was seated with you in this place, which is the Mount of Olives, the Time was fulfilled, when I told PISTIS-SOPHIA that Adamas would oppress her with all his Rulers. It came to pass, therefore, when that time was come, [170] that Adamas gazed forth from the Twelve Æons, peering down into the Regions of Chaos. He saw his own Dæmonial Power, which is in Chaos, utterly deprived of its Light, for I had taken its Light from it; and he saw that it was dimmed and had not the power to come to its own Region, which is the Twelve Æons: so Adamas again remembered PISTIS-SOPHIA and was exceedingly enraged with her, thinking that it was she who was oppressing his Power in Chaos, and had taken away its Light from it. So he was greatly enraged, and casting wrath on wrath, emanated from himself a Dark Projection, and also another uncouth (Projection) of evil Chaos, that he might throw PISTIS-SOPHIA into Confusion therewith. And he created a Dark Region in his own Region, in which to oppress SOPHIA; and assembled the hosts of his own Rulers. They pursued after SOPHIA to drag her into the dark Chaos, which he created, and to oppress her in that Region, so that the two Dark Projections which Adamas had emanated might throw her into confusion, until they should take away all her Light from her; and that Adamas might take away the Light of PISTIS-SOPHIA, and give it to the two unrelenting Projections, that they might take it into the great lower Chaos, which is the Mist [171], and cast it into their own Power of Mist, which is

the Chaos, (to see) whether perchance it might come to its own Region, because it was Mist as much as possible, since I had taken away its Power of Light from it.

"It came to pass, therefore, when they had pursued after PISTIS-SOPHIA, that crying out again, she sang on high to the Light, for I said unto her: 'When they shall oppress thee, sing on high to me, I will come quickly to help thee.' It came to pass, therefore, when they began to oppress her, and I was sitting among you in this place, which is the Mount of Olives, that she sang on high to the Light, saying: 'Light of Lights, I have trusted in thee; preserve me from all these Rulers which are pursuing me, and aid me, lest they should take my Light from me, like as (did) the Power with the appearance of a Lion, for neither have I thy Light, nor the Stream Light, to preserve me. Moreover Adamas is enraged against me, saying: "Thou didst suppress my Power in Chaos." Now, therefore, O Light of Lights, if I have done this and suppressed it, if I have done any injustice to that Power, or if I have oppressed it, like as it oppressed me, may then all these Rulers which pursue me, take away my Light, and send me away empty, and may my foe Adamas pursue my Power, to take it, and take away my Light from me, and infuse it into his dark Power, which is in Chaos, and set my Power in Chaos. [172] Now, therefore, O Light, raise me up in thy wrath, and exalt my Power above my enemies, which have risen up against me at the end. Haste thee, restore me, according as thou hast said: 'I will help thee.'"

And when the First Mystery had finished, James came forward and recited the seventh Psalm (vv. 1—6).

[173] And the First Mystery commended James and continued: "It came to pass that when PISTIS-SOPHIA had finished the words of this Hymn, that she turned round to see whether Adamas would turn back with his Rulers, so that they should come into their own Æon, and she saw them pursuing her, and turning said unto them: 'Why do ye pursue me, saying that I have no help so as to be preserved from you? Now, therefore, the Light is the Judge and Strong: yea he has been long-suffering until the time when he said unto me "I come to aid thee," neither shall he cast his wrath upon you for all time, but this is the time of which he told me. Now, therefore, if ye will not turn back and cease to pursue me, the Light will prepare his way and set in order all his Powers; yea he has prepared his way to take your Lights from you and ye shall be dim. And he has generated his Powers to take away your power from you, so that ye may perish.' And when PISTIS-SOPHIA had said this, gazing into the Region of Adamas, [174] she saw the Dark Region and the Chaos which he generated, and also saw the two Dark and very cruel Projections, which Adamas had emanated, to seize on PISTIS-SOPHIA and take her down into the Chaos which he generated, that they might oppress her in that Region and throw her into confusion until they should have

taken her Light from her. Thereupon PISTIS-SOPHIA feared and cried out to the Light, saying: 'Lo, O Light, Adamas, the Doer of Injustice, is enraged and has generated a Dark Projection, and also another Projection of Chaos, and has generated a third Projection also of Chaos, and has drawn himself up (in battle array). Now, therefore, O Light, as for the Chaos which he has generated, that he might cast me into it, and take away my Power of Light from me, take thou it from him; and as for the plan which he has devised, to take away my Light, let them take it from him; and as for the injustice, which he uttered for the taking away of my Light, take thou all of his.'

[175] [And Martha came forward again, and recited the seventh Psalm (vv. 11—16)].

[176] And Jesus continued in his conversation and said to his Disciples: "It came to pass, therefore, after all these things, that carrying PISTIS-SOPHIA, I led her into the Thirteenth Æon, being the greatest possible Light—for there was no limit to my Light—and entered into the Region of the Four-and-twentieth Invisible, and they (the Invisibles) were disturbed with great perturbation, and having regarded, they saw SOPHIA who was with me, and recognised her, but myself they did not know, who I was, but thought that I was some Projection of the Region of Light. It came to pass, therefore, when SOPHIA saw her fellow Invisibles, that she rejoiced with great joy and was exceeding glad, and wished to show them the wonderful things which I had done concerning her below in the World of Men (*lit.*, Earth of Humanity) until I had freed her. Ascending into the midst of the Invisibles, she sang to me in the midst of them, saying: [177] 'I will praise thee, O Light, in that thou art the Saviour, and thou art the Redeemer for all time. I will utter this Hymn to the Light, in that it has preserved and freed me from the hand of the Rulers, my enemies, and has set me free in all the Regions, and in the Height, and in the depth of the Chaos (*pl.*), and in the Æons of the Rulers of the Sphere; and when I had come forth from the Height, I wandered in the Regions in which there is no Light. I was not able to turn myself back into the Thirteenth Æon, my habitation, because there was no Light in me, or Power; my Power was utterly afflicted. And the Light preserved me in all afflictions; I sang to the Light. It heard me when they oppressed me, it shewed me my way in the Creation of the Æons, in order that it might lead me to the Thirteenth Æon, my dwelling-place. I will praise thee, O Light, for thou hast preserved me; and thy wonders in the Race of Men. When I was deprived of my Power, thou gavest Power to me, and when I was deprived of my Light, thou didst fill me with pure Light. I was in the Mist and the Shadow of Chaos. I was bound with the hard bonds of Chaos, in which is no Light, because I have *provoked* the Statute of the Light; I transgressed, and made wrath the Statute of the Light, in that I went

forth from my Region. [178] And when I had descended, I lacked my Power and was without Light, and no one helped me; and when they oppressed me, I sang on high to the Light, and it preserved me from all my afflictions, and also severed all my bonds. It led me forth from the Mist and the afflictions of Chaos. Thou hast broken the lofty Gates of the Mist, and also the hard bolts of Chaos, and when they oppressed me, I sang on high to the Light; it preserved me from all my afflictions. Sending thy Stream, thou didst give Power to me, and didst free me from all my afflictions."

[179-181] [And Philip came forward and explained the Hymn of PISTIS-SOPHIA by reciting the one hundred and seventh Psalm (vv. 1-21)] (3).

COMMENTARY.

(1) *Orcus*. The Underworld (see Table I., *Lucifer*, No. 34, page 319) has three divisions, Orcus, Chaos and the Outer Darkness. In the allegorical descriptions of the fate of sinning souls, in other words, the fate of the lower principles after death, we are informed that in Orcus (*lit.*, a prison or enclosure), souls are tormented with Fire, in Chaos with Fire, Darkness and Smoke; and in the *Caligo Externa* with added Hail, Snow, Ice, and cruel Cold. This would make these three *lokas* represent the states of matter corresponding to *Kama Rupa* (Body of Desire), *Linga Sarira* (Astral Body) and *Stula Sarira* (Physical Body). Therefore, when we read: "they cast me into Orcus deprived of my Light," we naturally can understand that the *Kama* principle would of necessity dull the Light of the spiritual principles and deprive them of their power.

(2) *Coats of Skin*. This term was universally understood by the Gnostics to mean the Physical Body. As said in *Isis Unveiled* (I., 149), "The Chaldean Kabalists tell us that primeval man, who, contrary to the Darwinian theory, was purer, wiser, and far more spiritual, as shown by the myths of the Scandinavian Bur, the Hindu Devas, and the Mosaic 'Sons of God,'—in short, of a far higher nature than the man of the present Adamic race, became *despiritualised* or tainted with matter, and then, for the first time, was given the *fleshly body*, which is typified in *Genesis* in that profoundly significant verse: 'Unto Adam also and to his wife did the Lord God *make them coats of skin*, and clothed them.'" (See page 107, "girdle of skin.")

Pistis-Sophia. With page 181 of the Coptic codex, we come to the conclusion of the incident of the Repentant Sophia. The 139 pages which deal with the subject demand the closest attention of the student of Esotericism, for not only have we here a history of the "pilgrimage" of the Soul, but also a description of the degrees of Initiation which correspond both to the natural degrees or states of consciousness, and to the cycles of human evolution. We will now endeavour to review this Pilgrimage of PISTIS-SOPHIA, following the path of her "transgression" or desire for Light, through her 13 Repentances, or *Changes of Mind* (*Meta-noia*, changes of the *Nous* or *Manas*), until her restoration to the Thirteenth *Æon*, her proper region or plane.

To attain to the knowledge of Light, or the Logos, the soul has to descend into Matter or Hyle. Hence PISTIS-SOPHIA, desiring the Light, descends towards its *Reflection* from the Thirteenth *Æon*, through the Twelve

Æons, into the depths of Chaos, where she is in danger of *entirely* losing all her own innate Light or Spirit, of which she is continually deprived by the Powers of Matter. Having descended to the lowest depths of Chaos, she at length reaches the limit, and the path of her pilgrimage begins to lead upward to Spirit again. Thus she reaches *the Balance*; and still yearning for the Light, rounds the turning-point of the cycle, and changing the tendency of her thought or mind, recites her penitential hymns or Repentances. Her chief enemy who, with his *false Light*, has drawn her down into Chaos, is Ildabaoth, the *Power with the appearance of a Lion*, the *Kama* "principle", the false "Light" in Chaos, which is assisted by the 24 Hylic or material Projections, or Emanations, the reflections of the 24 Supernal Projections, the co-partners of PISTIS-SOPHIA, 48 in all, which together with that power or aspect from which the whole may at any time be viewed, make 49.* Thus then she first utters 7 Repentances. At the 4th of these, the turning-point of a sub-cycle, she prays that the *Image of Light* may not be turned from her, for the time was come when the Repentance of "those who turn in the Lowest Regions" should be regarded, "the mystery which is made the Type of the Race." (4th Round). At the 6th the *Light (Upper Manas)* remits her transgression, in that she quitted her own Region and fell into Chaos; but the command had not yet come from the *First Mystery (Buddhi)* to free her entirely from Chaos. Therefore at the conclusion of her 7th Repentance, where she pleads that she has done it in *ignorance* through her love for the Light, Jesus, the Initiate on the objective plane and the Light on the subjective plane, *without the command of the First Mystery (i.e., the power of Manas alone without Buddhi)*, raises her up to a slightly less confined Region in Chaos, but SOPHIA still *knew not by whom it was done*. At the 9th Repentance the First Mystery partly accepted her prayer and sent Jesus, the Light, to help her *secretly*, that is, without the powers of the Æons knowing it; then did PISTIS-SOPHIA recognise the *Light*. Her next 4 Hymns are sung *knowingly* to the *Light*, and are of the nature of thanksgiving, and of declaration that Karmic justice shall shortly overtake her oppressors, while she prays to be delivered from her "transgression," *viz., the Kamic Power with the appearance of a Lion*. After the 13th Repentance, Jesus again, *of himself*, without the First Mystery, emanated a brilliant Power of Light from himself, and sent it to aid SOPHIA, to raise her higher still in Chaos, until the command should come to free her entirely.† Next follows a description of the Light-powers which should be closely compared with the description of the 3 *Vestures* in the opening pages of the Codex. Then while SOPHIA pours forth hymns of joy, the Power becomes a *Crown to her head*, and her Hyle or material propensities begin to be purified, while the spiritual or Light-powers which she has still retained, join themselves with the "Vesture of Light" which has descended upon her. Then was the Statute fulfilled, and the First Mystery, in its turn, sent forth a great Power of Light, which joined with the first Power emanated by the "Light," and became a great *Stream of Light*, this Power was the First Mystery itself *Looking-without (Buddhi-Manas)* on its own plane and the "glorified" Initiate in this terrestrial sphere. It came forth from the First Mystery *Looking-within (Atma-Buddhi)*, or "the Father." When then this is accomplished, PISTIS-SOPHIA, the *Lower Manas*, is purified again, and her Light-powers are strengthened and filled with Light, by their own co-partner of Light, that *Syzygy*, without whom PISTIS-SOPHIA in the beginning thought she could reach the Light of Lights, and so fell into error. Still she is not even yet entirely freed from the bonds of Matter, for the higher she rises, the stronger are the Powers or Projections sent

* Compare the list of 25 *Tatwas* (24 + 1 or from another aspect 5 × 5) in the article entitled "The Hindu Theory of Vibration" in the November *Theosophist*.

† There are, therefore, 3 degrees of Chaos.

against her, who proceed to *change their shapes*, so that she now has to struggle against still greater foes which are emanated and directed by the strongest and subtlest Powers of Matter. Thereupon, PISTIS-SOPHIA is *surrounded entirely* with the Stream of Light and further supported on either hand by Michael and Gabriel, the "Sun" and "Moon." The "Wings" of the "Great Bird" flutter, the "Winged Globe" unfolds its pinions, preparatory to its flight. For is not the Infinitude of Space, "the nest of the Eternal Bird, the flutter of whose wings produces life?" (S.D. II. 293). Thus the last great battle commences. The First Mystery Looking-without, directs its attack against the "cruel crafty powers, passions incarnate" and causes PISTIS-SOPHIA to tread underfoot the Basilisk with the seven heads, destroying its Hyle, "so that no seed could arise from it henceforth," and casting down the rest of the opposing host.* Thereupon PISTIS-SOPHIA sings triumphant Hymns of Praise on her being loosed from the bonds of Chaos. Thus was she set free and *remembered*. Yet the Great Self-willed One and Adamas, the Tyrant, were not yet entirely subdued, for the command had not yet come from the First Mystery, Looking-within the Father. Therefore does the First Mystery, Looking-without, seal their Regions and those of their Rulers until 3 times are completed. That is until the completion of the 7th Round (for we are now in the 4th) when humanity will pass into the interplanetary Nirvana. This Nirvana, however, is a state outside of space and time, as we know them, and therefore *can be reached now and within*, by very holy men, Narjols and Arhats, who can attain to the highest degree of the mystical contemplation, called in the East Samadhi. For then shall the "Gates of the Treasure of the Great Light" be opened, as described in our text, and the Nirvanic heights be crossed by the "Pilgrim" (cf. *pagg.* 169-181).

(To be continued.)

Hypnotism,

AND ITS RELATIONS TO OTHER MODES OF FASCINATION.

WE are asked by "H. C." and other Fellows, to answer the several queries hereafter propounded. We do so, but with a reservation: our replies must be made from the standpoint of Occultism alone, no consideration being given to such hypotheses of modern (another name for 'materialistic') Science, as may clash with esoteric teachings.

Q. *What is Hypnotism: how does it differ from Animal Magnetism (or Mesmerism)?*

ANS. Hypnotism is the new scientific name for the old ignorant 'superstition' variously called 'fascination' and 'enchantment.' It is an antiquated *lie* transformed into a modern *truth*. The fact is there, but the scientific explanation of it is still wanting. By some it is believed that *Hypnotism* is the result of an irritation artificially produced on the periphery of the nerves; that this irritation reacting upon, passes into the cells of the brain-substance, causing by exhaustion a condition which is but another mode of sleep (*hypnosis*, or *hupnos*); by others that it is simply a

* See *Light on the Path*, 1st Ed., pp. 15-17.

self-induced stupor, produced chiefly by imagination, &c., &c. It differs from animal magnetism where the hypnotic condition is produced by the Braid method, which is a purely mechanical one, *i.e.*, the fixing of the eyes on some bright spot, a metal or a crystal. It becomes 'animal magnetism' (or mesmerism), when it is achieved by 'mesmeric' passes on the patient, and for these reasons. When the first method is used, no electro-psychic, or even electro-physical currents are at work, but simply the mechanical, molecular vibrations of the metal or crystal gazed at by the subject. It is the *eye*—the most occult organ of all, on the superficies of our body—which, by serving as a medium between that bit of metal or crystal and the brain, *attunes* the molecular vibrations of the nervous centres of the latter into *unison* (*i.e.*, equality in the number of their respective oscillations) with the vibrations of the bright object held. And, it is this unison which produces the hypnotic state. But in the second case, the right name for hypnotism would certainly be 'animal magnetism' or that so much derided term 'mesmerism'. For, in the hypnotization by preliminary passes, it is the human will—whether conscious or otherwise—of the operator himself, that acts upon the nervous system of the patient. And it is again through the vibrations—only *atomic*, not *molecular*—produced by that act of energy called WILL in the ether of space (therefore, on quite a different plane) that the *super-hypnotic* state (*i.e.*, 'suggestion,' &c.) is induced. For those which we call 'will-vibrations' and their aura, are absolutely distinct from the vibrations produced by the simply mechanical molecular motion, the two acting on two separate degrees of the cosmo-terrestrial planes. Here, of course, a clear realization of that which is meant by *will* in Occult Sciences, is necessary.

Q. *In both (hypnotism and animal magnetism) there is an act of will in the operator, a transit of something from him to his patient, an effect upon the patient. What is the 'something' transmitted in both cases?*

ANS. That which is transmitted has no name in European languages, and if we simply describe it as *will*, it loses all its meaning. The old and very much tabooed words, 'enchantment,' 'fascination,' 'glamour' and 'spell,' and especially the verb 'to bewitch,' expressed far more suggestively the real action that took place during the process of such a *transmission*, than the modern and meaningless terms, 'psychologize' and 'biologize.' Occultism calls the force transmitted, the '*auric fluid*,' to distinguish it from the '*auric light*;' the '*fluid*' being a correlation of *atoms* on a higher plane, and a descent to this lower one, in the shape of impalpable and invisible plastic Substances, generated and directed by the potential Will; the '*auric light*,' or that which Reichenbach calls *Od*, a light that surrounds every animate and inanimate object in nature, is, on the other hand, but the astral reflection emanating from objects; its particular colour and colours, the combinations and varieties of the latter, denoting the state of the *gunas*, or qualities and characteristics of each

special object and subject—the human being's aura being the strongest of all.

Q. *What is the rationale of 'Vampirism'?*

ANS. If by this word is meant the involuntary transmission of a portion of one's vitality, or life-essence, by a kind of occult *osmosis* from one person to another—the latter being endowed, or *afflicted* rather, with such *vampirizing* faculty, then, the act can become comprehensible only when we study well the nature and essence of the semi-substantial 'auric fluid' spoken of just now. Like every other occult form in Nature, this *end*—and *exosmotic* process may be made beneficent or maleficent, either unconsciously or at will. When a healthy operator mesmerizes a patient with a determined desire to relieve and cure him, the exhaustion felt by the former is proportionate to the relief given: a process of *endosmose* has taken place, the healer having parted with a portion of his vital aura to benefit the sick man. Vampirism, on the other hand, is a blind and mechanical process, generally produced without the knowledge of either the *absorber*, or the vampirized party. It is conscious or unconscious *black magic*, as the case may be. For in the case of trained adepts and sorcerers, the process is produced consciously and with the guidance of the Will. In both cases the agent of transmission is a magnetic and attractive faculty, terrestrial and physiological in its results, yet generated and produced on the four-dimensional plane—the realm of atoms.

Q. *Under what circumstances is hypnotism 'black magic'?*

ANS. Under those just discussed, but to cover the subject fully, even by giving a few instances, demands more space than we can spare for these answers. Sufficient to say that whenever the motive which actuates the operator is selfish, or detrimental to any living being or beings, all such acts are classed by us as black magic. The healthy vital fluid imparted by the physician who mesmerizes his patient, can and does cure; but too much of it will kill.

[This statement receives its explanation in our answer to Question 6, when showing that the vibratory experiment shatters a tumbler to pieces.]

Q. *Is there any difference between hypnosis produced by mechanical means, such as revolving mirrors, and that produced by the direct gaze of the operator (fascination)?*

ANS. This difference is, we believe, already pointed out in the answer to Question 1. The gaze of the operator is more potent, hence more dangerous, than the simple mechanical passes of the Hypnotizer, who, in nine cases out of ten, does not know how, and therefore *cannot* will. The students of Esoteric Science must be aware by the very laws of the occult correspondences that the former action is performed on the first plane of matter (the lowest), while the latter, which necessitates a well-concentrated will, has to be enacted, if the operator is a profane novice, on the *fourth*, and if he is anything of an occultist on the *fifth* plane.

Q. *Why should a bit of crystal or a bright button, throw one person into the*

hypnotic state and affect in no way another person? An Answer to this would, we think, solve more than one perplexity.

ANS. Science has offered several varied hypotheses upon the subject, but has not, so far, accepted any one of these as definite. This is because all such speculations revolve in the vicious circle of materio-physical phenomena with their blind forces and mechanical theories. The 'auric fluid' is *not* recognised by the men of Science, and therefore, they reject it. But have they not believed for years in the efficacy of *metallotherapy*, the influence of these metals being due to the action of their electric *fluids* or currents on the nervous system? And this, simply because an analogy was found to exist between the activity of this system and electricity. The theory failed, because it clashed with the most careful observation and experiments. First of all, it was contradicted by a fundamental fact exhibited in the said *metallotherapy*, whose characteristic peculiarity showed (a) that by no means every metal acted on every nervous disease, one patient being sensitive to some one metal, while all others produced no effect upon him; and (b) that the patients affected by certain metals were few and exceptional. This showed that 'electric fluids' operating on and curing diseases existed only in the imagination of the theorists. Had they had any actual existence, then *all* metals would affect in a greater or lesser degree, *all* patients, and every metal, taken separately, would affect every case of nervous disease, the conditions for generating such fluids being, in the given cases, precisely the same. Thus Dr. Charcot having vindicated Dr. Burke, the *once* discredited discoverer of *metallotherapy*, Shiff and others discredited all those who believed in electric fluids, and these seem now to be given up in favour of 'molecular motion,' which now reigns supreme in physiology—*for the time being*, of course. But now arises a question: "Are the real nature, behaviour and conditions of 'motion' known any better than the nature, behaviour and conditions of the 'fluids'?" It is to be doubted. Anyhow Occultism is audacious enough to maintain that electric or magnetic fluids (the two being really identical) *are due in their essence and origin to that same molecular motion*, now transformed into *atomic energy*,* to which every other phenomenon in nature is also due. Indeed, when the needle of a galvano—or electrometer fails to show any oscillations denoting the presence of electric or magnetic fluids, this does not prove in the least that there are none such to record; but simply that having passed on to another and higher plane of action, the electrometer can no longer be affected by the energy displayed on a plane with which it is entirely disconnected.

The above had to be explained, in order to show that the nature of the Force transmitted from one man or object to another man or object,

* In Occultism the word *atom* has a special significance, different from the one given to it by Science. See editorial, *Psychic and Noetic Action*, in the two last numbers.

whether in hypnotism, electricity, metallotherapy or 'fascination,' is the same in essence, varying only in degree, and modified according to the sub-plane of matter it is acting on; of which sub-planes, as every Occultist knows, there are seven on our terrestrial plane as there are on every other.

Q. *Is Science entirely wrong in its definition of the hypnotic phenomena?*

ANS. It has no definition, so far. Now if there is one thing upon which Occultism agrees (to a certain degree) with the latest discoveries of physical Science, it is that all the bodies endowed with the property of inducing and calling forth metallotherapeutic and other analogous phenomena, have, their great variety notwithstanding, one feature in common. They are all the fountain heads and the generators of rapid molecular oscillations, which, whether through transmitting agents or direct contact, communicate themselves to the nervous system, changing thereby the rhythm of nervous vibrations—on the sole condition, however, of being what is called, in *unison*. Now 'unison' does not always imply the sameness of nature, or of essence, but simply the sameness of degree, a similarity with regard to gravity and acuteness, and equal potentialities for intensity of sound or motion: a bell may be in unison with a violin, and a flute with an animal or a human organ. Moreover, the rate of the number of vibrations—especially in an organic animal cell or organ, changes in accordance with the state of health, and general condition. Hence the cerebral nervous centres of a hypnotic subject, while in perfect *unison*, in potential degree and essential original activity, with the object he gazes at, may yet, owing to some organic disturbance, be at the given moment at logger-heads with it, in respect to the number of their respective vibrations. In such case no hypnotic condition ensues; or no unison at all may exist between his nervous cells and the cells of the crystal or metal he is made to gaze at, in which case that particular object can never have any effect upon him. This amounts to saying that to ensure success in a hypnotic experiment, two conditions are requisite; (a) as every organic or 'inorganic' body in nature is distinguished by its fixed molecular oscillations, it is necessary to find out which are those bodies which *will* act in unison with one or another human nervous system; and (b) to remember that the molecular oscillations of the former can influence the nervous action of the latter, only when the rhythms of their respective vibrations coincide, *i.e.*, when the number of their oscillations is made identical; which, in the cases of hypnotism induced by mechanical means, is achieved through the medium of the eye.

Therefore, though the difference between hypnosis produced by mechanical means, and that induced by the direct gaze of the operator, *plus* his will, depends on the plane on which the same phenomenon is produced, still the 'fascinating' or subduing agent is created by the same force at work. In the physical world and its material planes, it is called *MOTION*;

in the worlds of mentality and metaphysics it is known as WILL—the many-faced magician throughout all nature.

As the rate of vibrations (molecular motion) in metals, woods, crystals, etc., alters under the effect of heat, cold, etc., so do the cerebral molecules change their rate, in the same way: *i.e.*, their rate is raised or lowered. And this is what really takes place in the phenomenon of hypnotism. In the case of gazing, it is the eye—the chief agent of the Will of the active operator, but a slave and traitor when this Will is dormant—that, unconsciously to the patient or *subject*, attunes the oscillations of his cerebral nervous centres to the rate of the vibrations of the object gazed at by catching the rhythm of the latter and passing it on to the brain. But in the case of direct passes, it is the Will of the operator radiating through his eye that produces the required unison between his will and the will of the person operated upon. For, out of two objects attuned in unison—as two chords, for instance—one will always be weaker than the other, and thus have mastery over the other and even the potentiality of destroying its weaker 'co-respondent.' So true is this, that we can call upon physical Science to corroborate this fact. Take the 'sensitive flame' as a case in hand. Science tells us that if a note be struck in unison with the ratio of the vibrations of the heat molecules, the flames will respond immediately to the sound (or note struck), that it will dance and sing in rhythm with the sounds. But Occult Science adds, that the flame *may also be extinguished* if the sound is intensified (*Vide* 'Isis Unveiled,' Vol. II., pp. 606 and 607). Another proof. Take a wine-glass or tumbler of very fine and clear glass; produce, by striking it gently with a silver spoon, a well-determined note; after which reproduce the same note by rubbing its rim with a damp finger, and, if you are successful, the glass will immediately crack and be shattered. Indifferent to every other sound, the glass will not resist the great intensity of its own fundamental note, for that particular vibration will cause such a commotion in its particles, that the whole fabric will fall in pieces.

Q. *What becomes of diseases cured by hypnotism; are they really cured or are they postponed, or do they appear in another form? Are diseases Karma; and, if so, is it right to attempt to cure them?*

ANS. Hypnotic suggestion may cure for ever, and it may not. All depends on the degree of magnetic relations between the operator and the patient. *If* Karnic, they will be only postponed, and return in some other form, not necessarily of disease, but as a punitive evil of another sort. It is always "right" to try and alleviate suffering whenever we can, and to do our best for it. Because a man suffers justly imprisonment, and catches cold in his damp cell, is it a reason why the prison-doctor should not try to cure him of it?

Q. *Is it necessary that the hypnotic 'suggestions' of the operator should be spoken? Is it not enough for him to think them, and may not even HE be ignorant or unconscious of the bent he is impressing on his subject?*

Ans. Certainly not, if the *rapport* between the two is once for all firmly established. Thought is more powerful than speech in cases of a real subjugation of the will of the patient to that of his operator. But, on the other hand, unless the 'suggestion' made is for the good only of the subject, and entirely free from any selfish motive, a suggestion by *thought* is an act of *black magic* still more pregnant with evil consequences than a *spoken* suggestion. It is always wrong and unlawful to deprive a man of his free-will, *unless for his own or Society's good*; and even the former has to be done with great discrimination. Occultism regards all such promiscuous attempts as black magic and sorcery, whether conscious or otherwise.

Q. *Do the motive and character of the operator affect the result, immediate or remote?*

Ans. In so far as the hypnotizing process becomes under his operation either white or black magic, as the last answer shows.

Q. *Is it wise to hypnotize a patient not only out of a disease, but out of a habit, such as drinking or lying?*

Ans. It is an act of charity and kindness, and this is next to wisdom. For, although the dropping of his vicious habits will add nothing to his good Karma (which it would, had his efforts to reform been personal, of his own free will, and necessitating a great mental and physical struggle), still a successful 'suggestion' prevents him from generating more bad Karma, and adding constantly to the previous record of his transgressions.

Q. *What is it that a faith-healer, when successful, practises upon himself; what tricks is he playing with his principles and with his Karma?*

Ans. Imagination is a potent help in every event of our lives. Imagination acts on Faith, and both are the draughtsmen who prepare the sketches for *Will* to engrave, more or less deeply, on the rocks of obstacles and opposition with which the path of life is strewn. Says Paracelsus: "*Faith* must confirm the imagination, for faith establishes the *will*. . . Determined will is the beginning of all magical operations. . . . It is because men do not perfectly imagine and believe the result, that the arts (of magic) are uncertain, while they might be perfectly certain." This is all the secret. Half, if not two-thirds of our ailments and diseases are the fruit of our imagination and fears. Destroy the latter and give another bent to the former, and nature will do the rest. There is nothing sinful or injurious in the methods *per se*. They turn to harm only when belief in his power becomes too arrogant and marked in the faith-healer, and when he thinks he can *will* away such diseases as need, if they are not to be fatal, the immediate help of expert surgeons and physicians.

H. P. B.

Families and Individuals.

"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards, though the ploughshare cut through the flower of life to its foundations, though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living."

*"How you awake the sleeping sword of war ;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed :
For never two such Kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality."—SHAKESPEARE.*

IT is fairly certain that every manifestation of matter has two aspects, so far separate as are the two sides of a triangle ; neither of these two lines can, by itself, enclose anything, yet both together express an Idea, they give form to a Truth ; Man sees one or other of these lines and, unable to trace it to the clouds, where it is over-shadowed by Reality, and where its companion line joins it, he worships it, follows it up, and stoutly denies the existence of any other line, unaware that he is thus destroying all possibility of his creations having substance, or of their being otherwise than flat and imperfect representations of the Truth he wishes to convey.

Thus life appears, manifested again and again in the familiar forms of a unit and groups of units, a single cell and complex organism, Individual and Family.

Observe the familiar crystals which owe their beautiful form to an orderly arrangement of tiny atoms of matter, the displacement of any of which would have resulted in one of those flaws which obscure the rays of otherwise faultless diamonds, or mar the pyramidal form and destroy the polarity of what ought to have been perfect pieces of quartz.

Scientific observers affirm, and the microscope may be made to verify their statements, that to each substance when undergoing crystalization, a different form appears to belong, salt and snow, sugar and starch, each has distinct and beautiful star shapes peculiar to itself.

Again it is believed that the cells in vegetable tissue had originally one common form which was gradually modified as the structure of the plant grew more complex. One recognizes the propriety of the leaf cells of a rose tree grouping themselves round the organs of generation and secreting an attractive colouring matter, as well as dispersing a subtle sweet odour, but it occurs to no one, that the rose has any cause of complaint because its stem remains thorny, and its branches never wear the leaves of a Spanish chestnut ; more than that, it would be considered very unreasonable if it

proposed such a change and be very likely told that the long beautiful chestnut leaves would look as thoroughly out of place on a little rose tree as would the sharp thorns of a sweetbriar, if transferred to the stem of a purple violet.

Examination of one of those low forms of the animal kingdom whose members propagate themselves by fission shows that the cells multiply themselves to replace those destroyed by any chance mutilation which is not fatal, and leaving aside their special function, accomplish the good of the whole.

In the case of the "little lives", the leucomaines, the producers, according to modern science, in human beings of hideous diseases and death itself, it is a disregard of the community which causes such ruin, as it is the absence of oxygen in some of the cells which is the immediate cause of the mischief, the impoverished cells preying on their fellow cells until the damage is irreparable.

Every one knows something of the life history of bees and ants. Who has not seen little brown ants carrying up to the sunlight their big unwieldy pupa children and presently hauling them down again, solicitous perhaps for their complexions. The united efforts of the colony are called into play should one of their number find an apple or otherwise desirable article of diet which he is unable to bring into the common store room. The bees also, in order to ward off the death's head moth, on honey stealing intent, will leave off their honey gathering until their joint labour has created a barrier of wax past which the unwelcome giant cannot force his way. The poor much maligned wasps work in concert to build a wonderful paper-like nest or an underground chamber in which the common family is reared.

Without searching the records of the naturalist, without wandering in the depths of primæval forests, the same instincts of citizenship can be found amongst birds. Wander across the fields when the harvest is golden and observe the solitary wood pigeon arching his rainbow-tinted neck in the sunlight or swaying backwards and forwards on the topmost branch of some tall fir-tree; he is the sentinel of the watch set by a flock of perhaps thirty or forty ring-doves, who are feasting right merrily in a neighbouring wheat field. Throw a handful of broken bread on a snow-covered garden path; only two birds are in sight, a dull-eyed sparrow with feathers fluffed out to protect his feet from the piercing cold, and a starling perched high up on a leafless poplar tree; they have flown away, scared perhaps by the scattered fragments? Perhaps! But in less than five minutes there are twenty starlings and a dozen sparrows pecking in the snow where the crumbs fell. All through the spring time, the starlings fly in groups to look for food or gather in the evening for some concerted music. Most of the other bird groups break up in the spring time: the instinct for propagating their species has overtaken them, and as with men, it has the

power of awakening jealousy and suspicion, and of separating individuals from their fellows. With birds, however, this obtains only during five or six months of the year.

Swallows never seem to lose the habit of association; their nests are built close together, they repair to common hunting grounds and make common cause in trouble and danger. Should some half-finished nest fall to the ground it is soon replaced by the joint efforts of many swallows. It is recorded on authority that an intruding sparrow, which took possession of the newly completed nest of a house-martin, was built up in its self-selected tomb by the whole community of swallows, when the repeated efforts of the rightful owner failed to eject it.

It would be useless to go through all the volumes of Natural History contained on the library shelves; every one will from personal experience add to the facts offered. This should go far to convince fair-minded folk that, though often diverted from its course or half overwhelmed by the brute force through which it works, a strong feeling or instinct of association, of co-operation, sympathy and unity, permeates the kingdoms of nature below man. And above him? It is impossible to describe the course through which has flowed the "Tide of Life" since it first reached the visible boundary of the unfathomed mystery. Poets and dreamers in all lands and in all ages have tried to clothe it in words and failed. But search in the earliest records of any great religion, it reveals glimpses of two beliefs, beliefs more or less clearly expressed.

The one tells of countless groups of intelligences, above and beyond man, working in concert to accomplish the inevitable law. The motive power in these beings appears sometimes as the creator, again as the preserver or destroyer, but always as Spirit, the unique, conjointly with multiform matter, the dual aspect of That which IS.

The other hints of little known schools of wise men, brotherhoods in which the individual sacrifices himself willingly for the welfare of the multitude, and in which the advancement of each is sought by all. Now and again a voice from these invisible Brothers reaches human hearing. A great teacher has come forth, and standing amidst the sons of men, reminds them of their former glory, of the heights to which they must turn their faces and scaling them win again their heritage, if they would not sink back and down semi-living brutes; warns them of that change which must overtake and destroy even the most lasting of their evanescent treasures, or pityingly commands them: "I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to those that hate you, visit the prisoners, outcasts, orphans, judge not, and be ye merciful, but beyond all, through all, love with your whole hearts, serve with all your strength, seek with every breath, the God of whose presence within you are dimly aware." With no uncertain sound come the voices of these great Teachers: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a pearl of great price which a man having

found goeth straightway and selleth all that he hath and buyeth it. *This* is my commandment that ye love one another. He my servant is dear unto me, who is free from enmity, who is the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from pride and selfishness, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrongs, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions, and firm resolves, and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone." There is no wavering or doubtful sound in these sentences, far into the night one might linger quoting like passages, or many which inculcate directly or indirectly the Unity which underlies all things and the deep-rooted brotherhood of men. On everyone's lips to-day are the words socialism and human rights, almost everyone has a new remedy to propose for the seething, well-nigh desperate condition of Europe. This condition has been mainly brought about by Ignorance regarding, or wilful neglect of, the great laws which govern Families and Individuals; men have seen one side only of the triangle. In India the castes glorified the rights of family, and during many decades peace and justice flourished; but, like all half-truths, this system had to perish, one amongst its resultant evils being the lack of responsible individuals. In Corsica and with the Scottish clans this exclusive feeling of family sanctity was productive of much evil, murder was done again and again to avenge the death of a kinsman, even to wipe out a fancied insult.

To-day in the 19th century, in Europe and in its child, America, men bow before the great Idol they have set up and cry "*Great Alone* is the Individual. To him alone we owe aught."

Mazzini, the Italian, warns his countrymen that evil will quickly overtake those who prate of rights, and forget that the *first right* of mankind is to *do his duty*. Where? The English Prayer-book says: "In that state of Life unto which it shall please God to call me." Bhagavat says: "Our own duty, not another's." The Theosophist says: "All the duties which are ours as inhabitants of a country, as members of a family, as men and women, knowing that *they* are *those* selected by past action."

The French revolution contains an awful warning of the crimes into which men and nations rush when their battle cry is: "*My Rights!*" "*Absolution from all duties!*"

No form of socialism or communism can last which ignores the grouping of men into families, of families into states, states into nations, and nations into a great solid brotherhood of Humanity. It is only necessary to study the condition of the emancipated slaves of the West Indies to become convinced that a revolution, whether accompanied with bloodshed or not, will never conduce to the upward progress of men. It was once said that no greater punishment could be laid on average humanity, than to transfer it unchanged, to the dwelling-place of God, there to spend eternity in praise and worship; and yet this heaven is the hope of men in all countries. Is it not evident that no Leader who taught men to aspire, ever believed that

they could reach the dwelling-place of the Gods before passing through the fire which transmutes base metal into gold? Are the men of to-day so much wiser than them of old time that they dare contend that they have the power to make of men saints and heroes by robing them in white, or crowning them with bay leaves? If this were true, the fortunes of the flax-spinner and the garland-weaver would have been made long ago.

Brahma-Vishnu-Siva, the personified Life and Force, was always three-fold, creator, preserver and destroyer; those men are blind who would disturb this order of working; it is necessary to create in those who are led—either for good or evil, whether by willing and wise leaders, or by men who remain wilfully ignorant of their responsibility,—in those who are led it is necessary to create a love of duty, of wisdom, of self-sacrifice, before daring to confer on them power, freedom and self-government. Men can only create a quality in others by calling it to active life in themselves. It has become a need also to preserve, not hares and pheasants, but all that which is good and noble, which conduces to human perfectness, which raises men over the brutes, and refines the vessel which holds the spark of heaven-lit fire. These treasures will not be preserved by men who have not learnt their value; destruction is necessary, but men surely do not desire a cataclysm or a deluge; it is better to pull down prison walls than to blow them up with dynamite, and build with them shelters for men, instead of producing a heap of ruins in which wild beasts make their dens. Are men blind and deaf and senseless that they perceive no warning in the mutilated statues of Ancient Greece? Do the burnt libraries of Alexandria, the sacred palm-leaves blazing under soldiers' half-cooked rations in India, or the rivers of blood which flowed in Paris the beautiful, just 100 years ago, teach them nothing?

The Theosophist ought to know that all true reform begins over-head; he knows that men are links in a chain. That as water finds its level, so from above comes to men all that is worth having, in proportion to the readiness with which they let their stores flow downwards. Theosophists will have to be taught to see that man is not alone his own creator but also the accumulation of his own surroundings. What folly then to waste precious years in trying to force laws into a hotbed-growth, to force a distribution of material things. Raise, educate, humanize the men, and unjust laws will die out; show by the example of appreciation what things are of permanent value and beauty, and a more deadly blow will have been dealt the world of shams than was ever struck by the guillotine.

Two great principles ought to be the moving spring of families and individuals in their mutual relations, *viz.*, their duty to those of whom they are the head, and their duty to those larger groups of which they are units. It ought to be the care, recognized and fulfilled, of every family to foster the development of each of its members, to provide for its needs and its advancement to a more responsible position as soon as sufficient progress

has been made; but no less should each member of a group sink his individuality in his membership, never losing sight of the fact that he is of importance only in so far as he is a useful member of his own family, and that his ambition ought to be—to make that family a unit of more value to the State. His own education, in all senses of that word, ought to trouble him only in so far as the more command he gains over the powers of nature, focussed in himself, so much the better will he be able to advance the welfare of his body politic: he will no longer be a 'prentice hand, but will pass through the various grades, until the stone-mason becomes a sculptor, or the agriculturist a statesman. Not even a cursory glance is needed to convince minds that these qualities of altruism and impersonal ambition are almost wholly wanting in the civilized West in this our century. Are our states, institutions, colleges, and trades governed by the desire to advance as far as possible the well-being of the units composing them? Do these units make serious and conscientious efforts to profit by the modes of improvements open to them, and to advance the utility of the institution by which they live? And never can these principles be recognised as true by State or college, while the spirit of irreverence and selfish disregard for others is unchecked, while old age is treated with disrespect, and each member of a family tries to push his own interests, to start well equipped, careless if his ambition has unduly pinched those less strong than himself. While children are permitted to grow up without the spirit of religion, without a due sense of their responsibility to their country, and to those socially and by necessity their inferiors, it will be useless to hope for the attainment of *excellence*, as wise men measure it.

There is yet another reason why Theosophists ought to be prepared for failure. In searching for parallel cases amongst families, they can scarcely fail to observe that it is not the same members of a family who work and who enjoy life thoroughly. In some families the Ideal is so far Natural, that the little children sport in unconstrained happiness; those members who have attained adolescence work, and find in renewed work their recreation, while instruction comes from those who have grown old in labouring for the others, whose passions have burnt out and whose eyes are clear and fearless.

More commonly far, however, one finds in families the same inequality which prevails at present in the larger world; all their lives some of the members toil and toil to produce conditions favourable to pleasure, but they cannot, even if liberty of action and leisure be theirs,—they cannot attain that condition of buoyancy without which pleasure is a mockery; while their brothers and sisters, often their seniors, as men count age, will not work except on severe compulsion and will return light-heartedly to their games as soon as the hated task is done. In the family some never regard work as a duty, nor feel degraded when served by others, nor do those who serve lose self-respect or the sense of freedom when proffering

service. All this is perfectly natural, the pairs of opposites are a necessity of the present condition of knowledge, all experience has to be gained and cannot all be gained simultaneously, nothing will ever alter men but the burning brighter or more feebly of the light within. Nothing is really of use which does not tend directly or indirectly to increase that light, and nothing is valueless which serves to protect it, or cleanse the vase in which it is concealed.

Those who love truth will have a long hard fight before ignorance and illusion are conquered. Therefore it is well to attack real foes only, so that no strength need be wasted and no offence unnecessarily given. Truth-lovers cling to the watchwords Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity; let them retain these watchwords but let them never be accused of falsifying them. Liberty! Dare men degrade the name of freedom by taking swords and cannon, and, while pitching shells into the houses of their fellow-men, or stabbing them to the death, invoke the aid of Liberty? Dare men offer wine to a possible drunkard, or line streets with ale houses, saying that in a free country man has a right to destroy himself and his descendants, should he leave any, by imbibing alcohol, and yet deny him the right to spring off Westminster Bridge, or place a revolver against his temples? Equality! An you will, let children have an equal education; let strong men share the burden of work or risk losing the esteem of those whose respect they value; let the women of our country, whether they are of the socially higher or of the humbler, aye the lowest classes, receive equal respect as women, though we cannot give to earnest and frivolous equal value as members of the great human family. Fraternity! No one surely calls it an act of brotherhood to leave little children unguarded in a confectioner's or druggist's shop, or a saw-mill?

Things move to all appearance in cycles; when men were first driven out of Eden they had to toil, or die; when the wheel of birth reached a point still lower, the strong compelled those less powerful to toil, while they themselves explored the regions of mind. They now pay the penalty: for, having discovered the unity of men, a resistless power impels them to toil ceaselessly to procure for others a passage into that temple whose veil was rent before them. To-day cultivated men and women are toiling with head and hands for no reward but the knowledge that others will think them fools, but for the certainty also that they are doing right.

Two motives only seem strong enough to bear the strain put upon them by the contest with evil—Love and Duty. Men can, and do deny themselves much luxury, happiness, even life itself, for the sake of those they love. They will persevere in destroying all faults which the awakened sense of duty condemns as injurious to their children, those with whom they are in contact, or their race. Love and Duty. These are the keys which great teachers have ever placed in the hands of average humanity, and the gate which they open is the gate of the garden which has in its centre the tree of Knowledge and of Life.

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

A Dream and its Interpretation: A Dialogue.

FIRST F. T. S.—What you tell me is very curious. Six months ago and you would have laughed to scorn the idea that there was anything in psychism but madness or indigestion, yet now—

SECOND F. T. S.—Aye, now I have discovered that I myself am psychic; at least I have had experience, which would lead me to suppose so!

Nonsense! Indigestion!

I am never troubled with it.

Cranium poorly furnished!

Perhaps, but as craniums go 'tis well enough.

Then you are mad.

So are we all, and those the maddest who think themselves the sanest.

You are flying in the face of all authority. It has been definitely settled that a theosophist and especially a psychic, must be one (or all) of three things.

Hem! what are they?

He must be ill, a fool, or mad. O! I beg your pardon, there is a fourth thing he can be: a knave.

Ill, fool, mad, or knave! A pretty quartette and 'tis hard to decide which is the most complimentary epithet of the four.

Or which of right belongs to you!

To me!

Yes, are you not a Theosophist?

And you?

Likewise, but I am not a psychic. You are both psychic and theosophist and consequently doubly damned.

Indeed!

I have it on good authority,

Well! well! you see I am resigned. But a truce to jests! Is it not singular that this sensitiveness of mine to things of another plane, should have come upon me so suddenly and as it were, unasked for, and to *me*, an unromantic, sceptical materialist.

Materialist no longer.

True, I have been forced to see the error of my ways, but can you explain the anomaly?

No anomaly, and easily explained. You were psychically sensitive from your birth. You gained the gift—a two-edged sword by-the-bye—in some former incarnation. The last probably.

Strange that for twenty years I never knew it, and now I cannot, do what I will, forget it or be unconscious of it.

During those twenty years it was latent, buried under a thin veneer of materialism and positiveness. That veneer worn away and it awakes into activity.

But what awoke it ?

I will tell you. You became acquainted with me ; through me with Theosophy, and the latter set working the mystical elements in your own nature which responded irresistibly, and in spite of your intellectual prejudices, to the touch of a kindred stimulus. You are not alone. Many are those who have joined the Theosophical Society, or who have not joined the Society but have made acquaintance with its literature, who through that connection have discovered undreamt-of qualities or gifts, upon the mystical or esoteric side of their natures. So with you.

I have had some strange dreams lately, which have caused me a good deal of thinking in order to explain to myself their meaning, for meaning of some kind I am convinced they have. They were not ordinary dreams, though I should be puzzled how else to define them. They were remarkably realistic, far more real and vivid *even* in my recollection than the objects I see around me at present for instance. I wonder if you can help me to interpret them, you certainly ought to be able to do so, if anybody can.

I doubt that, my intuitional powers being, I am sorry to say, of the feeblest ; but what makes you have that impression ?

Simply this. I dreamt I saw, or rather I *did* see—you ; in fact you dominated a series of three visions I have had, which appear to be mutually explanatory of each other if one only had the key to their symbology.

They were symbolic then ?

I judge so.

Very likely. Psychic messages are often given indirectly by aid of symbols as every medium is aware.

Tell me, have you ever influenced me psychically and was it really you whom I saw in your astral body ?

I know not. I should imagine that it could be myself. As for influencing you consciously, I would not do it on any account : it would be sorcery, my friend.

But I saw you, it was you, and nobody but you.

Hum !

Heavens ! the fellow is sceptical, on what he himself has eloquently and unanswerably proved to be possible many a time in my hearing. Then *I* was the sceptic. We have changed rôles. It is odious conduct in you, that it is. I perceive that it would be useless to relate to you what I have both seen and heard in the land of shadows and of dreams. I could not have believed it.

Not so fast, please. I do not doubt that the incident of your dreams actually took place on the astral plane, and that they have an occult

meaning, worth digging for; but I *do* doubt that you saw my astral body. Such an occurrence would be possible, but most improbable.

If not you, whom did I see then?

My image!

How?

My silhouette and yours and everybody's, living or dead, is indelibly imprinted upon the astral light, there to be seen by any clairvoyant who happens to come across it. If the clairvoyant knows no better he takes the shadow for an apparition of the individual himself.

But you moved, lived, nay, you spoke to me! Could a silhouette, as you call it, do that?

Not of itself, but temporarily saturated with a portion of your life principle it might.

But the life principle is not intelligent and you had intelligence of the highest order written on your face, when you thus appeared before me. You might have been a God.

Precisely. Your Higher Ego it might have been, which you unconsciously clothed with my outward semblance, finding my portrait for that purpose in the astral light or in your waking recollection of me.

I am incredulous.

It has been scientifically proved that the two halves of the brain may work independently of one another, and even hold a (mental) dialogue as if belonging to two separate bodies. This occurs in certain diseases during which the patient feels himself to be somebody else, who is not himself at all. In your case the one half of the brain would be you, the other half being engaged meanwhile in projecting your alter-ego on the astral light, and dressing it up with the figure and features of your humble servant.

And that is the whole explanation, is it?

I do not say so, but it is *my* explanation of the matter.

'Tis ingenious, but vague!

Because the *full* explanation could not be given to you or the world, supposing that I knew it.

Why?

It would involve the revelation of several details, respecting the mode of action and interaction of the seven human principles which are, and will remain, secret.

But I have not yet told you my dreams.

I am listening.

You will play the Ædipus for me and explain me the riddle, will you not?

If I can, and if it is worth expounding.

You shall hear. I dreamt that you stood in front of me—

A moment. How did I look?

As you are now, but more brilliant, more majestic. You smiled, and mentally commanded me to follow you. I obeyed, and immediately found myself in thick darkness. I groped for something to guide me. A hand—your hand—was placed in mine, and I felt a magnetic thrill pass through me at your touch. Suddenly, I stumbled against a stone. It was the first of a winding staircase which, still holding your hand, I commenced to mount. Up and up! I thought the staircase would never end. Every now and then I fell, or rather, should have fallen, had you not pulled me into balance again. It was pitch dark. I was getting frightfully tired, and ready to sink and die from sheer weariness on the stones, when we reached the top. It was dark there too, but all weariness fell from me as if by magic. Gradually a dim half-light crept over us and showed me that we were in a narrow, tortuous passage, through which—you let go my hand at the top of the stairs—we threaded our way somewhat quickly, you leading, and occasionally glancing back at me with an encouraging smile. Presently, you turned off to the right, through a door, and into a chamber. I followed. The room I had entered was oblong in shape and very lofty. Opposite the door, in the other wall of the chamber, were a couple of large windows, through which I could see a fleecy expanse of sky. There was an immense fireplace in the room, in which was blazing an equally immense fire. It was bare of furniture with one exception. This was a massive marble table, situated directly under the windows. When I entered, you had already placed yourself by this table. You glanced and smiled at me, and then gazed fixedly at three objects upon the table. I approached them, and saw that they were a skull, a dirty white wooden cross, and a statuette, apparently of gold. I looked at you for an explanation of the mystery, but you continued gazing steadily at the table and at the objects upon it. I say at the objects, but you glanced more particularly at one. It was *the skull*. I understood instantly what you wanted me to do. I took it up in my hands. You lifted your eyes from the table and stared meaningly into the fire. Again I understood, and threw the ghastly emblem of mortality into the centre of the flames. Your eyes immediately reverted to the table, and set them intently upon *the cross*. I repeated what I had done with the skull and threw that into the flames also. Now your eyes covered *the statuette*. I seized it and was just on the point of sending it after the skull and the cross, when—

Why do you pause?

Imagine my surprise on finding that I held in my hands, a most beautifully carved golden image of *myself*. Myself in shining gold! I had cast the two former objects into the fire without compunction, indeed I was rather glad to see them burn, but this I was rather loth to let go. It was so pretty that it seemed a sacrilege to drop it into the fire. I wished to keep it. I looked full in your face asking you if I might, but

I was startled at the rigid sternness of your features. I was troubled, and threw the statuette at once into the flames. Once more I lifted my eyes to yours. What a transformation! You were smiling instead of frowning, smiling as angels must smile, and the radiance of that smile pierced like a shaft of glorious light through the darkness of my soul. It was but for a moment. The next instant you, the table, the chamber, everything had vanished and I was awake! Yet I can say with Byron :

"I had a dream which was not *all* a dream."

You can.

Now, sir, interpret.

It is said by Poe that "It was well said of a certain German book that '*er lasst sich nicht lesen*'—it does not permit itself to be read."* There are some dreams, and those the most mystical and spiritual, which do not permit themselves to be unravelled. This does not imply that they are devoid of meaning, but that the meaning that they have is so elevated above the plane of material thought, that to express it in words which are the essential symbols of that material thought, is to drag it from its spiritual level, and practically to ruin it.

Your remarks have doubtless a depth in them greater than the well of Democritus, but I am no diver, physical or mental. I must positively decline to take a header into the waters of your occult metaphysics. Embody the dream in words,—but I have done that. What does it *mean*. I cannot grasp it; I come for help to *you* who ruled my dream.

I? Have I not already informed you that it was your own Higher Ego whom you disguised with my physical or rather astral apparel, and that before you had had the courtesy to ask my permission.

All right. We admit that. Proceed.

But I do not know if my interpretation of your vision is the true one. There are so many ways of interpreting a dream like yours which will differ according to the mental and physical idiosyncrasies of the interpreter.

Very well. Give me *your* interpretation.

I judge that the darkness which you described in the beginning of your dream, was symbolic of the *mental* darkness which confronts the candidate for occult truth at the Threshold of his journey. This darkness must be dissipated by the candidate himself. He must win his way to the *light* alone. None can help him. But if he call upon his Higher Self, as a chela for his guru, he will assuredly be heard, and by that Self be led into the dawn and then into the day.

What did the staircase symbolise?

The ascent to a higher plane.

And my stumbling?

Evidently the falls that the student must expect to have in his upward passage to it.

* "The Man of the Crowd."

Good. Now for what took place in the chamber ?

There were three objects on the table which you threw into the fire. These were—

A skull—

The symbol of the memory of *evils wrought in the past*. It has to be killed. What is done is done. It is useless and weakening to anticipate their Karma by dwelling upon them. That is simply to act them again on the mental plane and imprint fresh pictures of them on the astral light. If you have skeletons in the cupboard—and who has not?—shut the cupboard doors close and forget them. It is an occult maxim “look not behind or thou art lost.” Translated into the symbology of your dream the maxim would run, “Throw your skull into the fire.”

But the cross—wooden and of a dirty-white colour ?

Religion. The dirtiness of the cross symbolised the present impurity of religion. The student of the Sacred Wisdom must belong to no religion or sect. His aim should be the Truth, apart from its incomplete presentments to men in particular forms. As for the image of yourself—

Ah yes, the little golden image. That puzzles me tremendously.

How so ? It was yourself.

Undeniably, but—

You have two Selves, a Higher and a Lower, have you not ?

And the image—

Was your Lower, *personal* Self. Our personality is apt to be sweet to us. It is selfishness, and it is easy to be selfish, difficult to be self-sacrificing. “Number I” is as precious as gold in the sight of the majority. “Never mind Number I,” says Occultism. “Destroy your sense of personality,—crush it as you would a reptile under your foot—and blend yourself with the ALL. The Lower Self is a Self of insularity, the Higher is a Self of diffusion, including all other Selves. You cannot have consciousness in both. Raise it from the Lower into the Higher.”

And all that was in my dream ! It was a message to me and I could not read it !

The language was strange to you.

But as I said, I had a series of *three* dreams. I have only told you the first.

Meditate on the other two, on the lines I have used for this one. Analyse them Theosophically. Then you will understand.

JASTRZEBSKI.

“HERDER has only one thought, that is the entire world.”

“LAW alone can give us freedom.”

“THE Master shows himself in limitation.”

GOETHE.

Thoughts on Nature.

THESE are moments in the sweet stillness of early morning, when strange and novel thoughts flow in upon the soul and when the harmonies of nature produce symphonies of music so sweet and wild, and withal so exquisite, that the spirit of the privileged beholder is stirred to its most mysterious depths and thrills with new and inexpressible emotions. The magic of evening is eminently soothing; it lulls the spirit, tired out with the trials and worries of a long day; its influence partakes of the nature of a narcotic, which, for the time, supplies a balm that smooths over the pains and big realities of the active life battle. It sleeps on the soul of the weary one, as moonlight sleeps on the surface of a calm lake, wakening only the lightest and most pleasurable ripples of reflection; but it can never "trouble the waters," nor call into action those energies that lie in the deeps, as the wind-storms do, racing over the ocean waters; neither can it awaken those highest energies—"noble longings for the strife"—the nobler will-potencies, which, in a lofty mind, cannot fail to be evoked by the wondrous freshness, vigour, novelty, and almost unearthly loveliness of an early morning scene.

As the darkness of the night slowly merges into the first streaks of the sunrise lights, the beholding spirit seems to leave its own plane of consciousness and to enter that of the surrounding nature-life, to commune, indeed, with the potencies which, above and behind all natural phenomena, render them beautiful, mysterious or weird. Then, too, we seem to be in perfect sympathy with the "unknown" (not the "unknowable") which gives to all such beautiful scenes their wonderful life and high spirituality. Then it is that the spirit understands intuitively the expressive voices of the trees, and is more susceptible to the sweet cadences of the song of the stream as it rushes along over the pebbles; playfully springing up to kiss the leaves of some low-hanging bough or to carry from them some message born of night's lightest breeze and purest dew to old father ocean, away in the far distance, under the glare of the noon-day sun—to that grand old ocean whose murmur, too, at such a time has a deeper significance than usual and to the spirit rightly attuned will, in smothered roars along the lone shore, disclose something of "what is unknown." It is at this hour of early morning that one may seem to hear faint echoes of the weird whisperings in which the forms of nature converse during the great silences of the night.

High up among the wild mountains such a scene to a sensitive spirit will be one of awe, power and indescribable grandeur. As, one by one, the dark giants rearing up into the unmeasured depths of the sky first catch a glimmer of the returning light and, as the winds, that all the long night through have slept on the cold solitudes of inaccessible ice-fields, begin again to breathe along the still, shadowed slopes, where myriads of pines point, like long fingers, heavenward, imparting to all they touch an indescribable sense of aloofness and strong beauty, of "power apart and inaccessible" which belongs not to the softer characteristics of the great midday heats—as these morning airs stir the wild grasses and pass from one rocky monster across intervening valleys in deepest slumber to others more distant still, a new sense thrills through us and we participate, as far as may be, in the life throbs of the great nature spirits by whom we are surrounded; we are raised aloft to their cool heights of repose, and almost gain an entrance into that spiritual and far more beautiful world of which

our own is but an imperfect reflection—an image, distorted and to pass away.

By the greater power that lies around us on such an occasion we are enabled, perhaps some of us for the first time, to comprehend the exquisite beauty that lies in the combined poetry and music of the wind among the pine boughs and the majestic power freed by the cataract, the crashing of rock-falls or the thunders of the snow slides.

“These are the voices of the mountains ;
Thus they ope their snow lips
And speak to one another
In the primæval language lost to man.”

But another poet gifted with far deeper insight into the real essence and nature of things on beholding some such scene of wildness, exclaims :—

“Spirit of Nature ! here !
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple.
Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee :
Yet not the meanest worm
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead,
Less shares thy eternal breath.”

The poet who gave birth to the above lines had a passing glimpse of a great truth, one that can only be appreciated and therefore thoroughly enjoyed by the Theosophist.

Again the same sweet singer says :—

“Spirit of Nature ! No !
The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
Alike in every human heart.

• • • • •
Thine the Tribunal which surpasseth
The *show* of human Justice,
As God surpasses man.
Soul of those mighty spheres
Whose changeless paths through heaven's deep silence lie :
Soul of that smallest being,
The dwelling of whose life
Is one faint April sun-gleam.”

He elsewhere says that

“Every heart contains perfection's germ,”

but the whole truth in all its grandeur with the marvellous evolution of life from its source through all forms back again to the beginning had not dawned on his mind.

So again, we find that this poet, who writes so beautifully about one, like himself, creating “forms more real than living man,” never really perceived that “form is illusive, and that the reality is a principle which is independent of form.”

Nevertheless he has glimpses of highest truth ; as for instance, when he expresses the inexorable justice of the Karma which every man is slowly and surely weaving for himself and his future, even as he has in the past brought about his present condition and circumstances.

“And all-sufficing nature can chastise
Those who transgress her law, she only knows
How justly to proportion to the fault
The punishment it merits.”

He never fully realised, though, the full meaning of the word he was

so fond of using and which represented what he justly worshipped without ever comprehending that he was worshipping in reality, not the highest, but only the shadow of the highest—NATURE. He saw through a glass darkly, and only in part did he grasp the great Truth that, as the author of "Magic, White and Black" puts it—"Nature has the same organisation as man, although not the same external form."

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

Theosophy and Ecclesiasticism.

(A Paper read before The Blavatsky Lodge.)

IN considering the question as to the relation between Theosophy and Ecclesiasticism it might appear at first sight that the two are so utterly opposed in principle and in practice, that little remains to be said unless we open up the whole question as to first principles. But to do this, to exhibit the principles upon which that which is known as Theosophy is based, in contrast with those principles which have resulted in, and which are upheld by, our modern ecclesiastical system; to do this, and then to put forward the arguments which as Theosophists we should use in support of our particular opinions, is evidently beyond the scope of our efforts to-night. No doubt the question of first principles is the most important one; for we as Theosophists deal with principles, and leave the outward forms to take care of themselves. But though to-night we may touch incidentally upon fundamental principles, we must be content to do so only as bearing upon some practical questions which I shall bring before your notice, as to the relation between modern Theosophy and ecclesiastical Christianity; as to our influence as Theosophists upon the Christian Church of the future.

I have said that Theosophists deal with principles and leave the outward forms to take care of themselves, and in saying this I have struck the keynote of the essential difference between Theosophy and Ecclesiasticism, between the methods of the Theosophical Society and those of the church. The Theosophical Society knows no distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour; it welcomes all who have recognised the broad principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity, and having recognised this principle have been able to break through those artificial distinctions which separate communities, classes, and individuals. The church on the other hand is essentially and necessarily exclusive and intolerant; its first requirement as a condition of membership is a profession of belief in the authority of a dogma. Theosophy recognises the difference between a principle and the form which is but a temporary expression of that

principle. It recognises to the fullest extent the fact which may be plainly discerned on every side in the realm of nature, and in every age in the history of humanity, that all forms are impermanent, that they are ever being modified and remodified, that they have their birth, maturity, and death; while the principle which underlies them remains the same. Thus Theosophy, dealing with the religions of the world, is tolerant towards every form of faith, and deals only with the fundamental principle which finds an expression in such a variety of forms under different external conditions: the principle which leads the human to look upwards towards the divine. Ecclesiasticism on the other hand is essentially a matter of forms and formulas; the church has no *raison d'être*, save as the representative of a special and particular form of religion.

Theosophy includes Ecclesiasticism in its generalizations, can regard it from an impartial standpoint, and assign to it its due place among other religious phenomena, including the various forms which Theosophy itself has assumed in different ages.

But Ecclesiasticism cannot thus regard itself as a mere temporary phenomenon. It considers itself as the one and only divine authority, the outcome and representative of God's dealings with the human race from the foundation of the world to its final consummation. Ecclesiasticism is based essentially on the principle of supernatural authority; Theosophy is based on natural law in the spiritual world. Ecclesiasticism is the offspring of theology, Theosophy of pantheology. Ecclesiasticism relies upon dogma, Theosophy upon reason and experience.

These then are the poles; in these respects Theosophy and Ecclesiasticism are as wide apart as it is possible to separate them. There can be no compromise between the two; either Theosophy must become ecclesiastical, or Ecclesiasticism must become theosophical: the great question for us to decide is as to which it shall be; shall we as Theosophists so leaven the thought of the age that the church will be bound to conform to the demand which we make for a recognition of our principles; or will Theosophy be subject to the same process of degradation which has followed other religious reformations, and become a mere exoteric religion of creeds and formulas? This I take it is the main question, the point of practical interest as between modern Theosophy and modern Ecclesiasticism, to which we must confine our attention to-night. The question is a narrower one even than might appear at first sight; for observe that the fundamental principles in respect to which Theosophy stands opposed to Ecclesiasticism, being so to speak the opposite poles of all that is related to the religious element in human nature, have existed and must continue to exist so long as the phenomenal world of duality exists. Modern Ecclesiasticism is the outcome of certain principles, of certain tendencies in human nature, which have produced numberless forms of sacerdotalism and exoteric religion in past ages; and which will

doubtless do the same for ages to come ; for we are only in the fifth race of the fourth round, and moreover in the cycle of Kali Yuga. Modern Theosophy also is merely one of a great variety of forms which have appeared on the surface of human history, as an indication or expression of that deep current of spiritual knowledge which has been preserved uncorrupted from the earliest ages, though unknown and unrecognised as to its nature and source. Yet it is from that source that all that is spiritual in the history of the world has originally proceeded. We are accustomed to claim for Theosophy that it is the root of all the great World Religions ; that exoteric religions are merely corruptions and differentiations of the esoteric Wisdom Religion, or Theo-sophia. But we must observe that what we now call Theosophy in this sense, *i.e.*, those esoteric doctrines which have thus been corrupted, are themselves merely temporary forms representative of higher truths and wider knowledge. The real spiritual source is something of which our modern Theosophy is merely one of a number of exoteric representations. Beyond Theosophy lies Occultism, and beyond that again—who shall say what ?

Now it is necessary to point this out because it has an important bearing on the question we are considering, the more immediate question as to the relation of our modern Theosophy to modern Ecclesiasticism. It is necessary that we should take the widest possible view of both in their connection with human history and evolution, if we would understand the forces which are at work in each case ; we must understand our own position as Theosophists in relation to the spiritual forces of the world, as well as the position of the church or of exoteric religions in general.

Bear in mind then that Modern Theosophy—by which I mean those writings and teachings which are now called theosophical, and which has the Theosophical Society as a representative body—is but one of a number of revivals or impulses which have been sent out from the centre of the world's spiritual vitality, and have found an expression in various ways on the objective plane of history. It is a very important revival no doubt ; so far as we who are living in the midst of it can see, it must take rank with the Gnosticism of the early centuries, with those teachings which afterwards became corrupted into ecclesiastical Christianity ; and, as I shall presently point out, there are many resemblances between the present age and the early centuries of our era. It is for us to determine whether our revival shall share the same fate as that, whether we shall be able to permanently divest Christianity of its ecclesiastical garments, and re-instate the original teachings, or whether our movement will share the same deteriorating and hardening process which we trace in the formation of those creeds and dogmas which now go by the name of Christianity.

The question is therefore comparatively a narrow one, but it raises the most important points of practical interest to those who are seeking to

aid the work of the Theosophical Society and the spread of Theosophical principles.

Let us glance then for a moment at the phenomena of the Christian Church, at that system of Ecclesiasticism which professes to derive its authority from the person and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, though in reality it is pagan in all its forms and ceremonies. To those of us who have really grasped the principles of Theosophy, and that profound history of human evolution which the Secret Doctrine discloses, the whole history of Ecclesiasticism, from its rise nigh upon two thousand years ago to the present day of its decline, is but a very small and comparatively insignificant cycle in the history of the fifth Race. It is a phenomenon, a phantom even, a materialised spook, posing for a brief time in the séance room of human ignorance, as a divine and heaven-inspired messenger. As Theosophists we take Ecclesiasticism, along with other exoteric religious phenomena, as the last and lowest expression of man's spiritual instinct. It corresponds to the physical world of matter, to the phenomenal world of forms which most people call *real*, as being the plane on which alone they are self-conscious, but which we have learnt to regard as the most unreal and illusive, as being the furthest removed from the spiritual centre which is the only reality. The world of form, the physical material plane, is the plane of illusion, because it is subject to conditions of time and space, of birth and death; and where birth and death operate, where all is subject to change and decay, there we say is no reality, but only a reflection, an illusive shadow. The spiritual reality which we seek lies far above the change and flux of human thought and physical life, and so we regard all external forms of religion, all temporary modes of thought, including our own theosophical doctrines, not as permanent realities, not as dogmas, but merely as limited and conditional expressions of a higher spiritual reality. The danger—nay, the inevitable tendency—is for this to be lost sight of. Just as mankind as a whole has lost sight of its spiritual origin, knows of the spiritual world only by vague report, and traditional hearsay, so it is the inevitable fate of all that is spiritual to descend into material forms, and lose its original purity in the world of gross matter, whether physical or intellectual. In the history of every religion, of every great spiritual revival, we trace this process, and there is no more terrible example than the corruption of the pure teachings of Jesus into that ecclesiastical system, whose history, written in fire and blood and unmentionable crimes, is the blackest and foulest in the long record of human evolution.

To us, therefore, Ecclesiasticism appears as the final expression of that materializing process which is ever at work, the centrifugal principle of the universe operating on the religious element or spiritual instincts of humanity. Theosophy stands so much higher than Ecclesiasticism, that we can always trace the latter back to a source which is purely Theosophic. The teachings of Jesus are the purest form of

Theosophy, and the same is the case with the teachings of Buddha and other great religious reformers; but they have all become overlaid and incrustated with traditions and customs which have well nigh obliterated their original purity and universality.

Whatever, therefore, may be the claims which Ecclesiasticism makes, whatever may be the strength of its authority or its hold upon the masses, we can have no doubt as to its ultimate fate; it must follow the inevitable law of decay and death. And who can doubt that it has already had its day, that it has topped the highest point of its cycle and is now passing down on the descending arc. The principles which gave rise to it will reappear in some new form, for they are deeply rooted in human nature; let us beware, however, lest that new form should be the re-materialization of those Theosophic principles which we are now endeavouring to teach the world.

The day of the temporal power of the church is past, the days of church and state are numbered, and soon the church will be left to depend entirely upon its own inherent vitality to fight the battle with the accumulating forces of science and reason. Has it life and force enough to do this? Can the authority of its creeds and dogmas be maintained in face of the world's intellectual progress, or will they be yielded one by one, as in the past, until the last trace of all that constituted the authority which it wielded has been wrested from it?

And observe, as one of the signs of the times, that these questions are not merely being asked by independent thinkers and writers outside of the church. Some of the most thoughtful men in the church itself see plainly that unless the old methods, the old theology, can be reconstructed and brought into line with modern thought, its days are numbered. The great question of the day in this matter is this: can the church shift the basis of its authority without bringing the whole structure down in ruins? Or as Professor Drummond so ably puts it: "we must exhibit our doctrines, not lying athwart the lines of the world's thinking, in a place reserved, and therefore shunned, for the Great Exception; but in their kinship to all truth and in their Law-relation to the whole of Nature." For it is clearly seen that if the church cannot do this, its fate is already sealed. The authority which men demand to-day is no longer the same as that which held in the early days of Christianity, or even at the commencement of the present century, and which the church so successfully wielded in grasping the temporal power and dominating the thought and effort of centuries. The authority of the supernatural in past; the age when a miracle could be supposed to prove a dogma is gone; the literary documents and historical evidences of the church are no longer regarded as outside the scope of scientific and literary criticism. The authority which is required now-a-days is the authority of natural law, the test demanded is that of experiment and induction. Can the church carry her cherished

traditions and dogmas through these opposing influences; can she show the authority which is demanded; can she stand the scientific test, and show that her dogmas are based on natural law? I think the answer to this question must be emphatically—No! For observe, that although the necessity is recognised by many men within the church itself, and although something has already been done to meet the demand, yet these men are a very small minority, and moreover the attempt is very insignificant and apologetic when placed in contrast with the results arrived at by independent thinkers. No doubt the old theology has been very largely modified by the influence of the age: the doctrine of Hell for instance has been very widely repudiated. But we are sometimes told that not one essential doctrine has been touched, or even modified by the controversies of the past fifty years; by which I believe we are intended to understand that the central doctrines of the church with regard to the personality and mission of Christ remain unaltered. Now this is undoubtedly true inside the church, but it is not true outside of it. The net result of modern criticism has been to divorce entirely the intellect of the age from the old theology. "Intelligent men refuse to take orders; intelligent men refuse to attend church," are the two facts which are plainly discernible by all who do not close their eyes. Of course we do not claim by this that there are no intelligent men in the church. The church has representative men of vast intellect and profound learning; but they belong to a past generation. What is the rising generation of clericals, we must ask? What are the men who now enter the church, and who will be the representative men in twenty-five or fifty years' time? Do they represent the intellect of the age? How many of them understand the demand which the age is making in respect to the Articles of Religion to which they subscribe?

But apart from this we must observe, that although some apologists within the church are endeavouring to place the old doctrines on a new basis; are endeavouring to retain the old doctrines, and infuse into them a sanction derived from the culture of the age; the verdict of that culture is emphatically that no such compromise is possible; that new wine cannot be put into old bottles; that the doctrines themselves are obsolete and worn out.

What I place before you for consideration is this: whether the age has not already pronounced its verdict, whether the theology of the supernatural is not already dead. Mind, I say the *theology*, not the *religion* derived therefrom. The exoteric religion and forms of worship may live on, long after the doctrines from which they originated have ceased to exist in the thought of the age. Do not be misled into thinking that the church will rapidly lose its influence. We who live and move in the atmosphere of advanced thought are perhaps too liable to over-estimate the immediate effect and influence of the higher and wider principles which

we have been able to assimilate. But the great mass of mankind is still either unable or unwilling to decide these questions for themselves, and will cling to old and accepted doctrines as the safest or easiest course. However absurd may appear to us the orthodox Christian doctrines in reference to a personal God, and the so-called "plan of salvation," we must not shut our eyes to the fact that these ideas—obsolete as they now are in the region of modern thought—have still a tremendous hold and influence upon the masses. Look for instance at the Roman Catholic church, the inflexible representative of the old theology. Its influence to-day is widespread and powerful; nor can we altogether class its devotees as ignorant and superstitious. Such a man as the late Cardinal Newman, a man whom we must credit with splendid intellectual power, and a profound desire for *truth*, can be pointed out as against anything we may say respecting the intellectual status of Roman Catholic devotees. No doubt it has appeared an extraordinary thing to many that such a man could become the champion of such a system; but I do not think that it is altogether inexplicable in view of the doctrine of re-incarnation and Karma. It is quite evident from what we know of his early thoughts and tendencies that he was a religious mystic by birth. The influences generated in his past incarnation were too strong to be overcome, and we may easily imagine him to have been one of those religious ascetics of the early or mediæval ages, who were such absolute devotees to the church, and whose whole life was one continued self-torture for the sake of the dogmas which had laid such a hold upon their life. Such a Karma as this would generate, would appear inevitably to give a bias which would reassert itself in many succeeding incarnations. Can it be that we have a clue to this in his devotion to the old Saint, Philip Neri, who lived 300 years ago?

In looking broadly at this question as to the continued influence of the church, it has often appeared to me that this factor of Karma comes largely into operation in connection with the rebirth in the present century of hundreds and thousands, who may have been closely associated with the great current of Ecclesiasticism any time during the past fifteen centuries or so. Looked at from one point of view the history of the church has been the history of a terrible psychic whirlpool or vortex, into which millions of souls have been drawn by their Karmic affinities and swept away; or tossed hither and thither among the innumerable eddies, as helpless as withered leaves. There is a passage in the "Voice of the Silence" which bears on this. "Behold the Hosts of Souls, watch how they hover o'er the stormy sea of human life, and how exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged, they drop one after other on the swelling waves. Tossed by the fierce winds, chased by the gale, they drift into the eddies and disappear within the first great vortex." And even thus appears to us that psychic current known as Ecclesiasticism. We watch it down the

course of ages, and knowing what it is that gave it birth, we stand aside and let it pass; for our eyes are fixed upon a light which shows a broader nobler way, a fuller and diviner purpose than that which moulds the little world of sects and creeds. But still the current is strong and swift; and as the wheel of birth and death turns round, these souls will reappear again and yet again upon the surface, until their individual and collective Karma being exhausted, the current fails and dies away, and the history of Ecclesiastical Christianity becomes in its turn an ancient legend.

There is another modern phenomenon which shows how strong the current is still: I refer to the Salvation Army movement. There is no doubt as to the strength and power of this latest revival; and it is interesting to us as showing the hypnotic influence which may be exercised by one man, who knows how to make use of certain psychic currents, though he may not know the real nature of the power he wields.

We must study universal laws and principles if we wish to understand the phenomena of religious emotionalism in all its varied forms. If we do not wish to be swept away on one or other of the great currents which produce these phenomena, we must swim against the tide and not with it. It is so easy to drift down these currents, to go with the crowd. And observe that this applies to the Theosophical movement as much as to any other exoteric stream of thought. The current flows *from* and not *towards* its source. The spiritual influences which water the earth are like the rain from Heaven, which having fallen upon the thirsty ground, collects in rills and streams and rivulets; these uniting form tributaries and rivers, which sweep at length in mighty volume until they reach the sea, and are swallowed up at last in an indistinguishable chaos of waters. And Theosophy as a mere exoteric movement must follow the same law. At present it is so much nearer to the source, in that it has not yet become a matter of creed and faith; it is not yet confined to one channel by the limits of dogma and authority. Let us guard against this being done as long as possible; but I would not have you close your eyes to the principles which must operate in the history of the Theosophical movement as in all such cases: to the materializing process to which every spiritual influence is subject, when it enters this world of forms; only let each one see to it that he does not help that process. We must use the stream as a means to reach its source, not as a mere method of passing easily through life. For if we merely drift down the current in this present life, we shall reappear at some lower point in our next incarnation, and so the stream will bear us along down the course of centuries, until it sweeps us in utter helplessness into the great ocean which swallows every human effort; wherein every system and creed and faith is lost in dark oblivion, and leaves to begin all over again the cycle of our initiation. Beware of the broad and easy way. It is still true that many are called but few are chosen. It is so easy to be a conventional Christian to-day; and when

it becomes easy to be a conventional Theosophist, then beware of Theosophy. The broader the stream, the nearer it is to the sea in which its identity will be lost. And so it is with ecclesiastical Christianity to-day. It is a broad and powerful stream, but it has nearly run its course; and it is far removed from that spiritual source from which it started; from the pure teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

W. KINGSLAND, F.T.S.

(To be concluded.)

A Plea for Harmony.

"For while one saith, I am of Paul; and another saith, I am of Apollos; are ye not carnal? Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers through whom ye believed?
New Testament.

■
"Be humble, if thou wouldst attain unto wisdom."—*Voice of the Silence.*

THE Theosophical Society welcomes to its fold people of every nation, and of every school and creed in religion and philosophy, and asks of none the acceptance of any dogma or the adoption of any hypothesis. It is new and unfashionable, at least in the West; and those who join it must be prepared to meet the ridicule of science and the opposition of the church; hence the membership will largely consist of men and women of independence of thought and fearlessness of expression, men and women with courage to stand up for their convictions. This alone is enough to make it certain that differences of opinion and of statement will arise, and that great forbearance and something more than toleration will be necessary if the practice of universal brotherhood is to prevail. The danger is increased by the wide difference in training and in modes of thought among those who here come together for co-operation.

Investigation shows that many of the disputes and factions which disfigure the history of philosophy grow from and largely consist of a difference of meaning attached by different writers and speakers to words in common use. This has been so often remarked that it seems almost superfluous to recur to it; but unfortunately the literature of Theosophy shows too plainly that it is often overlooked. Of the hundred thousand words in the English language only very few writers use five thousand; each sect in religion and each school in philosophy has its pet words and its peculiar phraseology; and the writings of one sect or school are not wholly intelligible to followers of another, until the vocabulary employed, and especially the meaning attached to technical terms, is mastered.

Theosophical literature has many new technical terms, and many old

ones used in new or unusual senses, derived from diverse languages, and coined or adapted by writers of different kinds and degrees of culture. To illustrate, take the term *astral light*, not new in fact, but so rarely used heretofore as to be new to a large majority of readers. It comes from mediæval times, when the corpuscular theory of light prevailed, and was an appropriate term to represent a subtle state of matter, similar to the hypothetical ether of modern science. But the word light now gives the average hearer an idea of undulations in matter, and is not taken to be the name of a substance or entity at all. What conception will such an one gain, on being told that the astral light contains a record of all that men think and do? How can he imagine it as *constituting*—not merely *disclosing*—a picture gallery? Or if he first meets it as a translation of Akāsa, what impression will he receive of the signification of the Hindu word? Will he not inevitably understand it to mean a mode of motion, and not a state of matter?

Again, suppose one has studied modern physics just far enough to learn the use of the word *element* in chemistry, and is left to suppose, as he can find good authority to suppose, that ancient philosophers considered earth, water, fire and air to be *elements* in the same sense. How long would it take him to understand the teachings of Rama Prasad about the *tatvas*? Does it not almost involve a re-learning of his own tongue? When it dawns upon him that the *stoicheia* of Aristotle have nothing in common with the *elements* of modern physics, I suspect he will imagine himself in a new world.

Let me not be understood as saying that the corpuscular theory of light, etc., underlies the teachings of Occultism in Theosophy. Perhaps neither this nor the undulatory theory is wholly true, or wholly false. It is the fashion of the day among physicists to resolve heat, light, etc., into modes of motion; nay, Professor Crookes, in pursuit of "radiant matter," expresses the distinctions between solids, liquids and gases in terms of motion. It need not cause surprise if some learned doctor of science should gravely enunciate the proposition that matter itself is merely a mode of motion. On the other hand, a reaction has already commenced, and the doctrine of "substantialism," so-called—*i. e.*, that heat, light, etc., and pre-eminently sound, are substantial entities—has a large following among men who call each other learned.

With all this confusion of tongues in the discussion of physics, it were strange indeed if those who undertake to discuss and to teach metaphysics should fail to show even greater diversity in the use of language; and the utmost care must be exercised if one would not fall into mere verbal quibbling.

There is a still deeper cause of much difference of opinion and of much mutual misunderstanding among us. This is the immense reach and the wonderful involution of the subjects discussed. Every lock has seven keys, and every key may be turned in seven different manners, we are told. It follows as the night the day, that persons who suppose honestly

they are talking about the same thing, are often really handling different keys or turning the same key in a different manner. Take Akâsa again for an example. Akâsa is mentioned above as if it were only a state of matter, but in some of its uses it concerns an entity far other than anything that can properly be called material. Let us compare a few expressions about it, taken at random from the "Secret Doctrine" and other standard works.

The Eternal Parent, Space—or its robes—is the source from which Akâsa radiates.

Ether—the gross body of Akâsa, if it can be called even that—will cease to be hypothetical.

Ether is one of seven aspects of Akâsa.

Electricity, the ONE LIFE at the upper rung of being, and astral fluid at its lowest.

Space (Akâsa, or the noumenon of ether) has one quality, sound.

Akâsa . . . cannot be the ether of modern science. Nor is it astral light.

The astral light is identical with the Hindu Akâsa.

The soul of the astral light is divine; its body is infernal.

Some of these references appear incongruous, and even contradictory; but collect a mass of such quotations, and analyse and arrange them, and an intelligible and consistent doctrine will appear. The purpose of this paper is accomplished, if it is shown that the last thing to do is to call statements necessarily partial into judgment as if they were exhaustive, and then condemn them as illogical and contradictory. Meanwhile it must always be borne in mind that mistakes may exist, even in our most valued and most reliable works. For us there is no infallible pope, and no infallible scripture. Individually, I may as a Christian accept the Gospels as the inspired Word of God; as a Theosophist, I have no right so to quote it. My theosophical brother, who is a Brahmin, may place the same estimate on the Bhagavad Gita; but he can quote it to me only on its merits as displayed in the internal evidence of its contents. In the Universal Brotherhood no one speaks with authority. The highest Guru does not ask belief on the ground of his own knowledge, but tells the Lanoo to look for himself and to call nothing *known* which he cannot see to be true. The highest wisdom is as thoroughly an exact science as is geometry; we are enjoined to go forward no faster than we are able to make sure our footing. We may find it useful to take much for granted, as the algebraist assumes the value of the unknown quantity, but we must ever preserve a clear-cut distinction between what we know and what we take on trust, and be careful to transfer into the former category only what is established by unquestionable evidence. Doing this, we shall be slow to assert our convictions dogmatically, and shall be ever ready, not merely to tolerate, but to hold in respect every expression of opinion by others.

G. A. MARSHALL, F.T.S.

The Magical Aphorisms of Eugenius Philalethes.



This is the Primal Truth,
This is the Ultimate Truth.

1. The Primordial Point existed before all things; not the Atom, even Mathematical, but Diffusive.

The Monad was Explicit.

The Myriad was Implicit.

Light existed, and so also Darkness; Principle, and the end of Principle; All things and Nothing; it existed, and was also non-existent.

2. The Monad moved itself in the Dyad, and through the Triad the Faces of the Second Light were produced.

3. Simple Fire existed uncreated, and beneath the waters clothed itself with a garment of the Multiplied Created Fire.

4. He looks back upon the Superior Fountain and has sealed the inferior, of a reduced type, with the Triple Countenance.

5. The Unity has created One, and the Trinity has distinguished it into Three, it becomes even a Quaternary, a connexion and a medium of Reduction.

6. Water at first shone forth from visible things; the Female of the Incubating Fire, and the Pregnant Mother of things having form.

7. The interior was porous and various with its coverings; whose Belly was the Revolving skies and the inseparable Stars.

8. The Separating Creator divided this into vast Regions, as the offspring was produced, the Mother disappeared.

9. The Mother indeed brought forth Shining Sons, flowing over the earth of Chai, Life.

10. These generate the Mother in the Newest forms, whose Fountain singeth in the Miraculous Grove.

11. This is the Foundation of wisdom, be thou who thou canst, thou Steward of the Mysteries, and Discloser.

12. He is the Father of the Whole Creation, and the Father is generated from the Created Son, by the living analysis of the Son.

Now thou hast the highest Mystery of the Generating Circle: He is the Son of the Son, who was the Father of the Son.

Glory be to God alone.

*Translated from the original Latin by W. Wynn Westcott, M.B.,
Quod scis nascis.*

Problems of Life

FROM "THE DIARY OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN."

By N. I. PIROGOFF.

(Translated from the Russian by H. P. B.)

I.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

EVERY cultured man in Europe and America is more or less familiar with Doctor Pirogoff's name. And our readers perhaps may remember what was said of this eminent Russian surgeon and pathologist in LUCIFER of April last—in the editorial "Kosmic Mind." Some quotations from his posthumous *Memoirs* were brought forward, to show how closely the views of a great man of science approximated to the occult teachings of Theosophy: e.g., his ideas on the universal mind, "infinite and eternal, which rules and governs the Ocean of Life," and also on that bugbear of the materialists—the existence in every organism, as also outside, in Kosmos, of a distinct Vital Force, independent of any chemical or physical process. It was likewise stated, that the posthumous publication of Doctor Pirogoff's *Diary* had raised a stir of amazement among the Russian public, and—among the Darwinists and Materialists, his ex-colleagues—quite a storm of indignation, as our eminent surgeon had hitherto been regarded as an "Agnostic," if not an out-and-out Atheist of Büchner's School.

Since then we have heard it said that a few lines quoted from a man's writings proved nothing, and that the Theosophists had no right to affirm that their views had received corroboration at the hands of such a well-known man of science. Therefore, it has been decided to make lengthy selections from the two volumes of Doctor Pirogoff's *Memoirs*, and to publish their translations in LUCIFER. Of course the complete *Diary* cannot be translated, in order to satisfy the sceptics. Nor is it needed: as it is amply sufficient, in order to prove our point, to translate only those pages which contain the writer's intimate thoughts upon the great problems of men. These, consisting of detached fragments, it is intended to publish in a short series of articles. Moreover, an autobiography in the shape of a private diary, interspersed with anecdotes about events and people belonging to a foreign country, would interest an English reader but little. All this is attractive to those only who are familiar with the names mentioned, and of whose country the author was for over a period of thirty years the pride and glory. Hence only such pages of the "Diary" as bear upon what we call theosophical and metaphysical questions, or which are of a philosophical character will be translated. The value of such pages is enhanced tenfold for us, as having been penned by a man of science, whose great learning was recognised by all Europe, and whose famous achievements in surgery have been so appreciated, that some of them have become authoritative even in England,* always so backward in recognising foreign—and especially Russian—merit.

Before proceeding with our selections, it may not be out of place, perhaps, to say a few words about the author.

N. I. Pirogoff was born in November, 1810, and died in the same month of the year 1881. Having passed the best years of his youth in the University of Dorpat, the very hotbed of German freethought during the

* E.g., the operation on the tarsus of the foot, called "the Pirogoff Operation."

years 1830-60, he was filled, as he himself confesses, with that proud spirit of all-denial, embodied by Goethe in his Mephisto. "Wherefore," he writes, in describing his state of mind in those early days, "wherefore, and to what ends need we suppose the existence of a Deity? What can it explain in cosmogenesis? Is not matter eternal, and should it not be so? Why then this useless hypothesis which explains nothing?"

Elsewhere, however, probably years after, treating on the same subject, he writes in a different strain:—"Though it was a great heathen—*der grosse Heide*—(as Goethe was called), who said that he talked of God only with God himself, yet I, a Christian, following his advice, also avoid talking of my intimate belief and convictions even with those nearest and dearest to me: the holy to the holy."

This accounts for the amazement experienced by those who knew Doctor Pirogoff most intimately, when on reading his posthumous *Diary*, they found that he had been an opponent of religion only in its forms, in its church and dogmas; but that ever since his thirty-ninth year he had found what he had craved for: namely, faith in an abstract, almost unreachable ideal, absolutely outside every form and ritualism. His writings show him to be a most profound mystic and philosopher.

Four years after his death, Doctor Pirogoff's widow and sons gave his papers to be published, and the two volumes from which the following pages are translated were printed at the end of 1887. The first volume contains in full the unfinished "Diary of an Old Physician," and ends in the middle of a sentence, interrupted by death. An epigraph on its title page explains that the late author wrote it "exclusively" for himself, "yet not without a secret hope that, perchance, others might read it too, some day." "The perusal of these posthumous papers leads one to think," adds the Russian publisher in his *Preface*, "that this last work of the author was connected in his thoughts with his early public writings, as he added to his diary, etc., a sub-title already used by him some twenty years before, in heading his philosophical essays, namely, 'The Questions (or Problems) of Life.'" But as the latter, collected in volume II, are almost all of a social and educational rather than of a metaphysical character, it is not proposed to treat of them for the present.

ON AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.*

5TH NOVEMBER, 1879.

Why are there so few autobiographies? Why such a mistrust of them? Surely every one will agree with me that there is no subject worthier of attention than acquaintance with the *inner* nature of a thinking man, even though he has done nothing to distinguish himself in social life.

There is a profound interest for us in the comparison of our own concepts with those that guide our fellow-man in his life-journey. No one denies this; yet it is an old habit with us to learn all we can about others, through others. More is believed of what is said of a man by another man, than of what his own actions suggest. This is juridically true; and there are no other means of finding out a juridical, *i.e.*, an outward fact. Even the modern physician is guided in his diagnosis by objective symptoms, that which he himself sees, hears, and senses, rather than by what his patient tells him.

* The headings are added by the translator to separate the philosophical subjects herein treated.

Besides mistrust, there are, I think, other reasons for the scarcity of autobiographies. There are too few people ready to write them. Some have no time, while alive; others find little interest in, and would rather not look back and recollect, their past; others again—and these are among the most thoughtful—believe that having published other works, there is no need to write about themselves; there are also those who have really nothing to say of themselves, as there are others who will do it for them. Finally, many are deterred from writing their lives through fear and all kinds of other reasons. Very naturally, in our day of scepticism, confidence in open confession has decreased still more than in the times of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is with a smile of distrust that we read now his bold statement (which I so much admired, once upon a time):—“*Que la trompette du jugement dernier sonne quand elle voudra, je viendrai, ce livre à la main, devant le Souverain Juge, et je dirai: voilà ce que je fais, ce que je fus, ce que je pensais.*” But a modern autobiography need not be a confession before the Sovereign Judge; nor has the Omniscient any need of our confession; yet no more ought a modern autobiography to be a kind of juridical act, written in accusation or in defence of self, before the social tribunal. It is not external truth alone, but the unveiling of all the *inner* truth before one's own self, and with no object of self-condemnation or self-justification, such must be the aim of the autobiography of every thinking man. It is not the reader he has to acquaint with his personage, but first of all to make his own consciousness familiar with himself. And this means that the autobiographer has to make plain, through the analysis of his own actions, their motives and objects, the latter being but too often profoundly hidden in the innermost recesses of his soul, and, therefore, incomprehensible even to himself, let alone to all others.

But now, a query: is the autobiographer able to speak the truth about his, and to him, past motives? Can he appreciate at its true value that which once guided his actions? Can he feel certain that his concepts were such as he describes them, and not of another kind, at that given moment of his existence?

I believe that these questions must be solved variously in accordance with the faculties, character, and individuality of each writer. For one sure of himself without any vanity, there must exist also a firm conviction that it was just such a view and no other, that guided him when he perpetrated this or that action. And if I feel sure that he speaks the truth, concealing nothing, what more, then, can I expect? Should, then, a man who would learn the motives of my actions, and my ideas at the time when I did them, believe others and himself more than he should myself? He, or anyone else, can judge of the inner mechanism which propelled my actions, only by those same actions, or the evidence of other persons; and any opinions formed, by our deeds and second-hand testimony concerning the hidden, inner mechanism of the former, demand a certain conformity and must

admit of no contradictions; though indeed we all know by experience that very often our deeds contradict our own conceptions, beliefs and convictions. Very frequently too, our grandest deeds are called forth by the weakest motives, and inversely; therefore in our case even conformity of testimony cannot be always a guarantee for the real inner truth.

How can that critical analysis of our own acts and motives, so difficult even for ourselves, be said to be more accessible to others, who are entirely unfamiliar with our inner mental life?

Very true, it does happen sometimes, that a stranger, a heart-reader, may guess better and more correctly than we can ourselves *why* we have acted so and not otherwise at some given moment of our life. It is true again that none of us is a judge of himself; but to discover the motive of our actions, a motive unknown to ourselves, can be done only in two cases: firstly, when we dissemble and remain secretive before our own "I"; and secondly, when we have done something in a moment of forgetfulness or of irresistible impulse, and without having ascertained, beforehand, that which was taking place within us, at the time, and without one single introspective glance. And supposing the principle that no one can be his own judge be true, still it is so only so far as external truth is concerned—juridical truth; a magistrate or an attorney-general, can of course expose a hypocrite or a liar more easily than the latter would do so himself. But with regard to the inner truth, when we are neither hypocrites nor liars, there can be no better or more competent judges than we ourselves. Thus the whole question depends on that issue: who is the writer, who lays open before us his inner, soul-life; and an opinion on this, to say the least, is as difficult to form, as the opinion of a stranger, who undertakes the duty of laying open, before the world, the inner life of some public character. Even if the latter has been, at times, confessedly to all, a hypocrite and a liar, this does not at all prove that he has ever been such. There are cases in our lives so fertile in contradictions, that it is precisely a liar and a hypocrite who, at certain moments of his life becomes more capable of speaking the truth about himself than any other people who had known him only externally, as he appeared. There is no more contradiction in this, than there is in the fact, that a base man is sometimes capable of the noblest deed, and that the most honest of men commits at times the basest of actions.

For whom, and why do I write all this? Upon my conscience—at this moment only for myself alone, out of some unaccountable inner necessity, though without the least desire of keeping secret from others that which I write. Though I have the idea of writing about myself for myself, and have determined not to publish this during my life, yet I have nothing against other people reading these *memoirs* when I am no more. And this—with my hand on my heart—not because, while I am still living, I dread criticism, or being laughed at, or not read at all. No! though I have no small share of vanity, and do not remain insensible to

the world's praise, yet my *amour propre* is more of an inner than of an outer kind.

Moreover, I am an egotistical self-devourer*; and therefore, dread myself, lest the description of my inner state, read in the hearing of all, should be mistaken by me for vanity, for a desire to pose for originality, and that all this should in its turn damage that inner truth I would fain preserve in its greatest purity in these memoirs. As a self-devourer, however, I know that it is impossible to be absolutely sincere with oneself, even when living within, and with, that Self, on absolutely open-hearted terms. Occasionally and without any apparent cause for it, one is beset by thoughts so base and foul, that, at their bare appearance, as they emerge from the secret chambers of one's soul, one feels burning with shame, and almost persuaded at times that these thoughts are not one's own, but are suggested by someone else—by that basest of beings that lives in each of us.† It is, as the Apostle Paul said long ago, one does not want to do evil, but does it unwittingly. A grand truth, this! And it is our thoughts, our mental states that bring it out most prominently. One does not want to think foully, and yet one does it—and woe to him who does not guard himself from it in the very beginning, who fails to perceive and catch himself in so doing and thus stop in time.

Thus, as so many others, I cannot, however strongly I may desire it, either in the past or in the present, turn my inner life inside out before me. With regard to the Past, I am of course unable to guarantee before myself that my concept of things was at a certain moment of my life, just as it seems to me now. And, in connection with the present, I cannot swear that I have succeeded in catching the chief feature, the real *essence* of my present concepts. This is a difficult affair. One has to trace the red thread through all the entangled bundle of doubts and contradictions, which arise every time when one seeks to make the guiding thread more clear.

And here I am, wishing to examine for myself and through myself, my life; to make up the sum of my aspirations and world concepts (in the plural, as I had several such) and to analyze the motives of my past actions. But stop! Stop at the start! Do not I dissemble with myself? Do I really wish to write but for myself? Even if I have decided to leave that which I have written of myself, unpublished during my lifetime, do I not, nevertheless, desire that it should be read some day by certain persons, say, for instance, by my children and a few friends. My wife will be sure to read this. And if I have no such desire, I still create thereby a cause for posing, for concealing this and the other, and for colouring facts before those nearest to me. This is the first thought that enters a self-absorbed cannibal's head.

* In the sense of self-absorption or self-engrossment.

† The thoughts of the *lower self* or "personality," a being distinct from us, truly; the indweller of the man of flesh and but too often the sorry shadow of the *true* and higher Self and Ego! [*Trans.*]

It is but right it should be so. As long as this is kept in view, there is hope for an efficient counteraction. Self-devouring, alone, would never allow me to lose sight of myself during this work with myself; and if I watch, I shall notice and catch myself tripping, and so will stop and allow no opportunity for any dissembling or secretiveness. However, I know beforehand that I do not wish to be cynically sincere, even with myself. Cleanliness is not only for show. It is better to lay aside, without touching them and subjecting them to analysis, our cynical actions in life—better, for one's own sake; otherwise, one might find oneself in the sewers of the soul, and by unclosing them, contaminate even that which it is most desirable to leave immaculate, and as pure as it is in reality. All of us have quite enough mud at the bottom of our souls; and if by descending to that bottom we once stir it up, it will become well-nigh impossible even for ourselves to distinguish the clean from the unclean. But, if it was such cynicism and soul-filth that was the motive of any action, that had influenced all our after-life, then we have no choice, and we are forced to descend even into these very sewers.

But, am I able to write about myself—for myself?

One query more—what are the conditions for this?

The chief condition is, a full sincerity with oneself.

One thing only can I say, and it is, that I have never been secretive with myself; for there are people who are less sincere with themselves than they are with others. I do not belong to the latter category, though it did happen, that I confessed certain things to myself, only after having been frank about them with others. It is when talking openly to others about things done, that one begins to better realize that which takes place within myself; and it is often possible to learn it well, only when discussing oneself with another person. And it so happens that one feels ashamed to confess to oneself that which weighs on the soul, and one avoids it, until, as if by chance (though not all by "chance," either), as in some fit of cynical sincerity, one blurts out to another person that, which one had hitherto so carefully concealed even from oneself.

The Diary then, which I am now writing, is destined, in every case of insincerity with myself, to occupy the place of such a spontaneous confession, or a conversation with a second person; the paper replaces the latter: a writing, even one's own, feels more objective than a mental dialogue with oneself. We become bolder before ourselves, when we write, and the process, moreover, keeps thoughts in order, preventing them from wandering and scattering on every side. While writing, the main thought becomes like unto a thread, and it spins out easier from the brain, than it does during our mental reflections alone.

Hence in this Diary, I hope to be as sincere, yea, and far sincerer even, with myself, than in my most hearty effusions, even with those nearest and dearest to me.

(To be continued.)

From "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam."

(The Astronomer-Poet of Persia — 11th Century.)

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate
And many a knot unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

There was the Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs reveal'd
And hidden by the slave of Night and Morn.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

• • • • •
'Tis but a Tent (the Body) where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death address;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more ;
The Eternal Sáki from the Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

A Moment's Halt— a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo ! the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste !

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend !
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True
And upon what, prithee, does life depend ?

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True ;
Yes ; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too ;

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains ;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi ; and
They change and perish all—but He remains ;

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold
Numerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

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I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell :
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, " I myself am Heav'n and Hell " :

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show ;

But helpless Pieces of the Game he plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days ;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes or Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes ;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows !

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
 Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
 Lift not your hands for *It* for help—for *It*
 As impotently moves as you or I.

With Earth's first clay They did the Last Man knead,
 And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
 And the first Morning of Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
 One Flash of *It* within the tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright.

(From Fitzgerald's Translation.)



All things created
 Came out of chaos,
 Before heaven and earth were
 Naught but deep silence
 Reign'd o'er a void
 Of endless immensity—
 Dead, for no breath
 Of life had yet breathed there,
 Then He, the infinite,
 Perfect, Immutable,
 Moved through this nothingness,—
 He, the Creator,
 The Mother of all things,
 I, in my ignorance,
 Knowing no name for him,

Speak of him only
 As "Taou"—Perfect Reason;
 Thus in one word
 Including his attributes:
 He, the all-Powerful,
 He, the all-Knowing,
 The all-Pervading
 Ever Existent.
 Infinite, Boundless,
 Near—yet, so far off.
 Man's laws are earthly,
 Nature's are Heaven-born;
 Yet one and both come
 Alike from Great Taou,
 The law to himself—

The centre of all law.

CONFUCIUS (*Alexander's Trans.*)

TRUST thyself! Every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine Providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the same spirit the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution; but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty effort, let us advance and advance on chaos and the dark!

EMERSON.

"If you would escape vexation, reprove yourself liberally and others sparingly."

CONFUCIUS.

Reviews.

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CONFUCIUS, THE GREAT TEACHER.*

UNDER this heading, we have in a little over three hundred pages, the result of researches commenced more than forty years ago. A very difficult, and to most readers, "dry" subject has been handled in such a way, as to make the book exceedingly interesting from beginning to end. The short glimpses we are allowed of Chinese poetry, make us feel that the author has translated very skilfully, and created a wish for more.

To the student of other systems of religion, it becomes evident that, either the old teaching which Confucius revived was common to all, or, that these different systems continually modified each other; the former of these suppositions is probably the most held. The birth signs, amongst which "*celestial strains*" must not be omitted, are suggestive, taking into consideration those relating to the birth of Christ, and Buddha. An interesting question, as to certain animals being extinct or fabulous, is raised by the author, which will have especial attraction for students of "*The Secret Doctrine*." The account of Confucius learning *Music* also will not be without suggestion. ". . . the value of music had, however, no claim to originality. It belonged to a tradition almost as ancient as the empire; for so far back as the days of the Emperor Shun, even birds and beasts were said to have been brought into subjection through its influence." And again Confucius says: "It is impossible for a vicious man to be a good musician."

That Confucius had an esoteric doctrine which he taught only to the well-tested of his disciples is highly probable; speaking of the Yih-King, General Alexander says, ". . ." "it is still regarded by the Chinese literati as the arcanum of all Knowledge; and some of them even assert that, to the initiated, there is no modern scientific invention which is not to be found in it."

The book is well worth reading, and will serve as a useful introduction to deeper study, for some, and convey suggestive hints to others. "S."

FRANCIS BACON *versus* PHANTOM CAPTAIN SHAKESPEARE.†

THE object of this work is, according to the preface, to re-inforce the evidence in favour of Mr. Donnelly's Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Our author begins by constructing from Bacon's works what might be called a Baconian mind; and shows how it finds its faithful reflection in Shakespeare's plays. He then institutes parallels between Rosicrucian literature and Lord Bacon's writings, so as to illustrate how the poetic language and bright imaginings of the playwright are but the garment of Rosicrucian thought. In the last chapter Bacon, as a Rosicrucian, looms upon us from the distant past as a true mystic who in his Atlantis had intuitions of other races and times which in our day have been put into clearer language in the *Secret Doctrine*; while

* By Major-General G. G. ALEXANDER, C.B.
Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Limited.

† By W. F. G. Wigstone.

throughout the book the profound meaning which naturally fell to the words and phrases of Shakespeare's plays when traced back to an origin in the ideas of Fludd, Bacon, and Thomas Vaughan, are of great interest. Indeed these meanings, wound from the rhythm of Shakespearean verse into the solid wisdom of Baconian lore, should prove equally interesting to the lover of and believer in the bard we knew before Donnelly and Wigstone came to disturb our faith, as to those that see in him only a "Phantom Captain Shakespeare." How far our author has succeeded in disproving the existence of the Poet in favour of that of the Philosopher the public will be able to judge.

THE AGNOSTIC ANNUAL.*

MR. Charles A. Watts presents us with a readable 72 pages in the new Annual, not however that we agree with the Agnostic position in any degree or recognise such a profanation of the term Gnostic as contained in the sentence "the orthodox Gnostic or Christian theist." Every shade of Agnosticism is represented and definitions of the term given, varying from the Huxleian dictum "Agnosticism says that we know nothing of what may be beyond phenomena," to the advanced philosophy of Saladin, who writes: "I recognise no Agnosticism that is in doubt as to 'whether there is a God or not,' and 'whether the soul is immortal or not.' The basis of the Agnostic philosophy is psychic Monism; its process is unitary devolution, the converging of all, the unification of all, with the *Pan-theos*." To notice especially one or two of the papers; Mr. Samuel Laing's "An Agnostic View of the Bible" is built entirely on a false basis as regards the central position, though his criticisms as far as they go are useful and a thorn in the orthodox flesh. The paper by R. Bithell, B. Sc., Ph. D., is interesting as giving the "Fundamental Theses of Agnosticism." They are said to be:—

I. The foundation of all certainty is a FEELING OR SENSATION.

II. When our attention is directed to our feelings, it gives rise to CONSCIOUSNESS; and any feeling or sensation on which our attention is steadily fixed is a FACT OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

III. The facts of consciousness, when accumulated and stored by the memory, constitute KNOWLEDGE.

IV. All KNOWLEDGE IS RELATIVE: it is the perception of the relations between our personal consciousness and the universe.

V. BELIEF is the trust we place in our judgment on matters concerning which our knowledge is incomplete.

VI. FAITH is the name we apply to those beliefs that are so strong as to enlist the co-operation of the will.

The second thesis of this five-sense philosophy is especially remarkable: when, however, we are conscious of being conscious, things seem rather mixed. The author of "Agnosticism and the Church of England" discredits his judgment and information by the jumbled and false statement, "those dark sisters, humanity-negating Theosophy and Spiritualism"; this is hardly "Agnosticism" in one sense, though perfectly so in another. The rest of the Annual among other things contains a review of *Lux Mundi* and two papers entitled *Is Agnosticism Sound*, in the second of which Saladin telescopes the views of Dr. Carus as set forth in the first.

A PHENOMENAL IDENTITY.*

This novel may be briefly characterised as a school-girl's day-dream of theosophy. It is doubtless not meant for serious criticism, but only for romantic young people of a mystical tendency. The stern actuality of the matter gives place to an imagined creed dished up with all that is beautiful, learned and wealthy. The rings formed by the stone thrown into the world-pond fifteen years ago, are indeed widening out and getting towards the shallows!

THE RIG-VEDA-SAMHITA.



MOST important work has just issued from the press by our learned brother Tookaram Tatya, the managing director and moving spirit of the Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund. It is no less an undertaking than a new edition of the "Rig-Veda-Samhita" with the well-known Bhashya or Commentary of Sayanacharya. The undertaking has been one of very great difficulty but has happily been brought to a successful issue. It offers the following advantages which make it by far the best edition that has yet appeared.

(a) It has been divided into eight volumes, each comprising an Ashtaka, so that the size of each is handy; it has been printed on superior paper with type specially cast for it; and withal, the price has been fixed at the very low figure of Rs. 50 (about £3 15s.) per copy, *i.e.*, only Rs. 6½ per volume, exclusive of postage.

(b) The Samhita and Pada texts of the Veda as well as the text of the Bhashya have been carefully collated with manuscripts obtained from the Pandits of Benares, Poona, and Ratnagiri, and also from the Libraries of the Bombay Branch Royal Asiatic Society, and the Deccan College, Poona.

(c) Copious notes have been given to illustrate the meaning of the Bhashya, from the Aitereya and Taiteriyā Brahmanas, Nirukta, Mimansa, and other works, as also to point out the *varia lectiones*.

(d) To the main work are added Sutras of Panini, Unadi, and Phit Sutras, Brihadrigvidhana and the Pisishishtha, which are essential for a clear comprehension in many places and are, therefore, appended for convenience and reference.

The work is indeed a marvel of cheapness and both on this account and for its other advantages of text and reliable native scholarship, should rapidly find its way into the shelves of all Sanskrit scholars and public libraries. When it is remembered that the original price of Professor Max Müller's edition was £12 and that it now fetches nearly twice as much, it will easily be seen what a boon Mr. Tookaram Tatya has conferred on lovers of Sanskrit learning.

The Rig-Veda is probably the oldest known scripture in the world, and the fountain head of all Sanskrit literature and Aryan religions. "It places before us a picture of the ideas, religious and moral, the feelings and customs, of the early Aryan seers, thinkers and philosophers of India, . . . and fills a vacuum in the history of the world which no other work does." We have, therefore, as lovers of all that is great in Aryavarta, very great pleasure in announcing this generous undertaking on which a large sum of money has been expended by our patriotic and theosophical brother, to our readers, and in solicitating them to *make the fact widely known among their learned friends*; and, as theosophists, in adding that "the profits realized from the sale of this work will, as in the case of similar other series, be devoted to the Bombay Theosophical Society's Fund for the publication of original Sanskrit texts and their translations, together with those of other popular Marathi and Hindi works of eminent Sadhus."

Orders may be addressed to Mr. Tookaram Tatya, Managing Director, The Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund, Bombay.

* By Chancie de Witt: The Minerva Pub. Co., New York.

Theosophical Activities.

INDIA.

Surat.—"On the 16th October a girls' school was opened in Surat, under the management of the Sanatan Dharma Sabha Local Branch of the T.S. There were 51 girls present, and the number of pupils is expected to shortly reach 100, for the movement is much appreciated in the high caste quarter of the city, where the school is situated." Our truly theosophical and philanthropic members of the Surat Branch also conduct a boys' school, now numbering 140 pupils; and in other respects, as described by Bertram Keightley in his last month's "Jottings in India," are doing really good work. "Besides the course of subjects, as laid down by Government for primary schools, there is daily imparted to the boys, for one hour, a system of moral instruction based on the precepts and ethics of Sanatan Dharma. The girls' school just opened is to be conducted on the same plan, everything sectarian or dogmatic being carefully excluded from the teachings."

We cordially endorse the words of the correspondent to the *Theosophist*, Brother C. L. Peacocke, of the Vth Bomb. Lt. Inf., who writes: "I think that many dormant and wealthier branches might take example from these their poorer brethren in Surat, and try to make their membership in the T.S. more than a name."

Nagpur.—"The Central Provinces and Berar News and Railway Gazette devotes over two-and-a-half columns to a report of the fifth annual meeting of the Nagpur Branch of the Theosophical Society. The report is very encouraging, and the branch evidently means work. The feature of the meeting was the address of Dr. Jehangir Khurshedjee Daji, General Secretary of the Bombay Section. The learned and amiable doctor spoke in his usual felicitous way, and laid great stress on the realisation of the Society's 'First Object'—universal brotherhood." Mr. T. Herbert Wright, F.T.S., spoke enthusiastically of the work in America and England, and urged native gentlemen not to be outdone by the West in activity, and presented the Branch Library with a handsome gift of books, to the value of Rs. 157. "Mr. C. V. Nayadu, too, late Vice-President of the Cambridge Branch, spoke in much the same strain. Perhaps the most interesting speech of the evening was by a Mahomedan, as it illustrated what Brother Daji had said in his address, that all religions are at one in their bases. The report says:

"Moulvie Abdul Nubhee, an aged pensioned Mahomedan gentleman and a staunch advocate of the doctrine of the 'Sufis,' who had specially come down from Kamptee to attend the Anniversary, on being introduced by the Chairman, addressed the audience in Hindustani, and said that every man must work out his own salvation, *i.e.*, Mukti which could only be attained by a thorough realisation of the higher states of consciousness connected with the three Shariras (bodies) known as the 'Sthula,' 'Sukshma,' and 'Karana.'"

Bellary.—"Mr. J. P. Bhaskura Rajoo, Secretary of the Cowl Bazaar Progressive Union, of Bellary, writes to say that Brother R. Jagannathia, the founder of the Bellary Sanmarga Samaj, has been lecturing on Theosophy, for two consecutive Sundays, to very interested and appreciative audiences, at the Union Hall in Bellary." We are exceedingly glad to notice this useful work. Native pundits and lecturers are, we believe, far more capable of carrying on our Indian programme than any but very exceptional Westerns. Such men as our President-Founder who really love India, are rare. Ceylon has learnt to help itself, why should not India learn to do as much?*

* The quoted information is from the *Theosophist*.

Bertram Keightley's Tour.—Bertram Keightley joined the President-Founder, on the latter's return from his Ceylon visit, at Tinnevely and accompanied him to Ambasamudram, where they met with a most enthusiastic welcome from the member of the Branch, who had festooned the Albert Victor Hall with floral decorations in honour of the visitors. Both on their arrival gave lectures in the open air, which were translated into Tamil, sentence by sentence. This Branch is very active and its members meet every day in the reading-room, which is furnished with an excellent Theosophical and general library. The following evening the President delivered an admirable address to a large audience and was followed again by Bertram Keightley. On their return to Tinnevely both again lectured, the "Hindu College being literally crammed"; the Colonel's lecture was especially good and was much appreciated. At Madura the same programme was repeated to a crowded audience, and an earnest appeal was made for the revival of Hindu literature and learning. So successful was the earnest enthusiasm of the President-Founder that, on the proposal of the Zemindar, who was in the chair, a subscription list was opened for the Adyar Library, and generously supported. The Colonel thence returned to Adyar, and Bertram Keightley went on to Kumbakonam where he met with an enthusiastic reception by the members of the Branch, whose name is so well known for their translations of the Upanishads and Purānas in the *Theosophist*. The next morning at 7.15 a.m., he lectured to a good audience, and again in the evening at 8.30 to a much larger one, both lectures being delivered in the Town Hall.

CEYLON.

The Opening of the Buddhist Girls' School.

The Buddhists of Ceylon have taken a new departure. Hitherto their energy had been directed towards the welfare of the boys, for whom no less than forty schools had been opened within recent years under the auspices of the Theosophical Society. But it had been long ago pointed out by Col. Olcott that the Sinhalese girls should have a school of their own, where they might be brought up in harmony with their religious and national instincts. This idea was zealously worked up by a devoted Buddhist lady, Mrs. Weerakoon, and a band of her countrywomen, who with praiseworthy activity organised the Women's Educational Society, now numbering over 1,800 members. Within one year this Society opened four girls' schools, the Blavatsky School at Wellevatte with above 100 children in daily attendance, and the Girls' Schools at Kandy, Gampola, and Panedura.

The Society has been active in a quiet, unobtrusive way without any aid or encouragement from Government, so that but few know anything of the good work being done.

The opening of the school at Tichbourne Hall was celebrated with great *éclat*. The spacious grounds were tastefully decorated with evergreens, ferns, and festoons. A square pandal was run up at the entrance with the motto "From daughter to wife, from wife to mother." Inside, bouquets of flowers and garlands adorned the walls.

Over four hundred Sinhalese ladies had their seats in the Hall, mostly members of the Women's Educational Society, and the grounds were crowded with Buddhists from Colombo and the neighbouring towns. Altogether there were over a thousand present. Among others we noticed Colonel H. S. Olcott, P.T.S.; Hon. P. Ramanathan, C.M.G.; and Miss Ramanathan; Dr. J. Bowles Daly, LL.D.; the Venerable H. Sumangala, Head Abbot; and the Reverend Heyantudure, Vice-President of the Vidyodaya College; Mudaliyar's L.C. Wijeshina, Tudor Rajapakse, and Siriwardena; Pandit Batuvantudave; A. E. Buultjens; Mr. and Mrs.

Simon Fernando; Mr. and Mrs. U. D. S. Gunaskera; Mr. and Mrs. De Abrew; Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Tillekeratne; Mrs. Livera; Mrs. Weerakoon; Messrs. Wijeyesekera, Gunawardene, Dhammapala; the Editor of the *Buddha Bandu*, etc., etc., etc.

The proceedings began by Pansil being given by the Head Abbot, D. Sumangala. The Venerable monk then spoke in the highest terms of the work of the W.E.S., and wished it every success.

Mrs. Weerakoon, the President of the W.E.S., then addressed the meeting, and gave a sketchy history of the Female Education Movement among the Buddhists. She thanked Mrs. Rajapakse, Lama Etena, Patron of the Society, for her generous support, and Colonel Olcott and Mrs. Susan A. English, of America, for their sympathy and services. Miss M. E. D. Silva, the Assistant Secretary, next read a report of the work done, giving statistics of Branches, Schools, etc.

The Chairman read letters from his Excellency the Governor, and from the Director of Public Instruction, expressing regret at being unable to be present, and sympathising with the Educational Movement.

Hon. P. Ramanathan, in his speech, expressed his profound admiration of the good work being carried on by his countrywomen for elevating their sisters. They were doing their work without any help from Government. The women of England and America would be proud to hear of their noble undertaking. He concluded by expressing his strong regard and friendship for Colonel Olcott, who had been labouring in Ceylon during the past ten years, and had endeared himself to all. The hon. gentleman sat down amidst applause.

Dr. Daly next addressed the meeting and dwelt on the benefits of female education. He was followed by Mudaliyar, L. C. Wijesinha, Pandit Batuvantudave, the Editor of the *Buddha Bandu*, and Mr. A. E. Buultjens.

The School was then declared open, and it was designated the "Sanghamitta" School in honour of Princess Sanghamitta, one of the heroines of Buddhism, who introduced that religion to Ceylon. The proceedings terminated by the chanting of the Jayamangala Gatha.

Wekada School.—On the 21st inst. Colonel Olcott visited the School and delivered an address to an audience of about five hundred Buddhists. After the speech a sum of Rs. 1,500 was raised towards the School Fund.

Nugegoda School.—The Buddhists of this village have at last awakened to a sense of their duty, and taken their children from the hands of the missionaries. A school-room has been put up, and on the opening day, Colonel H. S. Olcott, Dr. Daly, A. S. Buultjens, and a party of the Theosophists went over there at the invitation of the School Committee, and the Colonel opened the School. The collection towards the School Fund realised on the spot was Rs. 350. We wish the School all success.

Ratnapura School.—The Ratamahatmeyas of this District are evidently not friends of education, if we may judge from their lack of interest in their own school. The energetic Secretary of Ratnapura T.S. deserves credit for the pains he is taking about the School. There are eighty-two boys at present.

Kandy Buddhist Mission.—Missionary Lecturers are sent out from time to time from the Kandy Branch of the Theosophical Society to preach from village to village. G. Dharmapala of the Kandy Mission is now on tour and has been lecturing at about thirty different places in Kurunegala, Polgahawella, Balapitaja, Galle, Matara, Dickwella and Tangalla. He will continue his tour in the Ratnapura District. Our Buddhist brothers should do all in their power to help the work of the Branch by receiving the delegates, and making arrangements for bringing together a good audience.—*The Buddhist.*

EUROPEAN SECTION.

ENGLAND.

The Thursday evening meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge are markedly successful at the present time, and the discussions on Theosophical teachings are attracting audiences of a most thoughtful character. As our readers know the first of this series of discussions was opened on October 9th by the President of the Lodge, who dealt with the subject generally, showing the general nature of the evidence for Theosophy, and the proofs offered and demanded. Dr. Keightley followed on the succeeding evening with a review of the evidences from history, religions, and experiment, thus completing the introductory sketch of "Theosophy and its Evidences." An admirable paper from G.R.S. Mead began the definite exposition, and dealt with the Unity of the Universe: his was the difficult task of helping the commencing student to obtain some idea of what is hinted at in the term "Absolute," and to reach some conceptions, however hazy, of the primal manifestations of the Eternal Life. Then came Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, still in the realm of metaphysics, but dealing with conceptions not quite so abstract, telling in wonderfully clear fashion of the Logoi and the Seven, as of Fohat, a concept that gave rise to much bewilderment. On the 6th November, Mr. Kingsland opened the section, "The Septenary in Nature," with the logical coherence which always makes him pleasant to listen to; this portion of the subject was concluded on the following Thursday by Mrs. Cleather, in a paper which won general praise for its lucidity and admirable arrangement of materials. "The Solar System and the Planetary Chains" occupied the evenings of Nov. 20 and 27th, W. R. Old, as the best astronomer in the Lodge, being told off to explain the Solar System. The complicated subject of the Planetary Chains gave Mr. Mead an opportunity of reading one of the best papers of the course, and the discussion was kept up far more vigorously than is usual. The 4th and 11th of December were devoted to the study of "Rounds on a Planetary Chain," the opening of the discussions falling to the lot of Mrs. Besant.

The Lodge has commenced a series of conversaciones, to be holden on the first Tuesday of every month, to which all members and associates are cordially invited. It is hoped thus to give opportunities to members of making friends with each other, and so promoting that spirit of fellowship which should be characteristic of true Theosophy.

The Working Women's Club at Bow is proving a great success. It has now over 150 names on its books, and it is a pleasant sight to see the girls in the evening, reading, playing games, singing, quite happy as at home, safe from the dangers of the streets. Mrs. Lloyd, the matron, has her hands more than full, as she not only has to superintend everything, but is constantly in request to play accompaniments to songs. The cheap meals are a great comfort to women whose wages are so low as are those of our East End sisters, and the midday meal of meat and two vegetables for 3d. is well attended. Those whose means will not stretch to so luxurious a repast can have a pint of soup and a thick slice of bread for 1d.—a dinner by no means unsatisfactory on a sharp frosty day. The large dining hall generally sees about 150 visitors a day, between breakfast, dinner and tea.

Theosophists would do useful service by sending short articles, suitable for insertion in newspapers, on Theosophical topics, to the Baroness de Pallandt, 36, Bryanston Street, Hyde Park, W.

THEOSOPIHY AND THE PRESS.

The issue of *Light* of November 1st contains several items of Theosophic interest, including reviews of the October numbers of *Lucifer* and *The Theosophist*. In the *Globe* of the same date is a letter from the

General Secretary of the British Section, pointing out the distinctions between Theosophy and the Hatha Yoga system practiced by a certain Psycho-Religious Society. The *Weekly Review* gives a column to a notice of the October number of *Lucifer*, and an epitome of the chief articles therein. The columns of the *Women's Penny Paper* of 1st November and succeeding dates contain discussions on Women and Theosophy, arising from an article in the October number of *Lucifer*, "The future of Woman." The *Star* (which is generally posted up in Theosophical news) contains a short account of the recent Reception at Headquarters, as do also the *Western Mercury* and *Society* of 6th and 15th November respectively. The *Woman's Tribune* (America) of November 8th has an article by Miss Mills, F.T.S. who also contributes to the *Society Times* of the same date a short paper entitled "Thought, the Performer." The November issues of this last named paper are rich in Theosophic matter and include articles on "The Power of Right Action," "The Romantic Love," "The Basic Hypothesis of Theosophy," &c. The *Agnostic Journal* of November 8th and succeeding issues contain a series of articles by Jastrzebski, a well-known contributor to those columns, entitled "Theosophy on the Defensive," which will doubtless be read with much interest by enquirers. Recent issues of the daily evening paper, *The Echo*, contain some correspondence arising from Sir L. Griffin's remarks on Theosophy, &c. *The Western Morning News* and the *Manchester Guardian* of November 12th, the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 13th, and the *Court Journal* of November 15th, contain paragraphs on matters Theosophical, the first named a notice of *Lucifer*, the three latter an announcement of the "Vahan." In the *Commonwealth* of November 13th is the continuation of a discussion on Theosophical Tenets in general. An amusing account of the Blavatsky Lodge discussion, "The Septenary in Nature," is inserted in the *Star* of November 14th, followed by a short letter of explanation and rectification from Mrs. Cleather, the opener of the discussion. A periodical, *The Tablet*, has a paragraph on Dr. Bowles Daly, F.T.S., and his work among the Buddhists of Ceylon. *Judy*, the well-known comic paper, has a short poem "To those about to age" dealing with the "Yoghi Shastra," the rhythm where of is weak and the wit much differentiated. The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of November 22nd, under the heading "Notes and Queries" has two contributions on dreams, one from "F.B.O.," based on an article on the subject in a recent number of *Lucifer*. The *Weekly Review* of November 29th, notices the last issue of "Theosophical Siftings."

 SWEDEN.

The Society has now decided to publish a Theosophical Monthly, whose first number will appear next month, containing translations from English, and several original articles. The price is 3Kr. a year. We hope that this monthly, treating as it will of various matters of interest, will do a good deal for the spread of Theosophy in our country. Three thousand copies of the first number will be distributed gratis. Our last meetings have been very interesting, and the long discussion on "free will" is now closed, several members contributing to it with papers. A translation of Mr. Alexander Fullerton's article, "The Mission of Theosophy" (from *The Path*) was read by a member. The first Branch of our Swedish society has now been established in Gothenburg. The officers are as follows: *President*: Mr. Torsten Hedlund. *Vice-President*: Miss E. Westerlund. *Secretary*: Mrs. Helen Sjöstedt. *Treasurer*: Mrs. Linda Larsson. All these persons are already members of the Stockholm Lodge, and we hope that their earnest work for Theosophy will bear good fruit. Thanks to a donation of English books from Countess Wachtmeister, they are able at once to begin with a Lending Library.

Our ordinary drawing room receptions, given by two members, have begun, and are always very well attended. A.C.

AMERICA.

Cincinnati T.S. promises a very active future, under the presidency of our excellent brother Dr. J. D. Buck. Notices of a new head-quarters, and a long list of lectures and other signs of active propaganda take up a page of the *Path*.

Light T.S., Fort Wayne, Ind., has secured a large and central room for Branch work and head-quarters.

The Brooklyn T.S. is not content with one evening a week for Lodge Meetings, but has added another for closer study of Theosophy. This is an excellent example; co-operative study and intercourse between members are the corner stones of the solidarity of the T.S.

The Chicago T.S. has opened its autumn meetings in a new Hall.

The Los Angeles T.S. have a set of commodious new rooms.

In the 19 days from November 3rd to November 22nd, the General Secretary issued 4 Charters to new Branches and received applications for 2 others. The former are the "East Los Angeles T.S.," East Los Angeles, Calif; the "Die Deutsche Theosophische Gesellschaft," the first German Branch in the United States and located at Philadelphia, Pa.; the "Siddartha T. S.," Vicksburg, Miss.; and the "Vishnu T. S.," Pittsburg, Pa. The latter are the "Keshava T. S., Boulder, Colo.," and the "Willamette T. S.," Portland, Oregon. The "Vishnu" is the 47th Branch on the American roll.

The Count Wachtmeister has visited San Diego, Calif., and delivered an address to a meeting in the Unitarian Church. About 300 were present, the largest audience ever assembled in San Diego for Theosophical purposes. At a reception given to the Count, he charmed the guests with his musical skill, and accounts are coming East of it and of him.

The Theosophical Headquarters and Library of the Pacific Coast have been forced by growth to seek larger rooms, and are now at 103, Park Avenue, San Francisco. The next course of public lectures on Theosophy has been announced, 9 in number, and including very varied topics.

In November *Path* the General Secretary invited Theosophists to send a Christmas gift to Adyar. In less than two weeks he received \$200, one cheque being for \$150, and the sum was forwarded to Col. Olcott on the 11th. In the past three months the General Secretary has sent to Adyar \$867 and the total remittances there during the past two years, including fees and dues, have been \$3372!

The very great need for a cheaper edition of *Esoteric Buddhism* has at last been met by its issuance in the "Occult Series" of the John W. Lovell Publishing Co. The former edition is \$1.25; the latter is \$1.00 in cloth and 50 cents in paper.

" Study, without reflection, is waste of time ;
Reflection, without study, is dangerous."

" The wise have no doubts,
The virtuous no sorrows,
The brave no fears."

CONFUCIUS.

Going To, and Fro.

IN a leader of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of November 25th, headed:

ARE WE CRUEL AS A NATION?

SOME THOUGHTS BY THE WAY ON THE REAR-GUARD ATROCITIES.

the writer, treating of the late African exploration scandals, says:

"Though the African stories are the heaviest blow dealt against the reputation of the Anglo-Saxon race for humanity since the publishing of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' there is, or appears to be, this difference between the floggings and kidnapping on the Congo and the cow-hiding and kidnapping in Tennessee—that whereas the inbred cruelty of the Southern planters was the result of a savage system, the atrocities of the rear-column were isolated, single, sporadic outrages, confined to a single camp."

He then proceeds to ask the ominous question: But is this really the case? And relates a ghastly anecdote of which a young Englishman is the "hero," taken from the second volume of the journal of the brothers Jules and Edmond de Goncourt, and concludes as follows:

"By itself the anecdote might be dismissed as a study in morbid mental anatomy. But ranged with the Jameson story it goes to strengthen the inference that there exists in the English character a strain of latent cruelty which is not sufficiently allowed for when we give our countrymen a free hand in new territories. Our innate love of bullying, repressed but always present in English schoolboys as a class, in favourable surroundings develops into ferocious cruelty for cruelty's sake. The deeds of the old buccaneers are probably the most wantonly ferocious of any recorded in recent history. These men, though largely recruited from other maritime nations, and from the blacks of Africa and the West Indies, were in the main Englishmen. Their captains, distinguished above the rest for cruelty, were nearly all of British stock. Horrible as was the Spaniards' treatment of the Caribs, these Indians could be armed and trusted to fight to the last gasp for their Spanish masters rather than run the risk of capture by the buccaneers. The cruelties inflicted by the latter after taking a settlement are almost incredible. Death by burning and torture was the usual fate of the prisoners; and it is related of one of the captains that he cut out and ate the heart of a Spaniard who refused to betray the place of the buried valuables of the community. But if these are ancient tales—not so very ancient, as history shows—what shall we say of the brutal bullying which still flourishes in public schools? Is this the training to make gentle masters of subject races? Quite recently in one of the best public schools in England a boy was roasted before a fire till the skin peeled off his back; and it is certain that were the present double supervision of masters and monitors relaxed our big boys would make the weaker ones' lives too miserable to be endured. Schoolboy bullying is a purely British institution. It is without a parallel on the Continent; and yet we refuse to believe that the instincts of the boy recur in the man. If we do not, and dispense with that supervision of the rule of our countrymen abroad which we do not remit in the case of our boys at home, we may look to a repetition of the Congo scandals with tolerable certainty."

Of the past indeed it may be said: "Look not behind or thou art lost": but of the present, and thereby of the future, what? It is hardly a question of pitting one Western nation against another in this for they are all tarred with the same brush more or less. But what is important is that just as he who cannot recognise his own faults, is the least wise; so, that nation which is the most self-satisfied about its morals and qualities, has least claim for wisdom among its sister nations; especially if it exaggerates

and waxes piously indignant over the faults of the rest of the family, and shuts tightly its eyes to its own. Now there is no doubt whatever but that the most piously self-contented race in the world is the Anglo-Saxon stock: the slimy virus of Puritanism has still to work its way out of the system of our national body. We are among nations the "unco' guid," and the more intellectual we become, the less aware we are of our self-admiration, as the subtle disease strikes in from plane to plane.

Are we cruel *as a nation*? Yes: physically, psychically and mentally we *are* cruel. We are selfish and unjust right through and therefore must in the nature of things be cruel. Now how can this be changed? Educate! Educate!! The children are our salvation. Just as the student of occult nature can imbue the new atoms of his body which momentarily replace the old ones, with less vicious tendencies and thus regenerate himself by moral Alchemy and attain the "Elixir of Life," so can a nation work its own regeneration by educating the new atoms of its national body, its children. Thus the writer of the article has put his finger right on the diseased spot. True it is that bullying is not so flagrant as it was, but it is still popular; and a "fellow" still thinks it a legitimate amusement; in fact a reward of virtue, for was he not "ragged" when he was a "junior" and so has won the prerogative in his turn with suffering. Thus the weary round goes on, and hate breeds hate; unfeelingness and animalism breed their like unceasingly, and the finer sentiments and intuitions are crushed out of all our children and replaced with a Spartan cruelty in which they ignorantly glory, rejoicing to place themselves on a par with the retrograde animalism of the Red Indian. "The child is father to the man," and the early habits of thought and feeling continue throughout life. Oh the pity of it! When will the *mind* of the nation, its parents, guardians and preceptors, be strong enough to influence its *matter*, when? Do you want proof of this reasoned ferocity? Then read the following cutting from *The Standard* of November 19th:

"EXTRAORDINARY SURGICAL OPERATION NEW YORK, NOV. 18.

"In the Charity Hospital in New York a portion of a living dog's foreleg has been grafted in a boy's leg to take the place of a bone which is wanting. The two are bound together, and the youth and dog lie side by side in one of the hospital cots. In ten or twelve days, if the dog's limb unites with the boy's, the operation will be complete, and the last links of flesh by which the dog is connected with the boy will be cut. The dog is a black spaniel, and was placed under anæsthetics."

We sometimes hear it said of communities that they have "No backs to be thrashed and no souls to be damned": but *they have*, and when the rock descends it breaks them to powder. The proofs are only too abundant. The rock is already swaying: let us not shout too loud or we may bring it on our heads!



The theorems of philosophy are to be enjoyed as much as possible as if they were ambrosia and nectar. For the pleasure arising from them is genuine, incorruptible and divine. They are also capable of producing magnanimity; and though they cannot make us eternal beings yet they enable us to obtain a scientific knowledge of eternal natures.

If vigour of sensation is considered by us to be an eligible thing, we should much more strenuously endeavour to obtain prudence; for it is as it were the sensitive vigour of the practical intellect which we contain. And as through the former we are not deceived in sensible perceptions so through the latter we avoid false reasoning in practical affairs.

Theosophical and Mystic Publications.

THE THEOSOPHIST for November opens with the President's account of the foundation of the T.S. *à propos* of the 15th anniversary of the Society. This is followed by a translation of the famous "Maitrayo-Upanishad of Sama Veda" by the *Kumbakonam T.S.*, whose painstaking and scholarly work has now become quite a feature of the *Theosophist*. Those who fail to conceive of what is meant by *Atma*, should carefully study "Adhyaya III." Among other gems of occult lore we may select, "The *Contemplation of the Tatwas* is the transcendental method, that of the *Shastras* the middling, and that of the *Mantras* the lowest" . . . and "For one who longs after Salvation, the worship of idols made of stone, metals, gems and earth, leads to rebirth and enjoyment (*sc.* of material existence). Therefore the ascetic should perform his own *heart-worship* and relinquish external worship in order that he may not be born again." Seven "Tamil Proverbs" are next explained in a very clever and intuitional paper by P. R. Venkatarama Iyer. The popular belief is that 2,000 years ago there were 18 brotherhoods of adepts in the Tamil country presided over by 18 Sadhoos, and that these used to meet in the hills of the Tinnevely district. The object of these brotherhoods was to popularise Esoteric truths and bring them home to the masses. Hence it is that Tamil "contains a larger number of popular treatises in Occultism, Alchemy, &c., than even Sanscrit . . . so that even in these degenerate days, esoteric philosophy is ringing in the bazaars and streets of the Tamil country; to those that can raise the symbolic veil and can understand the grand truths, 'wisdom crieth in the streets';" and indeed the seven proverbs which are given as examples, fully bear out the statement. Professor Alexander Wilder's article on the "Serpent" is concluded, and Brother C. Kotayya contributes his second paper on the "Hindu Theory of Vibration," which should be studied in conjunction with the learned papers on "Nature's Finer Forces" which appeared in Volume IX. In the conclusion of paper on the "The Religious Aspects of the Early Tantras of the Hindus" the author, K. Chakravarti, puts forward some arguments against "anthropomorphism" and "materialism" in religion in favour of the so-called "Atheists" as against the "Deists," declaring

that no proof of the existence of soul exists; with what object however it is difficult to see. E. D. Fawcett next reviews an interesting pamphlet by Dr. Saltzer on Buddhism and Positivism; the treatment of the pamphlet will, in its turn, no doubt, be interesting to those who compare the terms of Western thought. Those, however, who have an idea of the fitness of things, after reading Dr. S.'s comparison between Buddha and Comte, will go in dread of meeting such head-lines as Sankaracharya *v.* Smith, or Plato *v.* Jones. Mr. Gopalacharlu next concludes his essay on "Women in Ancient India," showing how the reform of Buddha endeavoured to restore women to their original status in the Vedic and Epic period, and how Brahminism again gained the upper hand and finally all possibility of reform ceased with the Mohammedan conquest. "Man's Conquest over Nature" is an excellent paper by our respected brother Dr. Buck, written with all his customary force. The condensed report of Mr. Fawcett's Lectures on "The Evolution of Deity" deal with the conception of the "Absolute" and conclusively prove, at any rate for the student of the Vedanta and the reader of the Upanishads, the insufficiency of Western thought in this direction.

THE PATH is headed by a capital paper by William Main on "Evolution and Involution" which shows that the writer is a diligent student of the *Secret Doctrine*; the circle dance of the Three Graces, Purusha, Prakriti, and Fohat is traced intelligently in its outline. "Japanese Buddhist Sects" deals with a brief description of twelve of the chief Buddhist sects in Japan: it is a practical little exposition which will be useful to general readers. "Eusebius Urban" follows with a common-sense paper, entitled "Which is vague, Theosophy or Science?" The paper of course deals with the theories of Science and not with its observations and "mechanical manipulations" in which it is naturally supreme. Deductions drawn from the observation of *one seventh* only of the factors at work must necessarily be vague. Miss Kate Hillard is the next writer, who gives us another of her many admirable papers, treating of "Recognition after Death" and disposing of the materialistic views of the Spiritualists by philosophical arguments based on the

analysis of the "man" as distinguished from the "animal" in the "Key." Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck's "Theosophical Catechism" deals with three of the principles of Theosophy, viz., "That there is one universal eternal principle of Being or Life, from which proceeds all that exists.

. . . The absolute universality of the law of periodicity, or action and reaction, ebb and flow. . . . The identity of all souls with the oversoul." The wording of the second doctrine would seem beyond the cerebral capacity of even an infant Sankaracharya, but then, perhaps, "grown-ups" require some coaching as well. Bro. Fullerton's paper on "The Reincarnating Part of Us" is coloured with the pigment of the G.A.O.T.U., which shows that *Le Principe Créateur* of the "Grand Orient" is not accepted even by otherwise philosophical minds. The puzzle about the different kinds of memory which is brought forward in this paper, is disposed of in our last editorial on "Psychic and Noëtic Actions." The number concludes with some more information about the "Pillakatuka" derived from baby lips. We have read nothing more charming than these baby utterances and hope they will often put in an appearance in "Tea Table Talk."

Theosophical Siftings, Vol. 3, No. 14, price threepence, contains articles on "The Mayas, and on "Individuality and Personality." The former of these is a reprint of a Lecture given at the Blavatsky Lodge by Mdme. Le Plongeon, wife of the famous Central American explorer. The article is a most interesting and valuable one, the authoress giving a charming description of the marvellous discoveries made by her husband and herself, placing before the reader cities and races of vast antiquity. The concluding paper of this number will be welcomed by Theosophists in general. In many minds the relation of the Individuality and the Personality has been the source of much confusion. Here the distinction between the two is in simple language made perfectly clear. The article is an excellent one and will well repay most careful reading.

The Buddhist. We are more than ever convinced of the worth of this industrious journal, which lies in the fact that it gives us the views of the Buddhists themselves about Buddhism. This is principally brought about by translations from the Pali, the Singhalese as a body representing the Southern Church which occupies itself principally with the ethical teaching of their great Master. Aphorisms, proverbs, scripture-stories

crowd every page. One of the most charming of the Suttas in the October number is called the "Dhaniya Sutta," and is of an amaboean character like the shepherd songs in the Eclogues of Theocritus and his imitator Virgil. Dhaniya is a cowherd owning large herds of cattle. "One night after his day's work was finished and his cattle had been placed under shelter, it began to rain heavily. As he lay down after his dinner, he, through inordinate joy, began to sing stanzas." Buddha hearing and wishing to lead him in the path of Nibbana (Nirvana), answers him verse by verse. We cannot refrain from quoting the first four stanzas to show the beauty of the conception.

"1. I have finished my meal; I have collected the milk; I am living peaceably on the banks of the Mahi, surrounded by my wife and children; my house is roofed, the fire is kindled. Rain on now, O cloud! if you will. Thus said the cowherd Dhaniya.

"2. I am free from anger, free from stubbornness; I am living for a night on the banks of the Mahi; my house is roofless, the fire is extinguished. Rain on now, O cloud! if you will. Thus said Bhagavâ.

"3. There are no mosquitoes; the cattle are roaming on ground covered with rich grass; the cattle are able to endure the coming rain. Rain on now, O cloud! if you will.

"4. My raft is bound together, and well made; having crossed the flood (of existence) and swum through it, I have arrived at the other shore; there is no further use for the raft. Rain on now, O cloud! if you will. Thus said Bhagavâ."

Those who want a new ethical philosophy to cope with the misery of the poor and suffering, something that will make them soar above the impermanence and appearance of things, have they far to seek? Most of us have heard of the wise judgment of King Solomon, those, however, who would like to see it in its Buddhist dress should read the "Ummagga Jataka." There are also Egyptian, Thibetan, Chinese, South Indian and Mussalman versions, of the same world-story which cannot fail to interest all students of comparative religions. Lovers of the "Paramita Paths" should study the stanzas translated by H. J. Mendis on "The Importance of *Shila*."

Le Lotus Bleu besides the usual translations contains two interesting and original papers, "Matière et Divinité" and "Étude sur l'Inde."

Department of Branch Work, Paper No. 7, gives us a very creditable paper by Miss E. B. Hooper on "Evolution and In-

volution," illustrated by diagrams. This is a study from the *Secret Doctrine* and steers far wider of mistakes than the lucubrations of many older heads.

Le Bouddhisme Esotérique (Paris : Librairie de l'Art Indépendant ; 11, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, 11, 1890. Price 3 fr. 50.) A translation of Mr. A. P. Sinnett's well known work by one of our most hard-working French theosophists, Mme. Camille Lemaitre, has just appeared. We are especially glad to welcome the placing of this new stone in the foundation of the future edifice of Theosophy in France. It is by such translations alone that we can hope for a real introduction of Eastern Esotericism into Europe, so that every effort in this direction must be regarded as most excellent work. The sub-title of *Positivisme Hindou*, however, is not a very happy choice. Buddhism is not Positivism, and Esoteric Buddhism is not only not Positivism, but not even Buddhism. Esoteric Brahminism or Zoroastrianism, &c., would be equally applicable to the system expounded in the letters written to Mr. Sinnett.

We have received a copy of a pamphlet entitled "The Practice of Altruism" with the sub-title of "Universal Brotherhood," from Bombay. A member of our active and energetic Branch there, has had 5,000 copies struck off for free distribution. It is a reprint of a lecture delivered by Dr. A. Keightley at the third annual convention of the American Section of the T. S. This is excellent work.

The Vahan is an exceedingly welcome publication. For eighteen months the American section has set us the good example of the *Theosophical Forum*, which has gone monthly to every member of the Section gratis. The American Section and its subscription are both larger than the British Section, but the latter, for all that, is not going to be outdone in activity. So in its usual utopian fashion, with a smaller membership and smaller subscription, it has broken out into a fortnightly "Vehicle for the Interchange of Theosophical News and Opinions," which is sent

free to every member on the books. The effort deserves the co-operation and support of every member of the Section who is in a position to aid it. Branch news and questions are required and every effort will be made to convince the members that the "Vahan" is essentially *their* vehicle of interchange of news and opinions. The first number contains a short article by H. P. B. appealing to the "working members" and warning them of the "Close of the Cycle." This is followed by interesting items of news, literary and scientific, with short accounts of the various "activities."

The Theosophical Forum, No. 17, in its first answer tackles the question of Devachan, and we congratulate the editor on his common-sense view of the subject. We had better learn the root states of matter first before prying too closely into the "critical states." Q. lxxxii. ought to have been waste papered. The next question deals with emotions and the elevating effect of the best music. From one point of view every principle has its "emotions," the different aspects of the *One Motion*, and each again has its reflection on our lowest terrestrial plane. But then this is *not* the meaning of the word emotion as commonly employed. All that is *ordinarily* called "emotional" should be suppressed, for it goes no higher than the animal human. The next answer is hardly clear in its terminology. The "General" is the "Higher Ego." Atma in Esotericism is out of all relation to finiteness and personality. Exoterically, that is to say in the Upanishads, &c., it is so used.

The Golden Era of San Diego, Cal., contains an exceedingly good paper by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, F.T.S., on Evolution; it deals with that very abstruse and difficult subject, the "Emanation of the Universe" down to man; and that, too, in a most encouraging manner. We hope that it will have a wider field of circulation than that of the magazine. If it should be re-edited, it would be well to give the designation "Causeless Cause" to Parabrahm rather than "First Cause."

"ALL choice implies loss."

"MAN is the only interest to man."

"To act according to thought is troublesome."

"THE best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves."

GOETHE.

Theosophical Lending Libraries.

THEOSOPHICAL Lending Libraries are to be found at the addresses given below. The list of books and terms on which they are lent will be sent by the respective librarians on application.

Brighton. Mrs. S. I. Chase, 14, Stamford Road.

Dublin. The Secretary, Dublin Theosophical Society, 105, Stephen's Green, South. (Books issued to Members and Associates only.)

Edinburgh. A. P. Cattanach, 67, Brunswick Street. (Monday is the most convenient day for enquirers.)

Liverpool. J. Hill, 17, Great George Street. (Books issued to Members and Associates only.)

London. Theosophical Publication Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Philalethean Lodge, 153, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W. Librarian, H. Coryn. (Open to Members and Associates.)

East London Theosophical Library, 345, Mile End Road, E. Librarian, F. G. Chapman. Reading Room open every evening free. Meetings every Tuesday, except the first of the month.

J. P. Dowling, 11, York Road, Battersea. The Librarian is present every day except Thursday, from 11 to 3 and 6 to 9. Sundays 11 to 2.

Merthyr Tydfil. Theosophical Free Library, 18, Park Place. Librarian, E. M. Thomas.

Newcastle-on-Tyne. F. Bandon Olding, 30, Hartington Street.

Sheffield. C. J. Barker, 503, Intake Road.

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The complete balance sheet will be submitted to the Council at the next meeting, and will then be audited and printed.

ERRATUM.—November *Lucifer*; article, "The Over Planes, &c.," page 204, line 5 from top, *Vital activity in Space*, should be *Vital Activity*. In *Space, the matrix*, &c.