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1890!

ON THE NEW YEAR'S MORROW.

“The veil which covers the face of futurity
is woven by the hand of Mercy.”

—BULWER LYTTON.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL! This seems easy enough to say, and everyone expects some such greeting. Yet, whether the wish, though it may proceed from a sincere heart, is likely to be realized even in the case of the few—is more difficult to decide. According to our theosophical tenets, every man or woman is endowed, more or less, with a magnetic potentiality, which when helped by a sincere, and especially by an intense and indomitable *will*—is the most effective of magic levers placed by Nature in human hands—for woe as for weal. Let us then, Theosophists, use that will to send a sincere greeting and a wish of good luck for the New Year to every living creature under the sun—enemies and relentless traducers included. Let us try and feel especially kindly and forgiving to our foes and persecutors, honest or dishonest, lest some of us should send unconsciously an “evil eye” greeting instead of a blessing. Such an effect is but too easily produced even without the help of the occult combination of the two numbers, the 8 and the 9, of the late departed, and of the newly-born year. But with these two numbers staring us in the face, an evil wish, just now, would be simply disastrous!

“Hullo!” we hear some casual readers exclaiming. “Here’s a *new* superstition of the theosophic cranks: let us hear it. . . .”

You shall, dearly beloved critics, though it is not a *new* but a *very old* superstition. It is one shared, once upon a time, and firmly believed in, by all the Cæsars and World-potentates. These dreaded the number 8, because it postulates the *equality of all men*. Out of eternal *unity* and the mysterious number *seven*, out of Heaven and the seven planets and the sphere of the fixed stars, in the philosophy of arithmetic, was born the *ogdoad*. It was *the first cube of the even numbers*, and hence held

sacred.* In Eastern philosophy number eight symbolises equality of units, order and symmetry in heaven, transformed into inequality and confusion on earth, by selfishness, the great rebel against Nature's decrees.

"The figure 8 or ∞ indicates the perpetual and regular motion of the Universe," says Ragon. But if perfect as a cosmic number it is likewise the symbol of the lower *Self*, the animal nature of man. Thus, we augur ill for the *unselfish* portion of humanity from the present combination of the year-numbers. For the central figures 89 in the year 1890, are but a repetition of the two figures in the tail-end of 1889. And *nine* was a digit terribly dreaded by the ancients. With them it was a symbol of great changes, cosmic and social, and of versatility, in general; the sad emblem of the fragility of human things. Figure 9 represents the earth under the influence of an *evil principle*; the Kabalists holding, moreover, that it also symbolises the act of reproduction and generation. That is to say that the year 1890 is preparing to reproduce all the evils of its parent 1889, and to generate plenty of its own. *Three times three* is the great symbol of *corporisation*, or the materialisation of spirit according to Pythagoras—hence of gross matter.† Every material extension, every circular line was represented by number 9, for the ancient philosophers had observed that, which the philosophicules of our age either fail to see, or else attribute to it no importance whatever. Nevertheless, the natural depravity of this digit and number is awful. Being sacred to the spheres it stands as the sign of circumference, since its value in degrees is equal to 9—*i.e.*, to 3+6+0. Hence it is also the symbol of the human head—especially of the modern average head, ever ready to be parading as 9 when it is hardly a 3. Moreover, this blessed 9 is possessed of the curious power of reproducing itself in its entirety in every multiplication and whether wanted or not; that is to say, when multiplied by itself or any other number this cheeky and pernicious figure will always result in a sum of 9—a vicious trick of material nature, also, which reproduces itself on the slightest provocation. Therefore it becomes comprehensible why the ancients made of 9 the symbol of Matter, and we, the modern Occultists, make of it that of the *materialism* of our age—the fatal nineteenth century, now happily on its decline.

If this antediluvian wisdom of the ages fails to penetrate the "circumference" of the cephaloid "spheres" of our modern Scientists and Mathematicians—then we do not know what will do so. The occult future of 1890 is concealed in the exoteric past of 1889 and its preceding patronymical eight years.

Unhappily—or shall we say, happily—man in this dark cycle is

* As shown by Ragon, the Mason-Occultist, the gnostic ogdoad had eight stars representing the 8 Cabiri of Samothrace, the 8 *principles* of the Egyptians and Phœnicians, the 8 gods of Xenocrates, the 8 angles of the cubic stone.

† The reason for this is because according to the Pythagoreans each of the three elements that constitute our bodies is a *ternary*: water, containing earth and fire; earth containing aqueous and igneous particles; and fire being tempered by aqueous globules and terrestrial corpuscles serving it as food. Hence the name given to matter, the "*nonagous envelope*."

denied, as a collective whole, the faculty of foresight. Whether we take into our mystic consideration the average business man, the profligate, the materialist, or the bigot, it is always the same. Compelled to confine his attention to the day's concern, the business man but imitates the provident ant by laying by a provision against the winter of old age; while the elect of fortune and Karmic illusions tries his best to emulate the grasshopper in his perpetual buzz and summer-song. The selfish care of the one and the utter recklessness of the other make both disregard and often remain entirely ignorant of any serious duty towards Human kind. As to the latter two, namely the materialist and the bigot, their duty to their neighbours and charity to all begin and end at home. Most men love but those who share their respective ways of thinking, and care nothing for the future of the races or the world; nor will they give a thought, if they can help it, to *post-mortem* life. Owing to their respective psychical temperaments each man expects death will usher him either through golden porches into a conventional heaven, or through sulphurous caverns into an asbestos hell, or else to the verge of an abyss of non-existence. And lo, how all of them—save the materialist—do fear death to be sure! May not this fear lie at the bottom of the aversion of certain people to Theosophy and Metaphysics? But no man in this century—itsself whirling madly towards its gaping tomb—has the time or desire to give more than a casual thought either to the grim visitor who will not miss one of us, or to Futurity.

They are, perhaps, right as to the latter. The future lies in the present and both include the Past. With a rare occult insight Rohel made quite an *esoterically* true remark, in saying that "the future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads." For the Occultist and average Theosophist the Future and the Past are both included in each moment of their lives, hence in the eternal PRESENT. The Past is a torrent madly rushing by, that we face incessantly, without one second of interval; every wave of it, and every drop in it, being an event, whether great or small. Yet, no sooner have we faced it, and whether it brings joy or sorrow, whether it elevates us or knocks us off our feet, than it is carried away and disappears behind us, to be lost sooner or later in the great Sea of Oblivion. It depends on us to make every such event non-existent to ourselves by obliterating it from our memory; or else to create of our past sorrows Promethean Vultures—those "dark-winged birds, the embodied memories of the Past," which, in Sala's graphic fancy "wheel and shriek over the Lethean lake." In the first case, we are real philosophers; in the second—but timid and even cowardly soldiers of the army called mankind, and commanded in the great battle of Life by "King Karma." Happy those of its warriors by whom Death is regarded as a tender and merciful mother. She rocks her sick children into sweet sleep on her cold, soft bosom but to awake them a moment after, healed of all ailing, happy, and with a tenfold reward for every bitter sigh or tear. *Post-*

mortem oblivion of every evil—to the smallest—is the most blissful characteristic of the “paradise” we believe in. Yes: oblivion of pain and sorrow and the vivid recollection only, nay once more the living over of every happy moment of our terrestrial drama; and, if no such moment ever occurred in one’s sad life, then, the glorious realization of every legitimate, well-earned, yet unsatisfied desire we ever had, as true as life itself and intensified seventy seven-times sevenfold. . . .

Christians—the Continental especially—celebrate their New Year days with special pomp. That day is the *Devachan* of children and servants, and every one is supposed to be happy, from Kings and Queens down to the porters and kitchen-malkins. The festival is, of course, purely pagan, as with very few exceptions are all our *holy days*. The dear old pagan customs have not died out, not even in Protestant England, though here the New Year is no longer a sacred day—more’s the pity. The presents, which used to be called in old Rome *strenæ* (now, the French *étrennes*), are still mutually exchanged. People greet each other with the words:—*Annum novum faustum felicemque tibi*, as of yore; the magistrates, it is true, sacrifice no longer a white swan to Jupiter, nor priests a white steer to Janus. But magistrates, priests and all devour still in commemoration of swan and steer, big fat oxen and turkeys at their Christmas and New Year’s dinners. The gilt dates, the dried and gilt plums and figs have now passed from the hands of the tribunes on their way to the Capitol unto the Christmas trees for children. Yet, if the modern Caligula receives no longer piles of copper coins with the head of Janus on one side of them, it is because his own effigy replaces that of the god on every coin, and that coppers are no longer touched by royal hands. Nor has the custom of presenting one’s Sovereigns with *strenæ* been abolished in England so very long. D’Israeli tells us in his *Curiosities of Literature* of 3,000 gowns found in Queen Bess’s wardrobe after her death, the fruits of her New Year’s tax on her faithful subjects, from Dukes down to dustmen. As the success of any affair on that day was considered a good omen for the whole year in ancient Rome, so the belief exists to this day in many a Christian country, in Russia pre-eminently so. Is it because instead of the New Year, the mistletoe and the holly are now used on Christmas day, that the symbol has become Christian? The cutting of the mistletoe off the sacred oak on New Year’s day is a relic of the old Druids of pagan Britain. Christian Britain is as pagan in her ways as she ever was.

But there are more reasons than one why England is bound to include the New Year as a sacred day among Christian festivals. The 1st of January being the 8th day after Christmas, is, according to both profane and ecclesiastical histories, the festival of Christ’s circumcision, as six days later is the Epiphany. And it is as undeniable and as world-known a fact as any, that long before the advent of the three Zoroastrian Magi, of Christ’s circumcision, or his birth either, the 1st of January was the

first day of the civil year of the Romans, and celebrated 2,000 years ago as it is now. It is hard to see the reason, since Christendom has helped itself to the Jewish Scriptures, and along with them their curious chronology, why it should have found it unfit to adopt also the Jewish *Rosh-Hashonah* (the head of the year), instead of the pagan New Year. Once that the 1st Chapter of *Genesis* is left headed in every country with the words, "Before Christ, 4004," consistency alone should have suggested the propriety of giving preference to the Talmudic calendar over the pagan Roman. Everything seemed to invite the Church to do so. On the undeniable authority of revelation Rabbinical tradition assures us that it was on the 1st day of the month of *Tisri*, that the Lord God of Israel created the world—just 5848 years ago. Then there's that other historical fact, namely that our father Adam was likewise created on the first anniversary of that same day of *Tisri*—a year after. All this is very important, pre-eminently suggestive, and underlines most emphatically our proverbial western ingratitude. Moreover, if we are permitted to say so, it is dangerous. For that identical first day of *Tisri* is also called "Yom Haddin," the Day of Judgment. The Jewish *El Shaddai*, the Almighty, is more active than the "Father" of the Christians. The latter will judge us only after the destruction of the Universe, on the Great Day when the Goats and the Sheep will stand, each on their allotted side, awaiting eternal bliss or damnation. But *El Shaddai*, we are informed by the Rabbins, sits in judgment on every anniversary of the world's creation—*i.e.* on every New Year's Day. Surrounded by His archangels, the God of Mercy has the astro-sidereal minute books opened, and the name of every man, woman and child is read to Him aloud from these Records, wherein the minutest thoughts and deeds of every human (or is it only Jewish?) being are entered. If the good deeds outnumber the wicked actions, the mortal whose name is read lives through that year. The Lord plagues for him some Christian Pharaoh or two, and hands him over to him to shear. But if the bad deeds outweigh the good—then woe to the culprit; he is forthwith condemned to suffer the penalty of death during that year, and is sent to Sheol.

This would imply that the Jews regard the gift of life as something very precious indeed. Christians are as fond of their lives as Jews, and both are generally scared out of their wits at the approach of Death. Why it should be so has never been made clear. Indeed, this seems but a poor compliment to pay the Creator, as suggesting the idea that none of the Christians care particularly to meet the Unspeakable Glory of the "Father" face to face. Dear, loving children!

A pious Roman Catholic assured us one day that it was not so, and attributed the scare to *reverential awe*. Moreover, he tried to persuade his listeners that the Holy Inquisition burnt her "heretics" out of pure Christian kindness. They were put out of the way of terrestrial mischief in this way, he said, for Mother Church knew well that Father God would take better care of the roasted victims than any mortal authority could,

while they were raw and living. This may be a mistaken view of the situation, nevertheless, it was meant in all Christian charity.

We have heard a less charitable version of the real reason for burning heretics and all whom the Church was determined to get rid of; and by comparison this reason colours the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination to eternal bliss or damnation with quite a roseate hue. It is said to be stated in the secret records of the Vatican archives, that burning to the last atom of flesh, after breaking all the bones into small fragments, was done with a predetermined object. It was that of preventing the "enemy of the Church," from taking his part and share even in the last act of the drama of the world—as theologically conceived—namely in "the Resurrection of the Dead," or of all flesh, on the great Judgment Day. As cremation is to this hour opposed by the Church on the same principle—to wit, that a cremated "Sleeper" will upon awakening at the blast of the angel's trumpet, find it impossible to gather up in time his scattered limbs—the reason given for the *auto da fe* seems reasonable enough and quite likely. The sea will give up the dead which are in it, and death and hell will deliver up their dead (*Vide* "Revelation xx. 13"); but terrestrial fire is not to be credited with a like generosity, nor supposed to share in the asbestosian characteristics of the orthodox hell-fire. Once the body is cremated it is as good as annihilated with regard to the last rising of the dead. If the occult reason of the inquisitorial *autos da fe* rests on fact—and personally we do not entertain the slightest doubt of it, considering the authority it was received from—then the Holy Inquisition and Popes would have very little to say against the Protestant doctrine of Predestination. The latter, as warranted in Revelation, allows some chance, at least, to the "Damned" whom hell delivers at the last hour, and who may thus yet be pardoned. While if things took place in nature as the theology of Rome decreed that they should, the poor "Heretics" would find themselves worse off than any of the "damned." Natural query: which of the two, the God of the Calvinists or the Jesuit of God, he who first invented burning, beats the other in refined and diabolical cruelty? Shall the question remain in 1890, *sub judice*, as it did in 1790?

But the Inquisition, with its stake and rack and diabolical tortures, is happily abolished now, even in Spain. Otherwise these lines would never have been written; nor would our Society have such zealous and good theosophists in the land of Torquemada and the ancient paradise of man-roasting festivals, as it has now. Happy NEW YEAR to them, too, as to all the Brethren scattered all over the wide globe. Only we, theosophists, so kindly nicknamed the "sevening lunatics," would prefer another day for *our* New Year. Like the apostate Emperor, many of us have still a strong lingering love for the pectical, bright gods of Olympus and would willingly repudiate the double-faced Thessalonian. The first of Januarius was ever more sacred to Janus than Juno; and *janua*, meaning

"the gate that openeth the year," holds as good for any day in January. January 3, for instance, was consecrated to *Minerva-Athene* the goddess of wisdom and to *Isis*, "she who generates life," the ancient lady patroness of the good city of Lutetia. Since then, mother Isis has fallen a victim to the faith of Rome and civilization and Lutetia along with her. Both were converted in the *Julian* calendar (the heirloom of pagan Julius Cæsar used by Christendom till the XIIIth. century): Isis was baptized Geneviève, became a beatified saint and martyr, and Lutetia was called Paris for a change, preserving the same old patroness but with the addition of a false nose.* Life itself is a gloomy masquerade wherein the ghastly *danse Macabre* is every instant performed; why should not calendars and even religion in such case be allowed to partake in the travesty?

To be brief, it is January the 4th which ought to be selected by the Theosophists—the Esotericists especially—as their New Year. January is under the sign of Capricornus, the mysterious *Makara* of the Hindu mystics—the "Kumaras," it being stated, having incarnated in mankind under the 10th sign of the Zodiac. For ages the 4th of January has been sacred to Mercury-Budha,† or Thoth-Hermes. Thus everything combines to make of it a festival to be held by those who study ancient Wisdom. Whether called Budh or *Budhi* by its Aryan name, *Mercurios*, the son of *Cælus* and *Hecate* truly, or of the *divine* (white) and infernal (black) magic by its Hellenic, or again Hermes or Thoth its Greco-Egyptian name, the day seems in every way more appropriate for us than January I, the day of Janus, the double-faced "god of the time"—*serviers*. Yet it is well named, and as well chosen to be celebrated by all the political Opportunists the world over.

Poor old Janus! How his two faces must have looked perplexed at the last stroke of midnight on December 31! We think we see these ancient faces. One of them is turned regretfully toward the Past, in the rapidly gathering mists of which the dead body of 1889 is disappearing. The mournful eye of the God follows wistfully the chief events impressed on the departed *Annus*: the crumbling Eiffel tower; the collapse of the "monotonous"—as Mark Twain's "tenth mule"—Parnell-Pigot alliteration; the sundry abdications, depositions and suicides of royalty; the *Hegira* of aristocratic Mahomeds, and such like freaks and *fiascos* of civilization. This is the Janus face of the Past. The other, the face of the Future, is enquiringly turned the other way, and stares into the very depths of the womb of Futurity; the hopeless vacancy in the widely open eye bespeaks the ignorance of the God. No; not the two faces,

* This festival remains thus unchanged as that of the lady Patroness of Lutetia=Paris, and to this day *Isis* is offered religious honours in every Parisian and Latin church.

† The 4th of January being sacred to Mercury, of whom the Greeks made *Hermes*, the R. Catholics have included St. Hermes in their Calendar. Just in the same way, the 9th of that month having been always celebrated by the pagans as the day of the "conquering sun" the R. Catholics have transformed the noun into a proper name, making of it St. *Nicanor* (from the Greek *nican*, to conquer), whom they honour on the 10th of January.

nor even the occasional four heads of Janus and their eight eyes can penetrate the thickness of the veils that enshroud the karmic mysteries with which the New Year is pregnant from the instant of its birth. What shalt thou endow the world with, O fatal Year 1890, with thy figures between a unit and a cipher, or symbolically between living man *erect*, the embodiment of wicked mischief-making and the universe of matter! * The "influenza" thou hast already in thy pocket, for people see it peeping out. Of people daily killed in the streets of London by tumbling over the electric wires of the new "lighting" craze, we have already a premonition through news from America. Dost thou see, O Janus, perched like "sister Anne" upon the parapet dividing the two years, a wee David slaying the giant Goliath, little Portugal slaying great Britain, or her *prestige*, at any rate, on the horizons of the torrid zones of Africa? Or is it a Hindu Soodra helped by a Buddhist Bonze from the Empire of the Celestials who make thee frown so? Do they not come to convert the two-thirds of the Anglican *divines* to the worship of the azure coloured Krishna and of the Buddha of the elephant-like pendant ears, who sits cross-legged and smiles so blandly on a cabbage-like lotus? For these are the theosophical *ideals*—nay, Theosophy itself, the divine Wisdom—as distorted in the grossly materialistic, all-anthropomorphizing mind of the average British Philistine. What unspeakable new horrors shalt thou, O year 1890, unveil before the eyes of the world? Shall it though ironclad and laughing at every tragedy of life sneer too, when Janus, surnamed on account of the key in his right hand, *Janitor*, the door-keeper to Heaven—a function with which he was entrusted ages before he became St. Peter—uses that key? It is only when he has unlocked one after the other the door of every one of the 365 days (true "Blue Beard's secret chambers") which are to become thy future progeny, O mysterious stranger, that the nations will be able to decide whether thou wert a "Happy," or a *Nefast* Year.

Meanwhile, let every nation, as every reader, fly for inquiry to their respective gods if they would learn the secrets of Futurity. Thus the American, Nicodemus-like, may go to one of his three living and actually reincarned Christs, each calling himself Jesus, now flourishing under the star-bespangled Banner of Liberty. The Spiritualist is at liberty to consult his favourite medium, who may raise Saul or evoke the Spirit of Deborah for the benefit and information of his client. The gentleman-sportsman can bend his steps to the mysterious abode of his rival's jockey, and the average politician consult the secret police, a professional chiromancer, or an astrologer, etc., etc. As regards ourselves we have faith in numbers and only in that face of Janus which is called the Past. For—doth Janus himself know the future? —or

. . . . "perchance himself he does not know."

* It is only when the cipher or nought stands by itself and without being preceded by any digit that it becomes the symbol of the infinite Kosmos and—of absolute Deity.

NAMES AND THINGS.

IN the imagined extent of our knowledge we often overlook entirely the character of such knowledge as we possess. Such knowledge as we possess serves only to reveal our own ignorance. We have ideas that are at best phantasms, and we clothe these ideas in words that masquerade like puppets in a play, and this phantasmagoria we imagine to be real knowledge, actual existences. Men talk learnedly of the discoveries of science, of the progress of science, as though there were any such thing as science. Science is, at best, man's *idea* of nature, what it is, and how it works; what makes the wheels go round. But Nature itself is another thing entirely. The greatest revelation of so-called science, to the greatest of its advocates and followers is the revelation of his own ignorance, how little, after all his searching, he really knows. If so-called civilized man were at one stroke swept from the earth, how long would science remain? There would indeed remain Nature and her laws, which to a new race of men would appear to be a very different thing indeed from what it seems to us. There might, however, arise a new science as different from ours as the habits, thoughts, and occupations of the Orient now differ from the Occident. It is true that what we call the Force of Gravitation would still exist, and its laws and relations, whatever they really are, would remain unchanged; but the new race would call this law by a different name, representative of different ideas, of greater or lesser discoveries, of more or less knowledge, and yet this knowledge, unlike our own boasted science, would still be a phantasm, as compared with "the thing in itself," viz., Nature. In our conceit and ignorance at the extent of our knowledge we thus continually overlook the character of our knowledge. This conceit it is that puts us to open shame, for in this apotheosis of ignorance is our progress toward all real knowledge barred. How is that individual to be taught, or to make any real progress in knowledge, who imagines that he already knows enough? A knowledge of our own ignorance is to the mind what a healthy appetite is to the body, viz.: the demand for sustenance. A mind filled with conceit and ignorance is like a stomach filled with wind; it increases hunger and unrest, but destroys appetite, and ends in atrophy. Unmask and analyse that which to-day is called the "authority of science," and it will be found to be far less dignified, less consistent and less beneficent than the authority of the church that science so much despises. That which is called science to-day is a very different thing from what it was yesterday, or what it will be to-morrow. A few facts have indeed been verified and recorded, and a few laws have been approximately formulated; but all this is subject to revision or even reversion to-morrow. Give to so-called science the largest extent and most liberal meaning claimed for it, and still it has no existence outside

of man. It in no sense stands for Nature, but is, at best, Nature reflected in the beclouded and contradictory mind of man. Nature deals with realities; man with shadows and phantasms.

The same is true also of religion and philosophy. We are apt to look upon these as real entities; but neither science, philosophy, nor religion have any existence outside the mind of man, though the real substance of which these are a passing shadow, exists in Nature. This existence in Nature is the GNOSIS, but it is not split into fragments, inharmonious, contradictory, fighting for supremacy, cutting each other's throats. All this discord arises solely from man's ignorance. The Gnosis is *One: silent*: perfect harmony, and perfect peace. If Great Mother Nature were what the ignorance of man has ever imagined her to be, the crack of doom would long ago have sounded the knell of creation. Even Nature's cataclysms are modes of her larger beneficence. When Nature turns destructive and sinks a continent, or burns a world, she but ploughs the field of matter for richer harvest of spirit. Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva are one, not three. To create, to preserve, to destroy, is for Nature but the conjugation of the verb, *to be*. The lower *manas*, the animal-human mind, never rises above names, and deals with these as children play with toys. When they seek to discover what makes the wheels go round the toy is broken, yet the mystery unsolved; then more toys and new mysteries! Is it any wonder that life is a cheat, a delusion, a snare? How many are ready to put away childish things? Alas! how few! Man builds a hut to cover his head and straightway imagines that he has intercepted the sun in his orbit because he is himself in darkness. Superstition builds an altar to fear and self-conceit, crects an idol of stone, or wood, or brass, christens it Jove or Jah; and lo! man has compassed religion, and is ready to cut throats to maintain it. The phantasms of a discordant imagination mingle with the dispirited speculations of the mind; these, bedecked with the pride of the peacock, and seasoned with animal greed, are labelled philosophy, and straightway man imagines that he is wise. 'Tis thus that man walls himself in, mistaking names for things, shadows for substances, ignorance for knowledge, and becomes incapable of enlightenment. Never until man tears down his walls, gets rid of his conceit and greed, and begins to hunger and thirst after truth and righteousness will his enlightenment begin to dawn. Then will he indeed be ashamed of his nakedness, and learn to know good and evil.

With the first flush of the new dawn will come a new danger that has already wrecked many, who, with great enthusiasm, born largely of curiosity, have joined the T. S. They now begin to find faults in others, and to discover flaws in their brothers. They allow carping criticism to root out the young and tender shoots of brotherhood. They are ready to dissect everybody but themselves, and are as ready to criticise and condemn a Mahatma as a mountebank. It requires no spirit of prophecy

to discover the outcome. Utterly unmindful of the beam in their own eye, they allow themselves to be overwhelmed by the motes in the eyes of others. All along the toilsome way which for the past fourteen years the T. S. has come, may be seen these wrecks. Some are carping still. One cannot help feeling sorrow for these stranded souls, because they are often too conceited and blind to feel sorry themselves. Had these deluded ones sought out the cause of evil *within their own souls*, they would not only have found no time to condemn others, but they would have learned charity for faults which were in no wise greater than their own. They would have learned to appreciate, and to approve and seek to emulate, many noble examples of courage, fortitude, and self-sacrifice.

These lessons are continually being repeated. So has it always been ; so will it ever be. These are the earliest and the easiest trials that beset the neophyte when he mistakes persons for principles, names for things, shadows for substance, folly for wisdom. Many are to-day dissatisfied at their own slow progress through just these causes. These are jealous of favours which they imagine have been shown to others, when in truth these others have worked for years without thought of reward, and been rewarded by suspicion and abuse by their fellows. They have heard it repeated again and again, "No favours are shown to *anyone*," and yet these carpers are foolish enough to seek for masters whom they credit with lying ! These unhappy ones cry out against "authority," when they have been told repeatedly that *there is no authority for anyone* save their own judgment and intention ; the authority of their own higher selves. Pitiably as is the case of these individuals, the greater burden is borne by the Society itself ; that suffers detraction, and has to carry such a dead weight, and is credited with so many casualties. Every possible effort has been put forth by the leaders and the few earnest workers to help, to encourage, to explain, and to enlighten.

Many have come to the very entrance of the "golden gates," and turned away because the gate was not what their fancy had painted it. The gates have stood wide open, and while these deluded ones have stopped to inspect its date, its armorial bearings, and take accurate measures of its dimensions, lo ! it has closed to them for ever. These have indeed grieved the spirit, their own *Atman*, and it cannot again be drawn down in the present incarnation, for the re-bound has sent them to find out husks and to wallow with the swine. The door may be still open, but their curiosity is satisfied. Even so passes the bridegroom, and so sleep or wake the foolish and the wise virgins.

Many will still mistake names for things, for as Huriel puts it :

"Man only understands that of which he has the *beginnings* in himself."

HARIJ, F.T.S.

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE CANONGATE.

(Continued.)

“ I WAS not sorry to go to the ball that night, if only to escape the horrible associations which the former night and that morning had left about the little landing.

“ Lady Scott’s house was sumptuous ; every appointment beyond praise, she herself an ideal hostess. The ball-room, with its exquisite decorations and masses of tropic flowers and ferns (then far less common even among the wealthy than they are now), was a dream of beauty. You may perhaps have heard of Sir Robert Scott ; he claimed some kinship with Michael Scott, the wizard ; he had been knighted for some service or other in the East, where he acquired fabulous wealth. And so they blazed the comets of a season in Edinburgh. The chief attraction of their house, to me, was a noble library, arranged on the best of all systems, the cellular, with a low vaulted roof and rows of small compartments, wherein one could bury oneself in one’s favourite authors, without fear of disturbance. But I am wandering away from the ball. I danced a good deal and for the time forgot altogether the strange experiences of the last few weeks (it was then, I think, only six or seven weeks since I first came to Edinburgh).

“ The evening was wearing on ; heated and somewhat tired, I walked out into the entrance-hall for a breath of fresh air. Suddenly my pulses stood still a second, then every vein in my body throbbed at express speed ; through the foliage of a great magnolia that grew in a large wooden box at the foot of the marble staircase, I caught a gleam of amber satin and black lace, and the well-remembered and now to me almost sacred odour of sandal wood, floated on my senses. In an instant it was gone, but something whispered me to follow. The library lay in that direction. I hurried into its cool, dimly lighted recesses, the seventh on the right hand had been on previous visits my favourite haunt, containing Spanish books, mainly of a mystic character. To this recess instinctively I bent my steps, and so highly strung was my mind, that I was scarcely surprised to see there, half reclining in the semi-darkness, the same form I had seen in the mirror at the old house ; the same amber satin and black lace, only now with the addition of a ruby-coloured fan, and now no shadow, no phantasm, but a warm, living, breathing reality. I sprang forward. ‘ Mercedes ! ’ at last, I cried ; she drew back slightly, the fan pressed close to her lips, while she extended the other hand towards me ; for my life I could not have ventured nearer to her, I sank on one knee and covered her hand with kisses. ‘ I expected you,’ she said softly, ‘ but not here, not thus do we meet or part. Come to me in the Cathedral, at Seville, two months from to-day ; you can do me a great service, which no one else can do ;

now adios, remember!’ She withdrew her hand and stately as a queen she glided out of the recess. I turned to follow, but she was gone. Not among the guests that night, nor anywhere in Edinburgh at that time, did I again see my beautiful Mercedes.

“Needless to say I resolved at once that, come what might, I would not fail of the tryst. Two months seemed an interminable time to wait, yet as I sat half dreaming before the fire in the stately old room, I thought, or rather I felt, that the spirit of Mercedes was close beside me there, but that if I went away I should be separated from her. My uncle too grew more confidential and I was surprised to find in him an amount of knowledge and scientific research I had not suspected in that avowed *viveur* and man of the world. Spain was evidently very familiar to him, especially Salamanca. ‘Twas there,’ he said, ‘I met my dear friend Hernandez, a connection of ours I think.’ My eyes turned instinctively on the portrait, you remember it, hanging in the hall. ‘Aye,’ said my uncle, interpreting my glance, ‘it’s very like him, that’s his great grandfather though, Fergus Fergusson. He was one of our family and lived here, I believe, somewhere in the seventeenth century or sixteenth or something. Then he or his son went to Spain and changed the name to Hernandez—why, I can’t tell you, I never knew much of these old family stories—however, I met Hernandez at Salamanca, he was a professor when I was a student; he’s coming here to Edinburgh and I want you to ask him to come here.’

“‘Why, of course. Any friend of ours is welcome. But he must be old.’

“‘Old, bless the boy, he’s about 40!’

“‘O come, uncle, if he was a professor when you were a student, he must be older than you at any rate, and you’re a good 65, I know!’

“‘God bless me, you’re right,’ said my uncle, ‘I never thought of that. I suppose he is; I can’t think of him as past 40 though. Why hang it! he must be 75 if he’s a day, wonderful man, wonderful!’

“I didn’t see that a man of 75 was necessarily wonderful, but I held my peace.

“One day my uncle asked to see my little dagger again. I brought it from where I kept it, for I didn’t carry it about with me.

“‘It’s a pretty toy,’ he said, looking closely at the handle, and as he spoke he touched the extreme end of the handle which seemed to tremble under his finger; he pressed it and the strange carved work of the hilt parted into an egg-shaped garland, then into a perfect circle. My uncle held it up in triumph, then pointing to the characters on the blade he read them off. I will not weary you now with all he told me of the use of this dagger and the symbolism wrought into its handle and written on its blade, and the faiths of old archaic nations which were, as it were, crystallized in this curious old weapon, legends of Isis, of Ashtoreth and Aphrodite, and of the great temple of Cyprus, for my uncle was

a man of wide culture and extensive travel. I was glad to some extent to hear him talk, for his words partly dispelled the feeling of superstitious dread with which I had regarded the dagger since the vision in the ebony table. At some points, however, I must have smiled incredulously, for my uncle said, 'Come now, let us put it to the proof.' I dreaded any further visions in my uncle's company after the last, but somehow I was unable to make any resistance, and I followed my uncle into his little sanctum, by the way, that queer ecclesiastical-looking window belongs to it. I had never been in here before—my uncle seemed greatly averse to intrusion—and I had always desired to humour all his whims. It is a queer stone-vaulted little room, but it looked like a bric-a-brac shop, so thickly was it hung and strewn with curios of all kinds, but what most attracted my notice was a series of seven silken curtains of the seven prismatic colours, which as the full sun shone in seemed to dazzle my eyes, till I almost seemed to fancy a strange mist between me and them, like the appearance of the white of an egg dropped into a tumbler of water.

"My uncle lighted a small lamp, notwithstanding that it was broad noonday, and set it on a little geometrically-shaped table, and soon a rich heavy sensuous perfume filled the room. My uncle laid the dagger in the palm of his right hand, and directed me to place the palm of my right hand over it, while his left hand and mine rested on a little table which stood between; very shortly I felt my hand and arm begin to burn and tingle, the heavy scent stole up to my brain, sensuous images began to rise in my thoughts. My uncle grasped my hand closer and murmured some kind of Hebrew or Arabic chant, the prismatic curtains seemed swayed by some breeze which we could not feel, and the opalescent mist moved and stirred and coagulated, forming itself gradually into lovely forms of women, floating, gliding here and there. My senses were entranced with a wild rapture, though I felt at the same moment as though all my vitality were being drained away. Momently I was growing weaker; with a violent effort of will at last I said to myself 'this won't do. What can be happening to me? I shall faint in another moment.' I drew in a long deep breath, shut my teeth and my lips hard and held my breath a moment, as I looked steadily and firmly at the fleeting shapes, and wherever I looked, there then were none of them, a void hole as it were, with circling forms all round; through one of these voids I saw the amber of one of the curtains, and as it were a simulacrum of black lace over it. Instantly I became conscious of a new power in the force of my will. I put forth all its strength, commanding the obscene herd to disappear. As I did so I felt my uncle's hand grow cold and clammy; he loosened his grasp and the dagger fell to the floor; he was panting and utterly exhausted. I filled a glass of liqueur from a small silver tray that stood on a side table, and in a few moments after swallowing it he was himself again. But

for me, never again did I pass the door of that little room without a shudder.

“A few days later Señor Hernandez arrived. I have seen this remarkable man often since, but never can I forget the first impression made upon me: my uncle’s account had prepared me for an elderly gentleman, instead I saw a man apparently in the prime of life; not a grey thread in his jet black hair, not a wrinkle in his clear olive-hued face, the finely-cut features of which might have been wrought in metal so impassive were they. I tried hard to greet him as an ordinary guest, but the curious mixture of terrified repulsion and yet a curiosity amounting almost to attraction was such as I had never felt before, and made it impossible to treat him as a simple casual acquaintance. He looked hard at me with piercing eyes which seemed to dazzle all my senses, and made me feel as in a trance. ‘So you are the owner of this old place now,’ he said. ‘Well, many have come and gone since my—my ancestor’s—portrait yonder was painted here. You ought to have some powers—eh? Clairvoyant I should think, perhaps you might tell me some things I want to know.’ But the experiences of the past with my uncle had warned me, and I replied that I would never play with such subjects. Señor Hernandez, still looking fixedly at me, said it was a wise resolve. We were standing all this time together in the hall. ‘Your grandfather wished he had made such a resolution,’ he said, ‘before he brought that Spanish bride of his home.’ I started, I could not help it—so there was Spanish blood in my own veins then—I had not known of this before. ‘Oh, yes,’ said Señor Hernandez, ‘a lovely girl she was—by the way, you are going to Spain, I may see you there. You wonder how I know. Thought travels quicker than light, and there are those who can read thoughts, even as far off as Spain.’ I thought to myself that this man was a very transparent humbug pretending to extraordinary powers, and that he had somehow heard of my intended journey, and made the most of the information. But as I stood talking to him a most strange faintness came over me, a great swell of magnificent organ harmonies seemed surging through my brain, I gasped for breath, my eyes grew blinded; all at once I became conscious that Hernandez was holding his right hand opposite my forehead, and that innumerable threads as it were of pale blue luminous gossamer were streaming from it into my brain. Faint and dim and far away I heard his voice—I was just conscious of sinking into an arm-chair—I heard the distant voice enquiring what I saw, and then, clear as a picture, came the vision of a desolate ridge of a hill with a precipice on either hand, and, mistily outlined in the background, the familiar form of Arthur’s Seat: on the midmost point of the ridge stood a species of cromlech, and at its base, a large flat stone, a troop of wild men and women with gipsy faces and wild matted hair pressed around, a form bound with seemingly interminable networks of linen bands interlaced

with swaiths of willow was laid on the stone, an old man with flowing white hair and beard, and a crown of green leaves on his head, raised a large knife; then to my horror I saw the victim was a young girl—a mist came over the altar stone—I could see that it was raised—but I could see no more, save that cruel ghastly rills of blood rippled round it; then, as it faded, the face of Hernandez showed through the mists with a diabolical expression of triumph.

“Again the mists seemed building themselves into pictures, and now I heard the swell of a Christian hymn, and I saw a little chapel with kneeling worshippers, all draped in dark-coloured, coarse woollen clothes of no particular shape, all rough and fierce-looking, both men and women, yet bending in humble adoration. To my intense surprise, I recognised the mouldings of that little room which formed, as I have told you, my uncle’s sanctum. I know not how, but in some strange way I was conscious that under the altar there was a hollow, and that into this hollow I ought to see.

“It seemed, also, as though Hernandez stood beside me, saying, ‘Look below the altar’; but ever that strange, blinding mist floated there and baffled my best endeavours; but as I strained my eyes, a form seemed to float between me and the altar—a kneeling figure, amber silk and black lace—and the faint perfume of sandal-wood floated towards me instead of incense, and in a second all my senses rallied. Some hellish art had overcome my will, and forced me into a trance condition, but I would break from it, even though the effort should tear every nerve. I strove with might and main to free myself, to cast off the heavy cloud that seemed resting on my brain. It felt as though ten thousand tiny filaments all embedded and entangled in the sensitive mass of the brain were being slowly dragged out, each with a separate pang, but the unreal vision vanished; I felt as though awaking from a heavy sleep, and at that moment I heard the voice of Hernandez saying, ‘A thousand devils! the boy’s too strong for me!’ Far away the voice sounded. With a great gasp I came to myself; I was sitting in a big arm-chair in the hall, my uncle and Señor Hernandez standing over me, the former, with a glass of water in his hand. ‘Why, nephew,’ he said, ‘what on earth has come to you? What do you mean by going off in a dead faint like that and scaring us out of our wits?’

“Hernandez said nothing, but a faint smile, more sinister than ever, came round his mouth, but moved no other feature of his face.

“There were but a few days left before my departure for Spain; in those days of slow travelling and probable delays I resolved to allow at least a month, lest by any chance I might miss the tryst at the Cathedral of Seville. Of those few days I remember little, save that the old house seemed more eerie than ever, and the forms, whose presence I dimly felt sometimes on stairs or landing, appeared more palpable, and charged with a magnetism whose evil influence sometimes

almost dominated my will, strive as I would. The image of Mercedes, too, seemed now to press close beside me, as though seeking protection, but two days before my departure it disappeared altogether. Left alone in the old haunted house (for my uncle and Hernandez almost lived in the little sanctum, save at meal times), you may guess I was glad enough when I embarked at the Port of Leith for the sunny South.

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be continued.)



I FEEL A STRIFE WITHIN MY HEART.

<p>I FEEL a strife within my heart, For good and ill a ceaseless strife ; That takes a hold on ev'ry part, And makes a battle of my life.</p> <p>Dark passions sweep across my soul, And toss my Spirit in their rage ; Like tempests over seas that roll Too wild to weather or assuage.</p> <p>Lust lingers in my bosom, like A leering, whispering fiend, that waits To drag my conscience down, and strike With sins that trembling Virtue hates.</p> <p>Blind Anger strikes me like the blast, Calls up my blood, my reason dims ; Till cold Regret reviews the past, When madden'd Thought no longer swims.</p> <p>Pride, like a serpent, lifts its head, To poison all my manliness ; Until my bosom were as dead To Nature's sweet impulsiveness.</p> <p>Deceit will oftentimes point the way To profits—false as they are brief— And softly strives to lure astray To paths, <i>retrod</i> thro' shame and grief.</p> <p>Wild Pleasures haunt me to my cost, And bid me falter at my goal ; To join their gay, enticing host That wrestle with my restless soul.</p>	<p>Temptations hover thro' my brain, To turn my thoughts from high resolves ; And lead me to some seeming gain, Which, as I fondly grasp—dissolves !</p> <p>Inherent blemishes combine, To check the purpose of my will ; Which, in its striving, would incline To court the good and shun the ill.</p> <p>All these are constantly at war With what is noblest, what is right ; And Oh ! my breast bears many a scar To show the fierceness of the fight !</p> <p>But still I live in patient hope That Time will bring reward at last ; That Wisdom's gath'ring strength will cope Against the storm's relentless blast.</p> <p>Till sin surrenders up its pow'r, And peace, triumphant, fills the breast ; Till Age finds solace in its hour, And looks to an Eternal Rest !</p> <p>I feel a strife within my heart, For good and ill, a ceaseless strife ; That takes a hold on ev'ry part, And makes a battle of my life.</p>
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JOSIAH MALLETT, F.T.S.

AWAKENING.

“**M**Y surroundings and the teachings in which I have been brought up have seemed to me hitherto the only world there is ; and now I feel that there are other worlds quite distinct from what has been mine, and I feel awed, and almost as if I had been rudely shaken out of a dream.”

This extract (from a letter) typifies a common experience, an experience, indeed, which falls to the lot of everyone who *lives* ; and that not once or twice only, but again and again. The “Happy Valley” of childhood seems to us the universe, and we are struck breathless when we discover that there is an indefinitely vast world beyond the encircling hills. But even then we have no adequate idea how vast is that world ; and as the horizon widens and yet widens, time after time, often enough we feel indeed as if we had been “rudely shaken out of a dream.” And it was such a pleasant dream ! We had made ourselves so comfortable, we felt so much at home, reconciled gradually to the larger world, and fondly supposing we had attained finality at last ; when suddenly, lo——!——. After a series of these awakenings, if one has risen to each occasion as it came and trained oneself in courage and wisdom, they lose to a very great extent their discomfiting aspect, and are taken calmly and manfully. But let not those who have thus “reached a purer air” be unmindful of their own early sorrows, and impatient of the reluctance and hesitation and timorousness with which others who have not yet been through like year-long discipline shrink from the awakening. Very tender and gentle should they be with all such, knowing that the pain is keen, and often prolonged.

For the pain *is* keen. The desire for peace and quiet is one of the strongest passions of humanity ; and it is with a heavy heart the mandate “Arise ! this is not your rest !” is heard. It is hard to lay aside our opinions, our ideas, our ways of looking at things. Custom and habit have made them so familiar and natural, that it seems like parting with a portion of the very self to part with them. Nor is this all, by any means, in the great majority of cases. For in the Inner Life men seldom move forward by families or in groups. The call is individual, unheard save by the fated one, and too often disbelieved in and denied by others. And bitter indeed is it when it begins to dawn on us that on matters of transcendent import we are no longer able to think with our friends—ah me ! perhaps not with our nearest and dearest. A Hand beckons us which they cannot see. What is a new earth (and perhaps a new heaven) to us is empty space to them. We try to explain—it is impossible ; they cannot understand us. Alone—happy indeed if not saddened by reproaches and fettered by well-meant hindrances—we have to endure the shock of the awakening.

And this bitter experience is one which may recur more than once, and which loses none of its bitterness because it is a familiar pain. Although we awaken each one for himself, yet as a rule we presently gather with others who have passed through the like palingnesia, and in their society we find compensation for the communion we have lost. But it well may happen that a further awakening comes to one of the group which is not shared in by the others; and too often, forgetful of the treatment under which they themselves once groaned, those others mete out even the like to their comrade, who has to pass for a second time through the ordeal of fire. Indeed, such second sorrow is often fiercer than the first. For the heart had clung in the sacred fellowship of suffering to those who had traversed its own thorny path; and sharp indeed is the pain of having to leave even those chosen friends. Besides this, their opposition is often stronger than that first encountered. For they say, weary of wandering, "Surely we have come far enough! Surely you may be content to stay where we are satisfied to rest! Are you so much wiser than we? Have you not had proof that we dare to leave all for the Truth? And if we, thus daring and doing, consider that we have reached the goal, beyond which is only the boundless waste, who are you to dream that there lie still fairer lands beyond, which our eyes, keen and trained as they are, cannot see?" Yet the beckoning Hand will not forbear, and they who have crossed an Atlantic to find an America, are driven to cross the continent in turn to find a Pacific. Let no man envy the forlorn hope, the *enfants perdus* of Humanity! It is a lot to be accepted bravely and with solemn gladness if it so befall; it is not a lot to be lightly sought.

"The forlorn hope"—in its dangers, as well as its sorrows. For those who thus undertake unusual exertion of brain and soul are subject—as is obvious and well-known—to the inexorable Law of Reaction. The vitality that would have sufficed for many days in the quiet valley is exhausted in a few hours of struggling to scale the peak. And then, when the dark hour comes, when one is weary of thinking, weary of feeling, weary of effort—oh! the temptation to cease, to go back! What has been left seems peaceful, beautiful, sufficient as it never seemed before; what has been sought seems unattractive, cold mysterious, forbidding; the glory of the "Alpine bloom" faded, and only the bare nakedness of rock and earth left. There is only one thing to be done then:—to dumbly hold on, to wait till overborne nature has recovered from the strain. Woe to those who yield and go back! Either they have to traverse the self-same ground, inch by inch, over again, shame-weakened and more prone to fall back than ever; or they drag out the rest of their existence in a sphere whose imperfection they perceive without having nerve to leave it, victims of a hungry unrest, tormented by dreams they cannot banish and will not fulfil.

This danger, it has been said, is obvious and well-known. There is a

yet greater one, far more subtle and seldom recognised, which we would do well to analyse and understand.

The essential unity of man is a fact never to be lost sight of for a moment. Emphatically, man is *One*. What are called thought, feeling, emotion, memory, and else, are only different facets of the one gem, called by different names for convenience sake. When a powerful impulse comes to a man, the wave of vitality sweeps through his being, quickening into activity latent potentialities of good—but also of evil.

What a moribund school of theology would call the “backsliding” of “converts” is a psychic fact capable of a rigidly scientific explanation. In the soil of the heart, saturated with an intenser warmth than hitherto known, unsuspected weeds as well as unsuspected flowers germinate. Evil tendencies whose very existence was undreamed of, or which were cut down and supposed to have been killed years ago, manifest terrible life. Seeking to evoke a saint, one is horror-struck at the apparition of a fiend. It is a stern experience ; and befalling one who is unprepared for it, most dangerous. But a wise student of himself will be prepared for it, and on his guard against his unknown Lower Self, when he seeks to develop his unknown Higher Self. *Never is the aspirant in such danger of falling as the moment after he has successfully resisted temptation.* And this, from the laws of his being.

And when will the long-drawn series end? when will the last awakening come, the Ultimate Reality be seen and gained? I know not. Only, for most of us, it will not be for ages yet. Meanwhile?

“And does the road lead up hill all the way?

Yes; to the very end.

And will the journey last the whole, long day?

From morn to night, my friend.”

Yes, it must be even so. Only by travail-pangs and birth-throes can the Ego be born again, time after time into higher and yet higher life. Say not the prospect is an unhappy one. Remember, “There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness.”

The way is rough, though habit will render it ever easier. Still, it is rough. And it is long. And oftentimes it is lonely.

But—*sic itur ad astra.*

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F.T.S.



“THERE was a morning when I longed for fame,
There was a noontide when I passed it by,
There is an evening when I think no shame
Its substance and its being to deny.”

PSYCHIC FIRE.

(Concluded.)

IN our last article we held that every atom of matter in the visible universe is a psycho-material magnet, and we endeavoured to give some of the reasons which led us to this conclusion. Man's shell, or material body, is a congeries of atoms. It must be therefore a complex psycho-material magnet. Let us look at the two planes, the astral and the physical, microcosmically. To do this we must enter the domain of metaphysics, which may be defined as the study of the effects produced at the positive pole of the human magnet, and the realm of physics which reveals to us the action of the negative pole or material form. By connecting the results obtained from these two different inquiries we shall render the former science practical, and the latter theoretical in its exhibition of facts, giving a comprehensive view of the general idea which underlies the facts and theories of life. Philosophy is generally considered as distinct from Science, while religion and the study of the mind have been developing hitherto along separate lines. Science, denying to both these latter a real and positive value, runs between them casting lurid lights first on one side, then on the other, which confuse the even sequence of events and blind us to their common relationship. In truth, Religion may be called the science of the Spiritual Soul, metaphysics that of the human soul, and physics the science of the animal soul. These studies are so closely related that to seek to explain one except by the aid of the other two must lead to only partial and one-sided results.

The Spiritual Soul becomes the observer when the science of human and animal life is considered. Uniting itself with the higher faculties of the Ego, and in this manner individualising its own Infinity, the Spiritual Soul of man becomes for the other two (the human and animal souls) simply an outside power which, as *consciousness*, pervades their activities, and connects them into personal and individual shapes. The Ego or human Soul, saturated with divine consciousness, consciousness (divine simply because infinite) is capable of receiving and localising, through its contact with the material world, every possible ideal impression.

Our religious tenets should consist in generalities into which all finite ideas may be received and co-related amongst themselves, thus partaking of the character of Infinity which rightly belongs to the truly Spiritual. No difficulties would then arise between the agreement of the three great studies which a human life develops.

The Spiritual Ego of the visible universe is the Infinite and Negative One, which receives into its passionless depths the reflections cast from the many coloured fires of life. These fiery shadows are the finite units, which, blended together, form up a mass of power which thrills through

the universe and fills with the glare of positive forms the tranquil majesty of Perfect Light.

So it is with that Ego of man whose function it is to generalise. It resembles the Spiritual Soul of the World in its colourless consciousness, into which are reflected his growing perceptions, flashing and sparkling with the many coloured thoughts which fly from the brain in an ever-deepening aura. These collectively represent a definite quantity of energy, a given point of force, which quivers at first with the gentle heat of low potential but, gradually warming with a stronger current as the man develops, it burns with a central fire which leaps into flame and casts a changeful and uncertain shadow into a conscious universe, revealing a comparison between its own finality and circumscribing Infinity. Thus does the *earthly* man light with his sense perceptions a torch which shows him the infinite oneness of all things: and seeing, he becomes aware of an overshadowing might, a Spiritual power which gathers round him, growing in substance with the light he sheds, and which it reflects with a clearer and surer radiance, until at last the strength of the flame is lost in the heat of its reflection. Thus, first the flame, then flame and shadow where the shadow seems the flame, the flame the shadow, and then the greater light slowly absorbing all.

Thus the Ego advances out of the Infinite Consciousness, and warms into a spiritual and psychic life. The colours of the rays which flash from the material man mirror themselves within the limpid depths of infinite consciousness, and form a personality; then, as this latter assumes a definite form, localised by its roots plunged in the Universe of Space, it becomes a unit reflection from the Absolute and thus summarised as a definite amount of living energy it forms a direct ratio with Infinity and awakens to a consciousness of spiritual unity in which it loses its characteristic personalities. If these latter are looked at as being a bundle of finite ideas, they become a number of minor laws resumed in a major law, and representing the substance and shape of the astral body. This comprehensive law, astral form, or personal Ego, forms a definite ratio with the Infinite, and thus acquires an overshadowing spirituality, and a direct infusion of divine power. Infusion takes place because each component idea of the bundle may set up its own ratio with the overshadowing one which results in the astral form becoming alive with Spiritual affinities. These are the connecting links which bind the different ideas to one another. On the psychic plane this bond shows us the ratios of ideas amongst themselves; these appear as shadows in the purer light of the Spiritual ratios; and resumed in one, we have the Personal Ego darkening the light of Infinite perfection. By this action a definite quantity of Spiritual rays is separated out from the rest becoming the Spiritual affinities resulting from psychic development, and forming a human soul, warmed by the double reflection from the Astral and Spiritual planes.

This human Soul, or individuality, changes with the personality, forming fresh ratios with earth and heaven. Being a flame, its light deepens or weakens in the mental atmosphere in which it lives, and casts a more or less defined shadow above. With the awakening of Spirit come other powers ; but since we treat only of the lower planes we will not attempt to enquire into these deeper mysteries. Let it suffice that the Spirit in man is to his psychic power as the attentive observer to the actors observed.

In what we have just written we have attempted to explain our position with regard to the astral and physical planes in these articles in order that it may clearly be understood that these two planes and their progeny are looked upon as being outside and apart from an Ego who observes and feels the action of these psychic currents ; but we do not profess to have attempted to give more than an outline painting, a picture localising in a half-indefinite way the lower planes of life with reference to the higher. We may now return to the physical plane and resume the development of psycho-material forces. Our Universe is the home of fire which, as living substance, volume without density, manifests the depths of Space. This world-stuff consists, as we have said, of countless fiery magnets, which, under the influence of collective and universal laws, collect into vast fiery masses ; these eventually condense, under the influence of the Universal Mind, into matter forming up, around the unseen universe of thought, a physical brain. Thus the visible Universe is the brain of the mental universe or subjective world of law ; and, as the one is the negative pole, equal and opposite to the other, every subjective activity at the positive pole is reproduced on earth with the release of fire and the apparent life of solid things.

Man, like the world he lives on, is a psycho-material magnet. He possesses a brain or negative pole ; a mind or positive pole.

But he is a more complex material form than the earth ; for his negative pole has developed into a complex material magnet, alive with self-induced currents of electricity which have produced in their turn re-actions on the psychic and spiritual plane, resulting in extra cosmic (that is to say purely human) materialisations. Thus the Ego, the I am I, is the consciousness of a psycho-material magnet whose magnetism is due to the activity of psychic force. The Ego, as Consciousness, reflects these two poles as two different qualities of perception.

The psychic pole is conscious meaning ; the material pole is conscious feeling ; and the reaction on the negative pole or material form of these two constitutes the earthly life of man. The re-agent is positive, psychic force and negative, psychic fire. Now we all know how to think in a greater or lesser degree. The quality of these thoughts, the keenness of conscious mentality, the repetition of thoughts, and the force with which they are vitalised, are factors which the Ego has freedom to use as he pleases. For him Feeling and Meaning are the two activities which lie

in the neg. — and posit. + poles of his psycho-material magnet. If Feeling predominates then the physical world reigns over the psychic world, and the vitality which the Ego disposes of is earthly and personal. Let us examine the effect produced when a bodily feeling sets into activity the currents of our psycho-material human magnet. The negative pole acts as incitor to the subjective plane, and the psychic fire, thus roused, intensifies the magnetism of the whole magnet. This results in animal heat. For the negative pole is increased by a reflex pulsation from the mental world, and we know that increased energy manifests on the physical plane as heat. This increase of vitality is the negative current; and is equal and opposite to the positive current which, in the astral plane, has no distinct localisation except that which it obtains as a reflected value from the physical world. Therefore the effect of feeling when acting subjectively is to develop heat. The disturbance of the bodily balance is felt by the brain, which must be looked on as being twofold. First, as sensitive matter it is a conductor. Secondly, as psychic condensation it is that which it conducts. It is the main conductor of the material part of the psycho-material magnet and therefore the primary current in this magnet where there are such countless secondary and induced ones. To Kabbalists, who remember that the brain (?) is the seat of Neschamah this will be suggestive. As the primary current it induces secondary ones, known as the complex organisms of the body. The brain acts as a register and notes the disturbance of power as a definite change of atomic force affecting the balance of the body or — pole with its mentality or + pole.

This force is expansive in its initial stage, as sudden release of energy and increased vigour are apparent; fire or heat is developed, which is the measure of its activity. In its second stage, or that of passing from negative to the positive plane, its initial vigour is lost in its expansion and coolness follows. This indicates the arrival of the impulse at the astral pole; and the instant reflection thence, due to the necessity of readjusting the balance, is accompanied by the activity of law on the psychic plane which eventuates in increased energy or heat on the physical plane at the exact point whence it started.

So that we have two kinds of heat developed by the action of one feeling. (1.) Nascent heat or positive electricity, visible in the instant of time in which it is capable of manifesting on this plane as a flash of light, or by heat. (2.) The reflex energy or animal heat which is negative electricity. The first, beginning in matter, bursts into the meaning of a law. The second carries this meaning back to the physical plane where it condenses, and the two currents together give us animal magnetism.

Animal magnetism is therefore the action of the astral plane upon the physical plane, where this is primarily excited from the latter.

It is also the method by which the physical Universe builds itself up and evolves under the ægis of laws roused to material interaction. And

here the parallelism existing between man and the world he inhabits becomes again apparent. The world as a whole is the brain of its psychic power. As a whole it is a main conductor or a primary current at rest.

The animal world, distinguished by the possession in each unit development of a cerebral centre, resembles in this the macrocosm. Both are active with animal magnetism and both may re-act on one another through this electrical power as distinct and mutually modifying entities. Feeling, the incitor of animal magnetism, as negative power, is the direct reflection of the Infinite. It is that universal quality out of which the five senses have been separated. It is the consciousness of the Ego reflected through five different universes; for each sense is of infinite perception, or perhaps we should say that the objective field for perception within the range of each of the five senses is infinite. Feeling is that quality by which motion becomes objective; it is the amplitude of vibration, the wing of life which flashes the form of power into objective being. It is in fact the root of motion in the universe of Time, which pierces the unseen world into the visible and becomes incrustated in space as the objective and material plane. In other words it is the foundation of form and is, in itself, on the upper plane the limit which gives meaning to the law. It is therefore the negative power *par excellence*, the absolute one, receiving into its own tranquil immensity the reflection of finite actions and thereby becoming manifest by contrast. It is more than this, for, as the meaning of the law, it is the colour which distinguishes the lights of life vibrating as different laws. Thus we see that when Feeling dominates the astral plane, we have the personality, the vivid hues of life, flashing with renewed vigour under the influence of the increased energy which the disturbance it has effected on that plane rains down on this one. In other words this means that animal magnetism, such as we have described it, is the builder and invigorator of man's personality. For it is a compound of feeling and vitality. As the first it represents the world stuff, its atomic development into bodily form and molecular action. / As the second it represents the laws of these which, with their vitality constantly irritated into activity by material, chemical and physical action, give conscious life to the body. The net result being that the body, a complex unit of feelings, corresponds to a complex unit of laws, or a *mind*, which as long as animal magnetism, in obedience to the conditions of man's earthly life, continues to act, will be kept in a constant state of activity. Hence nervous energy breeds mental vitality. Confusion or inharmonious interaction amongst material particles will confuse the mind which will reflect back on to the fevered part increased fever accentuating the evil.

Thus we conclude that every bodily emotion or feeling affects the mind of man and increases the power of the physical plane over the psychic.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT FAIRIES.

THERE is a great deal of pleasure in turning out the contents of an old forgotten dusty cupboard, the hiding-place of ancient toys, childhood's treasures. Broken odds and ends of every kind ; the first boat made and launched with such glee and pride, the kite, battered and wind-tossed, side by side with armless dolls and legless animals in amicable confusion, all alike relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

Finally old books, with well-thumbed corners, whose dim lettering and quaint pictures arouse tender memories of the keen delight they gave us before the matter-of-fact world had dulled our senses and made everything seem stale and common. And amongst these old books we find a volume of fairy tales, cast aside with these other relics of childhood as if only fit for that period. So soon do we shut one of the windows of the soul ; indeed, modern childhood declines to look through this window at all, and regards the wonderful lore of the fairy world as a tangle of worn-out superstitious fancies, not to be tolerated in this science-loving age.

Let us forget for awhile modern enlightenment, and peep into this so-called realm of fancy, and try to appreciate the beauty and grace of it, and to discern the no less certain truth underlying the myriad tales and traditions of the world of fairy folk. In each element we find them ; in our world atmosphere, radiant airy beings on airy wing cleaving the blue sky ; resting on cloud banks, climbing the rainbow arch, and visible to those who will see them in the white beam of moonlight which makes a silvery path from earth to heaven.

Then on earth, fairy feet in forest or on moorland, hiding in dells, or dwelling on the scarred barren summits of mountains amid ice and snow. Making gay homes for themselves in ferny copses or under deep hedgerows, leaving their traces of fairy encampments in the dark green rings on meadow land, or amid the woods. Signs and tokens of their presence everywhere. They are diminutive creatures, tiny copies of men and women, varying in size from the airy speck that nestles in a lily cup, to that prankish elf of about a foot high whose mad exploits are related in the person of Puck. Gay frolicsome laughing little beings with as purposeless a life as the merest butterfly, never serious, full of fun and fantasy, destitute alike of tragedy and true comedy. Mere bubbles of intelligent life, fleeting and evanescent ; not powerful either for good or evil. They have, however, their beneficent aspect, as tales of the "good people" so amply prove. Dwelling side by side with men, and venturing into the sleeping drowsy homesteads on moonlit nights, cleaning and tidying for the careful thrifty housewife who rewards their kindly aid by entire belief in their existence.

Votive offerings of food and drink are, however, reserved for the mischievous ones who, unpropitiated, might work evil, and these are placed at stated intervals outside human dwellings, and act as charms in securing peace to the

household. Though it is to be noted that the elves are said to appear in Yuletide as mice, and cakes are placed for them.

To the elves is also given a power of alluring song, and whoso listens to it will invariably die. The story of the Erl-King is an example of this. But this weird music is more associated with water sprites and sirens than with the earth fairies.

Their worst recorded crimes are, however, the occasional theft of a human baby and an uncanny elf-like thing left in its place, which grieves the mother's heart, though she never refuses nourishment and a certain amount of awed affection to the unwelcome stranger.

And whilst these fairy folk dwell on the earth or flit through the air, underground there are troops of somewhat similar forms, dwarfs, gnomes, trolls, cave-haunters, inhabitants of gloomy, sunless depths. These have no beauty of face or form, but are grim, fantastic, crooked; they delve in fairy mines and build their underground cities of crystal and stone. They fashion strange jewels and ornaments and forge magic swords which men have long since wielded, chains too, such as bound the fierce wolf Fennis of Norse legend. Rings have they wrought also of wondrous power, fateful and terrible.

And deeper still than these dwell the salamanders, spirits of fire, living intelligences born in and of that dread element. Who that has looked into the glowing heart of the fire can have failed to catch glimpses of fantastic shapes, leaping in the flames or crouching amidst red embers, their home and birthplace in the great central fires of our earth.

Look also at that other mighty element, water. Who has not felt the magic of the sea? That wild waste of never-resting ocean—full of ceaseless energy under the summer sunshine and the winter howl of the hurricane.

Amid its illimitable expanse and mystery the mind of man gains a better idea of infinity than in any wide-stretching breadth of earth or upward towering mountain.

The sea teems with its own life, animal and vegetable in countless forms—but is this all? Does this mighty world of water contain no intelligent creature, other than a mere animal, abiding in its calm depths or revelling in the tossing waves on its sun-kissed surface? Here is space and enough for sea-fairy folk; so we have undines, mermaids and mermen, water-kelpies, nixies, strom-karls, creatures born of and in the water, some haunting mountain streams and lakes and still, quiet pools, and others dwelling in that larger world of sea-water.

A belief in intelligent beings in more or less human form, but not of human kind, has been almost universal, common to every race and country in every age. The same tales and traditions appear in varying forms and with every variety of detail, but all founded upon the same profound belief in, and unshaken conviction of, the existence of semi-material beings, mostly in human form, with more or less human attributes. At times beneficent to the human race, occasionally malignant, spiteful, elfish, working mischief and ill. Some have seen them, spoken with them, even lived with them, as the famous Thomas of Ercildoune, who lived for seven years in the under ground land and returned to earth under the condition that he should go back to fairyland if summoned. He was finally re-called and is still believed to be living with the fairies. There are various versions of this story in many lands.

Two curious points to be noticed are : 1st, that those decoyed always return to the fairy folk. 2nd, that time, as we understand it on this earth, is of no account, years seeming to be but moments.

Now the chief arguments generally brought forward against the reality of this fairy world, may be divided as follows :

1st. No one has yet been proved to have either seen or conversed with a fairy.

2nd. Their existence is contrary to natural laws.

3rd. The belief in them is only to be found amongst uneducated people.

With regard to the first objection of no credible witness to the existence of a fairy—all the traditions and tales which have been alluded to are declared absolutely incredible. Those who bear witness to their truth have been classed as either self-deceived visionaries or wilful impostors, feeding the human love for the marvellous with the creations of their own morbid fancy.

That no fairy has ever yet been dissected under the microscope is of course to some minds a conclusive proof of non-existence, and those whose world is bounded by microscopic limits are very difficult to convince of anything outside their own narrow experience.

With regard to the second argument, that a fairy's existence would be contrary to natural laws, we have only to put one or two questions. Has our modern very wise man absolutely become possessed of certain knowledge regarding all natural laws? Or is it within the bounds of possibility that natural laws exist of which he, as yet, knows nothing, and that the world of fairies may be subject to such unknown laws?

There is nothing *super-natural*, that is above or beyond the *natural*. It is a paradox. Everything is natural, and under laws, but we do not know entirely the bounds of nature, nor do we understand all the laws which govern it.

Finally, the argument that a belief in fairies is only held by uneducated people, is to be disposed of in two ways. 1st. It is not quite true, as many highly developed minds have believed in them.

2nd. Where it is true, it proves that the development of the logical or reasoning faculty tends to destroy the perceptive and intuitive faculty.

We find, then, that man has either perceived something external to himself on which he has founded his belief, or that he has created the image in his own mind.

It is incredible that the latter should be a fact, for if it is seriously maintained that all these tales are the growth of man's own morbid imagination, a mere collection of superstitious fancies—then we have the curious spectacle of puny insignificant man peopling with his wondrous creative thought, void realms of air, earth, fire and water, left empty of intelligent life by the All-knowing, All-creating Intelligence, who has in every other way allowed no single inch of His marvellous work to remain untenanted and void of spirit incarnate. Can thought be more creative than He who created thought?

We may therefore dismiss this supposition on the ground that such a universal belief must have had at least some germ of truth and fact, and cannot be entirely the result of man's unaided and creative fancy. If man has at some time or other perceived these intelligent beings, we must then proceed to enquire how he has become possessed of any knowledge of them.

Knowledge of the external world is obtained by means of our five senses, and these have to be helped by mechanical agencies such as the microscope and telescope, and so assisted we can arrive at much knowledge which would otherwise remain hidden.

If thus our five senses are by no means adequate by themselves to acquaint us with the external material world, how powerless they must be to give us any knowledge of that more ethereal and intangible world of spirit.

Even the most material of all our philosophers will grant that there is something above and beyond matter, some subtle essence which eludes dissection under the microscope, and of which they therefore believe it impossible to obtain any information.

But why should man, with his insatiable craving for knowledge, be content to sit down with that hopeless cry, "We cannot know; thus far our learning will take us, but no farther." No farther, certainly, whilst our five senses are the only methods used. No learned creature, armed with magnifying glass, with scalpel and forceps, soberly and scientifically investigating nature's marvels, is ever likely to dissect a fairy, nor even to behold the ethereal realm such a being inhabits.

But if the wise man will but, metaphorically speaking, turn himself inside out, he will find that he is the fortunate possessor of another sense.

He will, of course, be indignant at this very unscientific idea, and will probably be as little able to comprehend it as a blind man can be made to understand the sense of sight.

Imagine a man in possession of this sense, lecturing to a number of blind men on the wonderful gift of sight.

How could he, with argument or learned reasoning, set about convincing his audience? There they would be 50 or 100 against him, each blind man would corroborate his fellow in denying the sense of sight; all the balance of experience so far, would be against our lecturer, yet we, who can see, know what the blessed sense of sight means.

The blind man may believe that others see, but he cannot understand or appreciate the sense. The world of sky and mountain and water, the faces of his fellow men are dark, they have no existence visually. But our learned man is better off than the blind man. He has this sense if he will only use it; it may be dim and undeveloped, but it is there. One could not blame a blind man for not seeing, but what would one think of a man who by diligent trying could see, could make his capacity for seeing grow and develop, and yet chose rather to sit in the dark, shut his eyes, and deny that anyone could see?

It is very difficult to persuade people that they have this additional power of acquiring knowledge of the external world.

As a common instance of a perception of external circumstances by an inner sense, take the certain knowledge some people have of an approaching storm. This is a consciousness of change in material conditions, and man to a large extent shares this perception with the lower animals.

In the world of thought, however, there are numberless phenomena which are not to be explained solely by such change in material conditions.

We are told that thought results from certain definite changes in the matter composing the brain; but will this meagre explanation account at all for that won-

derful thought transference, that mental telegraphy which nearly everyone now will admit to be a fact? Will material reasoning explain this thought-reading and transmission, and the power of second sight, so common with some people in some places? Will it explain epidemics of feeling, raging over multitudes? Religious excitement, loyal acclamation, mob-rage, fear, cruelty, lust and greed; almost all human passions passing at intervals over whole races at one or more periods in their existence. There is something subtle, mysterious here, beyond the capability of the five senses to grasp or explain.

Neither will the reasoning faculty of man explain this inner sense. It is in no way an outcome of the logical faculty, but often in direct opposition to it. For want of a better name we call it the sixth sense, the intuitive faculty, the eye of the soul.

With this eye man can gaze into worlds not realised, not present nor existing to his material vision, but more real, true, and living to his spirit than anything which appeals to his five senses alone.

What is it but this faculty that has taught man that there exists a something above and beyond matter, that brings his spirit into contact with the eternal spirit permeating all things.

In proportion to our own development of this spirit within us do we perceive, know, and recognise this same spirit in things outside of ourselves, hence it must be by the intuitive sense that we perceive the finer shades and gradations of intelligent and spiritual life.

There are nowhere in nature any great chasms between one form of life and another; everything is one link in the great chain, the gradual series of developing steps. But looking at the purely material aspect of forms of life there would appear to be a great and wide gulf between man and the lower animals; may not this gap in the long chain be filled by intelligent beings, akin to the animals in their apparent want of a moral life, akin to man in their intelligence, with perhaps also a dormant soul yet waiting for development? The gay delight in existence of these fairy beings is shared by them with the whole animal creation; their fresh, innocent, *unmoral* state betokens also an animal existence, but superadded to this is a greater power of thought and reasoning faculty, a certain cunning and capacity for mischief. Not conscious sin, for that implies a moral sense, and all the tales and traditions show us no conscience in the fairy folk. The tales of their love for mortals and the leading of a life with one of human kind for the sake of such love, point to their capacity for developing a soul in some after existence.

As to their materiality, there must be many and divers theories.

Fairy folk may have their being under totally different laws and on a different plane of existence from ours. But all matter is not visible, nor under certain attenuated conditions able to be perceived by any of the five senses. The air we breathe is not usually visible, the still more wonderful and intangible ether permeating all things is matter as far as we know it, but not visible nor ponderable.

Man's spirit, his personality, is clothed in matter, tangible, ponderable, perceptible by the five senses. It is not very difficult to carry this idea a little further and grant the existence of intelligent beings, personalities also, clothed in more ethereal, intangible matter; such a minute germ of spirit, for instance,

as clothes itself in the tiny semblance of a human being, and dwells invisible to mortal eye in a flower cup; then the stronger spirit germ that attracts a larger amount of more ponderable matter and appears as a wood elf or water sprite, and so on through an infinitely graduated series, more or less ethereal, till we come to the changeling, so sufficiently visible and material as to deceive the mother, who is yet dimly conscious of the difference of spirit between her lost human baby and the weird personality which has taken its place. Again nearer still to man, the beautiful Undine, with yearning wish to develop a human soul, loving mankind because of that subtle attraction her own fast-developing soul has to the fully grown soul of a man. Such fairy beings have always been human in exterior form, tangible, passing amongst men and women as one of themselves, but with sufficient difference of spirit to mark them as of another kind of being. As the animal shows the evolution of man's material self, so do the fairies help to point out the evolution in his spiritual self.

That mankind should have seen and described beings composed of such intangible matter as some of the inhabitants of the fairy world, seems difficult of belief, and yet the various aspects that certain traditional eerie forms have assumed to different eyes prove that though the human being in each case was seen to a certain extent, the seeing has been preceded by an inner perception and consciousness of the presence of an intelligent being, not human, and the strong perception has affected the physical organ of sight to such an extent that a visible embodiment of the perception has been produced.

The spectre, who by turns appears as a peasant to a peasant, as an armed knight to the armed knight in search of adventure, and in many another guise, shows how the individual mind of each seer has coloured the vision. Our argument, then, is that there are beings, intelligences, capable of being perceived by the inner sense of man, that from their very nature these cannot be seen *first* by the physical organ of sight, but only by this organ in proportion to the strength of the inner perception, and that the individual mind necessarily colours these visions according to its own nature.

Uneducated people, women and children, all those in whom the logical faculty is undeveloped and dormant, are much better able to perceive with this inner sense; their natures are more open to impressions, hence the colouring of the fairy world, as seen in tangible form, has always been more gay, innocent, bright and childlike than gloomy, and dark, and evil.

We are making a mistake, now, in our methods of developing the mind. We have looked so closely into the tiny space at our feet, that we have put out of focus the great world-picture which we should do better to try and understand more generally as a whole. In close scrutiny of details, and slavish devotion to microscopic truth, we are losing the larger truth, the fine sense of harmony in every part. And it is the inner sense alone that can help us to see things from this wider point of view.

And herein lies the true meaning of education, a *drawing out*, a development of the inner man, not forcing the surface of things into human minds and killing with merciless logic all efforts to use the soul's eye.

There are the senses, instruments for the mind to use and develop, channels through which to gain knowledge of the external world, each to be used in turn, not one in its own place more than another, for it is the harmony of all that

brings true knowledge, and within there is that blessed inner sense, transcending all the rest, sharpening them all to finer uses, turning the messages they bring into golden lessons of clearest truth.

And round the child's mind let us build no walls, "This you can know—this you can see, but no further."

So many steps on the road, and then a warning finger of prejudice—"Here stop; nay, go back!" And so the starving soul, hungry for knowledge, languishes on crumbs within sight of a feast. Or rather, the soul with striving pinions eager for flight is caught and prisoned in miserable cages of ignorance and unbelief, as if all the universe were not indeed lying open, ready, a clear, plain book wherein all may read who have eyes.

So in these glimpses into worlds not realized in a material sense, man may see a larger, fuller life possible for himself in the future. Matter irradiated with spirit, till both are identical, and the more man can perceive this light of the spirit shining through everything, the greater will be his own spiritual life and development.

And thus we plead for the fairies, not to revive belief in what has been judged a mere fanciful superstition cast aside on the lumber-heaps of the past, but as living actual present intelligences, capable of being perceived by the inner sense of man, one more means of attaining knowledge, one more proof of the reality of things not seen, one more link in the divine chain which binds our human spirits to the Great Spirit who gave them life. FRANCIS ANNESLEY.



THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE present year, now rapidly drawing to a close, will be memorable among the years of the nineteenth century as having seen the practical completion of the greatest work of constructive engineering which the history of the world has witnessed. We allude, of course, to that mighty structure—a characteristic product of modern daring, knowledge, and practical engineering skill—the Forth Bridge. Perhaps no structure which engineers have yet attempted marks so definitely the enormous extension of human power and control over nature, while at the same time contrasting so forcibly the advance in liberty and humanity with the comparative disregard for human life and limb which was formerly so common among civilised races where constructive works were concerned.

"This bridge is a grand example of the extension of man's feeble power by invention and thought.

"Mr. Baker and Sir John Fowler, the distinguished engineers to whom the inception and perfect design of the structure are due, have very modestly disclaimed originality of principle, and have informed us repeatedly, in speeches and lectures, that the cantilever principle is many hundreds of years old, and was adopted at least 230 years ago in a wooden bridge of 112 feet span, in a country so remote as Thibet. The Chinese, also, who seem to have anticipated all inventions, if historians are to be credited, are said to have used the principle."

The writer of this article, which we copy from the "PRACTICAL ENGINEER" (of December 27, 1889), adds, that "they" (The Thibetans and Chinese bridges), "are *no doubt*, just as Newcomen's crude contrivances were steam-engines," . . . they are "the development of the beautiful modern engine from the crude machine of Newcomen," and he speaks quite disrespectfully and flippantly of the Egyptian pyramids. Well, if we watch, we may yet read some day of the building of an artificial man hatched from an ostrich egg, with the boastful remark, that this "beautiful human engine, the production of modern Science, is the splendid development from the *crude* machine of nature—called man."

WAS CAGLIOSTRO A "CHARLATAN"?

To send the injured unredressed away,
How great soe'er the offender, and the
wrong'd
Howe'er obscure, is wicked, weak and vile—
Degrades, defiles, and should dethrone a
king.

—SMOLLETT.

THE mention of Cagliostro's name produces a two-fold effect. With the one party, a whole sequence of marvellous events emerges from the shadowy past; with others the modern progeny of a too realistic age, the name of Alexander, Count Cagliostro, provokes wonder, if not contempt. People are unable to understand that this "enchanter and magician" (read "Charlatan") could ever legitimately produce such an impression as he did on his contemporaries. This gives the key to the posthumous reputation of the Sicilian known as Joseph Balsamo, that reputation which made a believer in him a brother Mason say, that (like Prince Bismarck and some Theosophists) "Cagliostro might well be said to be the best abused and most hated man in Europe." Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the fashion of loading him with opprobrious names, none should forget that Schiller and Goethe were among his great admirers, and remained so to their deaths. Goethe while travelling in Sicily devoted much labour and time to collecting information about "Guiseppe Balsamo" in his supposed native land; and it was from these copious notes that the author of Faust wrote his play "The Great Kophta."

Why this wonderful man is receiving so little honour in England, is due to Carlyle. The most fearlessly truthful historian of his age—he, who abominated falsehood under whatever appearance—has stamped with the *imprimatur* of his honest and famous name, and thus sanctified the most iniquitous of historical injustices ever perpetrated by prejudice and bigotry. This owing to false reports which almost to the last emanated from a class he disliked no less than he hated untruth, namely the Jesuits, or—lie incarnate.

The very name of Guiseppe Balsamo, which, when rendered by cabalistic methods, means "He who was sent," or "The Given," also "Lord of the Sun," shows that such was not his real patronymic. As Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.T.S., remarks, toward the end of the last century it became the fashion with certain theosophical professors of the time to transliterate into Oriental form every name provided by Occult Fraternities for disciples destined to work in the world. Whosoever then, may have been Cagliostro's parents, their name was not 'Balsamo.' So much is certain, at any rate. Moreover, as all know

that in his youth he lived with, and was instructed by, a man named, as is supposed, Althotas, "a great Hermetic Eastern Sage" or in other words an Adept, it is not difficult to accept the tradition that it was the latter who gave him his symbolical name. But that which is known with still more certainty is the extreme esteem in which he was held by some of the most scientific and honoured men of his day. In France we find Cagliostro,—having before served as a confidential friend and assistant chemist in the laboratory of Pinto, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta—becoming the friend and *protégé* of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan. A high born Sicilian Prince honoured him with his support and friendship, as did many other noblemen. "Is it possible, then," pertinently asks Mackenzie, "that a man of such engaging manners could have been the lying impostor his enemies endeavoured to prove him?"

The chief cause of his life-troubles was his marriage with Lorenza Feliciani, a tool of the Jesuits; and two minor causes his extreme good-nature, and the blind confidence he placed in his friends—some of whom became traitors and his bitterest enemies. Neither of the crimes of which he is unjustly accused could lead to the destruction of his honour and *posthumous* reputation; but all was due to his weakness for an unworthy woman, and the possession of certain secrets of nature, which he would not divulge to the Church. Being a native of Sicily, Cagliostro was naturally born in a family of Roman Catholics, no matter what their name, and was brought up by monks of the "Good Brotherhood of Castiglione," as his biographers tell us; thus, for the sake of dear life he had to outwardly profess belief in and respect for a Church, whose traditional policy has ever been, "he who is not *with us is against us*," and forthwith to crush the enemy in the bud. And yet, just for this, is Cagliostro even to-day accused of having served the Jesuits as their spy; and this by Masons who ought to be the last to bring such a charge against a learned Brother who was persecuted by the Vatican even more as a Mason than as an Occultist. Had it been so, would these same Jesuits even to this day vilify his name? Had he served them, would he not have proved himself useful to their ends, as a man of such undeniable intellectual gifts could not have blundered or disregarded *the orders of those whom he served*. But instead of this, what do we see? Cagliostro charged with being the most cunning and successful impostor and charlatan of his age; accused of belonging to the Jesuit Chapter of Clermont in France; of appearing (as a proof of his affiliation to the Jesuits) in clerical dress at Rome. Yet, this "cunning impostor" is tried and condemned—by the exertions of those same Jesuits—to an ignominious death, which was changed only subsequently to life-long imprisonment, owing to a mysterious interference or influence brought to bear on the Pope!

Would it not be more charitable and consistent with truth to say that

it was his connection with Eastern Occult Science, his knowledge of many secrets—deadly to the Church of Rome—that brought upon Cagliostro first the persecution of the Jesuits, and finally the rigour of the Church? It was his own honesty, which blinded him to the defects of those whom he cared for, and led him to trust two such rascals as the Marquis Agliato and Ottavio Nicastro, that is at the bottom of all the accusations of fraud and imposture now lavished upon him. And it is the sins of these two worthies—subsequently executed for gigantic swindles and murder—which are now made to fall on Cagliostro. Nevertheless it is known that he and his wife (in 1770) were both left destitute by the flight of Agliato with all their funds, so that they had to beg their way through Piedmont and Geneva. Kenneth Mackenzie has well proven that Cagliostro had never mixed himself up with political intrigue—the very soul of the activities of the Jesuits. "He was most certainly unknown in that capacity to those who have jealously guarded the preparatory archives of the Revolution, and his appearance as an advocate of revolutionary principles has no basis in fact." He was simply an Occultist and a Mason, and as such he was allowed to suffer at the hands of those who, adding insult to injury, first tried to kill him by life long imprisonment and then spread the rumour that he had been their ignoble agent. This cunning device was in its infernal craft well worthy of its primal originators.

There are many landmarks in Cagliostro's biographies to show that he taught the Eastern doctrine of the "principles" in man, of "God" dwelling in man—as a potentiality *in actu* (the "Higher Self")—and in every living thing and even atom—as a potentiality *in posse*, and that he served the Masters of a Fraternity he *would not* name because on account of his pledge *he could not*. His letter to the new mystical but rather motley Brotherhood the (Lodge of) Philalethes, is a proof in point. The Philalethes, as all Masons know, was a rite founded in Paris in 1773 in the *Loge des Amis Réunis*, based on the principles of Martinism,* and whose members made a special study of the Occult Sciences. The Mother Lodge was a philosophical and *theosophical* Lodge, and therefore Cagliostro was right in desiring to purify its progeny, the Lodge of Philalethes. This is what the *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia* says on the subject:—

"On the 15 February 1785 the Lodge of Philalethes in solemn Section, with Lavallette de Langes, royal treasurer; Tassin, the banker; and Tassin, an officer in the royal service; opened a Fraternal Convention, at Paris. . . Princes (Russian, Austrian, and others), fathers of the Church, councillors, knights, financiers, barristers, barons, Theosophists, canons, colonels, professors of Magic, engineers, literary men, doctors, merchants, postmasters, dukes, ambassadors, surgeons, teachers of languages, receivers-general, and notably two London names,—Boosie, a merchant, and Brooks of

* The Martinists were Mystics and Theosophists who claimed to have the secret of communicating with (Elemental and Planetary) Spirits of the ultramundane Spheres. Some of them were practical Occultists.

London—compose this Convention, to whom may be added M. le Count de Cagliostro, and Mesmer 'the inventor' as Thory describes him (*Acta Latomorum*, vol. ii. p. 95), 'of the doctrine of magnetism!' Surely such an able set of men to set the world to rights, as France never saw before or since!"

The grievance of the Lodge was that Cagliostro, who had first promised to take charge of it, withdrew his offers, as the "Convention" would not adopt the Constitutions of the Egyptian Rite, nor would the *Philalethes* consent to have its archives consigned to the flames, which were his conditions *sine qua non*. It is strange that his answer to that Lodge should be regarded by Brother K. R. H. Mackenzie and other Masons as emanating "from a Jesuit source." The very style is Oriental, and no European Mason—least of all a Jesuit—would write in such a manner. This is how the answer runs:—

. . . "The unknown grand Master of true Masonry has cast his eyes upon the Philaletheans. . . Touched by the sincere avowal of their desires, he deigns to extend his hand over them, and consents to give a ray of light into the darkness of their temple. It is the wish of the Unknown Great Master, *to prove to them the existence of one God—the basis of their faith; the original dignity of man; his powers and destiny.* . . . It is by deeds and facts, by the testimony of the senses, that they will know GOD, MAN and *the intermediary spiritual beings (principles) existing between them;* of which *true* Masonry gives the symbols and indicates the real road. Let then, the Philalethes embrace the doctrines of this real Masonry, submit to the rules of its supreme chief, and adopt its constitutions. But above all let the Sanctuary be purified, let the Philalethes know that light can only descend into the Temple of Faith (based on knowledge), not into that of Scepticism. Let them devote to the flames that vain accumulation of their archives; for it is only on the ruins of the Tower of Confusion that the Temple of Truth can be erected."

In the Occult phraseology of certain Occultists "Father, Son and Angels" stood for the compound symbol of physical, and astro-Spiritual MAN.* John G. Gichtel (end of XVIIth cent.), the ardent lover of Boehme, the Seer of whom St. Martin relates that he was *married* "to the heavenly Sophia," the Divine Wisdom—made use of this term. Therefore, it is easy to see what Cagliostro meant by proving to the Philalethes on the testimony of their "senses," "God, man and the *intermediary* Spiritual beings," that exist between God (*Atma*), and Man (the *Ego*). Nor is it more difficult to understand his true meaning when he reproaches the Brethren in his parting letter which says: "We have offered you the truth; you have disdained it. We have offered it for the sake of itself, and you have refused it *in consequence of a love of forms.* . . . Can you elevate yourselves to (*your*) God and the *knowledge of yourselves* by the assistance of a Secretary and a Convocation?" etc.†

* See the *Three Principles* and the *Seven Forms of Nature* by Boehme and fathom their Occult significance, to assure yourself of this.

† The statement on the authority of Beswick that Cagliostro was connected with *The Loge des Amis Réunis* under the name of Count Grabionka is not proven. There was a Polish Count of that name at that time in France, a mystic mentioned in Madame de Krüdner's letters which are with the writer's family, and one who belonged, as Beswick says, together with Mesmer and Count St. Germain, to the Lodge of the Philalethes. Where are Lavalette de Langes' Manuscripts and documents left by him after his death to the Philosophic Scottish Rite? Lost?

Many are the absurd and entirely contradictory statements about Joseph Balsamo, Count de Cagliostro, so-called, several of which were incorporated by Alexander Dumas in his *Mémoires d'un Médecin*, with those prolific variations of truth and fact which so characterize Dumas *père's* romances. But though the world is in possession of a most miscellaneous and varied mass of information concerning that remarkable and unfortunate man during most of his life, yet of the last ten years and of his death, nothing certain is known, save only the legend that he died in the prison of the Inquisition. True, some fragments published recently by the Italian *savant*, Giovanni Sforza, from the private correspondence of Lorenzo Prospero Bottini, the Roman ambassador of the Republic of Lucca at the end of the last century, have somewhat filled this wide gap. This correspondence with Pietro Calandrini, the Great Chancellor of the said Republic, begins from 1784, but the really interesting information commences only in 1789, in a letter dated June 6, of that year, and even then we do not learn much.

It speaks of the "celebrated Count di Cagliostro, who has recently arrived with his wife from Trent *via* Turin to Rome. People say he is a native of Sicily and extremely wealthy, but no one knows whence that wealth. He has a letter of introduction from the Bishop of Trent to Albani. . . . So far his daily walk in life as well as his private and public status are above reproach. Many are those seeking an interview with him, to hear from his own lips the corroboration of what is being said of him." From another letter we learn that Rome had proven an ungrateful soil for Cagliostro. He had the intention of settling at Naples, but the plan could not be realised. The Vatican authorities who had hitherto left the Count undisturbed, suddenly laid their heavy hand upon him. In a letter dated 2 January, 1790, just a year after Cagliostro's arrival, it is stated that: "last Sunday secret and extraordinary debates in council took place at the Vatican." It (the council) consisted of the State Secretary and Antonelli, Pillotta and Campanelli, Monsignor Figgerenti performing the duty of Secretary. The object of that Secret Council remains unknown, but public rumour asserts that it was called forth owing to the sudden arrest on the night between Saturday and Sunday, of the Count di Cagliostro, his wife, and a Capuchin, Fra Giuseppe Maurijio. The Count is incarcerated in Fort St. Angelo, the Countess in the Convent of St. Apollonia, and the monk in the prison of Araceli. That monk, who calls himself 'Father Swizzero,' is regarded as a confederate of the famous magician. In the number of the crimes he is accused of is included that of the circulation of a book by an unknown author, condemned to public burning and entitled, 'The Three Sisters.' The object of this work is 'to pulverize certain three high-born individuals.'"

The real meaning of this most extraordinary misinterpretation is easy to guess. It was a work on Alchemy; the "three sisters" standing

symbolically for the three "Principles" in their duplex symbolism. On the plane of occult chemistry they "pulverize" the triple ingredient used in the process of the transmutation of metals; on the plane of Spirituality they reduce to a state of pulverization the three "lower" *personal* "principles" in man, an explanation that every Theosophist is bound to understand.

The trial of Cagliostro lasted for a long time. In a letter of March the 17th, Bottini writes to his Lucca correspondent that the famous "wizard" has finally appeared before the Holy Inquisition. The real cause of the slowness of the proceedings was that the Inquisition, with all its dexterity at fabricating proofs, could find no weighty evidence to prove the guilt of Cagliostro. Nevertheless, on April the 7th 1791 he was condemned to death. He was accused of various and many crimes, the chiefest of which were his being a Mason and an "Illuminate," an "Enchanter" occupied with unlawful studies; he was also accused of deriding the *holy* Faith, of doing harm to society, of possessing himself by *means unknown* of large sums of money, and of inciting others, sex, age and social standing notwithstanding, to do the same. In short, we find the unfortunate Occultist condemned to an ignominious death for deeds committed, the like of which are daily and publicly committed now-a-days, by more than one Grand Master of the Masons, as also by hundreds of thousands of Kabbalists and Masons, mystically inclined. After this verdict the "arch heretic's" documents, diplomas from foreign Courts and Societies, Masonic regalias and *family relics* were solemnly burned by the public hangmen in the *Piazza della Minerva*, before enormous crowds of people. First his books and instruments were consumed. Among these was the MS. on the *Maçonnerie Egyptienne*, which thus can no longer serve as a witness *in favour* of the reviled man. And now the condemned Occultist had to be passed over to the hands of the civil Tribunal, when a mysterious event happened.

A stranger, never seen by any one before or after in the Vatican, appeared and demanded a private audience of the Pope, sending him by the Cardinal Secretary a *word* instead of a name. He was immediately received, but only stopped with the Pope for a few minutes. No sooner was he gone than his Holiness gave orders to commute the death sentence of the Count to that of imprisonment for life, in the fortress called the Castle of St. Leo, and that the whole transaction should be conducted in great secrecy. The monk Swizzero was condemned to ten years' imprisonment; and the Countess Cagliostro was set at liberty, but only to be confined on a new charge of heresy in a convent.

But what was the Castle of St. Leo? It now stands on the frontiers of Tuscany and was then in the Papal States, in the Duchy of Urbino. It is built on the top of an enormous rock, almost perpendicular on all sides; to get into the "Castle" in those days, one had to enter a kind of open basket which was hoisted up by ropes and pulleys. As to the

criminal, he was placed in a special box, after which the jailors pulled him up "with the rapidity of the wind." On April 23rd 1792 Giuseppe Balsamo—if so we must call him—ascended *heavenward* in the criminal's box, incarcerated in that living tomb for life. Giuseppe Balsamo is mentioned for the last time in the Bottini correspondence in a letter dated March 10th 1792. The ambassador speaks of a marvel produced by Cagliostro in his prison during his leisure hours. A long rusty nail taken by the prisoner out of the floor was transformed by him without the help of any instrument into a sharp triangular *stiletto*, as smooth, brilliant and sharp as if it were made of the finest steel. It was recognized for an old nail only by its head, left by the prisoner to serve as a handle. The State Secretary gave orders to have it taken away from Cagliostro, and brought to Rome, and to double the watch over him.

And now comes the last kick of the jackass at the dying or dead lion. Luiggi Angiolini, a Tuscan diplomat, writes as follows: "At last, that same Cagliostro, who made so many believe that he had been a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, who reached such fame and so many friends, died from apoplexy, August 26, 1795. Semironi had him buried in a wood-barn below, whence peasants used to pilfer constantly the crown property. The crafty chaplain reckoned very justly that the man who had inspired the world with such superstitious fear while living, would inspire people with the same feelings after his death, and thus keep the thieves at bay. . . ."

But yet—a query! Was Cagliostro dead and buried indeed in 1792, at St. Leo? And if so, why should the custodians at the Castle of St. Angelo, of Rome show innocent tourists the little square hole in which Cagliostro is said to have been confined and "died"? Why such uncertainty or—imposition, and such disagreement in the legend? Then there are Masons who to this day tell strange stories in Italy. Some say that Cagliostro escaped in an unaccountable way from his aerial prison, and thus forced his jailors to spread the news of his death and burial. Others maintain that he not only escaped, but, thanks to the Elixir of Life, still lives on, though over twice three score and ten years old!

"Why" asks Bottini, "if he really possessed the powers he claimed, has he not indeed vanished from his jailors, and thus escaped the degrading punishment altogether?"

We have heard of another prisoner, greater in every respect than Cagliostro ever claimed to be. Of that prisoner too, it was said in mocking tones, "He saved others; himself he cannot save. . . . let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe. . . ."

How long shall charitable people build the biographies of the living and ruin the reputations of the dead, with such incomparable unconcern, by means of idle and often entirely false gossip of people, and these generally the slaves of prejudice!

So long, we are forced to think, as they remain ignorant of the Law of Karma and its iron justice.

H. P. B.

MATTER.

ALTHOUGH the principal quarrel of Occultism at present is with Materialism, it is necessary in order to avoid injustice to the latter, to define at the outset how far the two opposing views agree, before discussing their fundamental differences. For there is a transcendental form of the latter, apart from the grosser kind, with which Occult Philosophy has much in common. If we take, for instance, the Atomic system founded by Democritus, we find mystic elements in it, such as his views on the constitution of the gods, souls, etc., very far removed from Materialism in its coarsest modern form. The system of this philosopher, who, by the way, is said to have been inspired with a desire for knowledge by certain Magi left by Xerxes at Abdera his birth-place, was taken not many years ago as a text for an eloquent and learned address by Professor Tyndall at Belfast, who however discarded, for some mysterious reason, the spiritual portion of the teachings of his guide. The minds of modern eminent scientists nearly always exhibit this downward bent, due doubtless to the character of the age.

The materialist conceptions of the Universe against which Occultists will always fight, are those which glorify Matter with its inseparable characteristic Motion, making of Life and Consciousness at the same time merely a process of these. Mr. S. Laing says in his work, "Modern Science and Modern Thought," the Universe is composed of Matter, Energy and Ether. If such is the case, an Occultist naturally inquires, if the latter is Matter or not. If it is Matter, why state it separately? This admission would moreover prove that the Occult conceptions of Matter are correct, as we shall presently see. If on the other hand Ether is not Matter, then its admitted existence renders the purely materialist position untenable. For this hypothesis assumes the Universe to be composed of Matter and Energy plus *something*, thus opening the door to endless possibilities under the head of Existence. The Atomic Theory supposes everything to be composed of Atoms, less than $\frac{1}{6,000,000}$ of a line in diameter; but questions then arise respecting the divisibility or otherwise of these Atoms. That prince of Materialists, Büchner, sees clearly the danger of admitting the infinite divisibility of atoms, when he says, "to accept infinite divisibility is absurd, and amounts to doubting the very existence of Matter." Certainly there can be no such thing as Matter, using the term in a gross sense, if its infinite divisibility is admitted. If on the other hand, atoms are said to be indivisible, and consequently inelastic, why are all bodies able to contract and expand? From this difficulty Materialists cannot escape. They must either

accept the Occult conceptions of Matter or sacrifice all reason, logic and facts. Professor Fiske in his work, "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy," a system founded on that of Mr. Herbert Spencer, develops a destructive criticism of the Atomic Theory, showing the existence of atoms of which all bodies are composed to be inconceivable for cogent reasons. Professor Tyndall in his Belfast address to the British Association resolved his scientific conceptions of Matter into States of consciousness. If, said he, you say, "I see you," you experience a sensation of the optic nerve; if you say, "I touch you," you have an agitation of the sense of touch. In fact the totality of our sensuous perceptions makes up the Consciousness of this plane. As Dr. Hartmann observes, "the term consciousness signifies realization of existence relative to certain things,"* and in order to bring this about, there must be an establishment of harmonic relations between objects. The five senses of Man constitute so many channels for the conduct of such relations. In the case of the sense of sight, those differences in the vibrations of the Ether, which we call colours, furnish the sole means for distinguishing forms on the physical plane. The optic nerve is incapable of registering impressions from vibrations more rapid than those from the Violet end of the solar spectrum, or slower than those from the Red on the opposite side. In like manner the nerves of the ear receive the sevenfold sound waves, being unable to perceive those above or below a certain number of vibrations per unit of time. Inasmuch as the remaining senses of smell, taste and touch are subject to the same laws as the other two, we see within what narrow limits the purely physical consciousness of Man is confined.

We have just now seen that the hypothesis of the infinite divisibility of Matter destroys the theories of gross Materialism. Speaking on this subject and referring to the profound speculations of Leibnitz, the "Secret Doctrine" says: "It became evident that external or material things presented the property of extension to our senses only, not to our thinking faculties. The mathematician, in order to calculate geometrical figures, had been obliged to divide them into an infinite number of infinitely small parts, and the physicist saw no limit to the divisibility of matter into atoms. The bulk through which external things seemed to fill space was a property which they acquired only through the coarseness of our senses. The atoms lost their extension, and they retained only their property of resistance; they were the centres of force."

We shall presently be able to see how this idea gives the key to a reasonable and satisfactory explanation of some of the most perplexing and consequently most doubted Occult phenomena.

If the conceptions of Matter now developed appear, to readers practically acquainted with experimental Chemistry, to clash with facts, there will be no difficulty in showing this to be quite an error. For the clever

* "Magic, White and Black," p. 176.

propounder of the Atomic Theory, Dalton, went outside the requirements of practical Chemistry in his zeal on behalf of his hypothesis. He theoretically carried the laws governing combining proportions of *weighable* quantities into the realm of *unweighable* quantities, or Ultimate Atoms. But as the celebrated French chemist, Dumas, logically showed, a chemical atom might be capable of separation by mechanical force, and then, ceasing to be a chemical atom, might split up into an indefinite number of physical atoms. Taking this view it is obvious that chemical atoms need in no way be confounded with ultimate atoms, which brings the matter back to the position and dilemma for Materialists before indicated.

Every Occultist is acquainted with the statement of his philosophy that matter exists in several states beyond the gaseous; let us now see therefore what support orthodox Science gives to it. We noted that the existence of Ether was admitted by Mr. Laing, and saw the possibilities thus opened up to the acceptance of Occult views eventually, and it will perhaps be well to deal with this subject first. Modern Science was compelled to assume the existence of some medium filling all interstellar space, in order to account for the action of heavenly bodies, planets and suns on each other. For it is obviously inconceivable that any force or energy could act through a *perfect vacuum*.

How, in such case, could light pass from sun to planet, or the force of Polarity (generally misnamed Gravity) act at all? Thus Newton says, in his third letter to Bentley, "It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else which is not material, operate on and affect other matter without mutual contact, as it must do if gravitation, in the sense of Epicurus, be essential and inherent in it, and this is one reason why I desired you would not ascribe innate gravity to me. That gravity should be innate, inherent and essential to matter, so that one body may act upon another at a distance through a *vacuum* without the mediation of anything else, by and through which their action and force may be conveyed from one to the other, is to me so great an absurdity, that I believe no man who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, can ever fall into it. Gravity must be caused by an agent acting constantly according to certain laws; but whether this agent be material or immaterial, I have left to the consideration of my readers." We see, therefore, that Science has been driven by grim necessity to admit the presence of something in the Universe of which it is positively unable to affirm, that it is material or immaterial. If it is material, then as it is known to offer no resistance to the movements of celestial bodies, such, for instance, as the Earth in its passage round the Sun; it is matter in a *state* essentially distinct from the ordinary solid, liquid and gaseous conditions, and consequently governed by laws peculiar to itself. This is the contention of Occultism as all Occultists know. If, however, Science says

that the Ether is immaterial, we leave it to kindly explain how it can be at the same time both *something* and *nothing*.

Moreover, we may inquire now, we are dealing with this subject, whether Ether is atomic or non-atomic. If Science declares it atomic, then the insuperable old vacuum difficulty appears again in some form. For it is just as great an absurdity to suppose Force or Energy transmitted over the innumerable but infinitesimal gaps which would exist supposing the Ether to be atomic, between the planets and the Sun, as over a number of miles of vacancy. The principle is precisely the same in each case, as anyone can see who thinks. On the other hand great modern scientific authorities will not believe Ether to be non-atomic or continuous, on account of sundry mechanical and mathematical difficulties that stand in the way, respecting its motion, &c. Thus are we driven to conclude that Science admits the existence of something in the Universe, of the nature of which it knows nothing. Occultists will add that it never will, unless it accepts the profound philosophical truths put forth on this subject by the "Wise Men of the East."

It is not necessary to search very far in the astronomical field, to discover more proofs of the present existence of matter in a mysterious condition, we mean of course mysterious to the ken of ordinary physical science. We refer to cometary matter. A quotation from the "Masters" will be now useful. "Let the modern chemist be asked to tell one whether this matter is in any way connected with, or akin to, that of any of the gases he is acquainted with; or again, to any of the solid elements of his chemistry. The probable answer received will be very little calculated to solve the world's perplexity, since, all hypotheses to the contrary notwithstanding, cometary matter does not appear to possess even the common law of adhesion or of chemical affinity. The reason for it is very simple. And the truth ought long ago to have dawned upon the experimentalists, since our little world (though so repeatedly visited by the hairy and bearded travellers, enveloped in the evanescent veil of their tails, and otherwise brought in contact with that matter) has neither been smothered by an addition of nitrogen gas, nor deluged by an excess of hydrogen, nor yet perceptibly affected by a surplus of oxygen. The essence of cometary matter must be—and the 'Adepts' say *is—totally different from any of the chemical or physical characteristics with which the greatest chemists and physicists of the earth are familiar*—all recent hypotheses notwithstanding. It is to be feared that before the real nature of the elder progeny of Mulaprakriti is detected, Mr. Crookes will have to discover matter of the *fifth or extra radiant state*;" *et seq.** It does not require a profound acquaintance with Science, to see the truth of these remarks. For instance the comet of 1811 had a tail 120,000,000 miles in length, which it threw out against the force of so-called gravity, in the face of the Sun.

* Five Years of Theosophy, p. 241.

We may now bring forward another question of similar import. It is a great puzzle to scientific men how the Sun's heat is maintained, considering the problem from the point of view, of what is known of matter in a state of combustion on this plane. For supposing the Sun to be simply a mass of burning matter (using the term in an ordinary sense) it should have cooled down long ago. Nor does Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory founded on the Nebular Hypothesis, remove the difficulty. He supposes that the crash of the planets, as they fall against the Sun, generates sufficient heat to restore the entire solar system to a nebulous condition, thus starting it afresh each time for a new cycle. As he is obliged to admit, however, that the positive loss of heat in space necessitates a smaller system reformed each time, the day of total collapse is only postponed, not abolished. A few years ago an eminent scientist, Dr. William Siemens, advanced a theory respecting the fuel of the sun, which made it keep up its heat, by burning and reburning the same material. Of course his idea was sharply criticised, but what struck him as peculiar, was, that the chemists raised objections to the mathematical factors involved, whilst the mathematicians complained of the chemical portion. This confusion of authorities said a great deal for the soundness of his hypothesis, and we may here note its nearness to the Occult view of this subject. The Adepts "deny most emphatically (*a*) that the sun is in combustion, in any ordinary sense of the word; or (*b*) that he is *incandescent*, or even *burning*, though he is *glowing*; or (*c*) that his luminosity has already begun to weaken and his power of combustion may be exhausted within a given and conceivable time; or even (*d*) that his chemical and physical constitution contains any of the elements of terrestrial chemistry in any of the states that either chemist or physicist is acquainted with." *

It may be here observed that Occultists do not care what conclusion Modern Science comes to ultimately respecting the nature of Light, whether that it is wave motion of the Ether, or a substance in itself. The occult views of matter in its various states remains unaffected in either case.

The way is now cleared for the purely Occult conceptions of matter to be reviewed. We have noted that Modern Science can offer no positive resistance to them; that on the contrary it is involved in serious difficulties itself, in the shape of contradictory and varying theories, from which it will not escape without the help of Occultism. Let us see then where the latter leads, and note the connection and bearing of its ideas, upon the possibility of the performance of certain Occult phenomena, the occurrence of which has been stoutly denied by Materialists, chiefly owing to their erroneous conceptions of Matter and Force. The Occult view of matter has been stated, viz. Matter probed to its depths resolves itself into simple mathematical points without extension, having only

* Five Years of Theosophy, p. 252.

the property of resistance. The Secret Doctrine says: "Every elemental *atom* in search of which more than one Chemist has followed the path indicated by the Alchemists, is, in their (the Occultists,) firm belief (when not *knowledge*) a SOUL; not necessarily a disembodied soul, but a *jiva*, as the Hindoos call it, a centre of *Potential Vitality*, with latent intelligence in it, and, in the case of compound Souls—an intelligent Active Existence, from the highest to the lowest order, a form composed of more or less differentiations." * "Matter or Substance is septenary within our World, as it is so beyond it. Moreover, each of its states or principles is graduated into seven degrees of density.† "An 'Adept,' then, knowing well the laws governing these innumerable centres of force, which we call Matter, produces harmony or discord among them by his manipulation, thus accomplishing the disintegration and reintegration of objects, feats impossible to ordinary persons by reason of their ignorance of these occult laws. With regard to the phenomenon of making objects disappear suddenly from view, referred to in the works of Paracelsus (readers of Zanoni will remember an incident of this kind in that clever novel), it can be produced by interfering with the connection between the observer and object, which causes consciousness of it. This becomes understandable when we remember the limits of colours, consequently of forms, by which human sight is bounded. With regard to all kinds of Occult phenomena, including those of clairvoyance, hypnotism, thought-transference, etc., unless Modern Science changes its notions of the nature of Matter and Force, it will continue hopelessly bewildered by such incidents (which seem to become more numerous as the end of this small cycle approaches) and will be unable to afford a rational explanation of them. It is now as the Secret Doctrine says, honeycombed with working hypotheses, some of them by no means far removed from Occult doctrines. Can we hope, therefore, that it will soon take the necessary steps towards reform? Time alone will show. E. ADAMS. F.T.S.

FROM JEAN INGELow.

"And can I see this light? It may be so;
 'But see it thus and thus,' my Fathers said
 The living do not rule this world; ah no!
 It is the dead—the dead."

"And that same God who made your face so fair,
 And gave your woman's heart its tenderness
 So shield the blessing He implanted there
 That it may never turn to your distress."

"Shall I be slave to every noble soul,
 Study the dead, and to their spirits bend?
 Or learn to read my own heart's folded scroll
 And make self-rule my end?"

* Secret Doctrine, Vol. I. p. 567.

† Secret Doctrine, Vol. I. p. 289.

HER FALSE RIGHT HAND.

GWENDOLIN HARDCASTLE and Brian Enderby had only met each other six months before, and now it was the eve of their wedding day! Despite the disparity in their ages (he being forty, and she twenty-two) they had mutually fallen in love at first sight, at a soiree given in honour of the celebrated African explorer Brian Enderby, the man who had penetrated the densest and most malarious jungles of that deadly central plain, had climbed Kilimanjaro, and faced death in almost every form the enemy is capable of assuming. As he stood in animated discussion amid a group of leading scientists, his eyes had fallen on a girl clad in shadowy green, as she entered the room, and struck by her beauty and charm he had broken off to ask who she was, and to beg an introduction, and as she looked up with glad interest on hearing his name, their eyes met in a long look, and from the look sprang love! The two were soon deep in one of those intimate desultory talks which mark epochs in our knowledge of kindred spirits, for we cannot measure love or friendship by days and years; if life lasted so long it would be possible to live centuries with many people, excellent people, people we respect and admire, and yet never reveal to them even the merest passing glimpse of our true selves, and then one day we clasp hands with some stranger and lo! the closely barred doors spring open at a word, and we find ourselves leading the new comer through the secret garden of our heart into the very innermost sanctuary of our soul!

Thus had it been with Brian and Gwendolin, and now on the night before their wedding, a merry party had assembled in the Hardcastles' drawing-room; Gwendolin sat a little apart from the others, waiting for Brian; she was a tall pale girl with great masses of red gold hair, and a strange luminous whiteness of complexion, as of alabaster behind which a silver lamp was burning; she wore a half-loose dress of her favourite pale green, that subtle green which Rossetti, and Rossetti alone, could set against deep blue, and from the apparent discord evolve a visible music; and as she sat against a heavy blue plush curtain with reddish pink anemones laid in her hair and on her bosom, in the pose of the small head so heavily laden with its glorious hair, in the large blue-green eyes looking straight before her, in that unseeing fashion which yet sees so much and so far, and the long slender hands, on one of which like a tangible spark of fire, gleamed the great ruby of her engagement ring, she recalled in an almost startling manner that marvellous picture in which the Master has expressed the mystery and passion of the

unfathomable sea, whose human symbolism with its unutterable yearning and terrible cruelty attracted him so powerfully.

Suddenly her cousin Percy Dare, a young man with curly brown hair and a boyish expression, looked up and said, "Oh, Gwen, do come and let Davenant read your hand."

For of course there was a palmist present; what drawing-room is without them now-a-days? Gwendolin hesitated, "I think I would rather not," she said.

"Oh, you must, you must," clamorously insisted the other young people, so she rose rather reluctantly, and gave her right hand to Davenant, a pale young man with long sandy hair and dreamy light prominent eyes; he studied it attentively, evidently quite forgetting the owner in his scrutiny of its lines.

"Ah," he said in a low tone at last, "the rarest and most beautiful of all hands, the true psychic hand: genius, idealisation, poetry; head and heart lines equal and harmonious, success leading up to a happy marriage; life-line . . . Ah! what is this? Life line broken . . . surely not . . . yes it is . . . life line broken immediately after happy marriage, that means . . . death . . . yes death . . . but wait . . ." Gwendolin shivered and drew her hand hastily away, while a scared silence fell over the laughing group; the palmist looked up, in his dreamy way, "the other hand," he murmured, "let me look at the other hand," but Percy interfered.

"What nonsense, Davenant!" he said, "of course nobody really believes in it, but we won't hear any more to-night; come, let us have some music," and he tried to break through the hush which had fallen over the party, and to disperse the shade in his cousin's face by sitting down to the piano and dashing into a gay valse. At this moment a tall dark man entered the room, and Gwendolin, a lovely flush on her pale face, went to meet him; after the usual greetings, he whispered:

"Come out on to the terrace, I have something to show you," and the two passed through the long window and found themselves in a wonderful moonlight land: they went down a flight of steps leading into a trellised walk, over which roses, red, yellow and white, clustered, and as the night-wind gently stirred their delicate blossoms the luminous air grew full of delicious fragrance: Gwendolin gathered a crimson bud and fastened it into Brian's coat; he turned, his dark eyes shining, and taking her into his arms, passionately kissed the golden head against his breast.

"My rose of life!" he whispered; "my queen! are you quite sure you love me, quite sure you can give me a wife's trust and loyalty?"

"Quite sure," she answered softly, her face still hidden; "I think it is almost more than love I feel for you Brian . . . it is worship . . . life without you now would be . . . ah dearest, I dare not think what it would be . . . without you I should feel buried alive, knowing that the

sunrise was shining above my grave, down on the daisies and grass, whose roots grew out of my heart, and held my lips silent with their cold fingers. . . . Brian, do you not feel that I love you—love you—*love* you?”

“Yes, my own!” he exclaimed straining her to him yet more closely; “Look, I have brought you a wedding gift,” and he drew a necklet of pearls from his pocket.

“Oh! how lovely, how perfect!” cried the girl, who had all a woman’s love of dainty gifts, despite her sibylline appearance, and she touched the strings and chains of small pearls held together by large oval stones which shimmered in her hands like tangible moonbeams, and looked long at the clasp which was wrought into a semblance of two closely-joined hands. “Like ours will be to-morrow,” he whispered, fastening the glimmering pearls and kissing the lovely warm white throat as he did so. And as they wandered on, talking of their future life together, the palmist’s prediction was forgotten, nor was there a shadow in their hearts or on their faces when, on the following day after the ceremony, Brian Enderby and his wife drove away amid the usual tearful congratulations and shower of old shoes. They had arranged to spend their honeymoon in Cornwall and their first resting place was a quiet little village forty miles from any railway: it was perched on the edge of a high cliff looking across the wild western sea, and was approached on the land-side through great stretches of drifted sand, amid whose blown and billowy hillocks a strange old carven stone cross raised its weatherbeaten head, and pointed (according to the legends) towards a church which once, centuries ago, had been buried with its priest and people in one of the sudden violent storms which in winter sweep across that perilous coast. In this quiet spot the happy days sped on very quickly for Brian and Gwendolin: each morning bringing, with the glory of its sunrise, a new sense of love and trust; each evening, with the tender radiance of its moonlight, a tranquil feeling of peace and rest, as tho’ after long battling in the open sea they had reached at last a safe and quiet haven

One day Ben, their landlady’s son, came in great excitement to tell them the church of St. Piran, which had been buried for eight hundred years, had suddenly appeared again, a high wind during the night having drifted the sand in an opposite direction. Brian, who was writing a book in his leisure moments on “*The truth contained in ancient legends*,” at once started off to see and sketch the old church, leaving Gwendolin to write some letters. “Good-bye, my darling,” he said, kissing her; “I shall be back to dinner, and for a stroll in the moonlight afterwards.” She smilingly watched him go, and after finishing her letters went out to post them; after which, feeling very lonely, she walked back to the edge of the cliff, and seeing the bright sunshine gleaming on the blue water and making fantastic patches of light and shade as it crept in and out of the

wonderful natural arches into which the rocks had been fashioned by the waves, she could not resist going down to the shore. There was a steep but perfectly safe path from where she stood, but as she went down she met Ben. "Take care, lady," he said, "the tide's coming in, and there's no way of getting up the rocks between here and Scragg's Ladder." Now Scragg's Ladder was, as Gwendolin knew, an almost impossible climb. She answered smiling, "Thank you, Ben, I shall not go far," and went on, thinking of Brian and their great happiness, and wondering what he was doing at that particular moment; then a little poem came into her head, and she sat down on a smooth bit of rock, and taking an old letter from her pocket began to write it down: it took her some time, because it was so difficult to disentangle her thoughts from the whirling wings and shrill cries of the sea-gulls and other birds, who, resenting the presence of a stranger and being on that desolate coast as tame as London sparrows, came crowding round her, now flying in graceful but perplexing circles overhead, now walking, or rather huddling, along the sands, in their ungainly fashion, just as clumsy words describe the winged thoughts imprisoned in our souls, thought Gwendolin. Gradually, however, as she sat there, the sound of the incoming tide, the cries of the birds, and the distant moan of a rising wind, wove themselves into a tangled dream, and the girl, her golden head resting against a tall rock, fell fast asleep, the strange birds creeping nearer and nearer as if seeking to guard her against the swiftly advancing waters. Even in her sleep however, their moaning cries filled her with a sense of uneasiness, for she dreamed that the palmist was holding her hand and his touch felt like sharp ice. . . . "the psychic hand, yes, but the life line is broken. . . . broken. . . . broken. . . . it means. . . . death. . . . death. . . . death. . . ." and with these words ringing in her ears she awoke.

For a few moments she could not remember where she was, for the whole atmosphere was ringing and swaying round her with shrill cries which seemed the echoes of her dream, "broken . . . broken . . . broken: it means death . . . death . . . death . . ." then with a sudden thrill of deadly fear she recognised her position. While she had been asleep the weather had changed, a sharp shrieking wind had driven the cowering clouds up before it until the sun was hidden, and a thin grey misty rain had begun to fall in that hopeless apathetic fashion it does sometimes in the summer, all the glorious colouring of rock and water had faded to one leaden pallor, but worse than this, the tide was coming in faster and faster, and as Gwen looked along the shore she could see nothing but seething water covering the path by which she had come, dashing thro' the arches and flinging itself against them as tho' striving to drag them down into the chaos of broken rocks at their feet. She started up and looked wildly round for Scragg's Ladder, which she knew was her only chance of life. Clinging as best she could to the sharp rocks she scrambled on, and after five minutes of breathless climbing paused to

look for the next practicable step, and saw the waves beating over her late resting-place, and wriggling up swiftly after her, with their cruel curly white heads almost touching her dress. She struggled on again, only keeping just in front of them for some minutes longer, when she again stopped, utterly worn out, her hands torn and bleeding, her hair, which the wind had loosened, wet with the rain, scourging her face and neck like sharp cords. In front of her, a few feet higher up, she knew there was safety, as she saw by the look of the rocks the sea-line was nearly reached ; but between her and it there was a short stretch of sharp broken rocks, with spaces between them, over which she must leap. With a great effort she sprang forward, safely reached the last ridge, but here unluckily her foot slipped on an unsteady piece of rock, which fell forward, imprisoning her ankle, and when struggling up, for she had fallen on her back, she strove to extricate her foot, she found she could not move it an inch, and all her frantic efforts only succeeded in fixing the sharp edges of the rocks more firmly into her bruised and bleeding foot. With a little weary cry poor Gwen at last sank back again ; she could hear the measured swish of the waves as they came nearer and nearer, and it added to the horror of her position that she could not see them or judge how long it would be before they swept over her face, so that with every rhythmic plash she suffered the agony of feeling the salt water blinding her straining eyes and suffocating her : the gulls and kittiwakes who had followed her wild scramble whirled above her in dizzy circles or swooped down close enough to peer into her agonised face, mingling their wailing cries with the moaning of the wind, until the poor girl, overcome by the horror of such a death, fell into a deep swoon with one last cry, "Oh Brian, my love, come to me, help me!" as the first wave reached her pale lips and broke over her shuddering body.

Brian had been longer than he expected sketching the old church, and absorbed in his work had not noticed how the afternoon was changing ; suddenly, however, finding a spot of rain blurring his picture, he sprang up hastily, gathered his things together and made the best of his way home. When he arrived at the little inn where they were staying he rushed upstairs, saying "Have I been very long, Gwen, my darling?" but no answer came, the room was empty. "Where is my wife?" he asked the landlady ; she had gone out early in the afternoon, he was told, Ben had met her on her way to the shore, and they had supposed she had met her husband as she did not return. . . . "Good God!" he exclaimed, "on the shore, and the tide is in!" Here Ben appeared and said the tide was in two hours ago, and he thought had now gone out again far enough for them to search for the lady ; so the miserable husband followed the gruff but kindly fisherman, and now wading, now leaping from rock to rock, they made their way as far as Scragg's Ladder. A pale moon had risen and lighted up the fantastic crags and blown pools of grey water on the shore, while far above their heads, nearly at the top of the ladder

itself, the men's attention was drawn to the strange movements of hundreds of gulls, which, wailing and shrieking, were circling round and round one particular spot on the cliff. Brian gazed intently for a moment, and his practised eye, accustomed to note the slightest sign of life by the movements of birds or animals in the African swamps, caught a glimmer of hope as he sprang up the broken path in front of Ben now, saying, "Look there, it is she, thank God!" The fisherman followed him with nimble feet, tho' the path in that uncertain light was almost invisible, and after a breathless climb they reached the unconscious girl; there she lay, looking like white marble in the pale moonlight, her golden hair wet with spray spread out on the rock as it had been left by that last terrible wave, and the restless grey wings circling round her continually, with strange shrill cries. Brian fell on his knees and tried to lift her, but the agony of the strain on her wounded foot called her back to life, and she opened her eyes with a little shuddering cry, "My foot!" Then, seeing her husband's white agonised face bending above her, she tried to smile, but fainted again. The two men, after great efforts, succeeded in moving the rock, and carrying Gwen to the little inn: "If the water had been two inches higher ——!" said Ben; he did not finish his sentence, nor was it necessary: Brian knew only too well the meaning of that "if."

The village doctor, after examining his patient, pronounced Gwen's foot to be severely sprained, and the shock to her system so severe that her beautiful hair must be at once cut off as he feared brain fever, but he hoped with perfect rest and quiet that in a month she would be able to go home: he was much surprised to hear the girl say in a weak little voice:

"Then my life-line could not have been really broken after all, could it, Brian?"

"No, my darling!" her husband answered with a half sob, as he fell on his knees and covered her hand with kisses. Then, turning to the astonished doctor, who evidently thought she was wandering, he told him of the scene with the palmist the night before their wedding: his shrewd grey eyes bore a somewhat mocking, yet very kindly, expression as he answered, gently taking his patient's left hand, and feeling her pulse: "Ah! I'm a bit of a palmist myself, and I know you can never judge from seeing only one hand. . . . I see in *this* one," gently tapping it, "the line of life is quite unbroken, and runs on to the age of eighty at the very least; so think no more about your false right hand, Mrs. Enderby!"

EVELYN PYNE.

Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

PART III.—(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

THE Chaldean notion seems to have been that 7 was a holy number which became nefast under certain conditions. The opposite sides of a die added together are always seven in total numeration, the 4 opposite 3, 6 opposite 1, and so on.

It used to be asserted, says John Heydon, that every seventh Male born without any female coming between, can cure the King's Evil, by Word, or Touch.

St. James, iii. v. 17 gives the 7 characters of wisdom.

After Birth the 7th hour decides whether the child will live, in 7 days the cord falls off, in twice 7 days the eyes follow a light, thrice 7 days turns the head, 7 months gets teeth, twice 7 months sits firmly, thrice 7 months begins to talk, after 4 times 7 months walks strongly.

After 7 years, teeth of second set appear.

After 14 years is the arrival of generative power.

After 21 the hair of Manhood is completed.

After 28 we cease to grow, at 35 is the greatest strength, at 49 is the greatest discretion, and 70 is the natural end of Life.

The Moon passes through stages of 7 days in increase, full, decrease, and renewal.

Naaman was ordered by Elisha (an initiate) to take

Seven dips in Jordan, to cleanse himself from Leprosy ; note the

Seven years for Repentance ; 7 churches of Asia (or Assiah),

Seven Angels with Trumpets, 7 candlesticks of the Holy Places,

Seven seals, 7 trumpets, 7 kings, 7 thousands slain,

Seven vials of wrath to be poured out, *pace* the Apocalypse,

Seven members make a lodge perfect, although 5 may hold one.

Francis Barrett, in his "Magus" catalogues 7 Birds, Fishes, Animals, metals, stones, and members of the Body.

It has been said there are seven apertures of the skull to correspond with the planets.

There are Seven Degrees in the Oriental Order of Sikha and the SAT B'HAI. (7 Brothers); but I have grave doubts of the authenticity of the present order of the name.

From the relative length of their courses the ancients constructed a Planetary Ladder, with Vowel Symbols, thus :

Moon	Merc.	Venus	Sun	Mars	Jupit.	Saturn
a	e	ee	i	o	u	oo

These symbols were used in mystical knowledge, as an Inscription at the Temple of Apollo at Delphi shews, where E I meant the Sun and its nearest Planet, *i.e.*, Sun and Mercury; and Mercury was often represented as a Dog, following a Sun Man.

The Oracle of Claros (Macrobius, Saturnalia, i. 18) said that IAΩ (the Gnostic Deity), was the Sun and the first and last of the planetary set, hence the 7 Concentric spheres.

Duncan assigns these Minerals and Animals to the 7 old Heavenly Bodies.

Moon, Bull, Silver	Mars, Wolf, Iron
Mercury, Serpent, Quicksilver	Jupiter, Eagle, Pewter
Venus, Dove, Copper	Saturn, Ass, Lead
Sun, Lion, Gold	

Note also the number of 7 pipes in the Musical instrument at the mouth of the old deity Pan, the Great Whole, a Sun God (not the later Rural Pan).

An ancient symbol of the universe was a Ship with seven pilots, in the centre of the ship, a Lion; possibly from an idea that the Sun first rose in Leo.

Note Aries has now supplanted Taurus, as the sign of the Vernal equinox; Taurus was the sign at the early fabulous periods of the earth—it was displaced about 300 B.C.

The sign becomes changed every 2,160 years by the precession of the equinoxes: Pisces will follow Aries.

Mr. Subba Row describes the Seven Primary Forces of Nature as six powers resumed in a seventh. These are called Sakti (Mahamaya) and are related to Kanya *i.e.*, Virgo, as the 6th Zodiacal Sign: they are Parasakti, force of light and heat; Inanasakti, intellect; Itchasakti cause of voluntary movements; Kriyasakti, energy of will; Kundalini sakti, the life force shewn in attraction and repulsion, positive and negative; Mantrika sakti, the power of sounds, vibration, music, words and speech; these are summarized in Daivi prakriti—the Light of the Logos.

Our physical senses known as 5, are an incomplete set, there are indeed 7 forms or modes of perception, as appears in the highest developments of the “Chabrat zereh aur bokher,” and as described in the oldest Sanskrit occult science of the Upanishads;—smell, taste, sight, touch, hearing—and 6th, Mental perception, with 7th, spiritual understanding: the two latter were not dwarfed and materialized into noticeable organs in this fifth Race of beings, to which Man now belongs. For a fuller explanation see the “Secret Doctrine” of Mme. Blavatsky. The Archaic scheme recognized Seven States of Matter;—homogeneous, aeriform nebulous or curdlike, atomic, germinal fiery elemental, fourfold vapoury, and lastly that which is cold and dependent on a vivifying Sun for light and heat.

Our Earth, symbolised by MALKUTH of the Kabbalah, is the seventh of a series, and is on the Fourth plane ; it is generated by Jesod the foundation the Sixth World, and after complete purification will in the 7th Race of the 7th Cycle become re-united to the Spiritual Logos and in the end to the Absolute. Our earth has been already thrice changed, and each cycle sees seven kings (as of Edom [H. P. B.]). Seven is the key to the Mosaic creation, as to the symbols of every religion. There are Seven Planes of being, the upper three are subjective and unknowable to mankind, the lower four are objective and may be contemplated by man as metaphysical abstractions : so there are the seven Principles in Man, and the upper triad are parted from the lower group of four at dissolution.

The Seven Principles constituting Man are variously named by the Esoteric Buddhism, by the Vedantic scheme, and by other philosophers, but they correspond in idea ; first from above come Atma, a ray from the Absolute ; Buddhi, spiritual soul ; and Manas, human soul ; these are the superior triad, which separates at human death from the lower tetrad of principles. The lower four are Kama rupa, the passions ; Linga Sarira, the astral body ; Prana, life essence ; and Sthula Sarira the lower body : see the dogmas of Esoteric Buddhism.

The Kabbalah divides these into four planes of the Soul, which are further separated by adepts ; these are Chiah, Neschamah, Ruach, and Nephesch, which correspond to the symbolical worlds of Atziluth, Briah, Yetzirah, and Assiah.

There is an occult reference in the Seven stars in the head of Taurus called the Pleiades, six present and one hidden—said to be daughters, of Atlas, who pursued by Orion were changed by Zeus in mercy into pigeons (peleia). The missing one is Merope, who married the mortal Sisyphus, and hides herself for shame. Seven was the number of the Rabbis who left the “Greater Holy Assembly” ; ten had formed it, three had passed away from the “Sod,” SVD, mystery. See MacGregor Mathers, in his translation of The Greater, and Lesser Holy Assembly or the HADRA RBA QDISHA and HADRA ZUTA QDISHA. Frater Mathers is one of the demonstrators of the Kabbalah to the Rosicrucian Society.

THE OGDOAD 8.

is the first cube of energy, and is the only evenly even number within the decad. The Greeks thought it an all powerful number ; they had a Proverb “all things are eight.”

Camerarius in his Nicomachus’ Arithmetic, calls it Universal Harmony : because musical ratios are distinguished by this number.

The Ratio of 9 to 8 is sesquioctave, this forms a tone and is attributed to the Moon.

12 to 9 is sesquitertian	}	Mercury
12 to 8 is sesquialter		

16 to 12 is sesquitertian	}	Venus
16 to 8 is duple		
18 to 12 is sesquialter.	}	Sun
18 to 9 is duplex		
21 to 9 is duple sesquitertian		Mars
24 to 18 is sesquitertian	}	attributed to Jupiter
24 to 12 duple		
24 to 8 is triple		
18 to 12 sesquialter		
12 to 8 "		
32 to 24 sesquitertian	}	Saturn
32 to 8 quadruple		
36 to 24 sesquialter	}	Are ascribed to the 8th or Inerra- tic Sphere which comprehends all the rest
36 to 18 duple		
36 to 8 quadruple		
24 to 18 sesquitertian		

Hence the ogdoad was also called "Cadmeia," because Harmony was looked upon as the wife of Cadmus; and Cadmus meant the Sub Lunar World, as Olympiodorus says. Eight was called also Mother, and Rhea, Cybele and Dindymene, from being the first cube, and a cube representing the earth.

The eight persons saved from the flood of Genesis, are synonyms of many octaves of gods, such as the 8 Cabiri great gods of Samothrace; see Bryant and Faber on this myth.

There are 8 Beatitudes of the Christian religion, Matthew, cap. v.

Eight is the number of the Moons of Saturn.

There have been several Masonic orders concerned with this Noachite Ogdoad, as the Prussian masons, Knights of the Royal Axe, or Prince of Libanus, the Noachites, and the Royal Ark Mariners, which is a subsidiary order to the Mark Master Masons.

Macrobius says the Ogdoad was the type of Justice, because it consists of evenly even numbers, and on account of its equal divisions.

John Heydon tells us that 8 Events befall the Damned, and that there are 8 rewards of the Blessed.

The number 8 is sacred to Dionysos, who was born at the 8th month: the isle of Naxos was dedicated to him and it was granted to the women of Naxos, that their children born in the 8th month should live, whereas it is usual for such to die, although those born in either the 7th or the 9th month are usually reared.

The Jews were accustomed to practise Circumcision on the 8th day.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B., F.T.S.

(To be continued.)

Ecclesiastical Christianity.*

THE WORLD'S VERDICTS.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

"He hath a devil;" "a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber;" "a friend of publicans and sinners;" "a Sabbath-breaker;" "mad;" "blasphemous;" "perverting the nation;" "that deceiver;" "a malefactor."—
New Testament.

"A thaumaturgist;" a "crucified sophist;" a "criminal." *The Jews; Roman philosophers.*

PAUL.

"This babbler;" "a setter forth of strange gods;" "a defiler of holy places;" "unfit to live;" a "pestilent fellow;" "mad." *The Jews; Roman magistrates.*

EARLY CHRISTIANS.

"Followers of a mischievous superstition;" "abjects and vile publicans;" "impious impostors;" "despicable fanatics;" "illiterate clowns;" "fools;" "deceivers;" "wizards and sorcerers;" "atheists;" "detestable criminals;" etc. *Roman contemporaries.*

REFORMERS AND SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERERS.

"Vile heretics;" "fools;" "immoral persons;" "atheists;" "sorcerers;" "leaguers with the devil;" "magicians;" "conjurers;" "Antichrists;" "false prophets;" "liars;" "diabolical innovators;" "fanatics;" "seducers from the faith;" etc. *Priests and Schoolmen.*

SEERS AND RADICALS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Fools;" "deluded idiots;" "victims of hallucination;" "mad persons;" "blasphemers;" "dreamers;" "sorcerers;" "impostors;" "vulgar cheats;" "tricksters;" "hypocrites;" "convicts;" etc. *Scientific and religious bigots and the popular Press.*

The subject-matter of the following pages has long been buried in a small volume, which, owing to unexpected circumstances, may be said never to have seen the light of day. Dealing, as it does, with the undeniable history of churches which have been, and still are, regarded as well-nigh infallible by their followers, it seems serviceable to the cause of truth and reform that it should be rescued from oblivion, and, in a slightly revised form, reprinted. The logic of facts is severe, and it is to the facts of a long series of centuries that we look for confirmation of the statement, so often made in these latter days, that the church needs the broad light of spiritual truth, before it can be other than a blind guide to the people at large, sunk as they are in material cares and pleasures. Fear must be replaced by intelligence; ignorant platitudes and misapprehension of Scripture, by knowledge of spiritual laws; vicarious salvation by individual responsibility; useless ecclesiastical domination by liberty of thought. If the church—and in that word may be included all Western sects—fails to recognise her opportunity, she is doomed.

It is designed to show by an appeal to unquestionable historical facts in this brief outline of the past, that the spirit which animated Jesus of Nazareth in his short life-work has rested on the heroic martyrs for progress and reform of all ages, and that the system of ecclesiasticism, and the union of Church and

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State, so far from representing the sublime and eternal principles he taught, have outraged them by superstitions and cruelties which have been a curse to mankind ; which formed a hell in the past, which have degraded religion in every nation in Europe, and which still survive in diminished forms, and exercise a deadly influence on the spiritual development of man, at the present hour.

When Stephen yielded up his last breath on a charge of blasphemy, uttering the divine prayer of Jesus that they who murdered him might be forgiven ; when the faithful followers of Christ perished, some at Rome, some at Alexandria, some at Jerusalem ; when the early Christian martyrs stood in the arena at Rome and faced tortures and death in their most terrible forms for the sake of the truth which their souls had recognised, because by a heaven-decreed law no truth can ever be born in vain—Christianity was a free religion. The little band of men called Christians who were torn by wild beasts, burnt in public gardens, tortured with all the ingenuity that human fiends could devise by command of emperors who were ruling a kingdom in the last stage of its decay—and who were many of them as infamous in life as they were perverted in intellect and moral sense—were men who possessed free minds. If they shared the Calvary of Christ they also shared the spirit which impelled the beautiful and fearless utterances by the shores of Galilee, on the brow of Olivet, and within the very precincts of the doomed Jerusalem, utterances which were spoken outside the synagogue and the temple, above and beyond the authority of the priests, and which appealed to the reason and the conscience of the human throngs who heard them. Such a religion as this could indeed brave death. Such a religion as this, which had not only taught truth, but “brought immortality to light,” might well have inspired its martyrs, and one would have said it ought to have rung around the wide world. But it was otherwise ordained. The Prophet of Nazareth told his disciples that “his kingdom was not of this world,” and the religion he taught was one which appealed to the most divine instincts in the soul of man ; it was to be woven into no creeds ; to be used as no instrument of priestly dominion ; to be a weapon of no State ; to be the possession of no particular class of persons. It was a great *spiritual power*, and it was born into the world when it needed it, to be henceforth kept alive through the heroic struggles and sufferings of men who, step by step, pressed forward in the path which had been pointed out by an unerring hand, till the hour should come when its light, the light of all true religions, should dominate the world in a liberty of the spirit which should be for ever above both church and creed.

Nearly two thousand years ago, Christ entered the sphere of human life on a divine mission, which was twofold : some of the truths he taught had been uttered before, but he placed them before men in a burning light and lived them out ; the greatest truth of all, the immortality of man, had been variously recognised by other races and by other teachers ; Christ *demonstrated it*, so far as it can be suggested or demonstrated by the manifestations of a body capable of existing on more than one plane of being. His life, including his power over matter, his spiritual insight, and his victory over death, was lived in strict accordance with laws which operated from his birth, and to which in the course of human progress, the race of man, as foretold by John, his “beloved disciple,” will eventually be subject. It was a great prophecy. The life and works of Christ were no more a violation of natural law than the life of civilised man is

a violation of the law which once forbade any form of existence higher than that of the saurian. In the latter case the spiritual is developing, subject to planetary conditions : in the former it was developed, and overcame them.

But, living so far before the era of the coming spiritual race, he was indeed a "strong son of God." He died to demonstrate immortal truth ; he spake the words of wisdom without the knowledge and practice of which such a victory is impossible. His spirit was in harmony with the Father, and he attained to that high plane which lived in purity of thought as well as deed. A "greater than Solomon" indeed stood at last within the walls of Jerusalem ; a mighty work was indeed accomplished there.

Nothing could be more opposed than the work of Moses and that of Christ, and it was easy to see that the followers of the one could never accept the other. The one was a lawgiver, regulating real and fancied morality by minute external details, and severe and often barbarous punishments ; the other furnished a motive-power of action in pure, spiritual life, teaching that wrong-doing brought its own punishment, virtue its own reward : the one was an instrument of the Hebrew Jehovah ; the other the messenger of a God of love : the one offered "sacrifices for sins," with the blood of animals ; the other "did the Father's will," and for a godlike truth sacrificed himself : the one was silent about a future life ; the other realised it as a fact : the one belonged largely to his age and to the earth ; the other to all time and to the world of spirit : the one gave death-sentences and died ; the other spoke of a life that was eternal, and triumphed at last over all that makes it possible that man should die. The religion of Christ was and is a religion of virtue, self-sacrifice, charity, liberty, and love ; of outspoken denunciation of all wrongs, no matter in what interests committed ; of perfect trust and freedom ; of uncompromising attachment to human good ; of embodied perfection. It is a religion of *life*. This is the gospel of immortality against which were an angel to preach, he would indeed, be accursed.

Let us contrast it with the religion of priests.

More than a century and a half had elapsed after the events of this grand and beautiful life, before the idea was fully entertained that the various gospels and the writings of the apostles were of "divine authority," in the sense now popularly understood. The evidence that such was the case is now too well known and too complete to be met with denial. The gospels and the epistles comprised many more books than are admitted in the canon of Scripture, which includes at the present time more than one epistle, the authenticity of which is known to be doubtful ; and the so-called "scriptural authority" of a later period simply rested on the speedily-acknowledged best written testimony of those most closely related to Christ, or who had laboured most zealously in behalf of the work he had accomplished. The very differences among the apostles (Acts xv. 39 ; Gal. ii. 11) show that the little gatherings called churches at Corinth, Galatia, or Philippi, had no conception of a series of infallible dogmas. Their very errors (I. Cor. vi. 6, 7, 8 ; xi. 21) prove their human imperfections. A book, a man, a church, that could not err, was an idea alien to the spirit of the time, which was struggling to follow, on firm and broad principles, though at a great distance, in the footsteps of the Master. There is no question that Paul kept Christianity alive, but in his letters it exhibits certain marked differences

from the Christianity of Christ. He rose to it in his realisation of the proofs and teachings given of the true nature of man, in his undaunted courage in declaring him to be the long-foretold messenger who was to appear among the Jews, which set Jerusalem "in an uproar," and for which he was made a "spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men;" in his fearless and uncompromising determination to keep the new light free from all connection with the old, useless rites of Judaism believed to have been God-ordained; in his truly inspired chapter on immortality: he fell below it in his silence with regard to slavery, which was one of the most demoralising of the Roman institutions, in his apparently Jewish ideas of a propitiatory sacrifice to God rather than a divine sacrifice for man, and in his incidentally expressed views on the nature of womanhood. But he never dreamed of worship, or of standing in the place of God, and his very arguments are often lengthy appeals to the minds of others, which soared far beyond the deep-rooted prejudices of his age.

Had these facts been openly acknowledged, and had the founders of the so-called Christian Church of a later date taught the main principles of the new religion in freedom, and in the faith which could recognize that they required no human laws to uphold them, the terrible history of bigotry and suffering which has been the consequence of this first error would never remain to rise up in judgment against her now. From the time that a final and authoritative canon of the New Testament was established, with a view to place the truths which had been given through some great and good human souls in a position which God alone can ever occupy, ecclesiastical power arose. Moreover, the desire to illustrate the gospels by the Pentateuch, to connect the new truth with the old forms, with the legends of an irrevocable fall of man and the idea of an atonement, completely overshadowed the whole spirit of the mission of the Master, and to a large extent, the heroic preaching of Paul. Immortality and the pathway to it were almost forgotten; death and submission to literal authority, scriptural and hierarchical, were everywhere dwelt upon. Moses, the "types," and the priesthood, eclipsed the light of the new message, and Genesis was ransacked by the Fathers to furnish reasons for, and illustrations of, the life and teachings they failed to understand. Tertullian defended the Christian faith; in a brief period Augustine dominated it. It has furnished a remarkable answer to the so-called philosophical statement that man is the author of his own religion. In one sense alone is this true, but that is in his very *failure* to appreciate the highest truths manifested to him until he is mentally and morally on a plane to grasp them. Does the North American Indian accept the civilisation of Boston or New York, or the savage of Australia the new life of its colonial cities? Christianity was unquestionably received, but it was popularised only by expanding on man's level, and not Christ's. On this plane, Judaism in another form was preserved, something in common was found even in Paganism, and opposition in Rome, the great centre of early Christian activity was rapidly broken down. But, in reality, it had only assumed another form. The spiritual religion of the great Teacher was obscured by the most wearisome disputes among the bishops of the early church on points of doctrine, and out of these disputes arose pious frauds,* pious errors,

* That interpolations in the original scriptural MSS. were made at different times is a fact known to scholars, and even if they may be of no great importance, they prove a principle. 1 John v. 7 is an admitted addition to the original text, and by no means stands alone. The Council of Trent, in 1545, declared the Vulgate version of Jerome in Latin, issued in 405, to be authentic. Wycliffe translated from the Vulgate; Tyndale from the original Greek.

and finally the pious use of physical force. Council after council was held to prove or disprove by the vote of an intriguing majority the "consubstantiality of the Son with the Father," and controversy after controversy took place between Arians and Athanasians, each decision as a rule being reversed by the following one, till at last, in the year 325, at the Council of Nice, and in 381, at the Council of Constantinople, the doctrine of a "Trinity" of three persons finally triumphed, and Mary, of the Gospel records, became "the Mother of God." The original Nicene Creed anathematised all who dared to differ from it, and Constantine decreed that whoever refrained from destroying the works of Arius should be put to death. In the fifth century it had become a dogma to dispute which was to imperil the soul.

The influence of Platonism, the encouragement and the territory bestowed by the worldly-minded Constantine, and the decision of the Nicæan Council, all aided powerfully to pave the way for the establishment of a system which rapidly culminated in the papal power of Rome. To quote to any extent from the leading Fathers, and to show the materialism which had already converted religion into mere theology, would only weary the reader. It need only be stated that the saints, as they were designated, Augustine and Fulgentius, both declared that no one could be saved outside the "Church," and that all Jews, heretics, and schismatics would depart into eternal fire; and so far did error develop mental slavery, that until the ninth century not a person existed who disputed the "eternal damnation" of infants dying unbaptised. Disputes about transubstantiation, the incarnation, the sacraments, predestination, election, original sin, the state of "the dead," and the "atonement," well nigh blotted out the mission of love lived out in Palestine but a brief period before, and educated the minds of men for the follies and the crimes which were destined to rise to their height in the Middle Ages.

The union of Church and State soon produced a system which taught religion at the point of the sword. The quarrels of the bishops about "apostolic succession," the polemical wranglings, and mutual excommunications of those who had the presumption to style themselves "God's elect;" the fierce and often bloody contests which arose on the occasion of a vacant see; the rising worship—nothing less—of the "Virgin Mary;" the increasing wealth of the church, and at last the complete repression of science and philosophy owing to the influence of the Fathers, all united to create that ecclesiastical authority which can only exist side by side with ignorance and error. It bore the inevitable fruits. At the instance of the clergy, the Italian wars were undertaken under Justinian, through which millions of lives were sacrificed, and a brief period later beheld the fruitless crusades, which lasted for centuries, and during which some millions of human lives were again wasted to rescue the *tomb* of Jesus from Mahomedan dominion. When Jerusalem was finally taken by Godfrey de Bouillon, all, without distinction of age or sex, were put to the sword, and the licentiousness and cruelty which accompanied the "holy wars" which were successively urged on European princes by the popes, had already linked the name of Christianity to deeds of barbarism and blood. The establishment of papal infallibility, the love of theological dogmas of no value to either reason or religion, the veneration of relics—thigh-bones and thumbs—inevitably amounting with the ignorant masses to actual worship, even where

there were several of the same kind; the adoration of saints and the early martyrs, the phenomena of pilgrimages, penances, indulgences and their sale, spangled dolls, rosaries, genuflexions, absolutions, Latin services, perpetual miracles and shrine-wonders similar to the pagan marvels, increased the rising tide of superstition. Philosophy yielded to useless metaphysical subtleties, and science gave place to legends of the saints.

The progress of the monastic movement is known to every reader of history. In the first instance it was doubtless prompted by a spirit of reaction against the profligacy of the age, and a desire to escape persecution, but it rapidly degenerated into a system which was not only an undisciplined rebellion against the divine laws of God written in nature, but which itself became a fertile source of misery and widespread immorality. In the fourth century thousands of hermits and monks began to overspread Egypt, Palestine, and Italy, some of whom can be compared to no class of men so completely as certain of the Hindoo fakirs. They fled to the desert, abandoned every tie of affection and kindred, and dwelt alone in caves and solitary places. Their lives consisted of a series of penances; washing was discountenanced, and, half-starved and covered with filth and vermin, these would-be saints in their "zeal for the church" would speedily have dragged back human progress to the state it must have exhibited in the age of the original cave-men, had not other influences intervened to favour the more gregarious forms of devotional life established in the monasteries. The monastic life of which this was the commencement speedily developed itself all over Europe.

A philosophical view of these facts will doubtless recognise that the ascetic principle has manifested itself among the most varied races of men, and that the Essene, the Brahmin, and the Cynic, alike illustrate the tendency, and even its utility; but the point which claims our attention is its enormous and, at last, disastrous influence over those who professed more than they had the knowledge to accomplish, and who claimed to be followers of a Master who spent his life among the people, and whose whole method of teaching was opposed to mere selfish seclusion. The devotion of many of the earlier anchorites and monks is unquestioned, but, like all piety which refuses to recognise reason, it became, and very rapidly, a stronghold of both superstition and vice. A Columba was the exception; a fanatic and ignorant mendicant, or a dissolute friar, the rule.

For some five hundred years during the Dark Ages, the clergy reigned supreme, and owing to the ignorance and credulity which everywhere existed, what was called "heresy," the result of the love of inquiry and the free use of reason, could hardly be said to exist. The priests were the guardians of the scanty knowledge of the age, and learning possessed by laymen was considered dangerous. The papacy had by this time become firmly established: the popes were styled "vicars of Christ;" papal supremacy and infallibility were undisputed, and from the sixth to the tenth centuries there were only some three or four men in all Europe who dared to think for themselves. What the lives of those were who occupied the papal chair from the eighth to the eleventh centuries is too well known to need comment. It suffices to say that they were uniformly immoral, and at times infamous. From the eighth to the twelfth centuries ecclesiastical immorality likewise reached its height in the monasteries, and the increasing wealth and power of the clergy made them a most formidable enemy

to human progress. Thousands of women became dissolute owing to the forced celibacy of the clergy; in England, the monastic lands amounted to half the kingdom, and in other countries the proportion was even larger. The church now possessed the temporal power to enforce "conversion," and this the popes relentlessly did all in their power to accomplish. Excommunications and anathemas struck terror into the hearts of kings, and held whole countries in subjection; emperors held the stirrups of the pope, it was considered an honour to kiss his feet, and the Holy See, under Innocent III., became a kingdom, which attempted to rule the entire continent. In the year 992 hardly anyone in Rome knew the first elements of learning; in Spain, in the time of Charlemagne, not one priest in a thousand could write a common letter, and in England not one understood the prayers he repeated, or could translate Latin into his mother tongue. The Latin which was at one time familiar to all, was in the eleventh and twelfth centuries hardly understood. Laymen had been taught to look upon the Scriptures, which no one understood, in the place of Deity; they were now considered too holy even to be read. The zeal which could incite men to slay their fellow-creatures for the sake of the possession of a spot of earth far too sacred to be associated with strife and bloodshed, was exchanged for the zeal which impelled their descendants to torture and murder all who ventured to dispute the dogmas of the church. How far removed already from the heroic spirit of those early Christian martyrs who suffered under the Roman persecutions of the first centuries, was the Latin Church, will now be seen. That church itself took the place of the pagan power, and the martyrs for truth and liberty, their real successors, were those who perished, no longer at the bidding of a Roman emperor, but, at her unhallowed hands. The spirit of St. Augustine and the Levitical law of the Hebrew nation, with its examples of barbarous severity, seemed everywhere to triumph.

S. E. G. F.T.S.

(To be continued.)



CURIOUS, ISN'T IT?

"C. L." asks in *The Morning Post* :—

"SIR,—Can any of the meteorologists give an explanation of the extraordinary readings of the temperature between December 3, when Bodö, on the Arctic Circle, was 20 deg. warmer than Oxford, and to-day (18th), when Nairn is reported 17 deg. warmer than Nice?"

[No "meteorologist" will, but Occultists may, and their answer is—change of cycles, and the end of a very important one Study Occultism.—ED.]

The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

“HOW do you do, Mr. Puffer?” said Pancho.

“Don’t call me Puffer,” said the patient. “I am Brahm. Puffer is merely the name of that illusive and evanescent personality which I created for the purpose of manifesting myself. This personality has now attained the four states of knowledge and needs no more books. First, it has arrived at the conviction that it knows everything that can possibly be known. Secondly, it believes that there is nothing more to learn. Thirdly, it sees that all impediments to its knowing everything have been destroyed, and fourthly, that it is now in possession of perfect knowledge.”

“Then,” said Pancho, “if you know everything, please tell me what has become of the Talking Image and where is my wife?”

“Alas,” answered the unfortunate man, “I know it very well ; but I cannot make my personality understand it.”

“Then it seems,” said Pancho, “that your personality has not yet attained full knowledge, and that you are Brahm merely in your imagination.”

“In my capacity as Brahm,” said the patient, “I do not care a straw for that personality which they call Mr. Puffer, and do not want to have anything to do with it. In fact I now know that this man ‘Puffer’ is a great simpleton, and it would be advantageous for him if you could get him out of this place.”

Pancho promised to attend to it.

“We would not keep you here,” said Sellerio, “if you would speak rationally instead of imagining yourself to be all sorts of things.”

“Brahm is nothing,” solemnly replied Mr. Puffer.

“Just listen to him,” exclaimed Sellerio. “First he says that he is Brahm and then he says Brahm is nothing. How can we let a man loose upon the community, if he talks such arrant nonsense?”

“He means to say,” explained Pancho, “that Brahm is not a thing ; but that universal principle from which originates the power that produces all things in the universe. It is often very difficult to express such ideas correctly, while an incorrect expression always gives rise to very serious misunderstandings.”

Then Mr. Puffer lifted his hand and solemnly spoke the following words :

“Everything is nothing and nothing is everything. I am Brahm and Brahm is nothing and I am the All ; but the All does not exist. I am Brahm who has created that illusion called the world for the purpose of deluding mankind. There are no bodies ; that which is called a body is merely an appearance ; there is no soul ; for the power of the body perishes at the time of its death. What is called the soul is nothing but the active force or attraction in man, which when he dies must die with him. All nature is created out of myself and I am nothing ; but out of nothing nothing can be produced. Nirvana is nothingness and it requires a pure soul of nothingness to live in it.”

"I think," said the director, "it is now time to administer our Ipecac."

They left, while Mr. Puffer was still talking and expounding his theories.

"He is decidedly getting worse," said the director. "He begins to talk about a soul living in nothingness."

"I am sorry for him," said Pancho. "He was a very amusing fellow; but there will be no light in occultism for outside investigators before those people learn how to correctly express what they mean."

Pancho left the asylum and went to his room. There sitting down at his table he took up a sheet of paper and began to write a letter to Sellerio, explaining his views about Mr. Puffer; but he soon discontinued it and leaving the unfinished letter upon the table he threw himself upon a lounge thinking which one of the two was more insane, Mr. Puffer or Dr. Sellerio. They were both deluded. The former revelled in his imagination, the latter was rooted firmly in his own ignorance; both clung to the opinions which they had formed—not on the basis of direct perception of internal truths—but from external observation and the reading of books. Each imagined that he knew, while neither had real knowledge.

"External observation," said Pancho to himself, "does not directly reveal internal truths; logic may err, real knowledge results only from direct perception and understanding. Books are useful and necessary adjuncts for those who wish to attain real knowledge and who have not the power to perceive internal truths; but to those who have attained the power to see the truth as it is, books describing what others believed about it are as useless as crutches to a sound person able to walk without them."

While meditating upon such subjects he entered into the interior condition and his external consciousness faded away, while that of his soul was fully alive. Suddenly he saw himself surrounded by a bright and rosy light, similar to that which he had seen at the time of his interview with the Image, and the stranger whom he had seen before in his dreams stood before his interior vision and spake the following words:

"The Talking Image is in imminent danger. The vultures of destruction are assembling around it, desiring to tear it to pieces to find out the cause of its divine inspiration and the power that enables it to speak. Unless it is saved from the dissection by which it is threatened, the instrument which the sages have prepared to give superior information to this sinful world and to lead mankind up to a higher region of thought, will be destroyed. If you wish to save it, hasten to its relief."

The apparition then faded away and Pancho "awoke;" doubting whether or not this vision had been the product of his own imagination. Where was the Image, and if it was in danger, where should he go to save it?

He arose and his glance fell upon the unfinished letter upon the table, and there upon the space not written over by him, he saw a strange handwriting, in which were written the identical words spoken to him by the stranger, and moreover the address of the present owner of the Image was added, which proved to be that of a judge in a little Polish town near Krakau. The letter was signed by "An agent of the Mysterious Brotherhood."

This was surely a true "occult letter," at least it had been written by some occult means. We will not enter into metaphysical speculations to find some

plausible theory by which might be explained how it could have been produced. We can see no possible advantage in attempting to persuade the sceptic to believe in something of which he has no knowledge and no experience. We, therefore, leave it to those who like to amuse themselves in this manner, to guess whether or not our account can be true, and, if so, whether there may be persons that can manipulate thoughts and project their images upon material substances; whether the ideas were first impressed upon his own brain, there formed into sentences and then projected out upon the paper by the power of a superior will; or whether they were alchemically precipitated by means of an Elemental; or whether Pancho during his ecstatic condition arose and himself wrote unconsciously the letter; whether it was done by a good or evil spirit, or by some impossible trickery. All such questions we leave to those to guess about who are inclined to pass their time in that manner; to the experienced Alchemist these things are no mystery and he needs no instruction about it. As to Pancho, he was neither astonished nor surprised; he knew that there is a bridge leading from the "subjective" to the "objective" realm of phenomena, and that to the untutored savage the writing of an ordinary letter is not less astonishing than the manipulating of "spiritual" substances is to those who do not know that such things exist. His own intuition told him that the contents of the letter were true, and he made up his mind to go and to save the Image from destruction by the hands of ignorant "science."

On that very evening Pancho left Venice for Vienna.

The night was dark. The train after leaving the plains of Italy entered into the mountain regions of the Alps, winding its way upwards in snake-like contortions, creeping up on inclined planes and through narrow gorges and valleys. Several tunnels and bridges were passed and it approached the highest point of the mountains, to descend again into the valleys.

Pancho had ample time for meditation. He thought about the uselessness of destructive science and how their deluded scientific people are like small boys, who destroy a valuable watch to see what produces the ticking. They, in their ignorance, imagine that they can solve the mystery of sound by breaking the instrument, or discover the secret of light by smashing the lamp. How is such a proceeding more absurd than to imagine that the cause of conscious intelligence and life can be found by dissecting the organism in which these powers become manifest?

This train of thought led Pancho to think of the nature of life. He perceived that it was not a product of the forms which it inhabits; but of a universal principle which by its activity produces living forms. As the light of the sun renders objects luminous, likewise the divine principle in nature made those objects, which were adapted to such a purpose, living and conscious and as the light of the sun, after disappearing from the horizon, leaves some objects dark, while others have the power to retain it and remain luminous for a while; likewise the principle of life departs from the physical form at its death, but there are some elements belonging to the soul, though still of an earthly nature, that may remain for awhile living and conscious even after the self-conscious spirit has departed from them.

To illustrate this truth, Pancho's interior guide opened his inner senses and he saw himself in the spirit in the midst of a graveyard. The earth offered no

obstacle to the perceptive faculty of his soul, and he could see into the habitations of those silent hermits whom the world believes all to be peaceful and dead. Then he saw that not all the tombs were entirely dark; but in many the ethereal counterparts bound to the corpse were still illuminated by a remnant of consciousness left by the departed spirit and endowing them with sensation. Many of the graves were thus illuminated by the murky glow of passion and unsatisfied desires, while the entities to which these remnants belonged were tortured by evil memories, useless remorse for past misdeeds, and by the evil spectres which their perverted imagination had called into existence. There were suicides that had not outlived their allotted time upon the earth and who were still bound to their own disintegrating corpses, which made them suffer. True, enough, they did not feel physical heat or cold or suffer from the narrowness of the grave in which the corpse was confined; they did not suffocate from the want of air; but they could not breathe the free atmosphere of the heavenly spirit; they were like persons in a dream suffering from some horrible nightmare. Their bodies still exhibited a phosphorescent glow of some remnant of animal consciousness which caused them agonies, and thus Pancho saw that the nightmare, called terrestrial life, may project its horrid illusions even far beyond the portals of death to the other side of the tomb.

He had been so deep in his meditations that he had not noticed the stopping of the train and the entrance of a man into the carriage; but now he heard the voice of a stranger say, as if in response to his own thoughts:

“The most fortunate thing in life is that we do not know its true nature.”

Pancho looked up, and for a moment he believed that he saw before him the identical form of that person whom he had seen in his visions; there was the same high forehead, the dark brown hair, the Roman nose, the finely-cut mouth, and the curiously-trimmed beard. But, no, it could not be the same individual seen in his dreams, for while the latter was of an extremely refined and ethereal, if not divine, aspect, the former looked coarse and material. He seemed to be a labouring man, for his clothes were soiled, he carried an axe, a bundle of blankets, and a travelling-bag, and Pancho immediately dismissed the idea of his being the man seen in his dreams. In fact he was somewhat annoyed by the intrusion.

“I hope that these bundles are not in your way?” said the stranger, piling them upon the seat.

“There is room enough,” somewhat gruffly answered Pancho.

The train moved again, and for a while they rode together in silence, Pancho lighting a cigar for want of something better to occupy himself with. After a while the stranger asked:

“Have you any whiskey with you?”

“No,” replied Pancho, somewhat displeased with the request. “I am no friend of whiskey.”

“It is sometimes very useful to have it,” said the man.

Pancho looked in disgust at the stranger. If there was anything he despised, it was the sight of a drunkard. How was it possible that he could, even for a moment, mistake a whiskey-drinker for the ideal of his dreams?

Pancho made no reply.

After a little pause, the stranger again-spoke out and said:

"Whiskey in a cold night like this is good to warm the blood and keep up the spirits."

"I should think," answered Pancho, "that you have enough blankets to keep you warm, and that for once you could get along for a little while without whiskey."

"These blankets will presently be needed," said the man, "as we will have to step out of this car."

"Not I," replied Pancho. "I am going to Vienna."

"You will not go to Vienna by this train."

"Are you going to prevent me?" asked Pancho, sarcastically.

"No," said the man; "but we are going to have a serious accident."

Pancho looked up in surprise. Was he in company of a madman? What if this fellow were to take a fit and become unmanageable? Pancho made a motion to secure to himself the axe.

"This axe and these blankets," said the stranger, unconcernedly, "I took with me because I foresaw that we shall need them, and as there will be a number of people severely wounded, I wish I had brought some stimulants with me. I forgot it, being in a hurry."

"Did you dream that we are going to have an accident?" asked Pancho.

"I did not dream it, I saw it," answered the stranger. "Between the next station and the one after that something is going to break, and the engine, with three of the cars, will tumble down over a precipice. Nothing will happen to this car. It is the fourth, and will remain on the track."

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed Pancho, "if you know all these things, why do you not stop the train, and speak to the conductor?"

So saying, he took up the axe, and was going to break with the handle the glass that covers the electric button, by which a signal may be given to stop the train in cases of imminent danger.

"Just keep still," said the stranger. "What will you tell the conductor? Do you want us to be laughed at and fined for stopping the train? Although I have foreseen the accident, I cannot tell the exact nature of the cause of the danger. If you say that we are going to have an accident, and you cannot give any intelligible reason for it, you will not be believed. After the accident has taken place, you will be arrested, because it will be said that if you had not something to do with its cause, you could not have known of it. Moreover, if the accident could be prevented and were not to take place, I could not have seen it happen. I can only foresee things which exist in the future, and not those which are non-existent."

Pancho saw the force of this logic. He remembered a case in which a clairvoyant had correctly described the place in which some stolen money was hidden, and how, after the property was recovered, the seer was imprisoned for complicity in the theft, because it was said that he could not have known the hiding-place, if he had not assisted the thief.

"Is it then impossible," he asked, "to prevent things which are thus foreseen?"

"As impossible," answered the stranger, "as to make undone anything that has happened in the past."

"Did you see me in your vision?" asked Pancho.

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I saw you aiding me in attending to the wounded."

"Then," said Pancho, "if I were to leave the train at the next station, your vision would not have been true."

"You will not leave it," replied the man; "for if you were to leave it, I would have foreseen it too."

"You are right; I shall remain."

He now regarded his companion more clearly, and as he looked with the eye of the soul below the rough external appearance of the stranger, he saw that he was undoubtedly the man seen in his dreams, although the outward shell resembled the spiritual man no more than an unfinished model in clay is equal to the perfected marble statue, coming from the hands of the master artist. He then asked the man whether he remembered that they had met before in the spirit, and what he knew about the Talking Image. To this the stranger replied:

"There are many things which the soul of man may accomplish, while the body is asleep, and which we do not remember when awake. Every state of consciousness has its own modes of perception, and its own tablets to record past experiences. Animal man remembers his animal experiences; the spirit in its spiritual state remembers that which occurs when conscious of divine things. If we could raise our consciousness up to that part of our being which is immortal, we should also partake of its memory and recollect our past lives upon this and other planets. As to the Talking Image, I have heard of it, but know at present nothing of its whereabouts; it is quite a curiosity, but in some respects not more so than other persons, because I regard every person who does not create his own thoughts, as being merely a Talking Image, through which universal thought is expressed, or as a crucible, in which the essences, principles, and ideas existing in the world are mixed and purified, calcinated, amalgamated, sublimated and refined, until there results the true gold of spirituality, self-existent, pure and immortal."

The train now arrived at a station near the highest altitude of the pass. After a few minutes it began to move again, and soon the rapidity of its motion indicated that they were on the descending slope of the mountain. In the meantime a storm arose and the wind blew with such fury that it threatened to overthrow the train. Perhaps ten minutes passed away in silence, when the stranger exclaimed:

"Hold on to the cushions, sir!"

Pancho did as directed. At that moment a terrible shock occurred, which caused the carriage to shake. At the same time a crash and a rolling noise was heard, followed by cries of distress. Pancho and the stranger went out of the car and a fearful sight met their eyes. They were standing at the brink of a precipice, while below them, in a gorge, was the engine, from which rushed sparks of fire and hissing steam. Three passenger coaches were lying in a heap. The rising moon threw a ghastly light over the scene.

"Let us be quick!" said the stranger. "The coals of the engine will set fire to the cars."

They descended cautiously. Already one of the coaches had begun to burn, and now Pancho saw for what purpose the stranger had brought the axe with

him; for with the dexterity of an expert he cut a hole in the side of the car and extricated a woman whose body had been imprisoned between broken splinters and pieces of wood.

We will spare the readers a description of the heartrending details that followed upon this accident; some of them may have read accounts of it at the time when a train was overturned by the force of the *Bora*, whose destructive power is well known on the *Karst*. There were a few persons killed and many severely wounded.

The stranger, aided by Pancho, rendered the necessary services to the injured, and made them as comfortable as possible until such aid as could be obtained at the nearest town arrived at the place of the accident. At last another train arrived and Pancho continued his voyage. The stranger remained, but gave to Pancho his address in Vienna.

"You will easily find the place," he said, "it is an odd-looking house and there is a cross with a rose in the centre sculptured over the door."

Pancho wanted to ask some more questions; but the whistle sounded, the train began to move, and soon the place of the accident was out of sight.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be concluded.)



Reviews.

GREAT THOUGHTS.*

A weekly journal of wide scope and high aims, covering all fields of interest to persons in all classes in life. The articles are extremely well chosen.

The Christmas number contains some excellent illustrations, portraits and gleanings of "great thoughts" from poet, scientist, religionist and historian.

But, while dealing with all subjects, it never descends to the commonplace or sensational, and its tone is of the purest culture and morals. We wish it all the success it deserves.

THE VEGETARIAN.†

This penny Weekly is by no means devoted solely to the disseminating of dietetic ideas, but is a paper that all thinkers will enjoy reading, as a mention of many of its contributors will show. Among them are Miss Ellice Hopkins, for whose "White Cross" work all mothers feel grateful; A. F. Hills, T. R. Allinson, the gifted and lamented Dr. Anna Kingsford and her friend and colleague, Edward Maitland.

The philanthropic tone and effort of the paper deserve the kind wishes and attention of all who, like ourselves, work for the betterment of the great orphan—Humanity.

Of course there is the usual letter from the young enthusiast who yearns to flog his hobby to death, and is fain of "ignoring animal products altogether." And so our vegetarian Don Quixote proceeds to run a tilt even against milk. Ere long we shall expect to see the "advanced" vegetarian isolating the babe from its mother's breast in order to raise a real "pucca" herbivorous vegetarian

* A. W. HALL, 132, Fleet Street.

† MEMORIAL HALL, Farringdon Street, E.C.

purist. We fear, however, that all the king's horses and all the king's men of this "ultramontane" school of vegetarianism will fail to place their objections on a basis of fact, for the alchemy of nature teaches that milk is far less an *animal* product than cereals and vegetables raised from manure.

LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.*

THERE are some interesting chapters in this small volume, especially when the author touches on Education and the theories of Grady on Logic, and Boole on the laws of thought. As for the rest, take some logic and mathematics and a small quantity of metaphysics, mix them with strange misconceptions of two or three of the great world religions, go out of your way to glorify the Jewish nation, and you will have *Logic Taught by Love*. We are asked to believe that: "Far back in the ages a tribe was differentiated, to be to the other races of the earth what the Unseen Logos is to Humanity as a whole . . . The Race of Israël is the hereditary priesthood of that Unity whose action is Pulsation." Now listen to the marriage hymn of science and religion: "Holy, Holy, Holy is the Logos, the Hidden Wisdom, the Principle of Rhythmic Pulsation . . ." Do not smile, gentle reader, for the writer who speaks of a "Seer of Messianic Singular Solution," and dubs Jesus the "High Priest of Pulsation," knows all about you, that is, if you are interested in Theosophy, and will probably call you worse names than these. You will be pleased to hear that: "occasionally an impulse of atavism seizes on a whole mass of people, *too many to be locked up or ignored*. Such a mass, *ignorant of ancestral history*, and therefore not knowing to what their own sensations point, start some weird fantastic movement, related to some portion of ancestral history . . . The great Revolution in France, Mormonism in America, Maurice-ism and Hinton-ism here, 'Salvation,' Table-turning, Homœopathy, and *Esoteric Buddhism*—each was produced by some stratum of the ancestral past forcing itself into the consciousness of an *irreverent and forgetful posterity*."

Well, well! We have heard that the deceitful waves of Maya have the power of reflection. We would, therefore, respectfully advise the "Pulsationists" to study *reverently* what the hoary Wisdom of the East teaches about the "Great Breath" and to disentangle the following skein of *ancestral history* which they have been good enough to vouchsafe us. We find under the heading of Trinity Myths, explained presumably by the *Logic Taught by Love* system, the following strange table of correspondences:

Brahma	Vishnu	Siva
Elohim	God of Israel (perhaps also Jehovah)	Adonai
God the Father	[God the Son]	Holy Spirit.

The middle correspondence of the third ternary is not given, but cannot escape being supplied. Rule for the above: Take any three gods from any three systems, shuffle and arrange them in three rows.

A CHAPLET OF AMARANTH.†

IN the *Chaplet of Amaranth* we have a neatly bound and printed little booklet of the aphoristic class. The sentences on Scripture, the Futility of Creeds and Hell

* By MARY BOOLE. London: FRANCIS EDWARDS, High Street, Marylebone.

† From the writings of the Author of "From Over the Tomb." London: JAMES BURNS.

Theosophical Activities.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE "LONDON LODGE" OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

KARMA IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

THE subjects of Reincarnation and Karma have formed the texts for many papers and much discussion among the members of the Theosophical Society as well as among occult students outside this Society. It is only natural that this should be so, as the themes are and ever must be of the most vital importance in the consideration and right understanding of soul evolution on this Planet. But it has often been asked, and the question seems replete with difficulties—How do Karma and Reincarnation affect, or what part do they play in the Animal Kingdom?

The same inequalities of condition, happiness, suffering, disease, and struggle are found in animal as in human life. And although there can be no doubt that animals have souls, yet the highest and most intelligent of them are not possessed of a *self-conscious* Ego, which is, however, the birthright of man, no matter how rudimentary and barbarous he may be. We can, therefore, scarcely suppose that without this self-conscious Ego animals are sufficiently differentiated to make individual reincarnation possible, and in that way work out, in the long run of many lives, the equalisation that brings about in the human kingdom the justice that must necessarily operate in the universe and all its innumerable worlds. The consideration of Karma or the lack of it in the Animal Kingdom has been working for some time in my mind, and I venture to offer a few suggestions on the subject, the result of these reflections.

It has been sometimes said by advanced students of the esoteric doctrine, and reason gives support to the statement, that animals of even the most intelligent species do not as a rule and broadly speaking reincarnate, and that Karma, in the sense of responsible action, does not yet exist in this kingdom of nature. What then, one immediately asks, is the deciding cause of the ever-varying degrees of misery and well-being to be seen around us. One day a dog goes mad and the life is battered out of him, of necessity no doubt, to prevent his injuring human beings or others of his own kind; or a cat is perhaps hunted or tortured to death in a horrible manner by a person so debased that he enjoys the sight of the suffering he inflicts. There are, again, the victims of the vivisectionist as well as those of the slaughter-house, and many others too numerous to mention. On the other hand, there are the pets of kindly, loving people, whose companionship appears to awaken into life emotions and feelings quite exceptional in the species to which such animals may belong, and which receive luxuries, comforts, kindness and love, that thousands and thousands of our fellow beings are strangers to even in imagination. Where, then, are we to look for the justice and reason of these differences of condition, when there is neither a past life of causes to account for the present nor a future life of individual growth which could in some way recompense the undeserved suffering? I believe the explanation must be looked for along the lines of correspondences and in a broader and more comprehensive manner than is possible on the principle of individual responsibility.

We know that there is a form of life and growth even in the Mineral Kingdom ; that, though apparently inert, there is a slow development observable by those specialists who devote themselves to this branch of science. Rocks, crystals, metals, etc., follow a system of formation ever repeating itself according to the affinities of their molecules, *i.e.*, the particles, say, of rock crystal will not ally themselves with those of granite any more than the seed of one fruit will fructify and yield another kind. We may also accept the idea that there is a plane of consciousness belonging to so-called inert matter, quite as difficult for human beings to realise as that consciousness which involves the development of our sixth sense. Such a plane of consciousness must have a Spiritual Monad, which, speaking roughly and not metaphysically, incarnates in the whole Mineral Kingdom. This consciousness from our point of view is exceedingly limited, and the Monad's power of manifesting correspondingly shackled by the density of the body, and the lack of vehicles or principles. Perhaps here it will be as well to consider briefly what is meant by the term Spiritual Monad, which is by no means identical with the Spiritual Human Ego, although there is a certain resemblance in regard to their functions. The Spiritual Monad at this stage of evolution consists, according to this theory, of the sixth and seventh principles, equivalent to the Para Brahm and Logos of the Eastern philosophy ; and, if we may materialise the idea for a moment, is in search of a fifth principle.

The Mineral Kingdom, as we know it, is without the third, fourth, or fifth principles ; or, at all events, these are so absolutely latent and unevolved, that it is only within comparatively recent years that scientists have acknowledged the very close resemblance that exists between the most complex forms of crystal and the lowest examples of vegetable life. It has, of course, a physical body and an astral counterpart, but the third or life principle, as also the fourth and fifth, are still locked tightly within the unresponsive masses of the earth. In the slow process of incarnation in this mineral world the faint glimmer of this third or life principle slowly commences to manifest until in some of the more complex forms of crystals, whatever may be the force or action that brings them together, the result is a structure very closely allied to life organisms. Following this line of thought, the Vegetable Kingdom will also have its Spiritual Monad, which manifests now, with its life principle well established, in the more varied life that is beautiful to the eye and abundantly sufficient for the support of humanity. Here again the sphere of consciousness is within narrow bounds, but the system of growth and development is infinitely more rapid than in the minerals, and can be studied and observed by ordinary humanity with greater facility than is possible in the slower growth of the mineral world. For the third or life principle has been evolved and brought into obvious action. This principle will now gradually expand, gathering from the more improved conditions around it the glimmering indications of the fourth or animal soul principle. The first faint dawning of instinct now shows itself, more especially among the higher forms of vegetation, and this appears again in full working order in what we now reach in the upward scale, the animal kingdom. This, like those leading up to it, has again its Spiritual Monad, which incarnates in the ever varying forms and species, the occupants of earth, air, and water. Now is more clearly seen the mutual importance of the awakening of the principles as vehicles for the outbreathing of the spiritual essence through the

incarnations, and again its inbreathing of the higher aspects of the experiences of these incarnations. This Spiritual Monad of the Animal Kingdom corresponding with that of the individual Human Ego, draws through the magnetic currents of its developed fourth principle in connection with this physical plane, the nourishment or experiences which, by degrees, colour the unconcious Spiritual Monad with a tinge of what eventually becomes the fifth principle or human soul or self-consciousness.

Let us now turn to the subject of the paper, viz., Karma in the Animal Kingdom, and let us, by way of illustration, regard this Kingdom as one enormous body with innumerable limbs and members in the shape of all the various animals, great and small, all over the earth. These are continually meeting with adventures and accidents, good and bad, as the case may be. The loss by misadventure of some or emancipation by evolution of others does not affect at all the existence of the one body at large. The Karma of that body is intact, and if some members or limbs suffer and get lopped off, such Karma is not individual to the limb any more than in the case of a man who meets with an accident and loses his leg. The *man* suffers, certainly, through the loss of the limb, and will probably regret it all his life, but the leg itself, as soon as severed from the body, dead and buried, cannot be condoled with and does not appeal to our sympathies: it is the man's Karma and his suffering entirely. In such a way as regards the Karma, must the ordinary suffering and death of animals be considered. They are the members of one great whole, and when dead they are like the man's leg, with no individual Ego that can be either glad or sorry, because differentiation or self-consciousness, apart from the Spiritual Monad, has not yet taken place. To carry out the illustration a little further, it may be suggested that the better, the more healthy and hard working the limbs become, and supposing they do not meet with accident and amputation, the better it must be for the body or Monad. For instance, there are some of the smaller and less intelligent animals that are capable of being trained out of their natural instincts, but that are still, by reason of their inferior organisms, unfit for or incapable of severance from the soul of the kingdom to which they belong. Little birds, mice, and even sometimes insects, are receptive to care and affection, and learn to discern between the hand or presence of their owners and others, but these would not be open to the realms of human incarnation, and at death would still belong to the Monad of their Kingdom. Still, as limbs, they have worked well and to the extent of their individual progress as small members have enriched and aided the development of the animal soul itself, and the more of such successful members there are and the more the budding emotions of creatures can be aroused and cultivated, the more does the Monad's unconciousness become tinged with the self-consciousness of the fifth principle. This will then again react beneficially on the spirituality of the incarnate kingdom at large. For this Spiritual Monad of the Animal Kingdom, like the Human Ego, has to evolve through the absorption of the higher aspects of the experiences of these earthly incarnations, and these experiences are, as we can see for ourselves, though limited in regard to capacity, at the same time, almost unlimited in regard to opportunity.

This it seems to me, is the rule broadly, but then come in the great class of exceptions, and it is among and due to these that the change from one Kingdom to another may be sometimes looked for and found.

Animals of the more intelligent and highly organised kind that are brought into close contact and companionship with man, and whose opening powers of emotion and affection are aroused, have taken by such contact the first step towards differentiation. The dog who is the trusted, loved and educated friend of his master, is in the process emancipated from the Monad that presides over his Kingdom, and henceforth is individualised. After death his newly-awakened and differentiated soul remains, we may suppose, for æons of time happy in the realms of the higher Karma Locas until in another Manvantara, perhaps, or when the world will be in a condition to accommodate and exactly fit the requirements of these young Egos—incarnates for the first time as a human being, and starts on his own upward progress a self-conscious being, responsible to the extent of his knowledge for his actions and thoughts.

Probably exceptional suffering would have the same effect on the progress of the animal as unusual kindness; neither can be endured or enjoyed excepting from close intimacy with man, for animals in a perfectly natural state cannot meet with either intense suffering or human love. The danger or fear that a wild animal has of being eaten up or hunted by larger and stronger beasts is born with him, and his instinct provides him with armour of one sort or another, and teaches him how best to avoid the evil as long as possible. When, in spite of all the defences his instinct has raised to protect him in the struggle for existence, the inevitable overtakes him, this cannot be considered as exceptional suffering or a painful death. On the other hand, when such creatures are caught and tamed the possibilities of life become much more complicated, and their natural weapons no longer avail either to ward off or avoid the trouble, and their sufferings and pleasures immediately increase. Thus it seems to me that this close touch with humanity, whether the animal in life is educated, loved or ill-treated, evokes in it emotions and possibilities that would equally tend towards the emancipation of its soul and prepare it for human incarnation and the burden of its own Karma.

I do not, however, suggest or think that all domestic animals are necessarily ripe for human incarnation or separation from their own kingdom of nature. The vast majority of these meet with nothing that can arouse their latent fifth principle. Sheep, oxen, pigs, and all those creatures that are bred merely for human food and slaughtered by the million, must have, through successive generations of such treatment, become, we may suppose, inured to the life and death through the law of heredity, and such experience, therefore, cannot be regarded as any more exceptional than that which the wild animals of the prairie and jungle undergo in the course of their existence.

The elephant, which by some naturalists is considered the most intelligent of all animals, while in his natural wild state, according to this theory, would be no more fit for human incarnation than would the chamois, squirrel, or any other perfectly untamed creature. But let the elephant be captured and his natural intelligence excited and stimulated, he then becomes in and by the process, as it were, a candidate for the higher evolution, because his natural organism and capacity for such development are above those of many other members of that kingdom, and what, until that period in his life, had been only a superior form of instinct, now assumes many of the qualities or attributes of reason, only

requiring a human organism to bring out the flower of self-consciousness and Egohood. Considered, therefore, from this point of view, the apparently undeserved suffering among domestic animals may be in some degree accounted for outside of Karmic responsibility, and in saying earlier that the explanation of such suffering must be looked for along the lines of correspondences, I meant that just as humanity is working slowly and, perhaps, almost unconsciously in the mass, towards Godhood or divinity, through the evolution of the soul by Reincarnation, so the animal kingdom, still more unconsciously, but just as surely, is progressing also through incarnations not yet differentiated towards individuality and Egohood. Just as some, a small minority among the human family, are thirsty and eager for Spiritual and Divine Truth, which can be attained only through union with the universal consciousness, so the more highly organised animals by contact with humanity gather unto themselves the attributes that pertain to the fifth principle or human soul. And this universal Monad or essence, after manifesting feebly in the mineral kingdom and more freely in the vegetable, at last in the animal begins almost imperceptibly at first to differentiate until in the higher animals, as said above, it evolves or develops gradually the principle or quality of self-consciousness. The Monad, the sixth principle animated by the seventh, the universal spirit, produces the fifth principle, and only attains individual *self*-consciousness by absorbing back into itself the higher part of that which it has given out—that is to say, the Spiritual or Divine Monad produces the fifth principle, Manas, mind, reason, and this gradually develops in itself from its cycle of experiences, or contact with even limited opportunities, the perception of “I.” This is absorbed back into the sixth, giving colour to the colourless Monad. This perception of the “I” or Ego belongs to the fifth principle. The first aspect of the fifth principle is represented by instinct, memory, and even reason, when in the higher animals; but it is only at the final moment of complete differentiation that self-consciousness and therewith Karmic responsibility sets in. The Divine Monad can possess *absolute* consciousness or Knowledge, but cannot possess self-consciousness till coloured by the fifth or human soul principle. And, as we know, from the moment such self-consciousness awakens the great object and effort of future progress must be to draw from the spiritual soul so much of its Divine essence that the human soul becoming, as it were, saturated with its influence, pours it back, tinged with its own incarnate experiences, the higher principle then becoming truly the Higher *Self*, a permanent individuality. It was probably this that Jesus meant when he said, “I in Thou, and Thou, Father, in me, that we may be perfect in one;” or also, as Mme. Blavatsky expresses the same idea in the *Voice of the Silence*, “Thou shalt not separate thy being from Being . . . but merge the ocean in the drop, the drop within the ocean . . . so shalt thou be in full accord with all that lives.”

(MRS.) P. SINNETT.

BRITISH SECTION COUNCIL MEETING.

The Council of the British Section met at 17, Lansdowne Road, on Wednesday, Dec 18th, Colonel Olcott, the President of the Theosophical Society, in the Chair. Delegates represented the “Blavatsky,” “Cambridge,” “Liverpool,” “Edinburgh,” and “Dublin” Lodges. H. P. Blavatsky sat beside the President

the two Founders united once more in body as always in spirit. The consideration of the Propositions to be submitted to the Annual Convention at Adyar, in May, 1890, was relegated to a sub-committee, who are to bring up a report to the adjourned meeting of the Council, early in the New Year. The Council elected Colonel Olcott as its delegate at the Annual Convention. The amended rules of the British Section were then brought up and considered, and various amendments were made; it was decided that the meetings of the Council should be in April and October, the annual election of officers to take place in October; the financial year will end on September 30th, so that the annual balance-sheet may be circulated among the Lodges, in time for the delegates to receive instructions thereon prior to the Annual meeting at the end of October. The amended rules being passed, the Council proceeded to the consideration of the reports from the Lodges. The "Blavatsky Lodge" reported that it held a meeting for discussion every Thursday evening, and had specially studied during the year: the Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan, as given in Vol I. of the "Secret Doctrine"; and the esoteric meaning of the Gospels. The number of members and associates had grown rapidly during the year. The "Liverpool Lodge" reported that it met for discussion, the reading of papers, etc., on the third Saturday in every month, and had special meetings as required. Members were carrying on active work in the press, and many enquiries about Theosophy had been received. The "Dublin Lodge" stated that it held weekly meetings, alternate meetings being open to the public, while the others were reserved for members only: Colonel Olcott's visit had drawn much attention to the work of the Society. The "Edinburgh Lodge" reported that, owing to the death of its President and other local causes, it had done but little work in the past, but was now becoming very active and hoped shortly to become one of the strongest lodges in the United Kingdom. The "Cambridge Lodge" explained that it had many practical difficulties to face, from its members leaving—having finished their University course—just when they were becoming most useful, but on the other hand it sent out into the world missionaries of Theosophy. The reports were adopted.

The officers were then elected: General Secretary, W. R. Old; Treasurer, F. L. Gardner; Auditors, W. Kingsland and H. Burrows. The Council presented a memorial to Col. Olcott, pointing out that the distance of the British Section from Head-quarters gave rise to many Executive difficulties, and asking him to vest his presidential authority, so far as the Section was concerned, in H. P. Blavatsky, appointing a Council to assist her with advice. The President promised to do so, before leaving England. The business of the Council concluded with a resolution expressing the thanks of the Section to the Colonel for the work he had done in England, and adding fraternal greetings to the Indian brethren. The Council adjourned.

RULES OF THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Adopted by the Council of the Section at the Annual Meeting, on Dec. 18th, 1889.

1. The British Section of the Theosophical Society shall consist of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

2. For all purposes of organization, the Section shall consist of all Lodges (or Branches) of the Theosophical Society within the above limits, provided that the said Lodges shall be duly chartered by the Theosophical Society or by such other authority as shall be deputed for that purpose.

3. The government of the Section shall be vested in a Council, which Council is an integral portion of the General Council of the Theosophical Society, and shall consist of the following : the Presidents of Branches, *ex officio* ; one delegate from each Branch for every 25 members ; the General Secretary, and the Treasurer.

4. The General Secretary, the Treasurer, and two Auditors, shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Council in October of each year.

5. During his tenure of office, the General Secretary shall be responsible for the carrying on of the routine business of the Section, and for the due execution of all instructions conveyed to him by the Council.

6. The General Secretary shall further keep a register of all the members of the Section, and it shall be the duty of Secretaries of Lodges to furnish him from time to time with the names and addresses of members of their Lodges. This register shall be open to the inspection of Presidents of Lodges, and members of the Section, at the discretion of the Secretary.

7. No person shall be considered a member of the Section whose name is not on the list of the General Secretary.

8. The financial year of the Section shall end on September 30 and an Annual Balance Sheet shall be prepared by the Treasurer, and forwarded by the Secretary to each Lodge at least 21 days before the October meeting of the Council.

9. The Council of the Section shall meet in London during the months of March and October, and at such other times as may be considered expedient. Notice of such meetings, together with notices of resolutions to be moved, or business transacted, shall be forwarded to every Lodge at least 21 days before the date fixed for such meeting. Special meetings shall be summoned by the General Secretary, at the request of the representatives of any two Branches, in which case notice shall be given to all Branches, as above.

10. At meetings of the Council, the members present shall elect their Chairman for the meeting ; during such election the General Secretary shall take the chair *pro tem.* : the quorum of the Council shall consist of one representative from each of three Lodges.

11. Each member of the Council has one vote on any question about which a division is made. Proxies, general or special, shall be allowed. In case of a tie, the motion shall stand adjourned to the next meeting.

12. The Council of the Section shall have power to issue charters to Lodges and diplomas to members. It shall further have power to suspend charters or diplomas, pending an appeal to the President-Founder or his appointed Representative in the United Kingdom.

13. Each Lodge shall determine for itself the qualifications of its members or Associates ; but no member of the Section shall have power to vote, or be eligible to office in more than one Lodge.

14. All difficulties or questions arising within Lodges or between unattached members of the Section, may be referred at the desire of either party to the decision of the Council of the Section, and final appeal shall be to the President-Founder, or his appointed Representative in the United Kingdom.

15. The Section shall have its Head-quarters in London, where a room or rooms shall be provided and furnished as a reading-room for the use of members of the Section. A library of works on Theosophy and Occultism shall be formed for their use ; and the expenses shall be defrayed out of the funds of the Section.

16. The expenses of the Section shall be defrayed by an annual subscription

from each member thereof. In the case of members belonging to a Lodge, the Secretary of that Lodge shall be responsible to the Council for the collection of their subscriptions.

17. The annual subscription of each member of the Section shall not be less than 5s. per annum, but members residing within 20 miles of London shall pay an additional subscription of 5s. ; this being subject to the decision of the Council in special cases.

18. The contributions of the Section to the Head-quarters of the Society, or for other purposes outside the particular work of the Section, shall be subject to the action of the Council from time to time.

19. Alterations of these Rules may be made by the Council, subject to the provisions as regards notice, as above specified.

W. R. OLD.

Gen. Sec. British Section Theosophical Society.

At the request of the BRITISH SECTION, Col. Olcott, before leaving for India, drew up and signed the following document :

OFFICIAL ORDER.

Theosophical Society, President's Office,
London, 25 December, 1889.

In compliance with the unanimous request of the Council of the British Section, and to obviate the inconvenience and delay of reference to Head-quarters of current local questions requiring my official adjudication : I hereby appoint H. P. Blavatsky as Chairman, and Annie Besant, William Kingsland, and Herbert Burrows as Members, of an appellate Board to be known as "The President's Commissioners" for Great Britain and Ireland ; and furthermore :—

I hereby delegate to the aforesaid Commissioners for the United Kingdom the appellate jurisdiction and executive powers conferred upon me under the Constitution and Rules of the Society ; and declare them to be my personal representatives and official proxies for the territory named, until the present order be superseded.

Provided, however, that all executive orders and decisions, made on my behalf by the said Commissioners, shall be unanimously agreed to and signed by the four Commissioners above designated.

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT, P.T.S.

Attest : W. R. OLD,

General Sec. British Section, T. S.

"BLAVATSKY LODGE."

At the "Blavatsky Lodge" meeting of December 19th, the President of the Lodge, W. Kingsland, in the chair, a resolution of sympathy with, and thanks to Colonel Olcott for his work in England was unanimously passed. Annie Besant was called on to move the resolution, and to bid the Colonel farewell in the name of the Lodge ; she alluded to the work done by the Colonel in the various parts of England, Wales, and Ireland that he had visited, and the loving memory and respect in which his name would be kept by all English Theosophists. She asked Colonel Olcott to carry back with him to India a message of brotherly affection to the Indian Theosophists, and to tell them that their English brethren looked to them to keep the flame of Theosophy burning in that country which must ever be the Holy Land to every true

Theosophist. Herbert Burrows seconded the resolution in a few brief sentences, expressing the affectionate regard in which Colonel Olcott was held among all who knew him. Colonel Olcott, in reply, thanking the Lodge for the kindly feeling expressed towards him, said that he always tried to do his duty, and, whether in England or in India, his life would be devoted to the cause of Theosophy. He expressed the pleasure it had given him to be once more with H. P. B., his dear colleague and teacher, in the body, as always in heart and spirit, feeling as he did that, when they were separated, each was less than half what they were together.

As the meeting broke up, the members clustered affectionately round their President, shaking hands and wishing him well.

At a business meeting of the "Blavatsky Lodge" held at 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park W., on January 2nd, 1890, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, Annie Besant; Vice-President, W. R. Old; Hon. Secretary, F. L. Gardner; Hon. Treasurer, Countess Wachtmeister. The following revised Rules were also adopted.

RULES OF THE "BLAVATSKY LODGE" OF THE T. S.

1. The Lodge shall be called the "Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society."
2. The Lodge shall be constituted in accordance with the Rules of the British Section of the Theosophical Society.
3. The object of the Lodge shall be to train its members in Theosophical knowledge by study and discussion, and to serve as an active centre for Theosophical work.
4. The Council of the Lodge shall consist of the Officers, viz. a President, Vice-President, Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer, and of three other members to be chosen by the Lodge; three of whom shall form a *quorum*.
5. Officers and members of the Council shall be elected annually at a meeting of members at the end of September: at which meeting the Lodge shall also elect its representatives on the Council of the British Section for the ensuing year. Vacancies occurring in the Council during the year shall be filled up by the election of the Lodge.
6. The Lodge shall consist of members and associates.
7. The right to attend and vote at all meetings of the Lodge shall be confined to members only.
8. Members and associates shall have the privilege of introducing visitors at three of the ordinary meetings; but if after the third visit such visitor does not become an associate or member, he can no longer be admitted.
9. Any visitor interested in Theosophy, but not yet prepared to take up full membership, may become an associate of the Lodge for three months. At the expiration of this period, he must either become a member or cease to attend the Lodge meetings and resign his associateship.
10. Applications for membership and for associateship shall be made in writing to the Hon. Secretary, who shall place the names of applicants on the notice board of the Lodge fourteen days before the date of election. Any objections to such election shall be sent in writing to the Hon. Secretary seven days before the date of election, and the Council shall take such action as is necessary.
11. There shall be no subscription to the Lodge, save that which is required from each member as a member of the British Section. The Lodge expenses shall be defrayed by voluntary contributions from its members and associates.
12. The Lodge shall meet regularly once a week at such time and place as may be

appointed by the Council, and these meetings shall be open to members, associates and visitors.

13. The Council may appoint other meetings to which members only shall be admitted.

14. Alterations and additions in these Rules may be made by the Lodge.

H. P. Blavatsky, ere Colonel Olcott left England, handed to him the following paper :

Theosophical Society, Esoteric Section,
London, 25th December, 1889.

I hereby appoint Colonel H. S. Olcott my confidential agent and sole official representative of the Esoteric Section for Asiatic countries.

All correspondence relative to admission into, and resignation from, the Section shall be referred to him, and all *Instructions* transmitted by him, and his decision is to be taken and accepted as given by myself. Such correspondence to be invariably marked "Private" on the envelope.

(Signed) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

The members of the Esoteric Section in London and the surrounding district have formed themselves into a Lodge, for the purpose, among other things, of stimulating Theosophical activity and organizing members of the Society into active groups of workers. It is hoped that, in this way, they may become useful to the Society at large.

No member need apply for admission into the E. S. unless he is prepared to adopt *in full* the three objects of the T. S. and to become practically an earnest worker for Theosophy.

H. P. B.

AMERICAN SECTION.

The American Section of the T.S. held a Convention of the Pacific Coast Branches in October last, and we have received the printed report of the proceedings. The spirit animating the delegates seems to have been that of the purest Theosophy, the principle of Universal Brotherhood underlying the speeches and directing the methods proposed. Thus, Mrs. M. H. Bowman, of the Bandhu Branch, read a paper entitled, "Try to lift a little of the Karma of the World." In this paper Mrs. Bowman, speaking of progress, says both truly and eloquently:—

"All about us are those, flesh of our flesh and soul of our soul, who sit clothed in darkness by that inexorable Karma, which we perhaps have but now outgrown; those who still wear the soiled garment, tabooed by social laws, made more desperate by that ostracism; those who tell us the story of the strong temptation, and the weak nature, of injustice against which there was no defence; of the endless procession of misfortunes, and no help, no refuge. Is it not such as these whose eyes have lost the power to weep? such as these who 'wash the feet of the soul in the blood of the heart'? Is it over such as these we shall set ourselves as judges, and say, 'It is Karma, and therefore justice'? Or rather shall we, remembering only that our brother suffers, try to lift a little of this dreary burden?"

Rightly did Mrs. Bowman conclude:—

"If we could thus make our Theosophical ideal of 'Brotherhood' an ever-present living factor in our lives, there would be small need to ask how best to show forth the truth to the world."

Miss L. A. Off read a paper entitled, "A few Suggestions Regarding the Higher Life"; to overcome separateness, to subdue the senses, to root out lust,

avarice and unchastity, to practise the ten transcendental virtues, these are the roads to the Higher Life. Miss Off winds up her brief paper by saying :

"No fixed standard or vow can affect the interior choice and destiny of the soul ; no monastery creates a saint, but a true saint radiates peace and love in whatever circle he may move. What loftier mission can be filled by the true Theosophist than to do away with the modifications of being, to transcend the 'five places of passion,' and thus reveal the tranquil, changeless essence of pure spirit."

These papers were followed by three on the three objects of the T.S., written respectively by Allen Griffiths, Miss Marie A. Walsh and Mrs. Sarah A. Harris. Dr. Griffiths, calling on all to work, rightly says :—

"Universal Brotherhood does not, nor could not in simple justice, adopt any particular method or procedure, or line of operation, as its universality includes all ways, all things, and all men, for it recognizes that underlying all is that saving element of truth which both causes all to be, and gives, impulse to growth and progress. So it does not specialize, nor show partiality, but boldly says to all, 'Here is an unlimited field of possibility, enter it and take possession of that portion to which your ability and capacity entitle you by virtue of your own motive and power to serve your fellows.' If a certain order of minds clearly perceive one phase of Universal truth, and have ability and inclination to pursue it upon special and particular lines, within the circle of Universal Brotherhood, every opportunity exists for the following of that inclination and the exercising of that ability. The world is large, and numberless avenues are always open, so that no one need feel circumscribed, nor restricted, nor handicapped, in the pursuance of his chosen and particular scheme, whose object is the welfare of all men."

Miss Walsh brings out strikingly in two passages the moral superiority of the Indian teachings over the Semitic, and of the manners of the people over those of the western world :—

"The hero finds himself in heaven. He asks for his loved ones. They are in hell. 'Then let me go to them, I, at least, can help them suffer.' And he turns his back upon the joys of heaven to seek his loved ones ! What a scathing rebuke to that virtue which contemplates serenely the torments of the lost ! Fortunately, for our sympathy, the hero is but tested, and on the brink of the inferno he finds his loved ones and—heaven." "The literature of India, especially the drama, shows the people to have been simple in their habits, spiritual in their tendencies, and most gentle in their manners. While the civilized (?) Romans clapped their jewelled hands at the death of the gladiator, and shouted applause when youths and maidens were torn to pieces by wild beasts, the Hindoos shrank from the very suggestion of physical pain upon the stage ; and their plays were entirely free from cruelty or grossness."

Mrs. Harris dealt very ably with the third object. She began by pointing to the unity underlying multiformity.

"In dealing with nature's forces we may, from a theosophical point of view, see them as a differentiation of the primal force spirit, and the matter through which spirit manifests, as the crystallization into objective form of primal substance—man, as to his physical body and the force which works through him, being a part of the manifested universe, while in his psychical powers and spiritual nature he is called to that which is interior to this material plane, each power of body or mind being differentiations of the Universal ; for as there is in reality but one force spirit, so there is but one sense feeling, of which the five so-called senses are the out-speaking. In reality, there are no external senses. When the one unit of consciousness speaks through the eye of animal and man, it becomes sight ; through the ear, it becomes hearing, thus functioning the various organs of the body and relating them through the consciousness to the external world."

She then spoke of the force of thought, and its effects, and the influence of man's thought on lower planes of being, winding up with the lines :

"Thought in the mind hath made us. What we are
By thought was wrought and built. If a man's mind
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on him as comes
The wheel the ox behind.
All that we are is what we thought and willed ;
Our thoughts shape us and frame ; if one endure
In purity of thought, joy follows him,
As his own shadow sure."

Dr. T. Docking gave the last paper, set to the keynote "Be all things to all men," and going, we think, somewhat too far in the effacement of distinctively Theosophical doctrines in the effort to avoid giving offence.

One piece of advice, given by Dr. Docking, we recommend to Theosophists in England as well as to those in America.

"As a further suggestion for increasing the efficiency of the work of all branches of the Theosophical Society, wherever established, or about to be established, we would urge upon all members of the various lodges the great desirability, we may add necessity, of members cultivating the society of each other, meeting together as often as practicable at each other's houses, where no lodge-room is permanently available. At such meetings the central aim should be to discover how nearly these good people can come together in thought and feeling, and what particular spheres of usefulness they may individually occupy best. It is of little advantage for people to join societies and acknowledge their adhesion to a great bond of union, if they do not embrace and seek to create opportunities and occasions for mutual converse and help. The work of many a society languishes because of the members not acting in accordance with a due recognition of the tie of brotherhood, while much inspiration is lost by two or three fluent speakers or able writers being looked to at all times, under all circumstances, to furnish food for the mental digestion of all the rest; timidity and bashfulness should have no place among brothers and sisters; fear of criticism or of being misunderstood should never seal the lips of anyone who feels he has aught to say for the edification of the assemblage; to underrate our powers, or mask our gifts, to fight off insinuations and disown ability, is not humility but puerile masquerading as its opposite virtue."

Members of the "Blavatsky Lodge," please note!

The following paragraph from the *Washington Post* reaches us:

A public meeting was held last night by the "Blavatsky Branch of the Theosophical Society" at 923 F Street North-West. The audience was large. B. Keightley, of England, private secretary to Madame Blavatsky, spoke on the Socialistic phase of Theosophy, and Miss Musaeus read a paper in defence of Madame Blavatsky.

THEOSOPHICAL LIBRARIES.

A free Theosophical library is being formed at Merthyr Tydfil, great interest being shewn there in Theosophy by the mining population, among whom—as everyone who has lectured to them knows—are found men of strong intelligence. Mr. Thomas, 18 Park Place, Merthyr Tydfil, will gladly receive and acknowledge any gifts of Theosophical books for this purpose. A great wish has been expressed to read *Lucifer*, and we hope that some well-to-do Theosophist will pay a year's subscription, for a copy to be sent each month to the new library.

Through the kindness of some members of the T. S. three more Theosophical lending libraries have been formed, at Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne and Penrith.

A similar effort is shortly to be made in Whitechapel, and it would be well if, in each town, a group of Theosophists would take up this work, and open a free library and reading-room for the benefit of poorer enquirers. No missionary work is more permanently useful than this spreading of our literature.

Those who are able to assist in this good work should confer with Countess C. W.—, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W. C. She has already sent the first instalment of books to the above-named libraries.

All books for Theosophical Lending Libraries can be purchased at 7, Duke Street, at 25 per cent. discount off the published price. Subscriptions to *LUCIFER* for the above-named Libraries would be thankfully received.

THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.

The *Indian Mirror*—known to all who take an interest in the movement now going on in Hindustan, for its patient and steadfast work for the redemption of that great land from ignorance and oppression—has a leading article on the Theosophical Society which will be read with pleasure by all Theosophists, and to which we gladly give publicity in this organ of the Theosophical Society. The *Indian Mirror* does no more than justice to the Society, and probably nothing less than the passionate belief of its Founders could have awakened India from a sleep which was fast passing into lethargy. Those who have read Colonel Olcott's lectures, given in the great cities of Hindustan, will readily understand how his burning words on Aryavarta lit a corresponding flame in Indian breasts. The *Indian Mirror* of Nov. 22nd says :

“ The Theosophical Society has done more for India than some people are aware of. Though constantly *en evidence* before the public, Theosophy and the Theosophical Society are still abstractions to many men even in India. We, however, who have watched the Theosophical movement from its initiation at New York, the transference of its activity to these shores ten years ago, and the unexampled success of its ideas ever since throughout the country, must acknowledge that if the affairs of India now command universal attention in both hemispheres, the Theosophical Society ought to have every credit for it. When the founders of the Society landed at Bombay in 1879, they did not find even half a dozen Indians ready to receive their ideas of an Universal Brotherhood, and not even the idea of an Indian Brotherhood. Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott, who had come to India, as they said, to learn and acquire the wisdom of the East at the feet of Indian sages, found that the sages were at a discount in the country of their birth and work, that the educated Indians knew them not, and that those whose pride it should have been to worship Sankaracharya and Buddha Gautama, worshipped Huxley and Herbert Spencer instead. In fact, the Light of Asia had been completely quenched, so far as India at least was concerned. With an enthusiasm, however, which only a conviction of the sacredness and potentiality of their mission alone could generate, the founders of the Theosophical Society went to work, and proceeded to create order out of chaos, and light out of darkness. And they were mightily misunderstood. The people held aloof from them. Europeans jeered at them. The Government followed their movements with suspicion and distrust. But it was shortly acknowledged that the Russian lady and American gentleman were terribly in earnest. They had not the slightest intention of retiring from the field. They made many and large sacrifices. They literally *slaved* at their work. Colonel Olcott spoke frequently before the public, and Madame Blavatsky toiled *eighteen hours at a stretch* at her desk in order to find the wherewithal to feed her beloved Society. What charlatan ever did honest work or endured a tithe of the privations, which Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott went heroically through in order to force the claims of the Theosophical Society on the public? Theosophical ideas at length began to spread. Ceylon was taken by storm, and the Christian Missionaries, who had long held sway in the island, retired in favour of yellow-robed priests of Buddha, and the five sacred precepts were heard once more loud in each Dagobah's rounded pile. In

India the Theosophical Society began gradually to increase in numbers, and to grow in influence. Its leading ideas were found to be practicable. Its claims on behalf of Eastern philosophy and science and literature were recognised in quarters where they used to be before laughed out as absurd and preposterous. The educated community in India, the thinking portion of it at all events, turned to examine the lore left to them by their ancestors. And soon a community of spiritual thought and purpose began to spread through the land. The Hindu, the Moslem, the Jain, the Parsi, commenced an union of intellectual brotherhood, and as they fraternised more and more, they wondered why they had held aloof, each from the other, so long, and how they should have neglected to claim their common legacy. Soon every large town had its branch of the Theosophical Society. The annual conventions at the head-quarters of the Society, the precursors and models of the National Congress, brought hundreds of the representatives of the most different and distant communities together, and they became periodical jubilees of the revived affection among the hitherto divided members of the great Indian family.

“To become good Theosophists was to become good citizens. The Theosophists were not only to be brothers among themselves, but also brothers to all men with whom the world brought them in contact. Theosophists in India, therefore, began to look about them to see if they could not ameliorate the lot of their fellows. They realized that life was real and earnest, and accordingly they worked with a zeal for their fellow-Indians, and the common cause of their country. Whatever may be our own personal impressions, we will not in this place claim the triumph of the National Congress as the triumph of the Theosophical Society. It is far too wide a demand to be conceded without demur. But this much we will undertake to say that the Theosophical Society brought the people of India together, proved their inheritance, and made them deservedly proud of this beloved Bharat Khund. Another claim which we may with confidence urge on behalf of the Theosophical Society, is the recruiting of influential foreigners in the cause of India. The first important convert to Theosophical ideas from among Englishmen was, strangely enough, the then Editor of the *Pioneer*, Mr. A. P. Sinnett. And Mr. Sinnett brought Mr. Hume, our dear, old long-tryed friend. At one time, Mr. Hume was idolised by Theosophists, as he is now being idolised by the country at large. Was it not a great and marvellous fact that this Englishman, affluent, eminent in service, and proud of the race from whom he sprang, should meekly bow his head before the holy Indian cause, and adopt India as his home for which he was prepared to make any and every sacrifice? This marvel, then, is the work of the Theosophical Society. And we further claim that it has fully accomplished its mission in India. Its work now lies in other fields. The Light of Asia is slowly reaching the West. Europe and America look upon the phenomenon with bewildered wonderment, but they still look on. In England Theosophical ideas are compelling public attention, and the discourses of Colonel Olcott are being heard with intelligent respect. Theosophy has a great future before it in England. It has already put forth a wonderful phenomenon in London. It has converted Annie Besant, the famous hard-headed materialist and agnostic, into an expectant enquirer of Theosophical truths. The influence of Mrs. Besant in England is widespread and far-reaching. She has for years been the fellow-worker in the

English people's cause of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh. And behold another marvel still, these so-called atheists, once the horror of mankind all over the world, compel to-day the world's attention, and the world is in a manner at their feet. And these two great souls are leagued to-day to work for the amelioration of pantheistic Hindus and Parsis and Buddhists and theistic Mahomedans. Who could have dreamt of these wonders a few years ago? And yet, as we write, we feel that we have not yet exhausted the marvels. More wonderful events have still to follow. Happy those who have seen, and who will see, with fear and yet with hope!"

DUBLIN LODGE.

The Dublin Theosophists, acting in their capacity of members of the Vegetarian Society, gave a very bright Christmas Eve to some hundreds of poor little Dublin children. The Lodge collected £20 in money, 500lbs. of cake, and 2,000 apples and oranges, as well as toys and sweets innumerable for its little guests. The *Irish Times* says:

"Some hundreds were present of different ages and of different degrees of poverty, and the proceedings were of a very jolly character. Tea was first served, and when that was discussed, a little concert, more or less of an impromptu kind, with conjuring and ventriloquial exhibitions, was given by some of the members of the society. Needless to say the little ones were highly delighted and mystified with this, to them, very novel performance, and they gave noisy expression to the pleasure which the merry-making afforded them. After this there was a big attraction, and one appealing more to the younger portion of the little guests—namely, the distribution of toys from a Christmas tree which occupied the central position on the platform. It would be difficult to describe the eager excitement with which this portion of the programme was watched, as one by one the children went up to receive their gifts in the shape of dolls, monkeys, rattles, and everything that a well-regulated Christmas tree should contain. But this was not all, for as the children passed out of the hall they were loaded with apples, oranges, and barmbracks, which were there in profusion for distribution. Indeed it was no easy matter for some of the younger children, even with their pinafores and cloaks, to carry away the load of presents and good things which were given them. The children behaved themselves extremely well, waited patiently for their turn, and appeared all quite satisfied with the shares allotted to them.

"The arrangements, which were carried out by Miss G. Johnston, Mr. F. Allen, and other members of the society, assisted by a number of ladies, were admirable. This is quite a novel feature in Christmas charities, and the society is deserving of every praise for having inaugurated it."

About 100lbs. of cake and a barrel of fruit remained over, after all the hungry little mouths were satisfied, and these were carted off to the Catholic Boys' Home as a gift. £15 remained in the hands of the members, and are to be used for a treat in the summer.

It is sad to know that if our Irish comrades had acted nominally as Theosophists, the children would have been forbidden by the priests to enjoy this harmless *fête*. Roman Catholicism, now as ever, is bitter against all who will not submit to its sway, and would rather darken the already sad lives of the children than allow them to be brightened by heretics.



"Going to and Fro in the Earth."

IN America, as in England and every other civilised country, complaints are heard from the press of the failure of Christianity to influence the lives of the people. We have just come across an article in an American paper on "The Failure of Christianity in villages," in which our contemporary declares that

“Nothing is more marked in American social life, or more to be regretted, than the manifest decay of religious activity and the loss of vitality in our American towns and villages, especially in the rural districts. New England presents this failure in one form, and the North-west presents it in another, but in nearly all American villages, wherever you go, the Christian religion in the existing forms in which its friends try to commend it to the public is set forth in ways which for the most part are not attractive to the average man, and do not impress the people with much respect for the truths which are behind them.”

The truth is that the age is outgrowing the dead-letter rendering which materialises truth into falsehood. Everywhere empty hands are outstretched into the darkness groping after Truth. It is for the Theosophists to chase away the darkness with the “light from the East.”

Theosophists, and more especially Occultists, will be interested in learning that Dr. Albertini has discovered that colour-blindness is accompanied by a corresponding deafness to certain notes. Persons who cannot see *red* cannot distinguish the note *Sol*; those who cannot see *green* cannot distinguish *Re*. Thus, from time to time, do the discoveries of Western science confirm Eastern knowledge; and as science presses nearer to the heart of things, we may look to see these confirmations increase.

In Lucifer's wanderings up and down, he came across the following article from the *Boston (U.S.A.) Courier* of July 18, 1886, and brought it on for publication in our pages, as an interesting testimony of the view taken *at the time* of the S. P. R. clumsy attempt to stab Mme. Blavatsky. Theosophists are, of course, fully aware of the contempt with which the proud and exclusive Hindus regarded the blundering efforts of a self-confident young European to investigate and measure their most sacredly treasured beliefs; but in view of the attempted revival of his discredited report—so unwisely adopted by the S. P. R.—the following will be read with interest:—

“The London Society of Psychical Research has perhaps fulfilled the hopes of none of its friends in its discoveries, its investigations and its manifestoes, but it has made no more egregious blunder than its report on Theosophy. We have no especial desire to enter into a defence of esoteric Buddhism, since in the first place it is abundantly able to stand upon its own merits, and in any case the sort of attacks which are made are so generally unintelligent and so prejudiced as to merit no attention whatever, while, it may be added, it is not our plan to become its champion, most of the so-called expositions are but more or less pitiful displays of the ignorance, or the flippancy, or the malice of the writers, and as such may be left to work the confusion of their authors.

“The report of the Psychical Society, as coming authoritatively from a body including many men of wide reputation, is likely to receive more attention and be accredited with more weight than really belongs to it. It has already been shown in a pamphlet published by Mr. Sinnett, upon how flimsy a foundation the evidence of the report rested, and it is of interest in this connection to read the following protest which has been sent from Negapatam, signed by nearly seventy people of standing, not one of whom is in any way connected with the Theosophical Society:

“We, the undersigned, are much surprised to read the report of the “Society for Psychical Research on Theosophy.” The existence of the Mahatmas or Sadhus was not invented by Madame Blavatsky or any other individual. Our forefathers who had lived and gone long before the birth of Madame Blavatsky and the Coulombs had full belief in the existence of the Mahatmas and their psychical powers, and even had personal interviews with them. There are persons in India, even at the present day, who have no connection with the Theosophical Society, and yet have interviews with such superior Beings. There are many reasons to prove these well-established facts, but we have no time and it would be useless to go into details. Let Mr. Hodgson and the Committee, if they are in earnest, make deep researches into the matter and find that their conclusions were not only hasty but also entirely unfounded. The report of Mr. Hodgson, and the conclusion of the Committee thereon, cannot at all affect in the least our belief in the existence of the Mahatmas, but will only betray their grossest ignorance of the Occult history of the Hindus.’

SIGNATURES FOLLOW.

“The truth is that Mr. Hodgson, sent out by the London society to India, to investigate Madame Blavatsky, was so entirely unfitted for the work confided to him that he fell a victim to errors the most egregious. He set down to the credit of Madame Blavatsky’s inventive powers theories and statements which may be found even in plenty of English works upon Indian religions, published in London a century or more ago; and the society can hardly be willing to attribute to Madame a term of life so extended as to suppose her to have instigated the writing of books so old. The report proved by far too much, and is on the face of it absurd. The question, of course is not here upon the reality of the Sadhus, but of the origin of the belief in them; and nothing is easier than to prove that this faith has been prevalent in India from time immemorial.

“Of course, as far as the truth or absurdity of Theosophy goes, what Madame Blavatsky or any one else may or may not be is not of the slightest importance. An ethical system stands or falls by its own merit, judged by the facts of human life and what man has been able to discover of the universe. There has never been a religion or a philosophy that has not numbered among its professed upholders, and usually among the most prominent of them, men of worthless character, who made it merely a means to their own base ends. If Theosophy falls to the ground it will not be because Madame Blavatsky or another is proved to be worthless and designing; and equally, if it stands, it will not be because the character of these or any other of its adherents is placed above suspicion and reproach.”



ERRATA IN PSYCHIC FIRE, NOVEMBER NUMBER.

Page 234.—A universe of infinite space measured by *finite* units of time. (18th line from top.) For one half of this *line* of change. (27th line from top.)

Page 235.—Motion is the manifesting power and its amplitude *is* its unit measure of space. (6th line from top.)