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The Cycle Moeth.

“ Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.”

TENNYSON.

“ The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of
to-morrow.”

CARLYLE.

THE great mystic of the eighteenth century, the ardent disciple of Jacob Boehme—Louis Claude de Saint Martin—used to say in the last years of his life: “ I would have loved to meet more with those who guess at truths, for such alone are living men ”.

This remark implies that, outside the limited circle of mystics which has existed in every age, people endowed with correct psychic intuition were still fewer at the end of the last century than they are now. These were, indeed, years of complete soul-blindness and spiritual drought. It is during that century that the chaotic darkness and Babylonish confusion with regard to spiritual things, which have ever reigned in brains too crammed with mere scientific learning, had fully asserted their sway over the masses. The lack of soul perception was not confined to the “Forty Immortals” of the French Academy, nor to their less pretentious colleagues of Europe in general, but had infected almost all the classes of Society, settling down as a chronic disease called Scepticism and the denial of all but matter. The messengers sent out periodically in the last quarter of every century westward—ever since the mysteries which alone had the key to the secrets of nature had been crushed out of existence in Europe by heathen and Christian conquerors—had appeared that time in vain. St. Germain and Cagliostro are credited with real phenomenal powers only in fashionable novels, to remain inscribed in encyclopædias—to purblind the better, we suppose, the minds of forthcoming generations—as merely clever charlatans. The only man whose powers and knowledge could have been easily tested by exact science, thus forming a firm link between physics and metaphysics—Friedrich Anton Mesmer—had been hooted from the scientific

arena by the greatest "scholar-ignoramus" in things spiritual, of Europe. For almost a century, namely from 1770 down to 1870, a heavy spiritual darkness descending on the Western hemisphere, settled, as if it meant to stay, among *cultured* societies.

But an under-current appeared about the middle of our century in America, crossing the Atlantic between 1850 and 1860. Then came in its trail the marvellous medium for physical manifestations, D. D. Home. After he had taken by storm the Tuileries and the Winter Palace, light was no longer allowed to shine under a bushel. Already, some years before his advent, "a change" had come "o'er the spirit of the dream" of almost every civilized community in the two worlds, and a great reactive force was now at work.

What was it? Simply this. Amidst the greatest glow of the self-sufficiency of exact science, and the reckless triumphant crowing of victory over the ruins of the very foundations—as some Darwinists had fondly hoped—of old superstitions and creeds; in the midst of the deadliest calm of wholesale negations, there arose a breeze from a wholly unexpected quarter. At first the significant afflatus was like a hardly perceptible stir, puffs of wind in the rigging of a proud vessel—the ship called "Materialism," whose crew was merrily leading its passengers toward the Maelstrom of annihilation. But very soon the breeze freshened and finally blew a gale. It fell with every hour more ominously on the ears of the iconoclasts, and ended by raging loud enough to be heard by everyone who had ears to hear, eyes to see, and an intellect to discern. It was the inner voice of the masses, their spiritual intuition—that traditional enemy of cold intellectual reasoning, the legitimate progenitor of Materialism—that had awakened from its long cataleptic sleep. And, as a result, all those ideals of the human soul which had been so long trampled under the feet of the would-be conquerors of the world-superstitions, the self-constituted guides of a new humanity—appeared suddenly in the midst of all these raging elements of human thought, and, like Lazarus rising out of his tomb, lifted their voice and demanded loudly recognition.

This was brought on by the invasion of "Spirit" manifestations, when mediumistic phænomena had broken out like an influenza all over Europe. However unsatisfactory their philosophical interpretation, these phænomena being genuine and true as truth itself in their being and their reality, they were undeniable; and being in their very nature beyond denial, they came to be regarded as evident proofs of a life beyond—opening, moreover, a wide range for the admission of every metaphysical possibility. This once the efforts of materialistic science to disprove them availed it nothing. Beliefs such as man's survival after death, and the immortality of Spirit, were no longer to be pooh-poohed as figments of imagination; for, prove once the genuineness of such transcendental phænomena to be beyond the realm of matter, and beyond investigation by means of *physical* science, and—whether these phænomena contain *per se* or not the *proof of immortality*, demonstrating

as they do the existence of invisible and spiritual regions where other forces than those known to exact science are at work—they are shown to lie beyond the realm of materialism. Cross, by one step only, the line of matter and the area of Spirit becomes infinite. Therefore, believers in them were no longer to be brow-beaten by threats of social contumacy and ostracism; this, also, for the simple reason that in the beginning of these manifestations almost the whole of the European higher classes became ardent "Spiritualists". To oppose the strong tidal wave of the cycle there remained at one time but a handful, in comparison with the number of believers, of grumbling and all-denying fogs.

Thus was once more demonstrated that human life, devoid of all its world-ideals and beliefs—in which the whole of philosophical and cultured antiquity, headed in historical times by Socrates and Plato, by Pythagoras and the Alexandrian Neo-Platonists, believed—becomes deprived of its higher sense and meaning. The world-ideals can never completely die out. Exiled by the fathers, they will be received with opened arms by the children.

Let us recall to mind how all this came to pass.

It was, as said, between the third and fourth quarters of the present century that reaction set in in Europe—as still earlier in the United States. The days of a determined psychic rebellion against the cold dogmatism of science and the still more chilling teachings of the schools of Büchner and Darwin, had come in their pre-ordained and pre-appointed time of cyclic law. Our older readers may easily recollect the suggestive march of events. Let them remember how the wave of mysticism, arrested in its free course during its first twelve or fifteen years in America by public, and especially by religious, prejudices, finally broke through every artificial dam and over-flooded Europe, beginning with France and Russia and ending with England—the slowest of all countries to accept new ideas, though these may bring us truths as old as the world.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding every opposition, "Spiritualism," as it was soon called, got its rights of citizenship in Great Britain. For several years it reigned undivided. Yet in truth, its phænomena, its psychic and mesmeric manifestations, were but the cyclic pioneers of the revival of prehistoric Theosophy, and the occult Gnosticism of the antediluvian mysteries. These are facts which no intelligent Spiritualist will deny; as, in truth, modern Spiritualism is but an earlier revival of crude Theosophy, and modern Theosophy a *renaissance* of ancient Spiritualism.

Thus, the waters of the great "Spiritual" flood were neither primordial nor pure. When, owing to cyclic law, they had first appeared, manifesting at Rochester, they were left to the mercies and mischievous devices of two little girls to give them a name and an interpretation. Therefore when, breaking the dam, these waters penetrated into Europe, they bore with them scum and dross, flotsam and jetsam, from the old wrecks of hypotheses and hazily outlined aspirations, based upon the dicta of the said little girls.

Yet the eagerness with which "Spiritualism" and its twin-sister Spiritism were received, all their inanities notwithstanding, by almost all the cultured people of Europe, contains a splendid lesson. In this passionate aspiration of the human Soul—this irrepressible flight of the higher elements in man toward their forgotten Gods and the God within him—one heard the voice of the public conscience. It was an undeniable and not to be misunderstood answer of the inner nature of man to the then revelling, gloating Materialism of the age, as an escape from which there was but another form of evil—adherence to the dogmatic, ecclesiastical conventionalism of State religions. It was a loud, passionate protest against both, a drifting towards a middle way between the two extremes—namely, between the enforcement for long centuries of a *personal* God of infinite love and mercy by the diabolical means of sword, fire, and inquisitional tortures; and, on the other hand, the reign, as a natural reaction, of complete denial of such a God, and along with him of an infinite Spirit, a Universal Principle manifesting as immutable Law. True science had wisely endeavoured to make away along with the mental slavery of mankind, with its orthodox paradoxical God; *pseudo-science* had devised by means of sophistry to do away with every belief save in matter. The haters of the Spirit of the world, denying God in Nature as much as an extra-cosmic Deity, had been preparing for long years to create an artificial, soulless humanity; and it was only just that their Karma should send a host of *pseudo*-"Spirits" or Souls to thwart their efforts. Shall anyone deny that the highest and the best among the representatives of Materialistic science have succumbed to the fascination of the will-o'-the-wisps which looked at first sight as the most palpable proof of an *immortal Soul* in man*—*i.e.*, the alleged *communion between the dead and the living*?† Yet, such as they were, these abnormal manifestations, being in their bulk genuine and spontaneous, carried away and won all those who had in their souls the sacred spark of intuition. Some clung to them because, owing to the death of ideals, of the crumbling of the Gods and faith in every civilised centre, they were dying themselves of spiritual starvation; others because, living amidst sophistical perversion of every noble truth, they preferred even a feeble approximation to truth to no truth whatever.

But, whether they placed belief in and followed "Spiritualism" or not,

* Let our readers recall the names of the several most eminent men in literature and science who had become openly Spiritualists. We have but to name Professor Hare, Epes Sarjeant, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, etc., in America; Professors Butleroff, Wagner, and, greater than they, the late Dr. Pirogoff (see his posthumous "Memoirs", published in *Rooskaya Starina*, 1884-1886), in Russia; Zöllner, in Germany; M. Camille Flammarion, the Astronomer, in France; and last but not least, Messrs. A. Russell Wallace, W. Crookes, Balfour Stewart, etc., etc., in England, followed by a number of scientific stars of the second magnitude.

† We hope that the few friends we have left in the ranks of the Spiritualists may not misunderstand us. We denounce the bogus "spirits" of *stances* held by professional mediums, and deny the possibility of such manifestations of spirits on the physical plane. But we believe thoroughly in Spiritualistic phenomena, and in the intercourse between Spirits or *Egos*—of embodied and disembodied entities; only adding that, since the latter cannot manifest on our plane, it is the Ego of the living man which meets the Ego of the dead personality, by ascending to the Devachanic plane, which may be accomplished in trance, during sleep in dreams, and by other subjective means.

many were those on whom the spiritual and psychic evolution of the cycle wrought an indelible impression; and such ex-materialists could never return again to their iconoclastic ideas. The enormous and ever-growing numbers of mystics at the present time show better than anything else the undeniably occult working of the cycle. Thousands of men and women who belong to no church, sect, or society, who are neither Theosophists nor Spiritualists, are yet virtually members of that Silent Brotherhood the units of which often do not know each other, belonging as they do to nations far and wide apart, yet each of whom carries on his brow the mark of the mysterious Karmic seal—the seal that makes of him or her a member of the Brotherhood of the Elect of Thought. Having failed to satisfy their aspirations in their respective *orthodox* faiths, they have severed themselves from their Churches in soul when not in body, and are devoting the rest of their lives to the worship of loftier and purer ideals than any intellectual speculation can give them. How few, in comparison to their numbers, and how rarely one meets with such, and yet their name is legion, if they only chose to reveal themselves. Under the influence of that same passionate search of “life in spirit” and “life in truth”, which compels every earnest Theosophist onward through years of moral obloquy and public ostracism; moved by the same dissatisfaction with the principles of pure conventionality of modern society, and scorn for the still triumphant, fashionable thought, which, appropriating to itself unblushingly the honoured epithets of “scientific” and “foremost,” of “pioneer” and “liberal,” uses these prerogatives but to domineer over the faint-hearted and selfish—these earnest men and women prefer to tread alone and unaided the narrow and thorny path that lies before him who will neither recognize authorities nor bow before cant. They may leave “Sir Oracles” of modern thought, as well as the Pecksniffs of time-dishonoured and dogma-soiled lay-figures of Church-conventionality, without protest; yet, carrying in the silent shrine of their soul the same grand ideals as all mystics do, they are in truth Theosophists *de facto* if not *de jure*. We meet such in every circle of society, in every class of life. They are found among artists and novelists, in the aristocracy and commerce, among the highest and the richest, as among the lowest and the poorest. Among the most prominent in this century is Count L. Tolstoi, a living example, and one of the signs of the times in this period, of the occult working of the ever moving cycle. Listen to a few lines of the history of the psycho-spiritual evolution of this aristocrat, the greatest writer of modern Russia, by one of the best *feuilletonistes* in St. Petersburg.

. . . . “The most famous of our Russian authors, the “word-painter”, a writer of Shakspearean realism, a heathen poet, one who in a certain sense worshipped in his literary productions life for the sake of life, *an sich und fur sich*—as the Hegelians used to say—collapses suddenly over his fairy palette, lost in tormenting thought; and forthwith he commences to offer to himself and the world the most abstruse and insoluble problems. . . . The author of the ‘Cossacks’ and ‘Family

Happiness', clad in peasant's garb and bast shoes, starts as a pilgrim on foot in search of divine truth. He goes to the solitary forest *skits** of the *Raskolniki*,† visits the monks of the Desert of Optino, passes his time in fasting and prayer. For his *belles lettres* and philosophy he substitutes the Bible and the writings of the Church Fathers; and, as a sequel to 'Anna Karenina' he creates his 'Confessions' and 'Explanations of the New Testament'."

The fact that Count Tolstoi, all his passionate earnestness notwithstanding, did not become an orthodox Christian, nor has succumbed to the wiles of Spiritualism (as his latest satire on mediums and "spirits" proves), prevents him in no way from being a full-fledged mystic. What is the mysterious influence which has suddenly forced him into that weird current without almost any transition period? What unexpected idea or vision led him into that new groove of thought? Who knoweth save himself, or those real "Spirits", who are not likely to gossip it out in a modern *séance-room*?

And yet Count Tolstoi is by no means a solitary example of the work of that mysterious cycle of psychic and spiritual evolution now in its full activity—a work which, silently and unperceived, will grind to dust the most grand and magnificent structures of materialistic speculations, and reduce to nought in a few days the intellectual work of years. What is that moral and invisible Force? Eastern philosophy alone can explain.

In 1875 the Theosophical Society came into existence. It was ushered into the world with the distinct intention of becoming an ally to, a supplement and a helper of, the Spiritualistic movement—of course, in its higher and more philosophical aspect. It succeeded, however, only in making of the Spiritualists its bitterest enemies, its most untiring persecutors and denunciators. Perchance the chief reason for it may be found in the fact that many of the best and most intellectual of their representatives passed body and soul into the Theosophical Society. Theosophy was, indeed, the only system that gave a philosophical *rationale* of mediumistic phenomena, a logical *raison d'être* for them. Incomplete and unsatisfactory some of its teachings certainly are, which is only owing to the imperfections of the human nature of its exponents, not to any fault in the system itself or its teachings. Based as these are upon philosophies hoary with age, the experience of men and races nearer than we are to the source of things, and the records of sages who have questioned successfully and for numberless generations the Sphinx of Nature, who now holds her lips sealed as to the secrets of life and death—these teachings have to be held certainly as a little more reliable than the dicta of certain "intelligences". Whether the intellect and consciousness of the latter be *induced* and artificial—as we hold—or emanate from a personal source and entity, it matters not. Even the *exoteric* philosophies of the Eastern sages—systems of thought whose grandeur and logic few will deny—agree in

* *Skits* is a religious hermitage.

† *Raskolnik*, a Dissenter; hitherto persecuted and forbidden sects in Russia.

every fundamental doctrine with our Theosophical teachings. As to those creatures which are called and accepted as "Spirits of the Dead"—because, forsooth, they themselves say so—their true nature is as unknown to the Spiritualists as to their mediums. With the most intellectual of the former the question remains to this day *sub judice*. Nor is it the Theosophists who would differ from them in their higher view of Spirits.

As it is not the object of this article, however, to contrast the two most significant movements of our century, nor to discuss their relative merits or superiority, we say at once that our only aim in bringing them forward is to draw attention to the wonderful progress of late of this occult cycle. While the enormous numbers of adherents to both Theosophy and Spiritualism, within or outside of our respective societies, show that both movements were but the necessary and, so to say, Karmically pre-ordained work of the age, and that each of them was born at its proper hour and fulfilled its proper mission at the right time, there are other and still more significant signs of the times.

A few years ago we predicted in print that after a short cycle of abuse and persecution, many of our enemies would come round, while others would, *en désespoir de cause* follow our example and found mystic Societies. As Egypt in the prophecy of Hermes, Theosophy was accused by "impious foreigners" (in our case, those outside its fold) of adoring monsters and chimæras, and teaching "enigmas incredible to posterity". If our "sacred scribes and hierophants" are not wanderers upon the face of the earth, it was through no fault of good Christian priests and clergymen; and no less than the Egyptians in the early centuries of the new faith and era, had we, from fear of a still worse profanation of sacred things and names, to bury deeper than ever the little of the esoteric knowledge that had been permitted to be given out to the world.

But, during the last three years all this has rapidly changed, and the demand for mystic information became so great, that the Theosophical Publishing Society could not find workers enough to supply the demand. Even the "Secret Doctrine", the most abstruse of our publications—notwithstanding its forbidding price, the conspiracy of silence, and the nasty, contemptuous flings at it by some daily papers—has proved financially a success. See the change. That which Theosophists hardly dared speak about with bated breath for fear of being called lunatics but a few years ago, is now being given out by lecturers, publicly advocated by mystical clergymen. While the orthodox hasten to make away with the old hell and sapphire-paved New Jerusalem, the more liberal accept now under Christian veils and biblical nomenclature our Doctrine of Karma, Reincarnation, and God as an abstract Principle.

Thus the Church is slowly drifting into philosophy and pantheism. Daily, we recognize some of our teachings creeping out as speculations—religious, poetical and even scientific: and these noticed with respect by the same papers which will neither admit their theosophical origin nor abstain

from vilipending the very granary of such mystic ideas—the Theosophical Society. About a year ago a wise criticaster exclaimed in a paper we need not advertise :—

“To show the utterly *unscientific* ideas with which the work (*the Secret Doctrine*) is crammed, it may be sufficient to point out that its author refuses belief in the existence of *inorganic matter* and endows atoms with intelligence.”

And to-day we find Edison’s conception of matter quoted with approval and sympathy by London magazines from *Harper’s*, in which we read :

“I do not believe that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence : look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements. . . . Do you mean to say they do this without intelligence ?”

Mr. Edison is a Theosophist, though not a very active one. Still, the very fact of his holding a diploma seems to inspire him with Theosophical truths.

“Theosophists believe in reincarnation !” say contemptuously our Christian enemies. “We do not find one word ever said by our Saviour that *could be interpreted against the modern belief in reincarnation*” preaches the Rev. Mr. Bullard, thus half opening, and very wisely too, a back door for the day when this Buddhistical and Brahminical “inane belief” will have become general.

Theosophists believe that the earliest races of men were as ethereal as are now their astral doubles, and call them *chhayas* (shadows). And now hear the English poet-laureate singing in his last book, “Demeter, and other Poems”—

The *ghost in man*, the *ghost that once was man*,
But cannot wholly free itself from men,
Are calling to each other through a Dawn,
Stronger than earth has ever seen ; *the veil*
Is rending, and the voices of the day
Are heard across the voices of the Dark.
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell for man,
.
Æonian evolution, swift or slow,
Through all the spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth.

This looks as if Lord Tennyson had read Theosophical books, or is inspired by the same grand truths as we are.

“Oh !” we hear some sceptics exclaiming, “but these are poetical licences. The writer does not believe a word of it.” How do you know this ? But even if it were so, here is one more proof of the cyclic evolution of our Theosophical ideas, which, I hope, will not be dubbed, to match, as “clerical licences”. One of the most esteemed and sympathetic of London clergymen, the Rev. G. W. Allen, has just stepped into our Theosophical

shoes and followed our good example by founding a "Christo-Theosophical Society". As its double title shows, its platform and programme have to be necessarily more restricted and limited than our own, for in the words of its circular "it is (only) intended to cover ground which that the (original or 'Parent') Society at present does not cover". However much our esteemed friend and co-worker in Theosophy may be mistaken in believing that the teachings of the Theosophical Society do not cover *esoteric* Christianity as they do the esoteric aspect of all other world-religions, yet his new Society is sure to do good work. For, if the name chosen means anything at all, it means that the work and study of the members must of necessity be Theosophical. The above is again proven by what the circular of the "Christo-Theosophical Society" states in the following words:—

It is believed that at the present day there are many persons who are dissatisfied with the crude and unphilosophic enunciation of Christianity put forward so often in sermons and theological writings. Some of these persons are impelled to give up all faith in Christianity, but many of them do this reluctantly, and would gladly welcome a presentation of the old truths which should show them to be in harmony with the conclusions of reason and the testimony of undeniable intuition. There are many others, also, whose only feeling is that the truths of their religion mean so very little to them practically, and have such very little power to influence and ennoble their daily life and character. To such persons the Christo-Theosophical Society makes its appeal, inviting them to join together in a common effort to discover that apprehension of Christian Truth, and to attain that Power, which must be able to satisfy the deep yearnings of the human heart, and give strength for self-mastery and a life lived for others.

This is admirable, and shows plainly its purpose of counteracting the very pernicious influences of exoteric and dogmatic theology, and it is just what we have been trying to do all along. All similarity, however, stops here, as it has nothing to do, as it appears, with *universal* but only sectarian Theosophy. We fear greatly that the "C. T. S."—by inviting

"To its membership those persons who, while desirous of apprehending ever more and more clearly the mysteries of Divine Truth, *yet wish to retain as the foundation of their philosophy the Christian doctrines of God as the Father of all men, and Christ as His revelation of Himself to mankind*"

—limits thereby "the Mysteries of the Divine Truth" to one single and the youngest of all religions, and *avatars* to but one man. We hope sincerely that the members of the Christo-Theosophical Society may be able to avoid this Charybdis without falling into Scylla.

There is one more difficulty in our way, and we would humbly ask to have it explained to us. "The Society," states the circular, "is not made up of Teachers and Learners. We are all learners." This, with the hope distinctly expressed a few lines higher, that the members will "gladly welcome a presentation of the old truths . . . in harmony with the conclusions of reason," etc., leads to a natural query: Which of the "learners" is to present the said truths to the other learners? Then comes the un-

avoidable reasoning that whosoever the "learner" may be, no sooner he will begin his "presentation" than he will become *volens volens* a "teacher".

But this is, after all, a trifle. We feel too proud and too satisfied with the homage thus paid to Theosophy, and with the sight of a representative of the Anglican clergy following in our track, to find fault with details, or wish anything but good luck to the Christo-Theosophical Association.



Theosophy for the Profane.

THE question "What is Theosophy?" is often addressed to Theosophists, who—for lack of careful study or from general vagueness of mind—find themselves hard bestead to give an answer. The present paper is an attempt to throw into a popular form for non-Theosophists an answer in brief: because brief very imperfect; because popular very elementary; but not, I hope, therefore inaccurate or misleading. While intended for our non-Theosophical readers primarily, it may perhaps also serve some of our Theosophical ones, as suggesting fashions in which a hearing for the truths of our philosophy may be gained.



THEOSOPHY, or Divine Wisdom, is a body of doctrine in philosophy, science, and ethics, wrought out by ages of patient and strenuous endeavour, by a brotherhood of students of various nationalities, who used every method—observation, experiment, meditation—to reach the truth, admitting no statement of fact into their records until it had been repeatedly verified by independent observers. This slowly accumulating body of doctrine has been handed down from generation to generation, guarded secretly through ages of persecution when knowledge was regarded as devilry, given out partly in allegory and fable and in this guise forming the basis of world-religions, and now, "breaking the silence of centuries", coming forward to a world filled with the ruins of dead faiths, to be the bond of a Universal Brotherhood, the basis of a nobler ethic, the guide of a loftier Humanity.

In face of modern monotheism the name "*Theosophy*" is apt to convey an erroneous meaning. It connotes personality, limitation, the extra-natural. In the older days when the name had birth, it was not so. Then the many Gods were the personified aspects of the Kosmos; and when Zeus Pater was the sky, when Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, typified the collective creative, preservative, and destructive powers of Nature, when the veiled Isis was the mystery of the universe, it was natural enough to call the wisdom culled from Nature the wisdom of "the Gods". That its hiero-

phants did not fall into the blunder of limiting the Infinite, of personifying the Absolute, of circumscribing the Universal and Eternal Life, is obvious to any one who notes the names used to hint at the One Existence. But now that "God" is universally used to denote an extra-cosmic Deity, the word Theosophy misleads the casual enquirer, and it is regrettable that it is so bound up with the history of the "Wisdom-Religion" that change is impossible. "Divine" Wisdom really means only the sublimest wisdom, nature-wisdom, the wisdom which deals with the loftiest subjects attainable to human intelligence, and it is thus that "Theosophy" is translated by Theosophists.

Enquirers are often repelled at the outset by what appears to them the fantastic guise in which Theosophy is presented to them. The long and unfamiliar names frighten them, and they seem to need a new dictionary if they would understand Theosophical literature. The complaint is unreasonable: every science has its own terminology, created by itself to express with accuracy its own conceptions. The botanist, the astronomer, the geologist, needs his own scientific terms; androgynous endogens, multipinnate laminæ, prosenchymatous tissue, and other jawbreaking terms, may appal the timid student; but his more robust brother knows that this initial difficulty is but trifling, and that the trouble spent in mastering the terminology will be repaid a thousandfold by the greater accuracy of the scientific language. And so with Theosophy: English has not yet evolved the niceties of terms corresponding to the ideas that are to be acquired; the Sanscrit, used these thousands of years in subtle metaphysical disquisitions, has moulded the terms on the ideas, and the student must acquire the appropriate terminology in this, as in every other science. To jeer at the Theosophist because he does not call the Kamarupa the body, is as sensible as it would be to deride the geologist because he does not speak of the Archeopteryx as a sparrow.

* * *

It may, without exaggeration, be said, that Theosophy and Materialism stand face to face as mutually destructive theories of the universe, and that one or the other must be accepted by every thoughtful and scientific mind. When we come down to the bed-rock, only these two theories of life-evolution remain, and our election between them must depend on the value of the explanations they severally offer. Theosophy will be best grasped by the western mind if presented in comparison with Materialism, so that its agreements and disagreements therewith may be distinctly apprehended.

It is now many years since Feuerbach laid down the doctrine that only the sensible was the real. Science has been unable to develop along such line, and has embraced the opposite Kantian doctrine that we do not know the thing as it exists, but only as it impresses itself on us. We are organisms in a vast universe, touching it at certain points; our normal conception of the universe depends on the number of those points of

contact—which we call senses—and would change if they changed. Imagine a person whose only active sense was touch, a person whose only active sense was sight, a person whose only active sense was smell, and a person whose only active sense was hearing, all confronted with a rose, and asked to describe it. No. 1 could give its shape and texture, No. 2 its shape and color, No. 3 its scent, while to No. 4 it would have no existence. But each one's "rose" would be wholly different from the "rose" of the others, and none would realise that his neighbour was describing the object he had himself sensed. Only a person with all the four senses could synthesize the descriptions, and realise that each was describing the same object. We only know attributes, and only such attributes as are able to affect us. Those that do not affect us for us do not exist. We see the universe, so to speak, through five different windows, and the composition of the glass affects what we see: all that does not fall within the line of sight from one of these windows is to us non-existent, and that which does fall within it is distorted by the material through which we see it. Realising this, we understand that the universe is not limited by our knowledge of it, but that our perceptive ability limits our knowledge, and the acquiring a new sense would mean the opening to us of a new world. Professor Crookes, F.R.S., has put the matter very well: "Those who assume—as is assumed by some popular writers—that we are now acquainted with all, or nearly all, or even with any assignable proportion, of the forces at work in the universe, show a limitation of conception which ought to be impossible in an age when the widening of the circle of our definite knowledge does but reveal the proportionately widening circle of our blank, absolute, indubitable, ignorance". ("Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research", Dec. 1889, p. 100.) The universe to us exists *as perceived*, and so the primary thing to us is consciousness, not matter. The primary and supreme certitude is Consciousness, the "I" that thinks; all else is matter of argument, matter of deduction.

Evolution—accepted by the Theosophist as by the Materialist, provided that the word be not narrowed simply to human origin from the anthropoid—implies the development of new powers in progressing races; as some rudimentary organs mark past stages, so do others presage future capabilities, and if man be on the arc of an ascending evolution, we must expect to find in him the germs, perhaps the unfolding buds, of powers hitherto unpossessed. A universe of unknown vastness; a Humanity with unfolding powers: what heights of knowledge, what glories of achievement, open out in endless vistas before the dazzled gaze!

THE BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSE.

For the building of the universe Materialism demands but two factors, Matter and Force. These it regards as separable in thought, but unseparated in fact. Matter, it says, exists in different states and in manifold modifications, but they are all reducible to the one conception—

MATTER. Force may act in many ways and assume varied forms, but they are all reducible to the one conception—FORCE. Out of and by this matter in motion the whole universe is builded; homogeneous and spread through space it once existed, circling, moving ever; moulding itself into atoms, aggregating into molecules, building worlds and systems of worlds, until “matter in motion” evolved the visible universe, and that mightiest of forces, the Will and Reason of self-conscious Man. “In Nature there is nothing great but Man; in Man there is nothing great but Mind.” And this Mind of Man is the crowning triumph of Force and Matter. Such is the last word of Materialism.

But Theosophy, opposing itself here to Materialism, demands that Mind shall be regarded as a primary factor in the universe, and builds the latter on a trinity instead of a duality of manifested existence. It teaches that Existence is One, but is manifested in three aspects, Purusha, Prakriti, and Mahat; Purusha is Spirit or—in the terminology of Western Science—Force; Prakriti is Matter, and Mahat Mind. Of Purusha-Prakriti is the substance of the visible and invisible universe, Mahat informing all. Purusha is as one pole of the magnet of the manifested, and Prakriti is as the other; all that lies between is dual, and whether the Purusha or the Prakriti aspect is the more apparent depends largely on the observer. Nothing exists which does not partake of both. Thus what seems to us grossest matter might, to other senses than ours, seem translucent or immaterial spirit; while the immaterial to us may be material to others. This the Materialist also would acknowledge, so that the chief question at issue at this point is the existence of the *third* factor Mind, as primary factor instead of as product. To this, as the crux of the dispute, let us address ourselves.

We cannot separate Mind from “Spirit Matter”, any more than the scientist can separate Force from Matter; but just as the Force-aspect or the Matter-aspect of a phenomenon can be brought into prominence, the other being thrown into the background, so can the Mind-aspect be rendered most apparent while the remaining duality is put back. If Mind be the product of Force and Matter it should grow with the growth of an organism, attain its zenith when that of the organism is reached, and weaken with its decay: if it be the product of Force and Matter it should be most active when they are in highest activity, and sink into passivity with their repose. If we can show that the first statement is not an accurate representation of the facts, while the second is exactly the reverse of the truth, we shall have gone far towards proving that Mind is a co-equal factor with, not a product of, Force and Matter.

1. *Body and Mind do not grow, mature, exercise their greatest vigor, and decay, together.* The senses are at their keenest in the young child, ere yet the mind can make the fullest use of them; they become less acute as youth passes into maturity and often fail while the mind is most active. The body develops in bulk and vigor up to the age of twenty-five, and is at its

best from five and twenty to five and thirty; after thirty-five it begins to go down hill. The mind, on the contrary, has for its period of greatest activity the years from forty-five to sixty-five; it is then most fertile, most strong, most capable.* Sometimes it persists in vigor when the body is feeble from old age, burning brilliantly in its decaying receptacle. Can those which develop at such different rates be causally related? Can the mind at its strongest be the product of the body as it weakens towards old age?

2. *The periods of activity and passivity of Body and Mind do not coincide.* It is a marked and most significant fact that in order to obtain the fullest activity of the Mind we must render the Body passive, and physical lethargy may be made simultaneous with the most exalted exercise of mental functions. This fact may fitly be studied in three classes of phænomena: (a) perception, a mental faculty, exercised apart from the organ of vision, and greatly increased by such separation in range and capacity; (b) paralysis of perception, with organ of vision in activity and object presented thereto; (c) perception of non-existent object, *i.e.*, exercise of mental faculty when nothing is presented to the organ of vision. The study of one of these classes might wellnigh convince an unprejudiced enquirer; the study of all three must compel belief from the earnest seeker after truth.

(a) Under this class come all the phænomena of clairvoyance: the facts here are so numerous and so well-authenticated that he who doubts the possibility of clairvoyance, is, as Schopenhauer said, "not to be called sceptical, but ignorant". A couple of examples may serve as illustrations: Mme. Plantin was dying, and her daughter Mme. Lagandré, a clairvoyante, was thrown into the somnambulic condition: she then described the state of her mother's right lung, heart, stomach, and liver; Mme. Plantin died on the following day, and a post-mortem examination was held on her body, conducted by MM. Cloquet and Pailloux, in the presence of Dr. Drouart, M. Moreau—secretary of the surgical section of the Royal Academy of Medicine, Paris—and Dr. Chapelain. The state of the organs was found to be exactly such as had been described by Mme. Lagandré.† Here it is obvious that the conditions of bodily vision were absent, and only two explanations are possible of the identity of the clairvoyante's description with the facts discovered in the autopsy: either the clairvoyante really saw the internal organs, despite their opaque material envelope, or the well-known and eminent men of science entered into a scandalous conspiracy to deceive the public. Schelling, the German philosopher, gives a case that came under his own observation, in which a clairvoyante began to cry, and explained that "a death of a member of the family had taken place at a distance of 150 leagues. She added that the letter announcing the death was on its way. On awaking, she remembered nothing and was quite bright

* These figures are, of course, all averages.

† See for full references the article "Hypnotism" in the February issue of the *Universal Review*.

and cheerful, but when again hypnotised she again wept over the death. A week later, Schelling found her crying, with a letter beside her on the table, announcing the death, and on asking whether she had previously heard of his illness, she answered that she had heard no such news of him, and that the intelligence was quite unexpected."* In this case we have the exercise of perception by the Mind at a distance unpassable by the bodily organs, annihilating space, as in the previous case opacity of matter was annihilated. Binet and Féré speak of the senses being "quickenened to an extraordinary degree" under somnambulism, and in truth not only are the senses quickened but the mental faculties normally connected with them act under conditions in which the bodily senses are useless. The Theosophist contends that this exaltation of the mental functions—which increases in proportion to the passive condition of the body, and is at its highest when the body is lying in a trance, insensible to every external stimulus—is a fair experimental proof of the proposition that Mind is not a product of the physical organism, but is rather an independent entity, normally functioning through the organism, but cramped and confined by it.

(b) If a person be hypnotised, and it be suggested to him during the hypnotic trance that a certain person or thing is invisible, the suggestion will persist when the subject is awakened, and the object will be invisible and will remain so under all tests. On one occasion on which I was myself rendered invisible, I was sitting on a chair on the seat of which an envelope was lying: the person who had been hypnotised did not see me, but he saw the envelope on which I was sitting. Experiments of this kind, varied in all kinds of ways, have been performed over and over again at the Salpêtrière by Dr. Charcot and his colleagues, and the total paralysis of perception in connexion with selected objects has been repeatedly demonstrated. Since in all these cases the visual organ is in activity and reports faithfully on all objects *except the forbidden one*, it is clear that the inhibition is of the mental faculty not of the bodily function.

(c) Equally significant is perception of an invisible object, the vision of an object created by the will of the operator. "A subject was told there was a portrait on a piece of blank cardboard; when she awoke she saw the portrait, when the cardboard was turned round the portrait was reversed, and when the other side of the cardboard was shown nothing was seen, although these changes of position were made out of sight of the patient. Even more strange is it that such an imaginary portrait is seen magnified or diminished if looked at by the subject through an opera-glass."† "Hallucinations" may thus be produced at pleasure, the perception, dominated by the hypnotiser's will, "seeing the invisible". So independent can the Mind be made of the Body, so complete the divorce between organ and faculty.

* *Ibid.*† *Ibid.*

Of these classes the first is the most helpful in our search after the Mind as an independent entity. Naturally from this study of clairvoyance and clairaudience, of the functioning of the Mind untrammelled by physical limitations, there arises the question: "If the Mind can thus exercise some of its faculties apart from the body, ought it not to be possible to detach it *as an entity* from its enveloping physical organism, and present it palpably separate and independent?" To this question Theosophy answers in the affirmative, alleging that such projection of the intelligent entity can be performed at pleasure by any person willing to undergo the necessary training. Now this is a matter of evidence, not of *a priori* theory, for or against. The sceptic who, without investigation, denies it, is as sensible as the Indian prince who denied that water could assume a form so solid that men could walk on it: water had always been liquid or gaseous, never solid, in his experience, in the experience of all his fellow-countrymen, in the experience of his ancestors; solid water would be anti-natural or supernatural. For Western thinkers as for Indian princes all that is beyond experience should be matter for suspension of judgment; denial of the unknown and refusal to investigate is the mark of the narrow and bigoted intellect. Hundreds of men and women of intelligence and character testify to their own vision of the "Thought-body" of a living person; some can consciously project their own "Thought-bodies", communicate with distant friends while the physical organism lies entranced, seeing and hearing, being seen and heard.

That the average man and woman should need training before they can either project their own intelligences or become sensible of the presence of others, is surely not surprising. If the eyes of the dyer become more sensitive to shades of color than are the eyes of average persons, we recognise that training gives to his sight the added delicacy; and how, save by training, can we expect to render our organisms sufficiently sensitive to respond to those super-ethereal vibrations set up by the "Thought-body", vibrations which we must sense if we are to see it and communicate with it? Years of patient practice are needed to give facility in the ordinary natural sciences; how much rather than when we would study the occult! Yet here, as elsewhere, Nature unfolds her secrets to the unwearied and persistent searcher after truth.

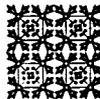
It is in connexion with the physical and mental results of this training that occur the "phænomena" which have raised so much discussion. Increased powers naturally and inevitably follow increased knowledge of nature, and increased development of both body and mind; just as an Edison, with years of study and of training behind him, can work marvels that seem as miracles to the uninstructed, so can a Master of the Occult Sciences—nay, after his measure, even a fairly advanced student—produce phænomena that seem miraculous to the average man, and which, because they seem to him to be *prima facie* miraculous, are promptly denounced by him as frauds. The average man has always a tendency to suspect what is higher than himself, and he more readily accepts the hypothesis of fraud than the hypo-

thesis of superiority. The Theosophist has no difficulty in accepting the reality of the much-attacked phænomena, because he has generally had some slight glimpses, at least, of some of the powers which, at present, normally lie latent in Nature, and he is therefore prepared for their occasional emergence. But he cares far more for the acquiring of the loftier knowledge and of the more radiant purity that are the characteristics of the more highly evolved man, than he does for the mere possession of the accompanying powers. The scientist cares but little for the ability to perform startling experiments: they are his toys, that he plays with for the amusement and instruction of unscientific audiences; what he values is the growing knowledge that he is gaining from his patient study of nature, the accumulated store of experiences that are the wealth of the mind. So also the student of Theosophy looks with comparative indifference on astounding phenomena; while he stretches forth eager hands for those treasures of knowledge and of character that do indeed make man imperial over nature, but whose value lies in their ennobling of the inner life not in the power they give over the outer.

The danger of encouraging superstition is sometimes urged as a reason for meeting all these alleged phenomena with unbelief. I, for one, would never ask anyone to believe them without the fullest investigation. No one has a right to believe without having carefully examined the evidence on which rest the alleged facts. Neither has any one the right to deny their occurrence without investigation. Superstition is far more likely to arise when facts, which many know to have occurred, are met with a blank denial, and in the absence of careful investigation often acquire a greater weight than should really belong to them. Abnormal circumstances looming through the twilight of partial knowledge may appear "miraculous", where the clear light of full investigation would reduce them to their proper proportions. Superstition is never the child of knowledge; it is begotten of ignorance and is fostered by fear.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

(To be continued.)



THEOSOPHICAL LENDING LIBRARIES.

We have to chronicle the opening of another Theosophical Lending Library. This time it is at Brixton, in charge of Herbert Coryn, Trevergie, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.E.

The Old House in the Canongate.

[Commenced in the November Number.]

DOWN! down! by a corkscrew stair below the flag stone, clean and dry at first, but soon becoming dank and slimy, full of odours of death and loathsome creeping things. Down! down! now the stair became a species of cleft in the solid rock, through the sides of which black waters oozed and glistened on the surface; eyeless, almost formless reptiles tangled in hideous knots; on and on; my consciousness more and more seeming to unite with the phantasm which was drawn by some grisly magnetism into these fearsome places, and the more I became as it were conscious through the phantasm, the more did the living rocks that seemed to prison us grow transparent, and this increased the horror; for though they formed an impermeable prison, which not even the Doppelganger could now pass through, they allowed us to see all the hideous deformities and shapes of corruption and decay, looking like incarnate pestilence and sin and death. The Doppelganger too seemed to be growing more material and tangible, and I thought with horror that my actual corporeal body was giving off its atoms and particles in some strange way to materialize the phantasm; and the strange thought came to me that perhaps my whole mortal frame might thus be sucked down and reunited into a waking life, or say rather a ghastly and horrible death, in this awful place. I was powerless to avert it, and the nightmare dream went on. Through the solid rock and the streaks of sodden clay that filled its interstices, now grown transparent, then seemed floating as it were strange black objects, long and narrow, over each of which a green phosphorescent light gleamed fitfully; my attention, in spite of myself, was rivetted on these, and instantly I knew them for coffins, of great antiquity probably. Among others some bore Spanish names. At this moment I became conscious again, as in a flash, of my material body, away up in that little landing, bloodless and pale, as though dying or dead: it seemed in the very act of falling to the ground. My horror then was realised, and here in this living grave, among these ancient coffins, and unclean and hateful things, I must drag a material existence till death relieved me. And death! what death of the body could touch that Doppelganger, and the strange ghastly consciousness, that made all that came within its perception as terrible as though the body itself were there, but without any power of will to avert it or to turn the attention to any other matter. My consciousness, which hitherto I have spoken of as hovering, now became so sensibly united to the phantasm that I regarded it as being myself, and though its motion was still independent of my will I was conscious of the

weird force which drew it, and which I can only describe as a resolution against the will, a determination to do an act from which consciousness shrank, which all the faculties knew to be evil, to do which there was no temptation or desire, even as though the resolution on which the limbs acted were formed by some exterior will, whose tendencies were all evil. Close by me (I speak now in the person of the Doppelganger) lay a mouldering coffin, once of solid oak and bound and clamped with iron; but age had rusted the iron to mere red dust and the oaken boards looked as though they might crumble at a touch. A will within me which was not mine put forth a hand to rub the angle of the lid: it crumbled, and a renewed horror took me that my dream was growing real; unless I had been here in flesh and blood could the decayed wood have crumbled to my touch? And if here now, why here for countless ages, among the rotting bodies and the evil magnetic phantasms of the long ago dead, to take my place there conscious, alive, material, yet dead and prisoned: it was an awful thought.

The coffin I had touched seemed to quiver or shake; a jagged hole where my fingers had rubbed away the rotten wood seemed to let through a bluish phosphoric light, and it seemed as though something inside were struggling to emerge; then suddenly, as a large rotten piece fell out, a leg bone protruded, green with age, and far within appeared gleaming eyes, blazing with all the concentrated malice and spite of a hundred demons in torment, and above sprang into sudden and vivid prominence the face of the picture in the hall. Then, as it were a voice, the first sensation of sound I had perceived in the awful gloom. "Run! run! or it will catch you." An awful terror seized me that the demon of the terrible eyes would enter in and possess my phantasm which was now myself, and would drive it through torture and madness while sensation was abnormally acute and all will or power to resist was dead or paralysed. I turned and fled—the first act of will that had been possible for me since the sundering of my consciousness. Then succeeded a terrific time, ages upon ages, as it seemed to me, fleeing through endless caverns, through the sea and through the fire, away into the boundless regions of space, pursued by troops of demons eager, as I felt, to possess even that poor fleeting fragment of a body which was left to me, being themselves bodiless and unable therefore to gratify the lusts and passions which tormented them. Suddenly and with a start I felt my consciousness no longer attached to the phantasm. I was again looking on my material body, which fell with a crash at the top of the stair in the little landing. So all the long and complex series of visions I had been through must have taken place within the time of my body fainting and falling to the ground. But where was the Doppelganger? I felt, though I did not know, that it had re-united with the material body, and my conscious self was now looking down on both.

The crash of my fall brought old Peter running up. I watched him at first with a mild curiosity, bathing my forehead and dashing water on my

face and pouring a few drops of whiskey into my mouth ; then a kind of pity seemed to inspire me for that body which after all had served me well, and I first hoped and then resolved that his efforts should be successful ; as I consciously tried to assist him, the blood came back to the cheeks, I could feel it surge through heart and brain, the eyes opened, and I looked up at Peter with something of a wild stare.

“Where have I been ?” I said.

“Eh ! laddie ; that’s more than I can ken”, said Peter. “Ye just fell down in a faint, so soon as ever ye put foot into this little room ; come awa wi’ ye noo. Weel I wat ye’ve been among some of them. I warned ye, ye mind, but ye would na heed me.”

“O Peter,” I said, “I’ve been where sure never man was afore, I’ve been down to the gates of death.”

I leant on the old man as we descended the stair. In the hall I paused for a moment to look at the picture ; it had faded into its old dimness, but there was the remains of a wicked gleam in the eyes.

“Peter,” I said. “That man or devil is not gone, his wicked soul haunts this place.”

“Sorrow o’ me kens,” replied Peter. “Mony’s the time I’ve seen him, ill fa’ his lean wicked face ; but whether he’s alive or dead I canna tell. Sair did he plague puir Mistress Dalrymple, but I think she’s wen to a place noo where she has the victory over him. Whiles I’ve seen him come gliding across the hall just as he used wi’ the smile on his lips, that he aye had when he had ony special deviltry afoot, and I’ve seen my leddy stay her foot just there by the seventh step, and take that cross hilted dagger from her bonny breast, and he just cowered and fled, as the Devil always does from the sign of the cross.” Here old Peter who in his earnestness had lapsed almost into pure English in a deep and solemn tone, crossed himself devoutly, and opened the door to let me pass out.

The fresh evening air revived and restored me, and passing down Dundas Street to my lodgings, I suddenly heard myself hailed from a window by an old fellow-student. “Come awa’ in, mon !” he called. “I’ve got a book here that will just delight your soul.”

“What is it ?” I answered, feeling, truth to tell, much more inclined to go home and sleep than to stay up talking books.

“The writings of Fergus Fergusson, the auld Scots Wizard,” he replied. “I dug it out of the University Library to day ; they didn’t know they had it.”

I was up my friend’s stair in a twinkling, and seizing the book turned eagerly to the frontispiece. There sure enough were the lineaments so firmly imprinted on my mind as those of Signor Hernandez ; the date was 1670, but a note in the preface stated that it was printed from an MS. of 1430. My acquaintance with the old world lore of Edinburgh, instantly connected the latter date with the presence of a considerable Spanish colony in Edinburgh. Of the book itself I need say nothing here. It was of much

the same character as the writings of Cornelius Agrippa, of Michael Scot, and other old world wizards; and I am bound to say at that time looked to me, who had not the key thereto, like a farrago of nonsense, though here and there a phrase caught my eye which seemed like an exact description of my experience of that afternoon.

Utterly tired out at last, I borrowed the book from my friend, and returned to my lodgings, where I soon fell into a deep and dreamless sleep. Next morning I took the book and the scrap of paper which I had found in the little octagon room, and again called on Mr. Dalrymple, anxious to hear the completion of his story.

As soon as Mr. Dalrymple came into the room I handed him the old book I had borrowed. He opened it with great interest and looked long and attentively at the engraved portrait. "Yes!" he said at last. 1430, a curious likeness; it is strange how these family features are transmitted. Signor Hernandez must have been a direct descendant of that old wizard, if indeed he were not—but no! that would be too impossible. I think Hernandez had some of his powers too. Look here! do you see this figure of a pentacle? well that is exactly the figure I have seen Hernandez trace, and he had it engraved on a brass instrument; but what is that paper you have in your hand?" "A scrap," I replied, "which I found in the little octagon room yesterday afternoon." And I told him something of my experience there.

"Strange! most strange!" he said, "I thought I was abnormally sensitive. You are far more so. Never fail, my young friend, to thank God that your path has been through clean and wholesome ways, and let the experience of this old house be a warning to you, as doubtless it was intended to be, of the dangers which lie close over the threshold of our ordinary five senses. This fragment of a letter was my poor wife's, and written as I think to Hernandez, but how or why written, and how it came to be where you found it, I can only guess. Now light a cigar and sit down, and I will finish my story as briefly as I can. After your second visit to the house you will perhaps follow it more easily.

"I will not weary you with any account of my journey to Seville, nor with any descriptions of that beautiful city, which you know as well as I, probably. Enough to say that I got there in ample time, and spent the intervening days in visiting friends and relatives, of whom I had a few living there at the time. You may guess my state of feverish excitement when the day dawned which my beloved Mercédes had appointed. I betook myself betimes to the Cathedral, but not a vestige of her could I trace, not even the faintest indication of her presence. In fact ever since I left Scotland it seemed as though the magnetic chain were broken, and Mercédes had passed out of my life for ever. I ought to mention that, before I left, my engagement to Edith Challenor had been definitely broken off. Blame me as you will for this, I was the sport of stronger influences

than my own will could control, and could no more help myself than a straw can help being carried on the current. Had it been otherwise, had I strengthened and exercised my own will as I now, too late, know how to do, and used it to carry out the dictates of my conscience, none can say what misery might have been saved. There are few more disastrous things in life than to know the right, and from a weak fluctuating will to be unable to do it.

“The evening was drawing in fast, vespers were just beginning. I knelt in the Cathedral, praying with all my soul that whatever power had guided my steps thus far would enable me to help and rescue my darling from whatever trouble or peril she might be in. All at once a strange flutter came to my heart, a warm glow spread all over me, the well known scent of sandal wood almost overpowered the incense, and instinctively I turned to a dim chapel on the right hand side where only two candles burnt before a small altar of the *Mater Dolorosa*. There, in the well known amber robe and the black lace mantilla, knelt a figure. I looked intently, all my soul in my eyes, she looked up: it was *Mercédes*, as I had seen her at Lady Scott's ball, only now it was a crimson covered prayer book in place of the fan.—The great dark eyes were raised one moment in piteous pleading, and seemed to say ‘come and help me!’—there was a little rustle of a dress—she was gone—whether? I rushed from the Cathedral. All was dim without in the ill-lighted streets, I ran aimlessly up and down, peering down every alley, but in vain, and now there chanced something which I can only explain on the theory known to the Hebrews as *Bath-kol*, or an appropriate answer given in some apparently chance way to a query in one's mind. As I went in great agitation past a chemist's shop, the scent of sandal wood floated out—no uncommon thing you will say in a chemist's shop—but it arrested my steps in a moment. A plan of Seville was in the window, and a jagged line of light, thrown from a cracked glass, lay exactly on certain streets, and pointed right out of the map, and on a piece of printed paper beyond I started to see the name *Mercédes*. It is as you know a common enough Spanish name. This printed paper set forth that a certain face powder was used by a popular actress of that name, but as it was folded and covered by other goods it merely displayed the words in Spanish, ‘Straight forward, *Mercédes*.’ It flashed to my mind in a moment, I must take the streets indicated by the line of light, and go straight on beyond the parts shewn in the map in the same direction.

I took it all in as rapidly as possible, and started as fast as I could thread my way along the streets, over the Guadalquivir and out into the suburbs, straight on and on till I came to where the road turned at right angles right and left. I paused a second in doubt; then upon my ear came a sort of strange chant. I listened intently; where had I heard that weird music before? Then my mind recalled the uncanny witchcraft my uncle had practised with my cross-hilted dagger. It was the same chant—so far as I could hear, or as I could remember, it was the same words. I looked straight

ahead. Over a low wall fronting me was a graveyard—an old disused place. I had often heard that the natives would not on any account go there at night, and hardly by day. Some old stories hung about of some terrible butchery of Christians by the Moors perpetrated there—or it might have been the other way, I am not sure—anyhow infidels had been buried there, and some horrible cruelties had profaned it, and unquiet spirits wandered there, so it was said. A strange fright caught my breath for a moment, thinking of those old stories, as I saw what seemed a faint blue light, and heard that weird chant, but calling on the name of *Mercédes*, and nerving myself to a supreme effort, I went forward to the low wall, and saw a solitary figure waving its arms in strange gesticulations, as though mesmerizing somebody; the chant, which now came clear on my ear, was the same which I had heard my uncle singing. I put my hand on my dagger, to feel if it were still there; the touch of the metal, though it felt like a magnetic shock, gave me fresh vital force and resolve. I bounded over the wall and strode straight to the figure, and with a start I recognised *Hernandez*; around him, cut on the turf, was a double circle about eighteen feet in diameter; a chafing-dish with live coals was at his feet, on which he had apparently sprinkled some incense, for a fragrant smoke curled upwards; other strange shaped vessels were about, one containing what looked like blood.

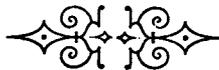
“Instantly I felt the same feeling of giddiness which had overcome me in the old house in the Canongate, when I first saw *Hernandez*; involuntarily I felt drawn towards him and into the magic circle in which he stood, as though invisible hands pushed me, till I stood beside him. As I did so he lowered his hands and ceased the mesmeric passes for a moment; then he held his right hand steadily pointed towards the city with some bright short instrument, rather like a stiletto, in it. ‘You have come?’ he said quietly. ‘It is well; I told you we should meet in Spain. You want your sweetheart; well! she is coming; patience, she comes over fields, and ditches and hedges. I called her from the Cathedral an hour ago. I have need of you both. Be good children and all shall be right.’ He spoke placidly, slowly, almost like an automaton, without accentuation, and as though he were afraid the least effort or movement would destroy the stern concentration of will that was on every feature.

“My feelings were horrible to look back upon; for the moment I looked on *Hernandez* as a dog might look on his master; his strength and his will seemed the only firm things in a world of wavering shadows; the most dreadful fate seemed to be separation from him. I know not by what chance or providence it was that, as I stood besides *Hernandez* within the magic circle, my hand should fall instinctively on my cross-hilted dagger, and I should draw it out and gaze hard upon it. But as I did so, the thought sprang like lightning to my mind that this man, by some subtle power of evil, had drawn me and was drawing *Mercédes* within his toils, and as I thought of this his hand quivered—the fixity of will in his face

was crossed by a shade of doubt, and in an instant all became plain to me, and I sprang upon him like a wolf, and wrenching the little steel wand from his hand I flung it far away. With a horrible curse he closed upon me, and for one awful minute we wrestled within the charmed circle; only once did my right hand pass beyond it, and that moment I felt an agony like tongues of flame, and became aware of thousands of presences—spirits, call them what you will, circling round like a rushing mighty wind; and over all one single huge eye. Since then I have learned something of the occult sciences, and the construction of many pentacles has been shown to me, but I have never fathomed exactly the rite which Hernandez was practising there. I may be describing it wrongly, for at that time I knew nothing about the matter, and can only tell you the circumstances as they appeared to me. By a strange intuition I knew that outside of the pentacle were a mob of howling demons, who would probably kill me if I ventured outside, and that no one but Hernandez who had summoned them could dismiss them to their own place. At last I got him in my power—my hand was on his throat. ‘Dismiss your foul crew,’ I said, ‘or by the Devil who will certainly claim your accursed soul, I will send you to him before your time’. How I obtained any power over him I know not—it seems to me now contrary to all the occult laws I know. But the thing was even as I have told you, and I know that my dagger was a powerful charm, and altogether I am convinced that the whole occurrence followed some laws which I have never fathomed. Anyhow Hernandez, almost choked by my fingers on his throat, gasped out some words in either Hebrew or Arabic, and instantly the air grew clear and fresh as on a Spring morning in Scotland, and leaning over the churchyard gate I saw my beloved Mercédes looking wild with terror, wearied to death and travel-stained, but, thank God! *safe*. I flew towards her, and just as she fell almost fainting in my arms, I saw Hernandez gathering up his various implements, departing with a sinister look of hatred which burnt itself into my memory for ever.

J. W. BRODIE INNES.

(To be concluded.)



A QUESTION.

What lose my kind
 When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
 What bands of love and service bind
 This being to the world's sad heart.

The World's Intensity.

WHAT do we mean when we say that matter is made up of atoms? The answers to this question are various, and as variety though charming is perplexing we will accept one, the simplest, and follow it out to the bitter end. Our answer is therefore that an atom is indivisible. And it would appear then that solid matter is made up of indivisible atoms. But it follows from this description of an atom that it is a point of force possessing no dimensions. An atom therefore does not exist as a material form, because then it would be measurable. But we still assert that it *does* exist, for we find that it may do so as a relative quantity of energy, and that as such it has very definite and personal functions to perform.

How then can we arrive at the conception of an atom, which resolves itself into a unit action having neither beginning nor end? As an atom is the ultimate conception of which the mind is capable with reference to existing substance, we must seek in the very commencement of time for its *origine*. We shall then find that its want of finality and effective definiteness is due to the peculiar nature of the matrix from which the original atom, prototype of all other atoms, is born.

The One and only Reality, the All, manifests itself, and in the act gives birth to the First Atom, the archetype of all.

The act of the One non-existent Reality becoming existent is the first non-dimensional point produced. This point of energy, or unit of action, represents the appearance of that mystery which even in its manifestation is veiled by the harsh glitter of its own light. This ultimate atom is the unit energy of manifestation, from which flows the endless current of life whose countless forms fill the heavens and the earths.

But it will be objected that the atom cannot be divided. Nor can the act which is typified by our atom be other than One and complete because by it the All manifests as One.

To divide the subjective atom is impossible; but we may divide its objective effects, its illusive reflexions.

The atom, whether it be the vibratory point of absolute Power as the First Law, or whether it be the point of energy denoting any of the minor laws, exhibits the one common characteristic of a motion, which to the finite mind of man takes the form of a swing from negative to positive existence or, as typified on our plane, from Death to Life.

It represents the movement of the First Cause, which again is the veiled representative of the One Reality, the Great Unconscious One. Thus even in the Beginning the motion of an atom and the form of its movement were two distinct and yet inseparable factors as motion and its Manifestation or

Cause. We say that in this case the cause is identical with manifestation, because the cause of motion manifests as its Form and yet is not the Reality which it pretends to be.

As Infinity may be broken into an infinite series of numbers so the First Atom may be ideally separated into an infinite series of minor atoms which represent the vast stream of vitality, the objective reflection of the One atom which, *nota bene*, has not been really divided, but still remains the One Infinite Cause, as entire and inscrutable at the source of Life as though objective existence had never been. The continuous motion of this vital current, the endless flashing of its reflected powers, imitate in ever diminishing vibrations the first great swing from Non-Being to Being. The backward sweep completes the vibration which is made up of its unit to and fro movement, and establishes and denotes in terms of energy the equality existing between the One active and the One passive, while its continuous vibration attests the continuation of the act by which the Unconscious maintains its consciousness. Thus every atom is the more or less differentiated act of the One Reality or the invisible Truth which, in asserting itself and becoming apparently manifest, does so as a simple movement or act of Power.

This action we must call by another name. We must call it Law. For it is an imperative act generated by the one absolute Truth. The minor repetitions, the reflected copies blurred and condensed with Time, are minor laws or atomic points of non-dimensional energy vibrating with characteristic and imperative power.

Thus each atom is a law : each is a force appreciable only as a relative value, and the material universe appears to be immaterial, at all events as far as our physical notions about density are concerned.

For have we not ideal laws, as atoms, whose physical existence is due to their existing as links in a chain called Co-relation of Forces? And if because a law, since it is imperative, cannot be added to or subtracted from without ceasing to *be* (which, as an ever-present imperative would be impossible) and if, because of this peculiar indivisibility of character we say that the atom is inelastic, does it necessarily follow, as some say, that material expansion and contraction could not take place? If so, then we must allow that a subjective cause necessarily exhibits in itself its objective effects, which would be like saying that subject and object are the same in effect as they are in *origine*. Besides, because a want of elasticity is predicated of it in its abstract purity, that does not necessarily characterise its objective manifestation.

What is the peculiar power of manifestation? In an atom it is the power of Intensity. Each atom in the scale of differentiation is the First One at a different potential. Each differs from the other in the intensity of self-repetition, because the original act of which they are the reflexion was the All manifesting itself, which could only be through the One repeating and thus intensifying itself. Looking around us at the varied forms which

nature exhibits, we realise the *masking* effect which the act of positive life possesses. We see at once that an action completed is objective to the source, and that this objectivity dresses up the underlying cause as something quite other than it really is. In the same way we see how the One Great underlying Mystery, in attempting its Self-manifestation, only succeeded in still further concealing itself. It threw around itself an entombing atom, prototype of life as the intensity of Truth; and prototype of form and substance as the link between life and death, the complete vibration.

Let us define an atom as the embodiment of the unit action of a unit law. Every star cleaving the ether of space, every planet and every sun then become atoms; for each embodies in itself its synthetic law, cause of its Being. Each is the objective form, the amplitude of vibration of a law which synthesises every possible minor law which may become active in the inner workings of its evolutionary progress. Thus the earth becomes an atom. The materialisation of the law which governs the positive existence of the globe manifests in space the Intensity with which it is endowed. Thus the earth becomes the link in the co-relation of forces whose mighty chain in this case is made of planets and other sidereal bodies. For it is the visible exhibition of the relation which it, as an atomic differentiation, bears to the Parent Atom and to the scale of minor atoms or lesser laws. As law in its subjective state is only able to define itself as an ideal ratio, then everything material becomes the objective definition of this ideality, and we are brought back to the oft repeated assertion that matter is but a state of consciousness.

The law, as an imperative action, is a unit of consciousness of the Universe, just as its objective substantiality (not materialisation) is a unit of the physical consciousness of the brain of man as a thought. It is either a synthetic, that is to say, a complex law, or it is a simple law. In either case it possesses the atomic peculiarity of non-subdivision. For what is it that cannot be divided in an atom? It is its imperative action, that which constitutes it itself, and not its material objectivity. As a material atom it becomes an objective expression of itself as a co-relative force which expression will vary with the association of laws amongst which it is to become objective. An atom in its capacity of substance is the definite manifestation of the act of self-repetition made with the characteristic intensity peculiar to that particular law. Substance is the direct objective of law independent of qualifying ratios. Matter is the peculiar earthly character given to the potential of an atom by the immediate relation under which it is forced to become active; this refers to the effect which a synthetic law must have on those it synthesises. The synthetic law of our earth in order to become objective requires the active co-operation of certain definite laws representing its own latent powers. These bear each one its own immutable ratio to the One Law of All, and by this they are individualised. They have other and different relations to the laws with which they are associated in the unit act of bringing into objective existence the

synthetic law representing our globe. Through these they acquire an earthly personality. In other words the definite meaning of the planet's life is expressed by definite ideas written in material letters by the power of minor laws.

The earth is composed of a definite number of elements. From this we argue that the amount of each element represents the intensity with which the elementary laws become objective in order that each one may properly manifest its share in the formation of the earth's physical consciousness.

And the amount of an element found in the earth's composition would then denote the intensity of expression of that one law in the formula of the world's objective life. A *material* atom is not therefore a vibratory law except by implication. It has really no existence, except as an arbitrary unit of computation by which we may apply the rules of mathematics to the calculation of mass, etc.

The mass of, for example, copper in the earth's composition represents by its quantity the intensity of the projection of the law of this element's activity which was required in order that it might explain in the physical plane its significance in the root idea of the planet's future development, its synthetic law. No copper atom exists but only a definite and visible form of the relation which this element's law, as a unit of the earth's consciousness, bears to the other laws necessarily associated with it in order eventually to spell out the synthetic ideal in separate forms of life.

Time, in its three moods of Past, Future, and Present, only exists as the present time for Laws in their subjective state. For these are the direct, though blurred and dwarfed, reflexions of the one ever-present act by which the unconscious maintains consciousness and manifests the Universe. In a subjective universe of Time, Intensity is the fundamental distinction which brings in its train the distinctive qualities of Sound and Colour. While in the objective universe of Space, Distance is the measure of the subjective intensity, and is in fact the only means by which we are able to appreciate objectively innate qualities in Life.

Thus distance and mass are the objective representation of subjective intensity, and because the future and the past are not characteristic of the law, then the fact that the mass of an element is scattered over the globe does not present any difficulty to the mind with reference to the possibility of a law being at the same time in different places. For it is ever present to the World in each and all its elementary depositions, no matter how they be separated from one another. If we place before us various bits of copper these will represent only ratios of intensity to the original intensity of the law to which copper, in its material form, is due. We consider that every element in the earth's composition is in the same simply a deposition of intensity at a certain potential. For the purposes of calculation we may say that any given portion of an element contains so many atoms of this element. By this we should mean that the mass of this given portion is to the total mass in the earth as the total intensity of expression of the law is to this portion

of that total intensity. In this way any portion of a material element bears to another a ratio of pure intensity which we may study objectively under the names of magnetism and electricity. The intensity of each element possesses the distinctive character of the energy of its own law and is visible as relative values of distance, where intensity is measured; and it is visible as finite spaces, or objective forms where the quality of the law is considered. The law as an atom is a point of energy. This is subjective, but, as we have shown in "Psychic Fire", it becomes necessarily and immediately objectively reversed and reflects itself as a physical illusion. This reflexion is the law in its individuality forming the substance of the universe. The material atom is an after and personal growth bred from definite synthetic association. The law repeats itself, vibrates or asserts itself a definite number of times until its relative value in the synthesis has been expressed as intensity. These various depositions of energetic substance are swept up by Ethereal Pressure and condensed.

Thus the material atom is a fiction, whereas the physical, or atom of substance, is not. Still less so is the atom per sex or parent law which, as a unit point of force, has built the objective element. The world becomes in this way a storehouse of various basic energies, all vibrating with an intensity which is anxious to expand itself in evolution, in order that they may complete the explanation of the full idea embodied in the Earth's synthetic Law.

THOS. WILLIAMS, F.T.S.



T O R C H - B E A R E R S .

DARK is the night; and through its haunted shadows
 We blindly grope and stumble—sometimes fall;
 No star is near enough to light the darkness,
 And priest-lit tapers cast no light at all,
 Save such a feeble and delusive glimmer
 As night-lights cast upon a sick-room wall.

Yet, each a torch we bear—lit or unlighted—
 Burning for self it is a marsh-light's gleam;
 Kindled for others 'tis the child of sunlight,
 And darkness shrinks through twilight at its beam.
 Were each torch duly lit, O world long darkened,
 How would you bear the sudden light supreme?

Were each torch lit? See, thou who vaguely dreamest
 Of what would be if every torch were lit,
 See where thine own smoulders a wasted ember,
 Thy torch—for noblest use framed and fit.
 Light thine own torch—and hold it to thy brother,
 And his will kindle at the flame of it.

E. NESBIT.
 (In the *Link*.)

Har-dwar ; or, The Mysteries of the Himalayas.

IT was the waters of the Ganges that were flowing down in ten thousand streamlets from the stern bosom and sides of the Himalayas, that met in Nilganga, the mighty stream, the purifier of all sins. On the right and left the craggy banks were overhung by majestic lofty trees, whose shadows, mingled with the transparency of clear waters below, could scarcely render invisible the bed of the holy river, spread over by smooth white shingles, each of which went by the name of Shankārā. The lofty peaks of the Himalayas—Gavarishankar or the Kanchanganga, the abode of eternal snow—shone brightly in the midst of cloudy heavens, an awe-inspiring contrast of light and gloom. The Suraja-Kunda—the sacrificial post for sun-worship on a neighbouring mountain peak—the Bhim Gutta, the Devisthana, the Billishankar, all lay on the right and left and in front and behind, amongst the thick overgrowth of forest trees, half covered with their healthy green. The lovely melody of Himalayan birds, wafted by fresh morning breezes, mingled with the musical murmur of the waters, and the light of the new risen sun bringing out in increasing clearness the scenic beauty of distance, charmed the senses of sight and of hearing, beyond all description. The sweetness of forest blossoms diffused in every wave of wind intoxicated the brain. While enjoying almost to forgetfulness this splendour and freshness of nature, I was gently tapped on my shoulder by a soft finger from behind. I turned round, but saw nobody. A look a few yards round, and I was assured that there was nobody. It might be a tap from the little branch that was near my shoulder, waving to and fro amidst morning breezes. I threw my glance towards the clear waters that flowed quietly on beneath the glorious sun. I stood transfixed before this all-per-vading brightness and clearness, when a sweet whisper in my ears from behind made me turn round once more. What! nobody here and yet a whisper. It was fancy that created vague external perceptions during mental relaxation. Was it not an articulate whisper? Did it not say, “Gaze above and not below”? Could it be fancy? It must be so. There was nobody nigh. Perhaps it was the sighing of winds producing peculiar whispers while lost in rapid motion, vibrating in the midst of the thick foliage that was above my head. No! it could not be that. Wind never sighed in the morning while a glorious sun was rising above. Was there some one perched on the tree beneath which I stood, that played these freaks? I looked up amidst the maze of branches, but none was there. What could it be? A tap followed by a whisper, to be accounted for by the movement of the branch and whispering of winds. The sun grew brighter and warmer above. How pleasant it would be to bathe in these clear waters of

the holy Ganges. I took off my muslin coat and *faytta* (head garment), and with my *dhoti* wrapped round me I entered the cool refreshing waters of the holy Ganges. What freshness flowed in this pure stream. As I entered the waters, that were nothing more than the melted snows of the Himalayas, I felt that there was nothing cold and chilly about them, melted snow though they were. I plunged my head beneath the surface of the waters and said my *pranayama*—Om Bhūhū . . . Bhūrvāha . . . Swāhā Wonderful sparks flashed in my brain, and refreshed by this mental purification I looked above the waters and cleared away the liquid streaming from my eyelashes. I opened my eyes and looked upon the grand luminary that was shining above in all his radiant glory. Om Tāt Savitūhū Varenyām. I bowed my head to the holy sun. As I looked up to him my eyes, dazzled by his glorious light, saw everything around me yellow, green, and red. I saw magnificent figures floating in the media that communicated to my vision the presence of that mighty light. The figures drew nearer and nearer, but the nearer they came the less and less definite they grew until they disappeared. One there was among these floating prodigies that approached me, and the nearer it came, unlike the other figures, the more and more definite it grew, assuming all the symmetry of a human being.

What did I see about a couple of feet above the middle of the stream? It looked like my departed father. The figure, tall and slim, with his benevolent expression full of affection for me, was clad in white. It looked at me, stared at me, and I recognised in that glance a meaning look which my father had about him while he was alive. Many a time while living he had, by that look, directed me to the performance of Sandhya ceremony, which I while young used so often to neglect. The meaning of that look was clear to me. I instinctively bent my head down, took the waters of the holy Ganges in the hollow of my palm, and began with Keshavāyanāmah and ended with Sa-tāt. While engaged in the performance of these mystic ceremonies so well known to Brahmins, my eyes now and then wandered to that awe-inspiring figure and they saw him look more and more contented. My Sandhya over, I looked at him with a degree of confidence, and lo! he smiled. "Father", said I, "do I see thee here? Say, art not thou so much like my father? Thou smilest, and answerest me not. Art thou displeased with me? Oh! speak to me if thou hast any power of speech."

The suspense was terrible, and yet the figure smiled all the while. No answer it gave me, but pointed at the *pindas* (balls of cooked rice) that floated at some distance in the river, borne over the leaves of *Butea frondosa*. I understood what he meant—he directed me to perform Shradha ceremony.

Immediately I came out of the waters, rolled my coat and *faytta* into a small bundle, and hiding them amongst the branches of a nimb-tree, went towards Harpedi, where I knew my Tirth Guru was sure to be found. The figure all the while followed me with its aerial motion and stopped at a distance from where my Tirth Guru was sitting. I fell at the feet of my Guru and asked him to make me perform Tirth Tarpana and Shradha

ceremony immediately. The Guru nodded assent, took out Darbh Grass from his *zolly* (bag), and twisting a ring of it round my ring finger beckoned me to bathe once more. I did so, and when I came back to him he had everything made ready for the ceremony (sandal-black-Sesamum, white flowers, and balls of cooked rice). I need not enter into the details of all those ceremonies; but the ceremony over, I flung the *pindas* (balls of cooked rice) into the waters of the holy Ganges, but not one fell therein. The figure of my father, surrounded by several more newly-risen inviting faces, some of them not quite unfamiliar to me, eagerly stretched forth their hands to clutch the rice balls, and each throwing a look of contentment at me vanished, the figure of my father last, well satisfied. So in the end the figures disappeared.

How marvellous! how exactly it tallied with the description in Gurud-purana. I went back to the nimb-tree (*Melia Azedirachta*), took out the bundle of my clothes, and putting them on went to Dharamsala. My mind was very greatly agitated by the events that had passed before me during the last few hours, and I questioned myself: "Is it possible for the dead to appear in the symmetry of life? Was it not the creation of my fancy that raised up figures whose memory was not yet quite lost to me? If they were not visible existences—nay realities, how could the *pindas* disappear, and not one fall into the waters to satisfy the hungry fishes? Was there an after life in which the preservation of the very symmetry of figure was possible, though nothing entering into the composition of a living organic life was found therein? Who could solve this mystery?"

The problems of birth, life, death, pre- and post-existence, spiritual identity of the visible and the invisible, relationship of Maya to Brahma (creator as subject and object), Nivraty and Pravraty (desire in relation to passivity and activity), Man and Dash-Indrya (mind and sense organs), swarmed to my half-distracted mind like so many wild hornets, and lost among the rising intensity of curious things which each suggested, forgetfulness seized upon me and I walked on like a somnambulist. When I awoke from this temporary forgetfulness, I found I had lost my way to Dharamsala, and had walked into the midst of jungles, how far I knew not. Not to be able to find my way back was certain death in these thickets of the Himalayas, where hissing snakes or prowling tigers, wolves, or even elephants were sure, one or the other, to make their appearance before a little time passed. I looked up and saw that the sun was just above my head, even though not a single hot beam could penetrate the thick canopy of branches and creepers that completely protected me from above.

I was extremely hungry, having had no food since morning while engaged in Shradha ceremony. It was midday. I was in the midst of a thick jungle beset with every danger of wild beasts and poisonous reptiles, way lost, and none to direct me. Wearied and exhausted as I was, I climbed up a tamarind-tree and perched myself upon a branch which met its fellow at an acute angle, and offered me a convenient seat. I sat there, expecting

every moment to see something usually seen in the Himalayan jungles. No sound was heard but the cawing of the rooks in the branches of a neighbouring tree. Lo! there shoots forth a *nag-sap* (cobra serpent), followed by a mongoose. It runs, it hisses, it doubles to the right and left, the mongoose all the while following its prey with all the activity and effort of a hunting animal. The cobra shoots forth at a furious rate, partly released from the destroying paws of the mongoose, and, what horror! it runs forward towards the tree upon which I am perched and shoots up the stem at its aerial speed. How terrible! it darts towards the branch on which I sit, and a moment more would have made me feel its sharp sting; but when the grim monster was within almost an inch of me, I instinctively loosed hold of the branch, and fell to the ground. A severe fall it was, not less than from a height of ten feet, my elbow bruised amidst the branches, both my knees half broken, and severely wounded against pointed stones; but this was no escape.

A wild-cat jumps somewhere from behind over the mongoose that was making vain attempts to climb the tree, and the serpent, thus free from hunter's pursuit, crawls down the stem. What a horror it was! I could scarcely get up and run, my lower limbs helpless, myself half stunned by a heavy fall.

The monster moves its slimy tongue like grim death and approaches me. O Prabhu! (Lord), death amidst the Himalayan jungles? The cobra doubles round me, gloating over my helpless condition, and then, with its usual alacrity, twines round my arm, shoulder, and neck, its tongue over my head. If I ever desired to know what death was like, all my curiosity was completely gratified. The monster constricted his coils round my neck more and more, and half choked me. I fainted. Was it to die—to bid adieu to the glorious sun?

U. L. DESAI, F.T.S., F.L.M.

(To be continued.)



HOLD FAST!

Endurance is the crowning quality,
 And patience all the passion of great hearts;
 These are their stay, and when the leaden world
 Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
 And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
 Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
 The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
 And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe—
 One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
 One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

PART IV.—ON THE HIGHER NUMBERS.

UPON THE NUMBER ELEVEN.

THIS seems to have been the type of a number with an evil reputation among all peoples. The Kabbalists contrasted it with the perfection of the Decad, and just as the Sephirothic number is the form of all good things, so eleven is the essence of all that is sinful, harmful, and imperfect; with the Ten Sephiroth they contrasted the Eleven Averse Sephiroth, symbols of destruction, violence, defeat, and death. On the oldest Tarot cards, the rump called the Tower struck by Lightning, number XVI, shows the Ten divine Sephiroth on one side, and the Eleven Averse Sephiroth on the other side.

John Heydon says that by it we know the bodies of Devils and their nature; the Jews understand by it Lilith, Adam's first wife, a she-devil, dangerous to women in confinements; hence they wrote on the walls:—ADM CHVH CHVO LILIT, that is, "Adam, Eve, out of doors Lilith".

Jesus, in Matt. xii, 43, plainly allows the doctrine that evil spirits may haunt fields, which Grotius says the Jews think, and their words Demon and Field are similar, being SHDIM (fields), and SHDIM (evil deities); the Siddim are mentioned in Psalm cvi, 37.

It is called the "Number of Sins" and the "Penitent," because it exceeds the number of the Commandments, and is less than twelve, which is the number of Grace and Perfection. But sometimes even eleven receives a favour from God, as in the case of the man who was called in the eleventh hour to the vineyard, who yet received the same pay as the others.

ON TWELVE.

This number has a perfect and notable character, and was highly esteemed by most nations of antiquity. Almost all the twelves will be found to be allied, either obviously or in a concealed manner, with the Signs of the Zodiac, twelve signs or partitions of the great circle of the heavens—twelve times thirty degrees forming the perfect cycle of 360 arithmetical degrees of the circle: each sign was further sub-divided into three decans. There are many of the learned who believe the twelve sons of Jacob, and twelve founders of tribes, are allegorical only. The group of twelve Apostles seems to have been the traditional twelve descendants of the patriarch Jacob. Note also the twelve stones of the breastplate of the Jewish High Priest, by which it is supposed divination was performed. Under the notice of the number twelve, we may mention the "Twelve Grand Points of Masonry", which used to form a part of the lectures in the Craft degrees. Twelve

events in the ceremony of initiation, referred to the sons of Jacob, are given by Mackey :

1. To Reuben was referred the opening of the Lodge—he was the first-born son.
2. To Simeon, the preparation of the land—he prepared the destruction of the Shechemites.
3. To Levi, the report or signal—he gave the signal in the attack on the men of Shechem.
4. To Judah, the entrance of the land—that tribe first entered the promised land.
5. To Zebulun, the prayer—the prayer and blessing of his father fell on him in preference to Issachar.
6. To Issachar, the circumambulation—an indolent tribe, who required a leader.
7. To Dan, the advance to the Altar—for a contrast to their rapid advance to idolatry.
8. To Gad, the obligation—on account of Jephthah's vow.
9. To Asher, the entrusting ; with rich Masonic blessings—resembled the Fathers of their land.
10. To Naphtali, the investment and declared "Free"—the tribe of Naphtali had a peculiar freedom given by Moses.
11. To Joseph, the N.E. corner—because Ephraim and Manasseh, (grandsons) represented him, newest comers.
12. To Benjamin, the closing of the Lodge—as being the last son of the Patriarch.

The following associations of Birds, Animals, and Flowers, with heavenly bodies has the authority of the Greco-Roman mythology :—

Greek.	Latin.	Bird.	Animal.	Vegetable.
Pallas	Minerva	Owl	She-goat	Olive
Aphrodite	Venus	Dove	He-goat	Myrtle
Helios	Sol	Cock	Bull	Laurel
Hermes	Mercury	Ibis	Dog	Hazel
Zeus	Jupiter	Eagle	Hart	Horse-chestnut
Demeter	Ceres	Sparrow	Sow	Apple
Hephaistos	Vulcan	Goose	Ass	Box
Ares	Mars	Magpie	Wolf	Dog-wood
Artemis	Diana	Daw	Hind	Palm
Hestia	Vesta	Heron	Lion	Pine
Hera	Juno	Peacock	Sheep	Thorn
Poseidon	Neptune	Swan	Horse	Elm

The astrologers associated colours with the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, thus :—

With Pisces, white	With Virgo, black and blue
„ Aquarius, blue	„ Leo, red and green
„ Capricorn, black or brown	„ Cancer, green and brown
„ Sagittarius, yellow or green	„ Gemini, red
„ Scorpio, brown	„ Aries, white
„ Libra, black or crimson	„ Taurus, white and yellow

They are also associated with Sex, and the contrast of Day and Night :

Pisces	Female	Nocturnal	Virgo	Female	Nocturnal
Aquarius	Male	Diurnal	Leo	Male	Diurnal
Capricorn	Female	Nocturnal	Cancer	Female	Nocturnal
Sagittarius	Male	Diurnal	Gemini	Male	Diurnal
Scorpio	Female	Nocturnal	Taurus	Female	Nocturnal
Libra	Male	Diurnal	Aries	Male	Diurnal

And, again, there are other characters which astrologers deem of importance, thus:—

Pisces	Water	Northern	Common	Fruitful
Aquarius	Air	Western	Fixed	
Capricorn	Earth	Southern	Cardinal	
Sagittarius	Fire	Eastern	Common	
Scorpio	Water	Northern	Fixed	Fruitful
Libra	Air	Western	Cardinal	
Virgo	Earth	Southern	Common	Barren
Leo	Fire	Eastern	Fixed	Barren
Cancer	Water	Northern	Cardinal	Fruitful
Gemini	Air	Western	Common	Barren
Taurus	Earth	Southern	Fixed	
Aries	Fire	Eastern	Cardinal	

Lastly, the Twelve Signs are allotted to the planets as their houses.

Pisces—the night house of Jupiter

Aquarius—the day house of Saturn (Uranus)

Capricorn—the night house of Saturn

Sagittarius—the day house of Jupiter

Scorpio—the night house of Mars

Libra—the day house of Venus

Virgo—the night house of Mercury

Leo—the sole house of Sol

Cancer—the sole house of Luna

Gemini—the day house of Mercury

Taurus—the night house of Venus

Aries—the day house of Mars.

This is very fully explained by Coley in his *Astrology*, and also by John Middleton in his *Astrology*, 1679.

Herodotus tells us that the Egyptians founded the system of a twelve-God theology : Euterp. iv. The Hebrews certainly at times worshipped the Sun, Moon, seven planets, and the Star Rulers of the Twelve Zodiacal Signs : see 2 Kings xxiii, 5, and Job xxxviii, 32. Dunlop, in his "Vestiges", remarks that of the names of the twelve months in use among the Jews, several are identical with names of deities, as Tammuz, Ab, Elul, Bul. Groups of twelve Gods are to be noticed in the religions of many of the ancient nations, as the Chaldeans, Etruscans, Mamertines, Romans, etc.

In Scandinavia the great Odin had 12 names—personified attributes.

The Kabbalists esteem the 12 permutations of the Tetragrammaton, IHVH, VHIH, HIHV, HVHI, IHHV, IVHH, HVIH, VHIH, HHVI, HHIV, HIVH, VHII.

THIRTEEN.

Thirteen was the sacred number of the Mexicans and people of Yucatan: twelve of many tribes of North American Indians, as of so many nations of antiquity: this had an astronomical connexion, because the Stars and Sun were Gods to them. The method of computation among the Mexican Priests was by weeks of 13 days; consult Dunlop's "Vestiges". Their year contained 28 weeks of 13 days and 1 day over, just as ours contains 52 of 7 days and 1 day over. Thirteen years formed an Indiction, a week of years, the 13 days over forming another week. Four times 13, or 52, years was their cycle. In Yucatan there were 13 "Snake Gods" (see Stevens' "Yucatan", and Gama's "Ancient Mexicans").

Janus of the Romans is the God of the 12 months, and is drawn with 12 altars beneath his feet. He is the same as Assyrian Ain, Ion, Jan; ON of Eastern nations (Dunlop's "Vestiges", 31).

John Heydon gives the following information:—

Prosperous numbers are	1	2	3	4	7	9	11	13	14
Very good	„	16	17	19	20	22	23	26	27
Indifferent	„	5	6	8	12	15	18	21	
Very Bad	„	24	25	28	29	30			

13 is the number of the Hebrew word Achad (ACHD), unity. Old authors state that 13 is a number used to procure agreement among married people. [An unlucky number at a meal.]

14 days of Burial, in the Master's degree: 14 parts into which the body of Osiris was divided: a type of Christ, sacrificed on the 14th day of the month: has been used to cure the sick.

15 is a token of spiritual ascensions: also the deity name Jah, and of the 8th Sefira Hod.

16 means Felicity; a square number.

17. In the treatise "De Iside et Osoride", Plutarch says Osiris was killed on the 17th day of the moon, and hence when the moon was at the full—and from that reason the Egyptians abominate the number 17, and so did the Pythagoreans—they called it Antiphraxis (obstruction), because it falls between the square number 16 and the oblong number 18.

18 was deemed a protection against thieves.

19. The number 19 is famous as being the number of years in the Metonic Cycle; the cycle of the revolutions of the moon, after which she returns to have her changes on the same day of the solar year. Meto lived 433 B.C.; he was an Athenian; he published his discovery at the Olympic Games in the above year. The exact period is, however, 18 years and 10 days. The Calippic period of four cycles, or seventy-six years, was invented by

Calippus, B.C. 330, to correct Meto. John Heydon says that the number 19 facilitates births and menses.

23. This day of September is notable because the moon which comes to the full within a fortnight of it, is called the harvest moon, which rises three days in succession at the same time, instead of getting daily later.

24 is an evil number, referring to Cain, QIN, but not of his numeration, which is $100 + 10 + 50 = 160$, or else $100 + 10 + 700 = 810$.

26. The number of Jehovah, IHVH, $10 + 5 + 6 + 5$.

28. A division of the Zodiac into 28 mansions of the Moon, was probably earlier than the solar division into 12 parts. Proctor believes that Solar Astronomy of the 12 signs arose about 2170 B.C., in a country of about 36 degrees of north latitude, and Taurus was the first constellation of the Zodiac.

35. The number of Agla (AGLA), a composite Kabbalistic wonder-working name.

36. Plutarch, "De Iside et Osiride", calls the Tetractys the power of the number 36, and on this was the greatest oath of the Pythagoreans sworn; and it was denominated the World, in consequence of its being composed of the first four even and the first four odd numbers; for 1 and 3 and 5 and 7 are 16; add 2 and 4 and 6 and 8, and obtain 36.

31. The number of El, God = AL. $1 + 30$.

32. The number of the Paths of Wisdom, of the Sepher Yetzirah, being 10 Sephiroth and 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

50. The number of the Gates of Binah (BINH) the Understanding (see Mathers, "Book of Concealed Mystery", 1, 46).

42 is notable because of the 42-lettered name of God, taught by the Kabbalists.

45. The number of Adam (ADM).

65. The number of Adonai, translated "Lord" (ADNI).

67. The number of Binah, Supernal Mother, the 3rd Sefhira.

72 has a large number of mystic references—to the 72 angels bearing the names of God—derived from Exodus xiv, 19, 20, 21, by the Kabbalists; there is an important set of 72 pentacles which, placed in pairs, forms a series of 36 talismans; it is also the number of Chesed (CHSD) the Sefhira-Mercy.

73. The number of Chocmah (CHKMH), Wisdom, the 2nd Sefhira.

91 is the number of AMN and of Tetragrammaton Adonai (IHVH, ADNI).

80. The number of Yesod, Foundation, 9th Sefhira.

216. The cube of 6; 216 years, the period of the Pythagorean Metempsychosis.

243. Circles of Seir Aupin.

365. The Greek numeration of Abraxas, a talismanic word.

270. Worlds of the Idra Rabba, or Greater Holy Assembly.

314. The number of Shaddai, Almighty (SHDI).

345. The number of El Shaddai (AL SHDI); and of SHMH (Shemah), the Name.

370. Directions of thought.

496. The number of Malkuth (MLKT), the Kingdom, the 10th Sefhira.

474. The number of Daath, DOT, Secret Wisdom.

543. The number of the mystic name Aheie asher Aheie, "I am that I am" (АИИH АSHR АИИH).

608 is a very notable number, representing the Sun. Martianus Capella, of the 5th century, says: "The Sun is called in Italy the 'God Sol'; at the Nile, Serapis; at Memphis, Osiris; he is also Attis; Adonis at Byblos; and Ammon in Libya; also Typhon, Mithras, and Pluto; his holy name is of three letters, which number 608. In Chaldee and Hebrew 608 is Cham, or Ham (СНМ), which also means heat." In Greek Y.H.S. from U.H.S. = $400+8+200=608$. Tyre (TRCH) is also an example of 608.

620. The number of Kether (KTR) the Crown, or 1st Sefhira.

622 years from the Christian era is the date of the Hegira, or flight of Mahomet from Mecca, from which year the Mahometans reckon their calendar.

632 years A.D. is the foundation of the Persian mode of reckoning years, from their king Yezdegird.

646. The total numeration of Elohim, or Aleim (ALHIM), being $1+30+5+10+600$; or avoiding the use of final mem, we get $1+30+5+10+40$; neglecting the tens $1+3+5+1+4$, and placing these figures in a circle, we get the sequence 31415, notable as the value of π , or the relation of a diameter to circumference of every circle.

640 is Shemesh, the Sun (SHMSH); Mem is water; place the three letters one above the other, and we get SH, fire, sun, rising above and sinking below the waters.

650 has been referred by Godfrey Higgins to Noah, Menes, and Bacchus. Noah, in Hebrew, is NCH or 58.

666 is the pet number of Godfrey Higgins, as referred to Rasit (RSVT), $200+60+6+400$, which he insists means Wisdom—or as most believe—Beginning, or Principle.

801 is the number of alpha and omega, $1+800$, the Peristera or Dove, vehicle of the Holy Ghost; being $80+5+100+10+200+300+5+100+1=801$.

813 is the numeration of ARARITA, a very important Kabbalistic word, its letters being collected from the initials of the sentence, "One principle of his unity, one beginning of his individuality, his vicissitude is one".

1000-headed serpent is Sesha or Ananta, emblem of eternity.

1081. The number of Tiphereth, the central Sefhira, the Sun, Beauty, Microprosopus, Son-God.

1322. First year of Egyptian cycle of Sothis, B.C.; Rameses II. came to the throne.

1889. Last year A.D. is the 4991st year of the Kali-Yuga of the Hindu sages; this Yuga is to continue 432,000 years.

3102 is the number of years B.C. which corresponds to the beginning of the Hindu Kali-Yuga or Black Age, era of the last deluge.

3·14159, the value of Π , ratio of diameter to circumference of a circle.

Bode's Law is a curious arithmetical and astronomical puzzle—

Take the series of numbers	0	3	6	12	24	48	96	192
Add 4 to each of them . .	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4

And obtain the numbers . . . 4 7 10 16 28 52 100 196

These show the relation of the ancient planets to the Sun, as to distance, in the order Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus. The planet corresponding to 28 is missing, and seems to be replaced by the asteroids. Uranus was re-discovered in 1781.

The Platonic Year, or Great Period, according to Tycho Brahé, is 25,816 years; Ricciolus, 25,920 years; Cassini, 24,800 years; Norman Lockyer now gives 24,450 years.

It is the period of time determined by the revolution of the equinoxes, or the space of time wherein the stars and constellations return to their former places in respect to the equinoxes, by means of a constant precession. The equinoxes moving backwards or westwards, meeting the Sun constantly earlier. In the time of the oldest Greek observations, the equinoctial points were in the first stars of Aries and Libra respectively; they are now in Pisces and Virgo. When these names were given the Sun entered Aries at the Vernal equinox, and sign and constellation coincided: now they do not, so do not be confused by our still calling the first sign of spring Aries, although the Sun is really at such time in Pisces: every 2,000 years the sign is changed. Precedent to Aries the Sun at the Vernal equinox entered Taurus.

THE APOCALYPTIC NUMBERS.

- 1st Resurrection, Revelation xx. 5.
- 2nd Death, xx. 14.
- 2 Witnesses, xi. 3.
- 2 Olive Trees } before throne of God of the Earth, xi. 4.
- 2 Candlesticks }
- 2-Horned Beast who spoke like a Dragon, xiii. 11; his number is 666.
- 3 Woes, ix. 12.
- 1/3 part of Vegetation killed, viii. 7—do. of Sea became Blood, and do. of Fish died, viii. 8—do. of Waters became bitter, viii. 11—do. of Sun, Moon, Stars, viii. 12.
- 3½ days, Bodies lay unburied, xxi. 9.
- 4 quarters of the Earth, xx. 8.
- 4 Beasts, full of eyes and have 6 wings, iv. 6-9 (“Beasts” should be *living things*.—W.)
- 4 Horses, White, Red, Pale, Black.
- 4 Horns of the golden altar before God, ix. 13.
- 4 Angels of the Euphrates, ix. 14.

- 4 Angels of the Winds of the 4 corners of the Earth, vii. 1.
- 6 Wings of the Beasts (living things), full of eyes, iv. 8.
- 7 Churches, i. 20.
- 7 Candlesticks, i. 20. Represent the 7 Churches.
- 7 Stars, i. 20 ; ii. 1. Represent 7 angels of the Churches.
- 7 Angels of the Churches, i. 20.
- 7 Lamps stand near the Throne, iv. 5.
- 7 Seals, v. 5, opened by the Lamb, produce 4 horses, etc.
- 7 Trumpets, viii. 2. Given to 7 Angels.
- 7 Thunders utter their voices, x. 3.
- 7 Plagues held by 7 Angels, xv. 1.
- 7 Vials of Wrath, xv. 7.
- 7 Spirits of God, v. 6.
- 7-horned and 7-eyed Lamb, v. 6 ; near the Throne are the 7 Spirits of God.
- 7-headed and 10-horned Scarlet Beast, on which is a Woman, xvii. 3.
- 7-headed and 10-horned Dragon with 7 Crowns, xii. 3.
- 7-headed and 10-horned Beast rose out of sea, xiii. 1.
- 10 Crowns on Ten horns of Beast which had 7 heads, xiii. 1.
- 10-horned Dragon with 7 heads, xii. 3.
- 10-horned Beast with 7 heads rose out of sea, xiii. 1.
- 10-horned Scarlet Beast with 7 heads, on which was a woman, xvii. 3.
- 12 Tribes of Israel.
- 12 Apostles of the Lamb, xxi. 14.
- 12 Gates of the New Jerusalem } xxi. 12.
- 12 Angels guarding them }
- 12 Foundations of the Walls of the New Jerusalem.
- 12 Stars on the head of the Woman, xii. 1.
- 12 sorts of Fruits on the Tree of Life, xxii. 2.
- 24 Elders around the Throne, on 24 seats, iv. 4-10.
- 42 months the Gentiles tread over the outer court of Temple, xi. 2.
- 42 months the 7-headed Beast to have power to Blaspheme, xiii. 5.
- 144 cubits, the height of the Walls of the New Jerusalem, xxi. 17.
- 666, number of the Beast.
- 1000 years, Dragon bound for, xx. 2-3.
- 1000 years, Souls of the Faithful to live and reign, xx. 4
- 1260 days, the two Witnesses prophesy, xi. 3.
- 1260 days, the Woman to be in the wilderness, xii. 6.
- 12,000 of each Tribe chosen.
- 12,000 furlongs, length of the sides of the New Jerusalem, xxi. 16.
- 144,000 chosen from the whole of the Tribes.
- 100,000,000, or ten thousand times ten thousand Angels, round the Throne, v. 2.

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

Raising the Devil.

I HAD been looking in the crystal one evening for a long time without having a vision. Before I left off, I asked the spirit of the crystal, very earnestly, when I could have a vision, for it was so very wearisome to look and to anticipate, and then be disappointed. This message immediately came :—

“Procure a glass vessel a foot deep, flat inside, and six inches square ; fill it with water from a fish-pond ; let the neck of the vessel be sufficiently large to admit your three fingers. Cut the middle finger of your left hand, and having put a strip of paper round the outside of the middle of the bottle, write with the blood of the finger you have cut, this one name Paste this strip of paper round the bottle, and then insert the finger you have cut and two other fingers into the neck, and from it into the water let a drop of blood flow. If you do this, you will see and hear of that which will instruct you in spiritual knowledge, and aid you in all that you desire appertaining to the world.”

Although I thought it could not be good, I did not desire anything evil, and I thought, foolishly, that I could hear, and see, and know what they said, without allowing them to influence me, or without for one moment surrendering myself to their possession. I would not do it again. It was not the power, but the knowledge that I sought. I was at the time in a house with a good many people in it, and, fearing that someone might interrupt me, I locked the door. Before I began I had been obliged to have the glass bottle made to the exact size, and I wrote the name on a vellum band and sealed it on. This I placed on the table, and very soon without any call—I used nothing more than the name on the bottle—the water began to change to a thick, dirty-red liquid, and from this there formed, as the water again became clearer, a spirit more like an animal than even a distorted human figure ; it had a tail as long in proportion to its size as is the tail of a mouse to the rest of the animal, and it had peculiarly shaped horns. It increased in size so as to fill the entire bottle, the tips of the horns rising above the water in the neck of the bottle. When I saw its head coming above the water, I thought I should be able to prevent its getting any larger by putting a stopper on the top. I could not find anything to place over it at the moment but a book from the mantelpiece. The instant that I stepped across for the book, the horns of the spirit were visible to me above the bottle. Very quickly you may imagine I was back with the book. I am very strong—as strong, I believe, as most men—I can lift a couple of hundred-weight, and now I had occasion to put my strength forth. I tried to press the book on the neck of the bottle with all my might, but I could not move it one inch. My hands and the book in them went up as easily as I could have lifted a baby's hands. I grew desperate. I tore the band off the bottle ; I used exorcism. There was no fire in the room, and no light, or I would have immediately burned the band. I could not tear it, and I had no means of destroying it. The spirit all this time was gradually getting out of the bottle.

I could not think what to do. I took the bottle up, threw it down and broke it ; the water of course ran all over the carpet, and I thought for a moment that I had got rid of the spirit, but I was mistaken, for from the water, as it lay on the floor, it rose again much larger than before.

I went to the door, but I was afraid to open it ; then in an instant I thought he might be only visible to me and not to others, and that if I were with other people

he would disappear from me, and I tried the door, but could not open it. I forgot that I had locked it. Again I used the form of dismissal and exorcism, but it was of no use. Having done this, I asked him what he wanted. He asked me to test his power by naming anything I desired, and said that if I found that he gave it me and if I would promise him obedience, he would do the same in all other things.

I resolutely told him that I would not—that had I known he was evil and could escape from the bottle I would not have called him; still he did not leave, and I then felt the place to be insufferable, so oppressive as to be almost suffocating. My eyes seemed to burn, I was getting giddy, and appeared to see instead of the one figure a thousand of all shapes and sizes. I still remained with my hand on the lock; the room became confused and dark for one instant only, then all was light, The evil spirit was gone, and I noticed that every drop of water was gone from the surface of the carpet, and that on the white ground which surrounded the pattern was a single red spot. Although unnerved whilst the spirit was present, I was not the least so the moment it was gone, and, on stooping to pick up the small pieces of bottle, I observed round the red spot a circle containing words. Even then, by an impulse I could not control, I was all on fire to know what those words were, and down on my knees I deciphered with much difficulty, “. . . . returns blood which is too white for a sacrifice”. The red spot rose above the carpet, the words disappeared, and there only remained a little piece of cold congealed blood: this I removed. In an adjoining room I burnt the band which had been round the bottle, threw away the pieces of bottle, and determined to be more cautious in future.

F. HOCKLEY,

(in the *Spiritualist* of July 2, 1880).

A Parable.

An aged saint once fasted long

In penitence and prayer—

“Save me from Hell!” he cried, “and
grant

That Heaven may end my care!

“Oh quench me not in wrath, dear Lord,
Oh save my soul at last!”

And lo! an angel's fluttering wings
Approach him on the blast.

In one hand was a golden cup
Brimming with water bright,
The other held a ball of fire
Shimm'ring with holy light.

“Say what thy mission, Glorious One!”

“Quick to thy bended knee,
'Tis thus the message of thy God
Must be received by thee!

“Know! Heaven and Hell do sore im-
pede

The teaching of the Cross,
God wills men love him for Himself,
And not for gain or loss.

“This water shall Hell's flames put out,
This fire, shall burn up Heaven!
My mission dread that unto me
By God Himself was given!”

The vision faded—but the saint
Had learned the lesson well,
“The Love of God” he cried “is Heaven!
To want that Love is Hell.”

N. H. WILLIS.

Ecclesiastical Christianity.

III.

IN 1615 Galileo was brought before the Inquisition at Rome, menaced with torture, compelled to "recant" his discoveries, and imprisoned. The Church had decided geometry was "of the devil;" bishops and priests impressively warned their flocks against every fresh discovery in science; the epithets of "infidel," "atheist," and "sorcerer" were among the mildest terms applied to men who endeavoured to teach truths acknowledged now in every school-book, and a passage in the Psalms of David or the Book of Job was supposed to settle the whole of the solar system. To read the work of Kopernik was to "risk damnation," and his method was solemnly condemned by Luther as well as the pope. When Galileo was released from papal persecution he did not long survive, and died broken-hearted and blind.

In 1629 Vanini was burnt at Toulouse on a charge of Atheism, for his work entitled "Dialogues concerning Nature".

But the mind of man was not to be crushed by even such tyranny as this, a tyranny which in these days it is almost impossible to realise. The Reformation had begun, and with it the growth of a liberty which has far out-grown ecclesiasticism, and has dealt a death-blow to the spirit which made even Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Beza, and Knox uphold persecution, describe the ancient philosophers as "frogs" and "locusts," and which has stained Protestantism, like Catholicism, with crime. The reformed churches commenced their career with the deadly error that "salvation" could only be had within their own pale, and a victim to this spirit soon arose. Early in the sixteenth century Michael Servetus, a Spaniard, beheld a spectacle which may be witnessed now—the pope borne aloft above the heads of the people, who strove to kiss even his slipper, fell down before him, and treated him as a God.* The sight aroused his indignation, and ere long he stood forth as a reformer far in advance of Luther or of Calvin, one inspired with the beautiful idea that the "eternal and indivisible God lives in all creation," and that the "spirit of God breathes throughout nature". He rejected utterly the dark doctrine of total depravity, and rightly held that the genuine idea of Christianity had been obscured at a very early date. In a very short time he was imprisoned, and basely betrayed by his fellow-reformer, John Calvin, first to the merciless Inquisition, and then to the council at Geneva. In 1553 he was roasted alive at the stake, together with his books. The faggots were purposely selected of green wood, and for a whole half-hour—some say far longer—this heroic martyr was bravely silent amid his torture till death came to release his spirit. His last words were, "I have performed no action deserving death; nevertheless, I pray God to forgive my enemies and persecutors. Jesus, thou son of the Eternal God, have compassion on me!" All Europe for a time applauded this crime, except Castillio and Socinius, and these were pursued with invectives as "emissaries of Satan," by the man whose personal enmity for a reformer who opposed him led him to a revenge which covers his name with infamy.†

The Thirty Years' War in Germany on behalf of religious liberty cost millions of lives, and desolated the land. At the fall of Magdeburg, men, women, and children were slaughtered, and the city was reduced to ashes.

* Paulo V actually styled himself Vice-Deo. One is reminded of Caligula of some sixteen centuries before.
 † See *Servetus and Calvin*. By R. Willis, M.D. Freethought Publishing Co., London.

In 1655 the "Easter Massacre" of the Vaudois, in La Tour, took place, conducted by the Duke of Savoy, and continued for more than a week, accompanied by great cruelties.

In 1685 the edict of Nantes was revoked by Louis XIV at the instigation of the clergy, and a million of the Huguenots were killed, imprisoned, sent to the galleys, or driven out of France. The persecution of the Protestants continued for a period of half a century. In Languedoc alone 10,000 persons were hanged, burnt, or broken upon the wheel, and at least 100,000 perished from the barbarities inflicted upon them. Women were insulted; numbers were confined in dungeons; knives and red-hot pincers were employed to force the "heretics to recant". Bossuet and Massillon lauded the revocation as "the work of God," and on his death the body of Louis was covered with relics of "the true cross". Du Chayla, the arch-priest, invented the "squeezers," and Clement XI, in 1703, pronounced "absolute and general remission of sins" to all who joined in "exterminating the cursed heretics," as Pope Clement VIII had done more than two centuries before. Children were torn from their parents by the priests and sent to Catholic schools and nunneries, and immense quantities of Bibles and Testaments were publicly destroyed. If the dying refused unction from the priests, their dead bodies were insulted and thrown into the common sewer. At Porte-des-Carmes between two and three hundred of the Camisards—a helpless company of aged men, women, and children—were put to the sword, and the remainder burnt alive in the mill where they were conducting worship, and in the Upper Cevennes 466 villages and hamlets were reduced to ashes. The few Huguenots who at this period survived, and had failed to make their escape from France, were made galley-slaves for life, and Protestants were sent to the galleys and cut by the lash, so late as 1769. La Barre, indeed, was executed at Abbeville for disrespect to the "Virgin Mary," in 1766. For seven hundred years, from first to last, the unhappy Vaudois were persecuted by the papacy. No wickedness that the imagination of men could suggest but was practised in this monstrous crusade, which brands the Church responsible for it with lasting infamy.

I have said that the spirit of liberty received a powerful impulse from the Reformation, and from that period its complete development could be only a question of time. But priestcraft still survived in another form, and the Protestant clergy have been guilty of all the bigotry and intolerance which are inevitably attached to a system upheld by law, and professing to hold final truth, which was to be forced upon all. One would have thought that the reformed churches would at least have learnt one great lesson from the terrible history attached to the church of Rome, and that toleration for the religious opinions of others would have been one of their firmest foundation-stones. Such, however, was not the case. Laws in the statute-books of every country existed against heretics from the popular faith, sometimes to burn them, sometimes to exile them, sometimes to take away their civil, or their political, rights. The old war against the growing intellectual freedom of man had become less barbarous, but it still went on.

In 1611 Legat and Wightman were publicly burnt by two English Protestant bishops, and the ministers of the Scotch Kirk were as arrogant as the popes themselves. Through the medium of the elders, the ministers pronounced excommunication and eternal perdition on all refractory members of their flocks, and the smallest disrespect to them was declared to be "prompted by Satan". The psychic gifts inherent in the Scotch organisation enabled them at times, like many others, to foretell events, and added to their power over the people, who were literally kept in an Egyptian bondage. The terrors of Calvinism were connected with the most common natural occurrences; everything was a sign of the wrath of God and the guilt of the ungodly, and on the Sabbath day it was almost a sin to exist. Mirth

was carnal; it was a sin for a husband to kiss his wife, for a parent to kiss her child, for an old woman to water her kail. It was a sin for the charitable to assist the starving unorthodox, or, in short, to think or to do anything condemned by the Kirk, and the unruly were imprisoned, fined, beaten, branded, and forced to do penance bare-footed, on all occasions of rebellion to what may be truly termed the Scotch papacy.

In England the Nonconformists to the Protestant Church suffered terribly during a period of at least a hundred years. Some 60,000 are said to have undergone some form of persecution between 1660 and 1668, and no less than 5,000 died in prison. Hampden was anathematised, Bunyan and Fox were imprisoned, and Baxter was persecuted, and the Quakers suffered in England and Scotland alike. The clergy strenuously opposed every enactment made in favor of the Dissenters, and upheld the tyranny of the Stuarts by preaching "passive obedience" and the "divine right of kings". They upheld the cruelties of Jeffreys and Kirke with indifference, and supported the policy of the reigning sovereign whenever the interests of the church seemed to demand it. During the reign of the Stuarts Presbyterians were everywhere imprisoned, branded, mutilated, scourged, and put in the pillory. And churchmen themselves were compelled to attend their parish church on Sundays, by law.

In America, where a band of the persecuted Nonconformists took refuge, the same spirit was ere long manifested. Catholics and Quakers were proscribed, and the executions in Massachusetts and New England form a dark page in Puritan history. In Maryland it was death to deny the Trinity; in New England it was death to deny any portion of the Old or New Testament to be "the infallible Word of God". Roger Williams was exiled in 1635 from the latter State for asserting the great principle of intellectual liberty. Cotton Mather, Parris, and others, through whose misguided and cruel fanaticism an old man of eighty was pressed to death, and twenty executions took place, to say nothing of torture and scourgings, were publicly thanked for their zeal by the clergy of Boston and Charlestown.

In 1680 Isaac Orobio was tortured and confined for three years in a dungeon by the Inquisition, at Seville, for infidelity and Judaism.

In Sweden "heretics" were persecuted and exiled.

Throughout Europe the belief in "witchcraft" caused an amount of suffering which it is impossible to conceive. The most ordinary psychological phenomena, insanity, and common diseases, became the objects of the prevailing superstition, and numbers were put to death for no other reason than the excited imagination of themselves or their neighbours. Even those who exercised the benevolent power of "healing" were frightfully tortured before execution, and some were driven mad from the effects of their sufferings. In Geneva, in the sixteenth century, 500 women were executed in three months, and 128 burnt in Geneva and Savoy by a bishop. In Germany between eight and nine thousand were burnt; in France between twelve and thirteen hundred in the provinces, and a large number in Paris; in Switzerland and in Sweden many persons were burnt; in Scotland a large number perished, and the Scotch clergy did their utmost to keep up the superstition. In Leith, in 1664, no less than nine women were burnt alive at one time; and in Spain a large number also suffered, and a woman was burnt in that country so late as 1781. Throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the belief in "witchcraft" was universal, and old and young were alike committed to the flames. When the laws were at last repealed in Great Britain, in 1773, the Scotch Presbyterian divines protested against it. It is almost needless to say that the ignorance of the church was one of the main causes of this epidemic credulity, with its terrible results. The study of mathematics, chemistry, physics, psychology, anatomy, and medicine, were all weighted with the ecclesiastical charge of "sorcery" and "dealings with Satan".

Kepler's works were burnt, and his epitome of the Kopernican system prohibited by the Inquisition in 1618; Buffon was condemned; Newton's discoveries were forbidden to be taught in the University of Salamanca so late as 1771. The hostility to the establishment of the Royal Society in 1662 was headed by an overwhelming body of the clergy, to whom the study of physical science, and the severe and accurate mental training and intellectual expansion it demands, were as alien then as they are now. The knowledge of God's handiwork in the heavens and the earth, and in man, was accounted by the churches which professed to worship Him as a deadly sin. Everywhere human liberty and human progress were sacrificed to the theology of men.

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

(To be continued.)



From the Diary of a Monomaniac.

NOVEMBER 30. It is as I suspected. Alas, I have known it for weeks and for months! I am not a man at all. I am a miserable, brittle pane of glass! O dreadful Truth, how hast thou haunted me day and night, and now thou standest plain and clear before me! First as a fancy thou didst torment me, then as a fear, oft recurring and intensifying; then, as a conviction, full and certain, loading me with shame and despair. How shall I hide this terrible secret of mine? How shall I save myself from the ridicule of all the world? For, oh, if I am detected as to my true nature, will men ever cease to mock me and despise me? I must keep within doors. I must see no one. I will hide myself in my own chamber. No one shall know until, as I suppose will one day be the case, I tumble by some mischance headlong on the floor and am shivered into atoms; and then my disgraceful hypocrisy will be manifested and all the world will discover that I am neither a man nor even any being with flesh and blood and bones, but simply a lifeless Pane of Glass.

Dec. 1. My servant James came several times to my chamber to-day and seemed astonished at my sudden desire for seclusion. I thought he eyed me each time suspiciously. Does he know? Can he guess? Does he see through my secret? Ah, does he see through me myself? Horrid grim joke! There is no humour about it to me. Dr. Bodkin called in the afternoon, but of course I would not receive him; he would have exposed me in a moment, I know, and would have held me up to the ridicule of the world. Thank heaven, no one else has tried to intrude on my miserable solitude.

Dec. 2. Dr. Bodkin called again and insisted on seeing me. By some mysterious providence he did not notice the *horrid FACT!* I kept as far from him as possible, on the dark side of the room. He watched me rather closely and asked me many questions in a suspicious kind of way, but I got through all right and I verily believe he still thinks me a *man*, with limbs and features, bones, blood and flesh like himself.

Dec. 3. My loneliness palls upon me. I have a good mind to make a clean breast of it and confess openly that I have been shamming—sailing under false colours as it were. What right have I to dress, to live in a house as if I were a man, knowing all the time that I am not a man, but a mere pane of glass? But it is hard now, after all these years of dissimulation, to make a confession and pass in a moment into insignificance and contempt.

Dec. 4. I can write nothing to-day. My perplexity increases. I know not what

to do. Shall I tell the truth and brave it out? They can but break me to pieces, after all, and that will have to be my end one of these days, sooner or later. Shall I keep my secret as long as I can?

Dec. 6. (Sunday.) From morning to night all yesterday my perplexities haunted me, and this morning I resolved to end them. I have fully made up my mind. I have resolved to put a stop once and for all to this hateful conflict within me between right and wrong. I will tell the truth and shame the devil. That was my decision early this morning, and accordingly I went boldly to church and sat in my own pew in full view of all the congregation. I felt terribly distracted throughout the service, and thought the people stared at me all the time. I was full of fear lest the clergyman should say "Carry it out"; but he did not, and I think he never noticed me. But the people behind made me feel most uncomfortable, because I knew they could see right through me, and whatever could they have thought of me for daring to come and sit amongst them there in church—me, only a pane of window-glass, limbless, undifferentiated? I remained upstairs all the afternoon and watched the people passing the house. Mr. Godfrey, the glazier, smiled as he passed: I shook with fear as he did so. No doubt he spied me out in church this morning. Rodwell, the butcher, went by a little later on with two strangers, one of whom I thought pointed up at me. I started back quickly and caught in the carpet as I did so. Oh, what a narrow escape it was! Had I tripped and fallen it would have been to dash myself against the fender, and I should most assuredly have been broken into fragments. I will have all the fenders taken upstairs into the attic out of the way in case of an accident. John Wilson, my old schoolmate, whom I have not seen for years, and who has been in Australia for a long time, dropped in in the evening. Oh, if he had known the miserable FACT when we were at school together! I was obliged to see him this evening, for he walked right into my room without being announced. Several times I was on the point of telling him the truth about myself, but the words stuck in my throat and I could not utter them. Ah, did he see the dreadful FACT? Did he go home and mock me? Not a word of suspicion did he breathe to me, but then John was always so polite. I know he would never have mentioned it, for fear of giving me pain. *Pain!* indeed, what a miserable pun—unintentional enough. Oh, it was an unspeakable relief to me when Wilson was gone! Solitude is wearisome, but just now company is unbearable.

Dec. 7. The secret is out. Dr. Bodkin came in this morning, and I told him the truth. He took it, as I thought, very strangely. I expected him to be angry with me for my life-long hypocrisy and false pretences. But he was not. He showed neither contempt nor anger. At first he seemed greatly perplexed; then he smiled and tried to pretend I was joking. Of course, I knew well enough that was only his polite way of treating the matter. Then he grew more serious and began to say that I was suffering from a delusion not unknown to him—in fact that I was a monomaniac—that I had taken a fancy into my head which had no foundation in fact—that I did not know what I myself was! He actually declared he could produce books containing accounts of people suffering from exactly similar delusions. In short, he wanted me to believe I was mad! A pretty idea that! I mad! Did any one ever hear of a mad pane of glass? Besides, I can put my thoughts together as rationally as he himself. No doubt men have had delusions and may have even fancied they were panes of glass, but how does that prove that I, who really am a pane of glass, must be a man? Why, the same argument would show that every pane in my window is a monomaniac! I a madman, indeed! Good, very good! But still I honour the doctor. I was not so mad but that I could see through what he meant. He, dear good man, wanted to hide my shame. He saw that what I had told him was true. He knew well enough that I am but a pane of glass, as indeed everyone must see, and he wished to spare me

the indignity and disgrace of a public avowal, so he thought of this ingenious way out of the difficulty—this pretence that I am a man suffering from monomania—with the fancy that I am a pane of glass. It was kind of him—very kind—and I appreciate his goodness, as I told him to-day; but I would rather brave it out. I have quite determined to play the hypocrite no longer. I will bear the consequences, let the world laugh as it may. I am not a man, and I will not pretend to be, and I will not allow Dr. Bodkin or anyone else to try to persuade me against clear reason and the evidence of my senses that I am a man, when the *horrid FACT* is ever on my thoughts. And so I told Dr. Bodkin. I was quite plain with him; I told him it was no use his trying to make me believe a lie, for I would not. If it pleased Providence to create me a pane of glass and not a man, I was content and would not listen to his well-meant nonsense. At last, when I suppose he saw it was no use trying to deceive me any longer, he admitted that I was right. "Never mind, old fellow," he said, "it is only a temporary affair after all; we shall soon be able to alter matters. I see you are, as you say, a pane of glass, and it is strange that I never noticed it before; but the fact is, this change did not come over your nature a long time ago, and if you will submit yourself to my course of treatment we will soon turn you into a man again." I told him I knew he was wrong, as of course he is, for how could a pane of glass turn into a man? But it puzzles me that he was so anxious that I should be led into the fancy that I am a man, for he still seems to think that in course of time I shall become impregnated with that nonsensical idea. However, I promised I would consider as to whether I would consent to his experimenting upon me. He is to come in to-morrow to hear my decision. And now what shall I resolve? In the first place, what will he want to do, I wonder? Is he going to fling me on the ground, and thus by breaking me into atoms put a sudden end to my misery. I don't know, I am sure, what to say. I distrust him. I must first hear what his proposals are.

Dec. 8. He has been, and another doctor came with him. Firstly, they wished me to see no one, a proposition to which I gladly assented, for the risk of breakage would be very great if a number of people are in and out of my room. This they doubtless thought of, though they were too polite to say so. They next proposed that I should go away to a large house where I should be unknown and unobserved—and, in fact, should be able to hide myself entirely from the outside world. To this I willingly acceded, for it is the very kind of thing which most pleases me. I have resolved not to keep the truth a secret, but it is hard to confess it to those whom I reckoned fellow-men and friends; now I shall avoid all such difficulties as that. I will see no one before I go, and I have specially cautioned James not even to admit poor Wilson, who is sure to pay me another call before he leaves England again. In a very few days I am to start with Dr. Bodkin for my new hiding-place.

Dec. 14. I have reached the place in safety, without even a crack. But oh, the risks that I ran in coming here! They were terrible! Over and over again I made sure I should be shivered. But I escaped. Too tired to-night to write any more as to my new surroundings.

Dec. 15. It has been a strange day. I quickly found out where I was—in a mad-house! What a strange place for me to be stowed away in! But it does not matter in the least; I could not have wished to be in a better place, for here no one will see me—at least none of my acquaintances. I am amongst such queer creatures, and Dr. Bodkin has fully persuaded them all—kind soul that he is—that I am a monomaniac, and that it is only a delusion of my own imagination that I am a pane of glass! A capital idea of his, for they all seem to be monomaniacs themselves, though not one of them knows it. Each of them is only conscious of the monomaniacs of the others, and knows or suspects nothing of his own. Poor silly creatures! There is one man who thinks himself shivering with cold, though he sits by the fire wrapped in woollen jackets one on the top of the other

till the perspiration runs down his face. Another thinks himself the King of the Cannibal Islands, and struts about chattering unearthly gibberish. Another thinks he has committed all sorts of crimes, and is convinced that he has poisoned his father. Another thinks himself a tea-pot. And so on, everyone laughing heartily at the delusions of his fellows, and none of them dreaming that he himself is also mad. I cannot help feeling glad, after all, that I am not a man, to be liable to fall into such a hideous state of insanity. Better be a mere piece of glass than such a despicable object as is everyone of these unhappy beings.

Dec. 27 (Sunday.) I have written nothing for some days, for a strange melancholy has settled down on me. The incessant and pitiful insanity of the human beings who surround me, coupled with the monotony of day after day without any fresh occurrence to change the round of events, has had a most depressing influence upon me. Until to-day nothing has happened to record, nothing has changed. But to-day, although I am still safe here in my welcome hiding-place, a terrible calamity has occurred which gives my thoughts no peace. The snow is on the ground, and this morning some boys who were playing snowball in the street threw one which hit the window of the room in which I now am and broke a pane! Oh, horror! I know only too well what it will be. The glazier will come to-morrow and I shall be putted in, exposed to the view of every passer-by, and there I shall have to be for years and years—laughed at by all the world. Oh, if I could have remained here, hidden and secluded, I would have been content; but to have my unhappy self held up to the public gaze is more than I can endure. What shall I do? How can I escape? And I thought I was safe! Oh dear, oh dear!

Dec. 28. The glazier has *not* come. They have mended the hole in the window with brown paper. Oh delicious relief! I am safe.

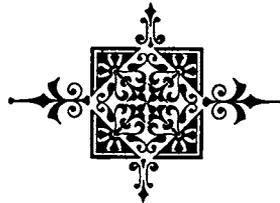
Dec. 29. The brown paper is still there. Heaven be praised!

Dec. 30. Dr. Bodkin came in and spoke to me for a few minutes. I made sure he was going to measure me to see if I should do for the broken window. He did not, but oh, he has given me my deathblow! He saw the brown paper, and gave orders to have it removed, and the window-pane mended. Oh, horror of horrors! What shall I do? Where can I hide? I know I shall be stuck up there to-morrow in full view of the street. Shall I break myself? Alas, I dare not. I am afraid.

Dec. 31. My anxiety to-day has been almost too great to bear. But the glazier has *not* come. I hear he is coming to-morrow. Oh, what a new year it will be! Well, I have made up my mind; I will not, I cannot undergo it. Before the bell has struck the hour of twelve I will steal gently to the window of the upper room and unobserved I will plunge into the street, and then I shall break into a thousand pieces, and my anxieties and troubles will be over.

Oh, heavens, the hour of midnight has come! I hear the clock. I will fling down my pen. O God! it will soon be over. At any rate I shall be saved from shame. I go. Farewell, farewell.

CHARLES E. BENHAM.



Theosophical Gleanings,

OR

NOTES ON THE "SECRET DOCTRINE".

WE are literally what our signature says: Two Students, nothing more pretentious. If we are also what has been called "communicative learners," it is because we feel that what have been difficulties to us are probably difficulties to others, and that fellow-students can sometimes lend each other a helping hand over a rough piece of road. In reading the "Secret Doctrine" the student is apt to be confused, even dazed, by the range of erudition, the wealth of illustration, the abundance of digressions, the number of literary allusions. Devas and Daimons, Dhyanis Buddhas and Kumaras, Yugas and cycles, satyrs and fakirs, alchemists and adepts, Manus and Monads, whirl round him in dazzling phantasmagoria, and he rises from hours of effort, his only distinct acquirement a headache. We have found the most fruitful system of study is to fix on some one thing, to follow it through all its windings with dogged persistency, steadily hunting it down through the two volumes, disregarding all alluring by-ways and seductive glades, until there lies before us that one thing in its completeness, with every touch given to it from beginning to end, clear, definite, comprehensible. It may be remembered that there was one Proteus who could give the most interesting information if only you could keep your grip on him through all his transformations, until he re-assumed his proper shape and became conversable. So in following the Protean shapes in the "Secret Doctrine," if you can only "hang on" to the end your reward is sure.

Our first notes will be on the Seven Rounds, our object to trace the Monad in his long pilgrimage from his landing on the First Globe in our Chain for the First Round, till we lose him in the dazzling radiance of his final triumph. A brief introduction, giving the broad outlines of the fundamental principles of Cosmic Evolution, may fitly precede this detailed study, for a grasp of these principles is essential to the full understanding of their working in our Manvantara.

THE CYCLE OF ACTIVITY.

[All references in which only volume and page are given are to the "Secret Doctrine".]

Everywhere in Nature we see rhythmic alternation, waking and sleeping, day and night, activity and rest, life and death. "As above, so below"; in the Macrocosm as in the Microcosm. So, to the eye of the Esotericist,

Existence has its day of waking activity, its night of sleeping rest, the Universal Life flows out into the universe of form, ebbs back into formless No-Thing, "Days and Nights of Brahmâ" in the allegorical phrase of the Hindu, the outbreathing and the inbreathing of the illimitable One who is All. "It is the ONE LIFE, eternal, invisible, yet omnipresent, without beginning or end, yet periodical in its regular manifestations, between which periods reigns the dark mystery of non-Being; unconscious, yet absolute consciousness; unrealisable, yet the one self-existent reality; truly, "a chaos to the sense, a Kosmos to the reason". Its one absolute attribute, which is ITSELF—eternal, ceaseless motion—is called in esoteric parlance the "Great Breath," which is the perpetual motion of the universe, in the sense of limitless, ever-present SPACE" (vol. i. p. 2). That IT must be, we know; else nothing had been nor could be: but before its mystery human thought is helpless, futile—"silence is more reverent than speech".

A period of activity is a *Manvantara*; a period of rest a *Pralaya*; and these succeed each other in endless succession. The "dawn of differentiation" (vol. i. p. 1) is the dawn of the Manvantaric day; thenceforward a ceaseless evolution, till the cycle is complete and rest comes with pralayaic night. And here at once arises the student's first stumbling-block. In the Secret Teaching all things are regarded as of sevenfold aspect, and the same word is often used for each of the subsidiary seven as for the complete thing they make up. The word *Manvantara*, or *Manu-Antara*, means literally "between two Manus," and, as we shall see later, there are Root Manus for Rounds and subsidiary Manus for globes. Hence we have the Minor *Manvantara* for the life of a single globe, the Major *Manvantara* for a Round of the seven globes, the Maha- (great) *Manvantara* for the life of the Kosmos, all which, with other periods, will become plain enough as we proceed: it suffices for the moment to grasp clearly the idea that *Manvantara* stands for a period of activity, and it is better, at the outset, not to connect with it any definite number of years.

So, again, with the words *Manu*, *Dhyani Buddha*, *Dhyani Chohan*, and others that meet us at every turn in the "Secret Doctrine". They are generic, not individual, names; thus *Manu*, the *thinker*, "is but the personified idea of the 'Thought Divine'" (vol. i. p. 63), and the word is used for those who stand at the beginning of a new cycle of evolution, whether it be great or small. The student is apt to be bewildered when he has met "Manu" as the head of the seven races, and then comes across "Manu" again in a comparatively subordinate position as the head of a single race; or when, having realised that a "Manvantara" is between two Manus, he learns suddenly that there were fourteen Manus in the *Manvantara* he is studying. But the seven pairs mark the smaller *Manvantaras* within the larger. The word *Dhyani* is synonymous with *Deva*, a lofty spiritual entity, while *Buddha* is the Wise One: "Lords of Wisdom" gives something of the idea of *Dhyani Buddha*, and of such entities are many classes

or grades. So with Dhyani Chohan, the Lord Deva. While ourselves using the esoteric names in preference, we shall try, at starting, to give the equivalents, as some of the puzzlements of the student arise from his not realising the variety of names, sometimes Greek, sometimes Hindu, sometimes Thibetan, used indifferently to express the same thought. Esoteric philosophy is not identical with exoteric Buddhism or exoteric Brahminism, and our readers will often meet with statements that conflict with, say, the statements of Mr. Rhys Davids. That learned Orientalist deals with the public teachings of one religion, we with the Secret Doctrine that lies at the root of all; and this must be borne in mind when differences—especially differences in numbers—are noted.

As regards the truth or the falsity of the outlines of cosmical evolution in the "Secret Doctrine," for the average man at the present time no proof is possible, any more than you could prove to him straight off the abstruse mathematical theories that require the existence of fourth dimensional space. "It is thus that things have evolved," says the Teacher, "and you can find it out for yourself if you will, as you can, raise yourself to our vantage-ground of vision. As you are, you cannot get it first-hand: the simpler parts of our teachings you can test and prove; but this, for the present, is beyond you. Take it as a theory, a hypothesis, or, if you choose, leave it alone, and confine yourself to the terrestrial part of our doctrines." With this preface, we proceed to

THE DAWN OF THE MAHA-MANVANTARA.

"The ONE LIFE, eternal, invisible," is to manifest in Space and Time. It is the ABSOLUTE, spoken of as SAT by the Hindus, as PARABRAHM by the Vedantins, as ADI-BUDDHA by the Buddhists, as AIN-SOPH by the Kabbalists, as Absolute Being and non-Being by Hegel and his school. This is that "Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless and immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. It is beyond the range and reach of thought—in the words of Mandukya, 'unthinkable and unspeakable' That Essence which is out of all relation to conditioned existence, and of which conscious existence is a conditioned symbol" (vol. i. pp. 14, 15). The Causeless Cause, the Rootless Root, Occultism has called It, striving to image the unimaginable. It "is symbolised in the Secret Doctrine under two aspects. On the one hand, absolute abstract Space, representing bare subjectivity, the one thing which no human mind can either exclude from any conception or conceive of by itself. On the other, absolute abstract Motion representing Unconditioned Consciousness.

Even our Western Thinkers have shewn that Consciousness is inconceivable to us apart from change, and motion best symbolises change, its essential characteristic. The latter aspect of the One Reality is also

symbolised by the term 'The Great Breath', a symbol sufficiently graphic to need no further elucidation" (vol. i. p. 14). This is the first fundamental axiom of the Secret Doctrine, which is thus essentially Pantheist in its philosophy.

Having posited the Absolute Life, out of relation, to us unthinkable, we turn to the consideration of the Universal Life as periodical, at the beginning of the Manvantaric period. The Hindus, figuring Parabrahm as a blank circle, have placed a point in the midst of such a circle to symbolise Mulaprakriti, the Root of Substance, called by Subba Row "a sort of veil thrown over" the "unconditioned and absolute Reality". By the Vedantins the term is applied to an aspect of Parabrahm: "from its (the Logos') objective standpoint, Parabrahm appears to it as Mulaprakriti" (vol. i. p. 10, *note*).

At this re-awakening of the periodical life, the first differentiation is the First, or Unmanifested, Logos—to use the accepted Greek term—Dorjechang in the Thibetan. This primary emanation is the Supreme Buddha of the Buddhists, the First Cause, the Unconscious of Hartmann—"a bright ray from" the "darkness" of the One unknown.

"As the Lord of all mysteries he cannot manifest," and from the First emanates the Second Logos, the manifested, Dorjesempa, poetically called the "diamond heart" of the First, sent into the world of manifestation. This is Purusha-Prakriti, Spirit-Matter, the Life, the Spirit of the Universe. (Compare vol. i. p. 16 and p. 571.) This is the Atman of the Vedantins, the Heavenly Man of the Hermetic philosopher, the creative God of all religions—the Demiourgos, the Osiris of the Egyptians, the Ahura-Mazda of the Zoroastrians, the four-faced Brahmâ of the Hindus (p. 110). It is the substance whereof all things are to be made, and the life that animates them. Hence "the Occultists . . . trace every atom in the universe, whether an aggregate or single, to One Unity, or Universal *Life*"; they "do not recognise that anything in Nature can be *inorganic*"; they "know of no such thing as *dead* matter . . . The 'wave-motion of living particles' becomes comprehensible on the theory of a Spiritual ONE LIFE, of a universal Vital principle independent of *our* matter, and manifesting as *atomic energy* only on *our* plane of consciousness" (vol. ii. p. 672). "The *vital fires* are in all things, and not an atom is devoid of them" (vol. ii, p. 267). This Spirit-Matter manifests itself in Kosmos in seven different states: the first and second or sub-physical elemental kingdoms, the third or terrestrial, the fourth or astral, the fifth or that of mind, the sixth or that of spirit, each has its own protyle, whereof are constituted all its phænomena. The seventh state, the highest, is that of the Logos itself (see vol. ii. p. 737). To the Occultist what is called "spirit" and what is called "matter", the normally intangible and tangible, are but the two poles of the one universal Spirit-Matter, the Life-Substance, the two-faced Unity. The characteristics of matter in each stage—or on each "plane"—can only become known to us as we develop the senses that can apprehend them, when they would be-

come as easy of investigation as is the third-stage-matter to us at the present time.

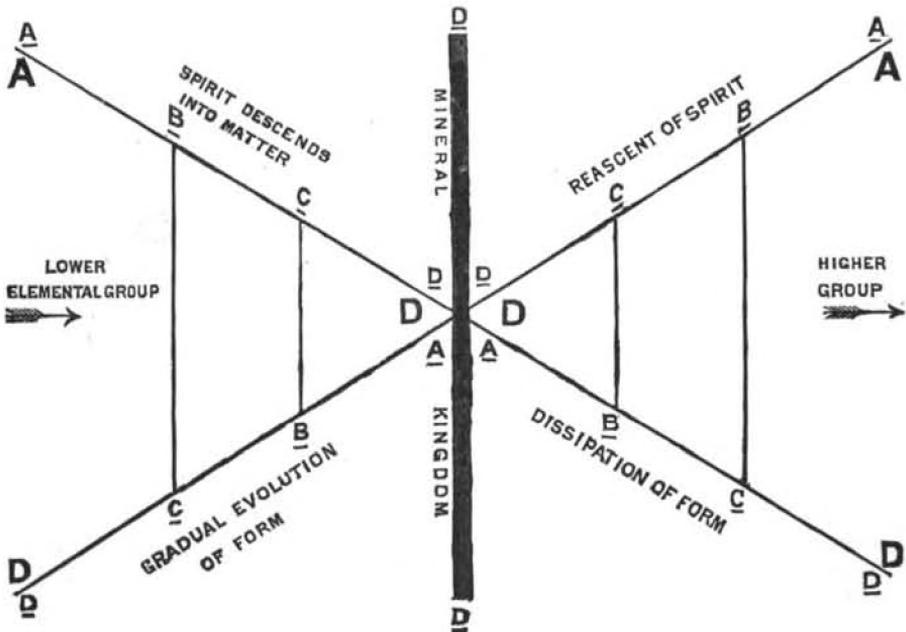
The Kosmic cycle will be—figuring Kosmos as a sphere—from the pole of Spirit round to the pole of Matter, on the descending arc, and from the pole of Matter back to that of Spirit on the ascending. As the Life-Substance is one, the process will be the crystallising and densifying of the ethereal into grossest materiality, and the sublimation and rarefying of that materiality into the ethereal. And so for our immediate Manvantara the progress is figured as through seven globes arranged on four planes: in the three first the “descent into matter”, in the fourth the greatest density and the turning-point, in the three last the re-ascent (see right-hand diagram, vol. i. p. 153). It is Involution and Evolution, the complementary principles of the universe, “an eternal spiral progress into matter with a proportionate *obscuratio*n of spirit—though the two are one—followed by an inverse ascent into spirit and the defeat of matter” (vol. ii. p. 732).

If this central conception be clearly grasped by the student, and applied, amid the differences of detail, to every cycle, large or small, the difficulties in the way will be much lightened. It is the key to the general understanding of the evolution of the Kosmos, of the planetary chain, of the globes, of the races, of the individual. One of these correspondences, the evolution of a globe, has never been put more clearly than by a Master: “There are *seven* kingdoms. The first group comprises three degrees of elementals, or nascent centres of forces—from the first stage of the differentiation of Mulaprakriti to its third degree—*i.e.* from full unconsciousness to semi-perception; the second or higher group embraces the kingdoms from vegetable to man; the mineral kingdom thus forming the central or turning-point in the degrees of the ‘Monadic Essence’—considered as an Evolving Energy. Three stages in the elemental side; the mineral kingdom; three stages on the objective physical side—these are the seven links of the evolutionary chain. A descent of spirit into matter, equivalent to an ascent in physical evolution; a re-ascent from the deepest depths of materiality (the mineral) towards its *status quo ante*, with a corresponding dissipation of concrete organisms up to Nirvana—the vanishing point of differentiated matter. Perhaps a simple diagram will aid us (see p. 56).

The line AD represents the gradual obscuration of spirit as it passes into concrete matter; the point D indicates the evolutionary position of the mineral kingdom from its incipient *D* to its ultimate concretion *A*; *C*, *B*, *A*, on the left-hand side of the figure, are the three stages of elemental evolution; *i.e.*, the three successive stages passed by the spiritual impulse (through the elementals—of which little is permitted to be said) before they are imprisoned in the most concrete form of matter; and *A*, *B*, *C*, on the right-hand side, are the three stages of organic life—vegetable, animal, human. What is total obscuration of spirit is complete perfection of its polar antithesis, matter; and this idea is conveyed in the lines AD and DA. The arrows show the line of travel of the evolutionary impulse in entering its

vortex, and expanding again into the subjectivity of the ABSOLUTE. The central thickest line *DD*, is the Mineral Kingdom" ("Five years of Theosophy", pp. 276-278).

In this description the student will mark the identity of the master-idea and the variation of application to a smaller evolutionary cycle; unity amid diversity is the key-note of the Esoteric teachings, and if the student can keep his ear attuned to the key-note, he will readily follow the intricacies of the harmony.



So far, then, we have dimly apprehended the Absolute as the One and All, the First Logos as a primal emanation, emanating in turn the Second Logos, wherefrom is evolved the substance and life of the Kosmos, in Esoteric parlance the Third Logos. But for the completion of this "beginning of things", is needed the differentiation of something more than substance and life: ideation must precede formation. And so, from the Logos "emanate the seven . . . Dhyani Buddhas, called the Anupadaka, 'the parentless'. These Buddhas are the primeval monads from the world of *incorporeal being*, the *Arupa* [*rupa*, form, *a*, without] world" (vol. i. p. 571). These seven are, collectively, Mahat or Intelligence, the Universal World Soul, Cosmic Ideation, called also Maha-Buddhi (p 16). Collectively Cosmic Ideation or Mahat, they are manifested as seven intelligences, "the primordial seven, the first seven breaths of the Dragon of Wisdom" (Stanza v.). They "produce in their turn" the "fiery whirlwind", Fohat, the "messenger of their will"; "he is the steed and the thought is the rider"; he is "the potential creative power", "the personified electric vital power". On the terrestrial plane he is electricity in the widest sense, the principle

manifesting in all electric and magnetic phenomena. "By the action of the manifested Wisdom, or Mahat, represented by these innumerable centres of Spiritual Energy in the Kosmos, the reflexion of the Universal Mind—which is Cosmic Ideation and the intellectual force accompanying such Ideation—becomes objectively the Fohat of the Buddhist esoteric philosopher. Fohat, running along the seven principles of Akasa, acts upon manifested substance or the One Element . . . and by differentiating it into various centres of Energy, sets in motion the law of Cosmic Evolution, which, in obedience to the Ideation of the Universal Mind, brings into existence all the various states of being in the manifested Solar System" (vol. i. p. 110).

From each of the Dhyani Buddhas, in the descending line, are thrown out, emanate, seven Bodhisattvas, and thus in unfolding sevenfold evolution are produced centres, so to speak, of formative activity in Kosmos. From such a centre is evolved a "planetary chain", or ring of seven globes, to be the theatre of the evolution of living things as we know them, the life-impulse having its source in that centre, and from it the evolutionary law its direction. From dawn to dusk of the Planetary Manvantara, presides over all its changing phenomena this mighty and directive Energy, embodied in all forms yet essentially One.

At this point we pass from the Arupa world, the formless, the super-physical, into the world of forms, the reflexion in Space and Time of the One Reality. We will now concentrate our attention on a single planetary chain—naturally on that to which our own earth belongs—a sufficiently complicated evolution to follow, without confusing our thought by bringing in the surrounding chains, to say nothing of the surrounding solar systems.

TWO STUDENTS OF THE E. S.

Note. It is certain that even on an elementary paper such as this some questions will arise in the minds of many who may read it. Some of those questions students will be able to solve by their own efforts; for it must be remembered that in Esotericism, even more than in any other study, no man can do his brother's thinking for him. Other questions may, however, refuse to be solved even after careful thinking; if such questions are sent to us, to the care of the Editors of *Lucifer*, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, W., we will do our best to answer them, or obtain answers for them, and such questions and answers on the preceding paper will be annexed to the following one.



Theosophy and Modern Life.

I.

THIS article is the first of a series of short papers on the relation of Theosophy to various phases of modern Western life and thought, which the editors have asked me to write for *Lucifer*. Taking Theosophy mainly in its exoteric aspects, I propose to consider what its bearing and influence should be on those "live" questions which, in a greater or less degree, at present occupy the minds of most thinking men and women in Western Europe. Religion, Education, Socialism, Secularism, Materialism, the emancipation of Woman, the training and culture of children, the relation of the sexes, the reciprocal influences of society upon the individual and of the individual upon society, and other kindred subjects which affect the inner and the outer life of the Occidental world, must all sooner or later be brought within the Theosophical purview. Theosophy as yet is practically and of necessity Oriental in much of its thought and teaching; but, if it is to really influence Western life, and this is part of its great mission, it must do something more than discuss metaphysics or propound philosophical theories. These latter years of the nineteenth century are essentially a transition age. In every department of thought, in science, religion, literature, sociology, and art, men's thoughts are widening with the process of the suns, and the old order is daily fading and giving place to the new. The changes which are fast coming in Europe will be no mere surface changes; they will go deep down to the very roots of society and will transform the physical, mental, and moral life of the people at large. At present many of the men and women who are touched by a divine discontent with the established order of society, are dimly groping for more light. They see that the changes are inevitable, they recognise fully the anarchy and chaos of our present social, intellectual and moral life, and their hearts and their brains are open to receive any newer ideas which promise a solution of the difficulties of the age. The kingship of the future social, intellectual, and moral world will be with that system of thought which, by the clear exposition of fundamental principles and their direct application to the varying needs of human life, can satisfy these hearts and these brains. Theosophy professes to be that system, and it must make good its claim. This it can only do by showing to the average man and woman that it has in its elements which other systems lack, that it really has within its grasp those fundamental principles which can and will affect not merely a part but the whole of human life. Novalis says that "Philosophy cannot break our head, but it can give us immortality"; and one of the finest sayings of Jesus was that memorable one, "Man cannot live by bread alone". But the form in which

both these teachings are given show that both teachers recognised that bread is necessary to human life. Now Theosophy must bake the bread of humanity, meaning by bread the social life of the people. In every department of thought, in every relation of life, in the home and in society, in the field and in the market-place, in the palace and the slum, in the senate and the church, it must be the moulding and the guiding force. This and nothing less is its mission, and by its accomplished work in this respect will it stand or fall. The claims it makes are too great, too comprehensive, too vast and sweeping in their range for their exponents to be satisfied with less than humanity as a whole for their field of work.

Since I became a member of the Theosophical Society I have often wondered how many of its Fellows really recognise the vast importance, not simply of the philosophy and ideas which they study and assimilate, but of the practical every-day work which the adoption of that philosophy and those ideas involve. Some years ago Benjamin Disraeli, the late Prime Minister of England, in a memorable speech at Oxford, described the age as one in which many young ladies in drawing-rooms prattled of protoplasm and talked unconscious atheism. The saying was cynical and exaggerated, but it contained an element of truth. The generations which are marked, as this is marked, by the questioning, investigating spirit, inevitably produce an order of minds who question and investigate for the mere intellectual pleasure of enquiry, with little or no thought of the duties which enquiry entails. They prattle prettily and discuss daintily, and fancy that prattling and discussion will settle the universe. Not so, however, nor by such as these will Theosophy be made a living and a guiding power. Its first and noblest object, the brotherhood of man, is not to be attained by drawing-room meetings for researches into the mysteries of Devachan or the natural history of the Atlanteans. No third-eye vision, however keen, will compensate for that spiritual blindness which neglects and ignores our poorer and our suffering earthly brethren ; and no astral journey to Thibet will atone for the unpaid bodily visits to the slum-dwellers of our Western modern life.

This, then, is the line of thought which I wish to follow out in these articles. I disdain all idea of setting myself up as a mentor to my brother Theosophists. The longer one lives the longer one sees how fatally easy it is to relax one's energies, to turn aside at obstacles, to falter in the path of duty. None of us is infallible, none of us can do more than submit his own personal ideas and impressions for the criticism and consideration of others. But those of us whose life-work, like that of Annie Besant and myself and many others, has proceeded on certain definite social lines, all focussing, as we believe, at that one central point which is the avowed first object of the Theosophical Society, may be pardoned if we are apt to judge individual action and individual thought by their direction in relation to this centre. This, indeed, as I understand it, is true Theosophy. To strive to attain the Divine Wisdom is good ; to use its lambent flame simply for the

illumination of our own inner being is evil. Well does the Voice of the Silence say :—

Know that the stream of superhuman knowledge and the Deva-Wisdom thou hast won, must, from thyself, the channel of Alaya, be poured forth into another bed.

Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean's bitter waves—that mighty sea of sorrow formed by tears of men.

Now bend thy head and listen well, O Bôdhisattva—Compassion speaks and saith : “ Can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer ? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry ? ”

Divine Wisdom, indeed, for those whose ears are open to the still, sad, music of mankind, and who would make the harmonies of their own lives but the prelude to that grand anthem of humanity whose keynote shall be the sacrifice of self.

The problems of our modern Western life are so various and so complex that the work of their solution seems at times an almost hopeless task, while the strongest faith in our ideals, the most resolute determination to reach them, and the sternest sense of duty, are necessary to save us from despair. But Theosophists, above all people, are those who should be most hopeful and least despairing. They believe they have the key, not merely to the problems of humanity, but to the problems of the universe. Amid all the storms and passions of diverse human interests, of selfish human struggles, they believe they have the power to stand serene because they can pierce behind the veil. But with the greater powers come the wider responsibilities. The higher the veil is lifted the greater become the temptations, the more visible becomes the Dweller on the Threshold ; and so the most ceaseless vigilance becomes more and more necessary—a vigilance which shall prevent our onward footsteps being stayed by that refined selfishness which sharpens our own spiritual swords while it suffers the rust to accumulate around the souls of others. Two shapes may the Dweller on the Threshold assume—one, the selfish indulgence of body, the other that more subtle form of selfishness which resigns a bodily gratification for the sake of mental advancement, but which turns that advancement when gained to personal and subjective ends. Of these the latter is by far the more dangerous. Personal ideals without number we may form, we may go far in realising them for ourselves, but they will be worse than useless if they remain our own private possessions, if they are untranslated into the active everyday world of humanity at large.

It is just here that Theosophy and Western modern life must join hands. What we are doing, not for ourselves but for mankind, is the one test question by which each one of us must stand or fall. I am bound to confess that, from my Western standpoint, I see as yet no sufficient answer to this question in the mental and spiritual side of Theosophy, if that side is to be judged by its living, practical results. If the tree is to be judged by its fruits, then there is many an obscure London City missionary who, holding

what are to us the grossest and most grotesque ideas of man and his destiny, believing to the full in hell-fire and the atoning blood of Christ, is yet, by reason of his unselfish work for the suffering and the poor, nearer to the heart of Buddha than the most acute and learned exponents of the *Secret Doctrine* who shut themselves up within the narrow circle of their own individuality, or of their own immediate coterie of congenial friends and students. The one great problem of the age is how to realise brotherhood, and this problem cannot be solved by vague spiritual aspirations, however self-satisfying these may be, or by researches into the mysteries of the unknown, however fascinating such a quest. Brotherhood means something, it is no academic term; it means the raising of the fallen and the succouring of the weak—the removal of inequality of condition and the realisation of equal opportunity—the destruction of class privilege, and the abolition of class prejudice and class pride—the reign of justice and of love as between man and man. Never can true brotherhood be realised till the causes which retard its growth be fully learned and fully appreciated. Some months ago I went, for a special purpose, to a society “function”. There were present languid, *blasé* men, and fashionable, half-naked women blazing with jewels, some of them, to their shame be it said, members of the Theosophical Society, learned no doubt in the seven principles and in the astral plane. Strongly tempted did I feel to rise and deliver my soul, for I knew that not a mile from us were other languid men, but languid with hunger, other half-naked women, but naked for lack of clothes, and that on this hunger and this lack of the one class was based and built the inequality which produced the wealth and the luxury of the other. Rushing to my mind came the noble lines of a noble woman, whose life has been purified by suffering, and who has indeed realised what true brotherhood means :

“ If once the people whom our fathers spoiled,
 And drove as sheep, and shut their ears against,
 Should rise against us, and despoil us too,
 Seizing the fruits of their own ignorant hands
 (Which power and mind transmute to luxury) ;
 And take our children to be under them,
 And grind for them, until in face and form
 They too degenerate—shall we dare complain ?
 Our limbs are beautiful through drudgeries
 Of theirs, which left them rest and space to grow
 Through generations to the perfect curves ;
 Our hair has got the gold because the dust
 Of the world's highways never soiled the feet
 Of our forefathers ; and the blue-veined hands
 Were moulded to their tenderness of touch
 By centuries of service rude and hard.”—

The Disciples, by Mrs. Hamilton King.

To-day, part of humanity tread their daily path on thorns, while others

step delicately on roses. I would not abolish the roses, but I would destroy the thorns—not merely from the blind material side, but by that spiritual knowledge and action which lie behind the material, and which should be its master and its king.

I have said enough to show my line of thought. I do not hope that all my readers will agree with me in all I have to say on the various phases of our modern life. I only ask them to think. Strong thought, honestly and wisely used, is the moving force of the world, but it must be honest before it can be wise. In this swiftly moving age, its life problems crowd thick and fast upon us. They must be faced, and faced boldly, if we are ever to realise the Sisterhood of Woman, and the Brotherhood of Man.

HERBERT BURROWS, F.T.S.



Sir Edwin Arnold on Japanese Buddhism.

IN the course of his present journey round the world, Sir Edwin Arnold was entertained by the Tokyo Club at Yokohama, when the President of the Imperial University presided and proposed the health of the distinguished guest in Japanese. The speech was translated into English as it proceeded by Captain Brinkley, R.A., and in the course of his answer, the author of the *Light of Asia* bore the following testimony to the Japanese and to the religion of Buddha :—

“What I find here more marvellous to me than Fujisan, lovelier than the embroidered and gilded silks, precious beyond all the daintily carved ivories, more delicate than the cloistered enamels, is that ceaseless grace of the popular manners, that simple joy of life, that universal alacrity to please and be pleased, that almost divine sweetness of disposition which, I frankly believe, places Japan in these respects higher than any other nation. This sounds like exaggeration, and I shall be reproached, perhaps, for praising so warmly a land where the women, who seem to me semi-angelic, enjoy by no means their proper rights, and where feudal laws have still left traces much too deep. But either I am an incompetent observer, or else there is to be met with in all ranks of this country an entirely special charm of demeanor, an exquisite *finesse* of mutual consideration, a politeness, humble without servility and palpably springing from graceful good will, all of which give a finer atmosphere of life, and render the courtliness of less naturally polished peoples well-nigh a vulgarity. Retain, I beseech you, gentlemen, this national characteristic which you did not import, and can never, alas, export. Old Will Adams, the pilot of Queen Elizabeth, whose name is preserved in a street in this city, and whose grave is on your shores, the first Englishman that ever saw them, wrote of Japan: “This ccuntry is gouerned with greate civilitie”. So it is still. I cannot express to you the subtle pleasure I have derived from contact with your common people in cities and railway stations, in villages, in tea houses and country roads. I have nowhere passed without learning thousands of finer

manners than I knew, and without being instructed in that delicacy of heart, which springs from true goodwill and lies above all precept.

“How did Japan acquire this supreme social refinement? In my ignorance I attribute it to three chief causes—happy mixture of blood which nature and history have blended in your veins, the settled peace of two centuries given you by your renowned secular rulers and the ever softening and ever humanizing influence of that religion about which I at least can never speak without reverence. I must indeed be bold to say that wherever the doctrines of the Great Teacher of India have passed they bring to the people adopting them, or partially adopting them, more or less of embellishment and elevation. Nay, I believe it impossible that the religious tenets of the Buddha should ever enter into the life of any large body of people without stamping on the national character ineffaceable marks of the placidity of kindness, the glad bliss and the vast consolations embodied in the faith of Sakya Muni. Nor, believe me, is it ever possible, in spite of the grave authorities which assert it to me, that Buddhism once entering a land should ever depart from it. You will instantly think of India and remind me that the professed Buddhists there are to be numbered by scores or hundreds, but I must answer that all Hindu India is Buddhist in disguise. The sea does not mark the sand more surely with its tokens than Gautama has conquered, changed and crystallized the religious belief of the Brahmins; and so far from encouraging anyone to hope that Buddhism will pass away from Japan or from any other of its homes, I announce my conviction that it will endure to reconcile its sublime declarations with the lofty ethics of Christianity and with the discoveries of Science, and will be for all of you who love and serve the East no enemy but a potent, constant ally. I have refused numerous influential invitations to address the Buddhists of Japan on the topics of “The Light of Asia”, and I beg you tell them for me that this was not from any want of respect or interest, but because I am a learner here and not a teacher. Otherwise I should have said how little it troubles me to find here twelve sects of Buddhism, four of them comparatively modern—the *Jodo-shu*, the *Zen-shu*, *Shin-shu* and *Nichiren-shu*. My slender study of these divergent streams makes me regard them as very much like the four walls of one of your paper houses, from each of which you look towards different quarters, but see one and the same light of Heaven. For, gentlemen, European as well as Japanese, is it not the heavenly light of Love, of Pity, of Renunciation which we see shining in the eighteenth of the forty-eight prayers of Amitabha? ‘If any of living beings of the ten regions who have believed in good with true thought and desire to be born again in my land of peace and joy, and who have, even unto ten times, repeated that thought, if one of these should fail to be born again there, then may I never attain *Sam-Buddah*, the Perfect Knowledge.’”



GAIN AND LOSS.

The Vine from every living limb bleeds wine;
Is it the poorer for that spirit shed?
The drunken and the wanton drink thereof;
Are they the richer for that gift's excess?
Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

H. E. HAMILTON KING.

The First Step.

THE following are some suggestions for the guidance of the organism, that it may best serve its purpose as the instrument of the higher principles.

It is taken for granted that the general laws of physical life are recognised; that there be sufficient food supply, sufficient exercise, &c. It is proposed merely to suggest an arrangement of these necessities, which should help the higher without distracting the lower principles in us.

Let us start with the morning, and proceed through the day until the next morning.

Rise early, say at seven or before, according to necessities of business and so forth. You have then abundance of time before you, and the mind need not be engaged straight off with the obligations of the coming day. If you have a strong circulation, a cold sponge or shower bath will be beneficial, followed by an active rough towelling; if this may not be practised, through weak circulation or other causes, then friction with a moist towel all over the body will be a good substitute; but whatever course you pursue, arouse yourself thoroughly—become wide awake.

You are now in the best condition for clear thinking; the mind is freed from the details of the previous day and must not be allowed to take up those of the coming one. The higher principles have just retaken possession and are now possibly more capable than at any other time of impressing the physical brain. It will be found upon the authority of many writers, ancient and modern, the late Dr. Anna Kingsford among them, that the clearest and best dreams are experienced just before waking in the morning.

It is not proposed to direct the thinker during the hour he should now spend in silence, and concentration of thought. That he must learn to do for himself, but let him persevere; it is only difficult at first. Having passed his hour, he will probably feel benefited; perhaps have "evolved something from his inner consciousness", and at least have strengthened control over the lower principles for the coming day, if the time has been wisely spent.

Let him now to breakfast; he will find his palate clear and his stomach refreshed, and ready to receive its load. Whether he make his breakfast of wheatmeal-bread and hot milk, or bury his fangs in a succulent raw steak, is also a matter we leave for the decision of the eater; but whatever be taken let a sound breakfast be made without excess. The reason for this will be seen presently.

The morning which now follows is the best time for work, whether it be reading, writing, or manual labour.

At one o'clock let dinner be taken, and let it also be a substantial meal, of whatever it consists. The afternoon is the best for light activities of any sort, be they mental or muscular; for amusement or otherwise. However, most of us have no choice in this matter.

And now at five or six comes the last necessity for food during the twenty-four hours. Let it consist simply of a glass of warm milk, a cup of chocolate, or a plate of soup. Whatever it be, let it be light and easily assimilated, small in quantity, and not solid. Ample food has already been taken for the requirements of the organism, if the breakfast and dinner have been properly selected.

At half-past ten or eleven when we retire to rest, we do so light and free, after an evening spent in study, in social intercourse, and so forth. Let the last half

hour, longer if chosen, be spent in silent reverie, the day reviewed and criticised. But the manner of this is also left for each to decide for himself.

The body is now given over to oblivion, as free as possible of all the activities of digestion, assimilation, etc. It is said that the higher principles of the man separate from the body during sound sleep and are free to wander in their own spheres. Be this so, or not, we know that consciousness indraws from the external plane during sound undisturbed sleep, and therefore that those who would enter into closer *rapport* with this interior state must amongst other things study the perfect rest of the body.

When the process of digestion and assimilation are being carried on fully the higher principles are attracted and unduly chained to it during those hours when they should be free; or, put in the other way, when the interior consciousness—to us unconsciousness—should be free to move in its own realm.

Contrast the sleep of the man, living as proposed, with that of the heavy seven o'clock diner. The almost silent coming and going of the breath of the former, with the heavy breathing of the latter.

Rest for the lower, freedom for the higher principles, and let us hope the latter may impress and ultimately thoroughly control those who will TRY.

This question of body is only one, and the lowest, of those which must be studied and experimented with, by those who mount. Perhaps the highest is that which when answered tells us that all questions propounded for concrete self are futile; and which teaches us, that in the matter just discussed in this article, there is only profit if it be done from the aspect of the body as the impermanent Instrument of the Eternal Self. "S."



OUR BUDGET.

LUCIFER.

The timely aid given to *Lucifer* in answer to our appeal last autumn has placed the paper on what promises to be a sound financial basis. The following figures show the rapid improvement which has taken place.

	£	s.	d.
Loss on the September issue	30	10	11
" " October " 	23	16	7½
" " November " 	19	9	1½
" " December " 	15	7	6
" " January " 	2	1	0

The last loss is exceptionally low, as a large number of back issues were sold during the month; apart from these, the loss would have touched £8. We think we may fairly congratulate ourselves on these figures; the improvement is due, first, to the diminished cost of production, by avoiding quite unnecessary expenditure; and, secondly, to the energy and devotion thrown into the business at Duke Street by the Countess Wachtmeister, resulting in the growing circulation of the magazine.

LECTURE FUND.

Herbert Burrows, 283 Victoria Park Road, N.E., Treasurer of the Lecture Fund, acknowledges the following contributions:

A Theosophist	£5	0	0
H. A. V.	10	0	0
Anon.	5	0	0
	£20	0	0

ESTABLISHMENT OF HEAD-QUARTERS.

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Theosophical Activities.

FROM OUR FAR EAST STATION.

Ceylon, *January 1890.*

DEAR "LUCIFER",—In pursuance of a promise gracefully exacted from me by your editors, I proceed to forward you my first "foreign letter". From time to time you will be in receipt of similar missives, when anything of note in matters theosophical puts in an appearance. If you are desirous of acknowledging this correspondence, I may remark *en passant* that the greed of the *Theosophist* (for copy anent your doings at home) is all but insatiable. Perhaps one of your many friends who realises the importance of keeping up the line of communication will be moved to take up the pen.

Just now, as you will have noticed, my theme is sunny Lanka, in which beautiful island the Colonel and myself have been staying for about a fortnight. Within that short space of time excellent work has been accomplished by our energetic and single-hearted President. *Apropos* of his labours, I doubt very much whether many of our British or American members have as yet realised the extremely high pressure at which these latter are conducted. Now it is the inauguration of a school, now an interview with the Governor or some prominent official, now a weary round of expostulations with lazy and indifferent members, now the inevitable "address"; together with a succession of minor duties; the whole constituting a very arduous task. Nevertheless, if the tree is to be judged by its fruit, Colonel Olcott's efforts ought to be regarded by him as in every way satisfactory. During the past fortnight new energy has been infused into the Colombo branch, a Buddhist girls' school opened under the wing of the newly formed Ladies' Educational Society, and finally, the Ceylon Section organised under favourable auspices. The promotion of education among the Buddhist youth is a very strong feature of the Society's Ceylon programme. Upwards of thirty-five schools have been already organised by our members and friends under the general superintendence of the Society. The latest important fact in this connexion is the conference now in progress between the Hon. Mr. Rama Nathan, Member of the Legislative Council, and Colonel Olcott, relative to the establishment of a Hindu-Buddhist College at Colombo. It is difficult, therefore, to conceive how the rumour as to the apathy of our workers in Ceylon has gained ground. Facts such as the above constitute the best answer to such notions. Altogether, it would be well if some of the useless armchair critics who depreciate the Colonel's work would subject their vapourings to the decisive test of facts. When it is publicly admitted by the High Priest Sumangala that the Society's efforts, dating from 1880, have been the means of reviving the fervour of Sinhalese Buddhists and restoring the sublime teachings of our Lord Buddha to their former place in many a once recreant heart, it is clear that immense progress has been effected. Let me now briefly recapitulate some of our joint experiences.

On arriving at the headquarters we were warmly welcomed by Mr. C. F. Powell, who has done such yeoman service for the cause of Buddhism in Ceylon. This gentleman, for some six months the terror of missionary school managers

whose malefic institutions he has so often denuded of scholars, has recently left the island for a tour round the branches in Southern India. Henceforward the Ceylon Section and branches will enjoy the democratic boon of Home Rule subject to the supervisory control of the President. As some very capable and energetic members are attached to them, there is every reason for confidence in their future.

By the death of the late Dharma Gunawardena 'Mohandiram, the Colombo branch has lost an excellent President and the Oriental College a munificent founder. About three thousand people were massed around the pyre at the Crematorium, from the platform of which Gnanisara Thero, the chief pupil of the High Priest, and the Colonel delivered the customary funeral orations. The beautiful Buddhist ceremony, celebrated amid the picturesque accompaniments of an Oriental landscape, is most impressive.

Wellawatta wore a remarkably gay aspect last Sunday when we attended the opening of a Buddhist girls' school, the fruit of the efforts of the "Ladies' Educational Society," itself an offshoot of Theosophical work in the island. This movement, the initiation of which is due to two members of the Colombo branch, has for its object the education of Buddhist girls, and it needs no laboured reasoning to demonstrate its importance.

If the future mothers of Buddhists are to receive the benefit of an education free from the debasing accompaniments of Old Testament "morality" and the meaningless verbage of illiterate missionaries, it is essential that they should not be dependent on the existing educational resources. Hence the origination of this ladies' movement, which can already muster over 800 members.

The difficulty at present is want of funds. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that these energetic representatives of the fair sex will resort to that domestic plan of campaign so effective in the case of new bonnets or dainty gowns. Among those present on the above occasion were the High Priest, H. Sumangala, Subhuti Thero, and a score or so of the yellow-robed monks. The school-house was beautifully decorated, and altogether all went merry as a marriage bell, the "collection"—save the mark—amounting to some 500 rupees.

I have now to acquaint you with the result of a most productive interview with the High Priest regarding the inner meaning of Buddhistic teaching. Having drawn up at the Colonel's request a list of searching metaphysical questions, I repaired with him, the eminent scholar Mr. Wyesinha, translator of "Mahavansa", and three or four other native gentlemen to the College. For the results of that discussion I must refer you to the *Theosophist*, but suffice it here to say that we established four points among others:—

- (a) That the points of difference which obtain between the Buddhism of the Southern Church and the Esoteric doctrine are inconsiderable, when compared with the striking parallelisms discoverable.
- (b) That the expression "materialistic" as applied to Southern Buddhism is utterly unfounded, and that the Orientalists have, as usual, proved incompetent to grapple with the subtlety of the Eastern metaphysical mind.
- (c) That the doctrine of a Transcendental Subject not present in ordinary consciousness is admitted by Sumangala. [This I regard as most gratifying and remarkable.]
- (d) That Southern Buddhism confirms the Esoteric derivation of man from ethereal, long-lived and giant races, to which an alimentary canal, etc. was foreign. The men of these races represented *so spiritual a level of consciousness* as to leave little or no room for *intellectual thinking*. With shorter lives and more material frames came intellectual evolution [Manas] and the rush of passion.

Our hearty thanks were given to Mr. Wyesinha, who consented to interpret, since, but for his mastery of English and Sinhalese, the complexity of the points raised would have brought about an absolute deadlock. He has since very kindly consented to act with the High Priest in exploiting a fresh series of questions relating to Nirvana, the Rupas, psychology, the stages of Vidarsana (or mystic spiritual insight) and other points dealt with in the *Vissuddhi Magga* and the *Abhidamma*. I expect an accession of valuable data as the result of this step.

The Colonel and myself were highly pleased with the result of our afternoon's discussion (duly taken down by Mr. E. Buultjens, Editor of the *Buddhist*). It serves to render the assaults of the Orientalists on our so-called "spurious Buddhism" mere waste paper. This is, indeed, a step forward. I took *pansil* yesterday evening, Sumangala being in the chair, before an enormous crowd, which I subsequently addressed on the "Spread of Buddhism* in the West", emphasising the contrast between the vague and contradictory creeds of ecclesiastical Christianity—with their maximum of a personal God and minimum of philosophic thought—and the impregnable basis of Buddhism, to wit, the Four Noble Truths, the Eightfold Path, Karma, Reincarnation, and Nirvana. The Colonel afterwards delivered an incisive speech, in which he referred with appropriate fervour to the revival of Buddhist enthusiasm in Ceylon and the sudden check which missionary enterprise had received, a fact on which the High Priest subsequently laid great stress.

On Sunday, 30th, we leave for Adyar.

E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

ENGLAND.

London.—The Blavatsky Lodge has held its weekly meetings, which grow larger week by week. The Debating Club has met on each Wednesday, and already there is some promise of some of the members developing speaking ability. Lectures have been delivered by Isabel Cooper-Oakley and Annie Besant.

In the East End of London, a Club for Working Women is being founded by the Theosophical Society, and will be opened, probably, next month. Some months ago a gentleman offered Madame Blavatsky £1,000 to open and carry on some institution that should be of real help to some of the more down-trodden of our sisters. Madame Blavatsky declined to accept the gift, as it was impossible for her to personally superintend such an undertaking, but after some discussion, she consented to accept the trust if the actual administration were placed in the hands of Annie Besant and Laura Cooper. This proposal was readily accepted by the friend offering the gift, and steps were taken to find a suitable house. After prolonged travel, and various disappointments, a large house was obtained in the Bow Road; workmen are busily engaged in adapting it to the purpose in view, and it will be opened as a "Club for Working Women, founded by the Theosophical Society". It is proposed that, to begin with, about a dozen girls, who are orphans and friendless, shall be admitted as inmates, while a club with sitting-room, reading and work-room, shall be opened for working women. A room will be set apart for the use of Committees of Trade Unions, now often driven to public-houses for lack of a suitable office for the transaction of their business. Soon it is intended to open a dining-room for women-workers, where good and cheap food can be obtained in warmth and comfort. Gradually the place will be developed, it is hoped, into a centre of useful activity, for the service of women whose lot in life is often so hard to bear.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.—The inaugural meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Lodge of the Theosophical Society took place, at Hartington Street, on the 6th ult. The

* Query: *Budhism*? [Ed.].

President-Elect, Mr. F. Bandon Oding, gave a retrospective sketch of the various incidents which led up to the formation of a Theosophical Lodge in Newcastle; after which the official charter of Constitution was read, and the names of the Founding-Members were duly registered on the Rolls of the Lodge. The election of Officers then took place, with the following result:—President, F. Bandon Oding; Vice-President, Alexander Bowie; Secretary, Wm. Burn; Treasurer, Mrs. F. B. Oding; Committee, Miss Harriet Britain, John Wilson, William Green. The first Committee meeting was held on 11th February, when Rules on the model of those in force in the Blavatsky Lodge were drawn up, a few alterations suitable to local exigencies being made. A definite plan of work and study is in course of preparation.

West of England Lodge.—A charter of the Theosophical Society was issued on January 30th to Mrs. Passingham and her Associates, for the purpose of constituting a Lodge at Exmouth, under the above title. The Lodge has an excellent President in the person of Mrs. Passingham, whose work at Cambridge was of a peculiarly difficult, though by no means unsuccessful, nature; consequently, it is to be hoped that, in a new environment, even better results will reward the same ardent labour in the cause of Theosophy.

Mr. A. P. Sinnett lectured, towards the end of February, in the hall of the Royal College for the Blind, before the Upper Norwood Literary and Scientific Society, on "Theosophic Inquiry". A debate followed the lecture, and so much interest was shown in the subject that it was decided to continue the discussion on another evening. Mr. Sinnett is well known as the first propagandist of Theosophy in this country, and his books have led many into the path of inquiry. He is the President of the London Lodge.

We are very pleased to see Mr. Sinnett's name appended to No. 15 of the *Transactions* of the London Lodge, for February. He gives us an excellent paper on "Free-will and Necessity regarded in the light of Reincarnation and Karma". We should be very glad to welcome a larger work from the same able pen.

SCOTLAND.

GENERAL MEETING OF THE SCOTTISH LODGE.

Saturday, 15th February, 1890.

SUMMARY OF ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT.

The reorganization of our Lodge offers a good opportunity for giving some account of our aims and methods, especially to those who have recently joined, and to whom Theosophy is a new world. Great care in the use of words is most essential; often the sign gets substituted for the thing signified; we do not and cannot mentally advert at once to the whole nature of the concept. Thus there is a thought latent in the word which Leibnitz calls the *cogitatio caca* or *symbolica*. Any word thus associated with a cluster of ideas has a tendency to drop some of them, and thus the word no longer suggests any but the most obvious and superficial associations, and old aphorisms full of noble thought become mere sterile dogmas; a portion of the thought covered by the word falls asleep, so far as the mass of mankind are concerned, it may be for centuries.

But language is like an embalmer; so long as the word remains, its meaning may revive, and so that meaning is in perpetual oscillation, constantly lost and as constantly recovered. A proposition remains verbally the same; but to one generation it is "full of sap and fierce with life," to the next an effete truism. For the mass of mankind the word suggests only a fraction of its meaning, but still the thought is there, like the enchanted lady waiting only the breath of the fairy prince. Thus ancient and priceless thoughts may be recovered by the passionate intuition of

genius, or the patient plodding of science. I would advise the careful study of a few difficult, but valuable pages in the 2nd vol. of Mill's Logic on the evil consequences of casting off any of the existing connotations of words.

We, above all, should be careful of this danger, for in the misuse of words lies one of the most fertile sources of quarrel, bigotry, and intolerance, one of the worst foes to real brotherhood. Above all should we avoid taking the popular conception of a word, and using it as though it were the full scientific meaning.

For these reasons I propose to give a little time to carefully explaining some names not popularly well-understood, and I would commence by saying that the key-note of the whole is the absolute unity of all things.

Theosophy is literally divine wisdom, or wisdom-religion. It is not *a* religion, far less *a new* religion, or a new sect. It is religion—the abstract conception—that which *binds* not only all men but all beings, all things in the universe, into one grand whole—the universal law, in fact; and thus it is not only *the* abstract religion, but *the* abstract science, whereof every individual religion and every individual science are just concrete examples. Every advance in science shows that scientists are every day approaching nearer to the conception of a universal law. Professor Drummond's remarkable work, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World", shows that the same idea is working in exoteric philosophic and religious circles.

But this implies universal brotherhood, and this is Theosophy. Anyone can be a Theosophist. That is to say, any person of moderate intellect, of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping others than in receiving help, who is ready to sacrifice his own pleasure for the good of others, and who loves Truth, Goodness, and Wisdom, for their own sake and not for the benefits they may confer, is a Theosophist.

But how to find the principles of Theosophy? Let each one seek in his own religion, only obliterate therefrom all denials, all hostile criticism of the faith of others, all intolerance and bigotry; take only the positive teachings, and in these rightly understood you will have Theosophy. Only a part, it may be, of the grand universal religion, and some religions will show numerically more of its precepts than others; but this will be a matter of *fact*, not of opinion, and the religion which manifests the most truth will be as obvious as one man's being stronger or older than another. Only remember what a great metaphysician has laid down: Falsehood can only exist where there is denial. The only logical falsehood is to assert that the same thing at the same time is A and is not A, and even this proposition only holds in the limits of space and time. Therefore expunge denial and you expunge falsehood, since falsehood consists of assertion *plus* denial. Occultism may perhaps be best explained as the rules formulating this Universal Science and Religion, and is theoretical and practical. Theoretical Occultism is within the reach of every one who strives to study the principles on which Theosophy is based, and to make them a guiding power in his life. Practical Occultism consists of rules for self-development, and the principles of that Esoteric Science which has from age to age been handed down by the Master Initiates, and portions of which have been revealed from time to time to chosen persons. Not all, in fact very few, are physically, morally, or intellectually capable of receiving this. Man is an instrument, and in order that the Revealer may use the instrument to full effect, so that the truth imprinted on his brain may be given forth in clearness and fulness, not only must the instrument be a fitting one in construction, but it must be in perfect tune, and that tuning is done by occult rules.

Such being the meaning of Theosophy and Occultism, a disposition manifested by the Master Initiates in the last quarter of this century to partially relax this long silence and to communicate, and make exoteric, portions of the vast stores of learning entrusted to them, led some fifteen years ago to the formation of the Theosophical Society as the vehicle for conveying the learning to such of the mass

of mankind as were fit to receive it. Not that the Theosophical Society was the origin of Occultism, which in fact is as old as the human race itself. Here in Scotland, as far back as history reaches, we have had an occult school. The name of Michael Scott is well known, and coming to later times, in 1817 a work was published in Edinburgh entitled "The Theory of the Moral and Physical System of the Universe," by F. M. McNab, a book full of occult learning, the publication of which in that period, so saturated with gross materialism, is a very striking circumstance. In 1884, on the occasion of Colonel Olcott's first visit to Edinburgh, our Scottish Lodge was formed, and though the death of our first president and other circumstances caused a temporary cessation of activity, that period has now passed and the Lodge is once more in full working order and daily growing stronger and more important.

It is natural that we should be asked what reason we have to offer why anyone should join us, or should study or follow the occult rules, and though it is somewhat difficult to formulate for outsiders what to occultists themselves is as clear as day, we may roughly state that by following these rules and making them part of daily life they may both acquire benefits for themselves and confer benefits on others; for themselves, improved physical health invariably follows the due observance of the rules; self-command is gained, and with it knowledge and skill in science or art; material success in trade or profession, and wealth, if desired, may be readily brought within the power of the diligent student. I say deliberately *if desired*, for probably by the time that this point is reached only one thing will seem desirable to the student, viz., Theosophia, the Divine Wisdom, even as it seemed to King Solomon when the choice was given to him. The student of Occultism may help others also, and this will be his greatest inducement, by solving their difficulties, explaining the meaning of their trials, shedding light in dark places, and in many other ways which will open before him as the riddle of the world grows more clear. To those who desire to get and to give such benefits it will be of great assistance to join the Theosophical Society, for its wide-spread organization will enable them to come in contact with kindred souls in all quarters of the world, and by the tie of brotherhood to claim all the knowledge and all the help in the service of humanity which can be rendered, and the solution of all problems which the wisdom of the East can solve. Also if they be actuated by the unselfish desire to help others, which makes a Theosophist, they will bring their goodness and their love to strengthen the good work, and thus will utilize to the fullest the powers of good that are in them.

In this work every honest worker is welcome who will lay aside prejudice and intolerance. All such are endeavouring to discover the Truth, and as the Truth is one and indivisible, the discovery of a law on any plane of being is a clue to the operation of the same law on every other plane. No better illustration exists of this than in the labours of the Alchemists: they were no crafty impostors, nor greedy seekers for material wealth; they sought for spiritual truths, and the labours of their laboratories were not undertaken to conceal their philosophic research, but because they knew that every spiritual truth cast its reflex, as it were, on the material physical plane; they were certain that every material scientific discovery, read by the light of correspondences, whereof they had the key, indicated a corresponding philosophic or religious truth; hence the chemical discoveries they undoubtedly made, valuable as these were, were insignificant compared with the spiritual truths signified. And the same thing holds now, and hence the occultist can draw valuable lessons from the work of the scientist, the biologist, the spiritualist and every other inquirer, if only he be honest, but rejects as worthless the vanity which prompts such to regard his own science as the final expression of knowledge. When for, instance, the scientist declares there can be nothing higher than the matter which he deals with by microscope and crucible,

the occultist can readily use his valuable positive work of discovery and cast out the dross of his denial. Therefore we ask the co-operation of all, if only they desire to work unselfishly for pure love of their kind.

It may be asked, how should occult training be begun? and the answer is simple, though hard enough to carry into effect. First, *Know thyself*, and to this end a knowledge of the seven principles indicated in the "Key to Theosophy", more fully developed in the "Secret Doctrine", will be found a great help. Secondly; *Command thyself*; look on the entity which those seven principles compose as an instrument which you have first to bring into perfect harmony and then to make responsive to the dictates of its highest principles, for each principle answers to the corresponding principle in the universe, from the lowest which has its affinities with the earth from which it was taken, to the Divine soul which, sensitive as the magnetized needle of the compass, responds to and makes manifest in man the vibrations of the Divine Soul of the Universe. This Knowledge and Command form the initial step—this once firmly taken the next step will open plainly before the neophyte; and it is to enable him to take this first step, to guide the halting feet, to show the example of those who have taken it, that these occult and Theosophical societies are formed.

A word as to the constitution of our own Scottish Lodge: its government is vested in a President, Vice-President, and Secretary, and it consists of members, who must also be members of the Theosophical Society, and of associates, who may, but need not, be such. Every member must first have been an associate for six months, unless that time be specially shortened by the President. From associates we ask but two pledges—first, entire secrecy as to the name of any person attending any meeting, the reader of any paper, or the office-bearers of the Lodge. This pledge is partly for our own protection, as many who join our ranks or sympathize with us might incur serious professional risk by being known to be connected with a movement so little understood; also, we wish to avoid any of the vanity which might arise from the reader of a paper having his name and opinions publicly quoted. If his views are true, they will commend themselves without his name; if not true, then no authority can make them better. To the associates themselves, the simple discipline of silence and abstention from the gossiping habit of mentioning names will be very valuable. The second pledge is not to attack or criticize in any hostile spirit the exoteric creed or religion of any member or associate. On this I need say nothing, for it obviously lies at the root of all Theosophy, and who, ever offends against it is no true Theosophist, however learned or gifted, or indeed however pure in life and good in intention. Such is our position, and such our aims and objects. We press no one to join us. Anyone who expects to see miracles worked will not do so; at the same time we know that psychic gifts do exist, and that our country has been in all ages prolific in such. Should any possessors of such gifts join us, we can put them in the way of developing their powers with safety and advantage to themselves and others, and of avoiding the perils and miseries of mediumship or of Dugpaship.

The success and extension of our Lodge hitherto prove that there are true and unselfish workers really in earnest to help, and such only do we desire.

FRANCE.

WE have received an important announcement from a group of our French brothers who are imbued with the true theosophical spirit. The translation runs as follows:

LE LOTUS BLEU.

Theosophy, Occult Science, Astral World, Sociology. A Monthly Review.

After a year of existence *La Revue Théosophique* has ceased publication in the full tide of success. All Theosophists owe a debt of gratitude to the Countess

d'Adhémar for the energy she has shown in devoting to Theosophy an organ the interest and worth of which its readers have learned to appreciate.

But Theosophy cannot remain without an organ in France: and this is our reason for starting *Le Lotus Bleu* (Blue Lotus), which is certain to live for many a year, *whatever happens*.

The Theosophical Society, which numbers about 200 branches scattered over the whole world, receives its Esotericism from Eastern Teachers or Initiates, who for thousands of years have handed down from one to the other the complete knowledge of the One Truth.

Theosophy is the universal and highest synthesis of all the doctrines which have been borrowed from it by Egypt, the Kabbala, and the schools of the Occident.

The *Lotus Bleu* is the only organ of the Theosophical Society in France.

It is addressed to all unselfish and honest students who sincerely desire to ascend to the direct and primitive source of Esotericism and to know the direct teaching of Occult Science. It is addressed to all those who thirst for the Unknown and wish to penetrate the Unseen, who, "tired of learning, desire at last to know!"

The *Lotus Bleu* will publish entire works of the greatest interest, translations of which have never appeared in France, and which have produced a veritable revolution in Thought and Science in England, America, and Germany.

France can no longer be ignorant of the valuable works which bring us to strangest revelations, not dreams or metaphysical speculations, but scientific facts.

These works, commencing with the first number, are, to mention the most important only:—

"The Key to Theosophy," by H. P. Blavatsky, a book that has so long been waited for by all those who have taken up the preliminary study of Eastern Wisdom, and which answers all questions and points of interrogation: "Black and White Magic," by Dr. Franz Hartmann, a remarkable work both from a scientific point of view and from its clearness of exposition, as well as by the interest of the subjects treated of. These will be followed by selections from "Isis Unveiled," and the "Voice of the Silence," remarkable works in which the Spirit of the Masters is felt; and also articles on practical occult medicine, sociology, &c., &c. By the translations of the most important articles published in India, England, or elsewhere, we shall keep our readers in touch with this great movement, which is practically unknown in France; there will also be original contributions by H. P. Blavatsky, Eugène Inis, and other contributors who are really competent to deal with the questions of which they will treat and are skilled in Occult and Esoteric Science, which includes all sciences and commences where these cease.

☞ The collection of the *Lotus Bleu* will form the most complete Encyclopedia, its teaching being the most direct and exact, and drawn from the very source of Occultism.

The *Lotus Bleu* will be published on the 7th of every month, with 72 pages of text.

Subscription, 10 fr. a year. Single copies, 1 fr. All communications to the Editor to be addressed to M. Jean Matthéus, 7, rue Stanislas, Paris; subscriptions, &c., should be sent to M. Bailly, 11, rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris.

The first number will be published March 7th, 1890.

Thus we have another genuine Theosophical magazine heart and soul with us, like the *Path*, *Lucifer*, and the *Theosophist*—when in right hands.

THE SOCIETY OF ALTRUISM.

WE give our heartiest and most cordial welcome to a new society which has lately been born in France owing to the energy of a brother Theosophist, who has long won our admiration as one of the strongest and most brilliant writers on Theosophy

and Eastern Philosophy in France. The programme is, beyond everything, practical, and aims at bringing about that social and moral reformation which is so much needed.

As stated in its organ, *L'Anti-Egoïste*, the object of the Society is devotion to Others and the amelioration of Self, defined in the following programme.

I. *Liberty* of body, conscience, and speech. Abolition of capital and corporal punishment, duels, cruel sports, and gambling. Protection of children and animals (anti-vaccination and anti-vivisection), of old age and infirmity. Campaign against violence and dogmatism, slavery and exploitation, monopoly and adulteration, hypocrisy and false respectability. The legal and mental emancipation of woman. The rehabilitation of illegitimacy. Equality of workers before the law and in public consideration.

II. *Health*. The health of the body; and sanitary improvements in dress, schools, workshops, and dwellings. Cremation. Campaign against the abuse of animal food, alcohol and narcotics, and against sexual abuses.

III. *Help*. Mutual and organised help. Volunteers for charitable works, hospital and prison visiting. Cheap kitchens and free entertainments. The elevation of the artistic standard of the masses, and the beautifying of their surroundings. Campaign against vandalism and useless luxury, against paper charity and the "Chadbandism" of brotherhood. The peaceful reformation of society by the reformation of the individual.

IV. *Education*. The physical, intellectual, and moral education of both sexes. Free instruction, libraries, lectures, and museums. University reform—modern before dead languages.

V. *Organization*. League of peace and international arbitration. Free trade, international postal union. The universalisation of authors' rights; the metric system, weights, measures, coinage, and longitudes. The simplification of languages. The formation of a universal brotherhood, without distinction of sex, race, rank, or opinions.

VI. *Evolution*. The physical, psychic, and spiritual evolution of man. The bringing together of the saint, thinker, and scholar. The study of the forces in bodies and of the wills in forces. The study of all the philosophies, religions, science and arts, customs and institutions of the human race, with the object of showing that one and the same truth is hidden under apparent differences. The vindication of ancient thought, and the renaissance of Eastern literature.

VII. *Unity*. The unity of the SELF in all selves.

May all success attend the "Altruists", who boldly fight for a programme the spirit of which is progress, and the watchword "Onward!"

The two first numbers of *L'Anti-Egoïste* contain excellent articles, one entitled "Les Bases de l'Altruisme," and the other "Théorie de la Vie". Those of our readers who desire to know more about the society should apply to M. Casse, 2 rue Sarrazin, Nantes.

UNITED STATES.

Brother Bertram Keightley is making quite a stir in Western America, if we may judge from the voluminous notices sent to us from the American papers. Lectures, interviews, discussions, tumble in upon us in bewildering multiplicity. In San Francisco he delivered five lectures, the concluding one on Jan. 10th. On Jan. 12th, he lectured twice, afternoon and evening, at San José. On the 15th and 16th, we find him lecturing at Santa Cruz, and on the 21st, 23rd, and 25th, at Los Angeles. At the latter town he also spoke, at a Nationalist meeting, on Brotherhood, and expressed his sympathy with the views expounded in "Looking Backward". The lectures dealt with the objects of the Theosophical Society, and

explained the doctrines of Theosophy with rare clearness and vigour, winning the attention and applause of the critical American audiences. We have received the following report from the Secretary of the Los Angeles Lodge:—

“ Mr. Bertram Keightley, during a seven days' sojourn in Los Angeles, California, delivered three public lectures, and on the last Sunday of January addressed about 500 people upon Theosophy and its relation to Nationalism. Every day of his busy week was occupied with private meetings among the Theosophists and their friends, during which he discoursed most graphically upon the *evolution of consciousness*, the *nature of the higher life*, the *practical application of Theosophy* to everyday existence, and the vital need of fraternal co-operation. His first public lecture was upon the theme, ‘The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood,’ in which he emphasized the fact that Theosophy has no creed, but seeks for the Truth in everything; that Truth is universal and cannot be confined by sects and societies; that Brotherhood is the law because the Inner Self is *one*. In his second lecture he traced the monad in its eternal round, and elucidated many of the obscurities in biology which both science and religion have left hitherto untouched. The last lecture, upon “Karma and Reincarnation”, was a clear exposition of the law of cause and effect as applied to human thought and action. He defined the rationality of Reincarnation as being based upon the fact, that a soul to be perfected must pass through every type of human experience, for which one short span of life is scarcely sufficient. He reinforced his statements by quotations from some of the world's leading writers, and demonstrated that a belief which has been held by the majority of all races and at all times of known history, cannot be an utter fallacy. Under his auspices was formed the third T. S. Branch of Los Angeles— which has not as yet been christened! “ L. A. OFF, Secretary L. A. T. S.”

In the interviews with the ubiquitous reporter, Bertram Keightley cleared away endless misconceptions as to the work of the Society and of its Founders, his perfect loyalty and devotion shining in every sentence. There is but one opinion expressed in the reports as to his genial friendliness to all inquirers.

We note with much interest his remarks on the type now developing in America. He says in one interview: “In America, and especially in California, I have been much impressed by the very marked signs in the development of a new human type, the precursors of the sixth sub-race of our Aryan stock, the appearance of which is predicted and outlined in ‘The Secret Doctrine’. For instance, for every psychic or sensitive I know of in England, I have met fifty or a hundred in this country.” And again: “We have in America at this age the beginning of a new race. How different this race is from the old is shown by the success achieved here by faith cures, metaphysical healers, Spiritualists, and others. The success of these things in this country proves that the American has undergone some deep-seated physiological changes, rendering his nature susceptible to finer vibrations and more mystical influences than those of the people of Europe. By the development of this new race we hope to arrive at a psychic stage which will enable us to make scientific tests of the super-physical world which lies everywhere around us.”

MR. BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY, Private Secretary to Mme. Blavatsky, arrived at San Francisco, overland, from Omaha, Saturday Dec. 28th, 1889. He was met at 16th Street Station, Oakland, by a delegation who accompanied him to the city and escorted him to the residence of Dr. J. A. Anderson, where he was entertained during his stay. In the evening an informal reception was held, at which almost every Theosophist in San Francisco and Oakland was present. By his genial and unostentatious manner, Mr. Keightley at once brought himself into sympathetic relationship with all present, and throughout his stay this feeling

continued to grow and evince itself in hearty co-operation; so that his visit was not only a most pleasurable experience to all concerned, but the impetus given to general interest in Theosophical work has already shown itself in more ways than one.

On Sunday, Dec. 29th. at 2 p.m., at the regular Open Meeting of Golden Gate Lodge, Mr. Keightley delivered a Lecture upon "The Theosophical Society and Universal Brotherhood", to a crowded house. The plan adopted at this first lecture was carried out at each subsequent one; the lecture occupied about forty minutes, and was followed by questions and answers, for about twenty minutes; at the close an informal conversation ensued. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Keightley repeated this lecture at the Oakland Open Meeting, held by Aurora Branch. There also a crowded house greeted him. Both the San Francisco and Oakland Monday morning papers contained lengthy and correct reports of Mr. Keightley's lectures. All his lectures were fairly reported by the daily papers, which fact is very gratifying to Theosophists on this coast. The papers were freely used in advertising all lectures, and as a result, the general public attended in large numbers and responded by giving handsomely at all collections taken up to defray incidental expenses.

During the next twelve days Mr. Keightley held daily public and private meetings; on the evening of the 9th of Jan. at the Golden Gate Lodge, a most fruitful gathering took place. Here he gave an account of the methods of Theosophic work carried out in London, New York, and other places he had visited. The result of this meeting was the adoption of a practical scheme of Theosophic work on the Pacific Coast, whereby San Francisco should become a Centre, from which would emanate a continued and steady stream of influence and actual work. A specific plan was at this time adopted, very largely owing to suggestions by Mr. Keightley, toward which a few Theosophists at San Francisco have been working for some time past, and if Mr. Keightley had accomplished nothing more, by his visit to the Pacific Coast, than this, this alone will prove time and work well spent and amply compensated for. But this is only *one* thing that Mr. Keightley has brought about, by his influence and unselfish spirit of genuine Theosophy; for the impetus given to the Branches of the Coast, and individual Theosophists, will be productive of great results, which will expand and prove one of the most beneficial ever received during the history of the Theosophic movement.

Friday, Jan. 10th, Mr. Keightley delivered his last lecture at San Francisco, upon "The Three Stages of a Theosophist"; a crowded house greeted him and expressed by close attention their hearty appreciation of his efforts to enlighten them. Communications are still coming in from people of all classes, speaking of the great good Mr. Keightley has accomplished both to the community, and to individuals, by his visit to San Francisco, and hoping that he may soon be with us again. The mornings and afternoons of Mr. Keightley's stay here have been spent in receiving visitors, at 13, Mason Street, which he constituted his head quarters, and making calls in answer to special requests.

On Saturday, Jan. 11th, Mr. Keightley left for San Jose, where he will remain for two days, then going to Gilroy for two days, and on to Santa Cruz for two or three days, then to Stockton, and on to Southern Calcutta. Urgent requests have come in from many Calcutta cities, earnestly begging Mr. Keightley to visit them, and as he desires to do all the work possible during a limited stay on the Coast, he will visit and lecture at as many places as his time will permit. The press of those towns at which he has consented to stop and lecture have printed articles on Theosophy and have freely advertised his coming, bespeaking a cordial reception. Taken altogether, Mr. Keightley's visit to this Coast is strikingly of the nature of a Theosophical revival.

ALLEN GRIFFITHS,

Secretary Keightley Pacific Coast Committee.

THE ADDRESS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

San Francisco, *January*, 1890.

A PLAN has been perfected among Theosophists of San Francisco and Oakland, whereby it is hoped the object of the Theosophist Society may be realized, and Theosophic work systematically carried on upon the Pacific Coast, with headquarters located at San Francisco, as the point most central and having the largest present available working force.

But this only as a *Centre*; it is recognized that the work extends all along the Coast, where Theosophists already are, where they are now isolated, and where they are yet to be brought to the light; and while there are some earnest workers here, every worker now in the Society, wherever situated, is earnestly besought to lend his aid in work, time, thought, and money to the Cause.

We have not many years to work; the century is fast closing upon us; great is the mighty wave of Spiritual force now in our favour and with us; it is our privilege to ride upon that wave, and to work with the mighty power of the Great Souls who would and do help because it is *their hour*. But, so sure as night follows day, the reaction comes, and the work not accomplished *now* must then be one of greater labour in the face of greater difficulties and *without* our Leader! *This*, then, is the time for every earnest Theosophist who has the Great Cause at heart, and not *himself*, to show by impersonal and unselfish effort in every direction, that he is *not unworthy* to serve with the Masters in the most Holy Cause.

Few realize how much may be done in this short time, but it must be by concentrated, harmonious, systematic action, and with the determination that overcomes all obstacles. Taking, then, San Francisco as an actual as well as geographical centre, an Executive Committee of members here now at work has been formed, to be joined by one or more members from each Branch, and by members at large, not to take the labour away from any point, or out of the hands of any Branch, but to give aid and counsel to those now in the work, to gain and interest others not only at the centre but over the whole field, and to give direction where needed, that none need be idle, lukewarm, or asleep.

This Executive Committee is organized with a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, who will also act as Recording Secretary. Five Members will constitute a quorum, and its meetings and business will be held and transacted at the Head Quarters, 13, Mason Street, San Francisco, where a room has been rented at the personal charge of a Theosophist; another has carpeted the same, others have given articles of furniture, some 4,500 leaflets have been contributed to the Committee, and already "Head Quarters Pacific Coast" is an accomplished fact.

The number comprising the Committee shall not be limited, but every *earnest, impersonal, unselfish* worker, wherever residing, may be utilized in the work.

Those farthest from the centre being the out-posts and single pickets, are asked to report their own work, and the need of work, with suggestions and plans towards the one end.

Briefly, the Committee will systematize the labour, devise ways and means for carrying on Theosophic work, disseminating Theosophic Literature, creating interest and supplying the demand thus created, giving direct personal encouragement to the formation of New Branches, following up those individuals who evince interest, printing leaflets adapted to the questions arising, reprinting those most excellent ones already published in New York, mailing from head-quarters, and interesting others to engage in mailing from their homes, questions and answers on Theosophic points in any and all journals that may be opened to us, and all other plans that may from time to time appear and be utilized. A Register containing names of all persons interested in Theosophy will be kept, and you are requested

to collect and forward to the Corresponding Secretary names and addresses of all whom you may know or learn of, stating to what *degree* they are interested, what lines they have been reading and studying, &c. A Theosophical Library is now open, and will be maintained for the use of the public without charge.

WAYS AND MEANS.

All that is proposed means the expenditure of time and work for those here and at a distance, who may join. It also means money, and, as intimated already, some portion of this necessity is pledged by individual members here agreeing to give a certain sum *monthly*: you are *urgently requested* to make this a *personal* matter; after you have done so, to personally interest all others to give a regular sum monthly, or outright a lump sum, large or small. Do not confine the effort or the asking to members of the Theosophical Society, but present the cause to all liberal-minded friends.

If your Branch is able as a Branch to contribute, it will be well; but if you are your own Treasurer and Collector from others, it will be better, simply because it is your business and not another's.

If you cannot give a certain sum, try to become responsible for the raising of a definite amount.

Do not feel ashamed of the size of the amount unless you individually know that it should be larger.

Remit all sums to E. B. Rambo, Treasurer, 418 Market Street, San Francisco. All disbursements will be made only after agreement by the Committee in executive session, records of which will be kept and an annual report made to each member.

We whose names are submitted herewith have joined in this first central movement on this Coast, solemnly impressed with its great importance and of our own act. We know we have loyal fellow members near us who, though not named, will second all effort that is impersonal for the Great Cause.

Will you join us, for the same great end, putting your shoulder to one and others, becoming one of the Executive Committee, and allowing your name to go out with the issue of the names of the Committee as constituted?

Will you not take the simple mental pledge, "I will do *what* I can and *all* that I can"?

Urgently, then, we ask that you at once communicate with the Corresponding Secretary, Allen Griffiths, 13 Mason Street, San Francisco, California.

From Golden Gate Lodge, T. S., San Francisco	{	DR. JEUNEE A. ANDERSON, Chairman. ALLEN GRIFFITHS, Corresponding Secy. E. B. RAMBO, Treasurer. L. P. McCARTY.
From Aurora Branch, T. S., Oakland	{	Miss M. A. WALSH. MRS. SARAH A. HARRIS, Vice-Chairman. HENRY BOWMAN. THEO. G. ED. WOLLET.
		ALLEN GRIFFITHS,

Cor. Secy. Ex. Com.

From San Diego, California, Mr. Thomas Docking reports: At our last regular meeting, held on January 5th, I resigned the Presidential chair, the other Officers also resigning, and the following were duly elected to serve during the next year: President, John F. S. Gray, M.D., Villa Karma, El Cajon; Vice-President, Mrs. A. J. Patterson, M.D.; Secretary and Treasurer, Thos. Docking, M.D. A valuable addition of treasures in the book line has been made to our Library, and many more volumes are being added by the new President.

We have established successful open meetings of the Point Loma Lodge, Theosophical Society, every Sunday in room 7, No. 643, at 4 o'clock p.m. All interested are cordially invited.

THE ARYAN RESERVE FUND.

We send our heartiest congratulations to our active New York brethren on their new departure. *The Path* of February informs us that the general object of this Fund is

"To establish in New York a building or suite of rooms at the service all day and every evening of all visiting Theosophists, its own members and enquirers, with a Theosophical Library and Literary Bureau attached, so that such a substantial centre in the metropolis might add enormously to the strength of the movement, give a firmer tone and add a fresh impetus to our beloved Society now just emerged from its youth. Opportunity to meet that immense volume of interest and enquiry that is everywhere observable would result not only in significant augmentation of membership in all branches, but also in fulfilling the wish of every sincerely unselfish Theosophist that the greatest possible number of his fellow members should share in that which he finds is of benefit to himself."

Subscriptions were at once received amounting to 1,600 dols. Thus we will have headquarters at Adyar, New York, and London; in the latter of these centres we have almost completed our plans and shall shortly commence building.

Washington, D.C., Feb. 21, 1890.

EDITORS OF "LUCIFER."

I am requested by the members of the Blavatsky Theosophical Society to ask you to give publicity to the following resolution adopted by the Blavatsky Branch of Washington, D.C., February 19, 1890:

"Resolved, That the members of the Blavatsky Theosophical Society of Washington, D.C., in view of the resignation as officer and member, and change of residence from Washington to Denver, Colorado, of our president, Mr. Anthony Higgins, on account of rapidly failing health, deem it fitting and just to record upon the minutes of the Society a hearty indorsement of all his official acts during the time he has been president of this Society, which he founded, and also our appreciation of the rare zeal and ability with which he has defended and advocated the first object of the Theosophical Society, regardless of creed, sex, or colour; and that done, too, both publicly and privately, when every spoken word, owing to consumption of the bronchia, inflicted pain and distress.

"And be it further resolved, That we return him our grateful thanks for the valuable teachings and instructions in Aryan Theosophy we have all received from him, and while sincerely hoping that our loss may be his gain, we wish him success in his journey, and speedy restoration to health.

"M. A. S. CAREY, GEORGE H. BALDWIN, C. F. L. FRANZ.

"Committee.

Fraternally yours,

W. A. LAVALETTE,

Librarian of the Blavatsky Theosophical Society of Washington, D.C.

JAPAN.

In the supplement to *The Theosophist*, for February we read:—

"Colonel Olcott has received from the Rev. Odsu Letsunen, Chief Officer of the Western Hongwanji, Kyoto, a very friendly and appreciative letter, in which allusion is made to his recent Japanese tour. The writer says that the fact that the President 'has thus greatly aroused the feeling of the people at large is beyond any dispute'. Considering that Mr. Odsu is one of the most distinguished priests

in the Japanese Empire, Executive Superintendent over ten thousand temples, it need hardly be said that his evidence upon this point greatly outweighs the opinions of interested missionaries and their Western sympathizers, who have asserted that Colonel Olcott's lectures 'fell flat and were a general disappointment to the Japanese'."



“Going To and Fro in the Earth.”

A MATHEMATICAL WONDER.

SOME person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321—which you will notice are simply the figures 1 to 9 inclusive, reversed—by 45, gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45, we get a result equally curious—5,555,555,505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45 take 54, the same reversed, as the multiplier, the result is 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again we get 53,333,333,334—all 3's except the first and last figures, which together read 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,666,666,667, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures, 27, and using 72 instead as the multiplier, and 987654321 as the multiplicand, we get as a product 71,111,111,112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which, together, read 72, the multiplier.

The *Evening News* prints a story from South Carolina, about a coloured girl named Daisy Robinson, twelve years old, who does not appear to be exactly an ideal inmate for a quiet family. It is asserted that “the first demonstration was the falling over of a sideboard upon the floor, and a short while after a water-bucket was thrown from a shelf, striking the girl upon the shoulder. Her mother, thinking that the room was haunted, moved into another, when the same agency moved tables over the floor, and dishes, pitchers, smoothing-irons and other household articles could not be kept in their places. Consequently an investigation of the strange power was made. In the girl's room were a bed, a bureau, a cupboard and a small chair. The household crockeryware—or rather all that was left of it, for it had nearly all been broken—was packed away in a bucket under the bed. For a few minutes the party was silent, awaiting developments, but gradually a general conversation was indulged in upon the subject, each member of the party keeping an eye on Daisy. Suddenly a large, heavy teacup was thrown upon the floor. It spun round a few times and rolled into the fireplace. Cups, plates, saucers, vases, shovel, tongs, candlesticks, kerosene lamps, and fire-dogs leaped into the centre of the room, sometimes being broken into atoms and at other times not being injured at all. The whole room was afterwards examined and was found to be closely sealed above and all around. The floor is tight, and a careful examination from the outside failed to reveal a crack that even a ten-cent piece could have been thrown through.

“Daisy was removed to another room, and the same singular occurrences manifested themselves in the new locality. While Daisy was eating, the bedstead in the room was actually wrenched to pieces by an unseen power. Doctors of

medicine and divinity were present at this strange sight, and the crowds that gathered around the house have been so large that a policeman had to be detailed to keep out the throng. As yet not the faintest hint at a solution of the matter has been given."

The following is quaint enough to reprint. We regret that we cannot acknowledge its source, but the friend who sent it did not add the name of the journal from which it was clipped.

"A CHILD'S VIEW OF THEOSOPHY.

" 'Grandma, I like Fosfy.'

" 'Fosfy, Joe, what's that? a new game?'

" 'No, I don't think it is *zachly* a game, but uncle John called it moonshine, and aunt Ethel is always talking about it, you know.'

" 'Oh yes, you mean Theosophy. Well, why do you like it, my dear?'

" 'See, gran., there is not rightly *time* now to get things done. When I ask uncle why he didn't go and hunt bears and tigers, he always says he had something else to do. When I wanted him to take me to the circus the other night, he said, 'Got no time, my boy. There is not enough time, my boy.' There never seems enough time here, gran. And I wants lots of time. I want first to be a learned man, like you say father was. Then I want to be a coachman, like Thomas. It's so jolly when he lets me hold the reins. Then, though of course I like to be a boy best, I should like to be a girl sometimes. Girls get the best of it at parties. All the fellows wanted to dance with Mary Nelson the other night, and got her ices and cake, and she looked so pretty; boys don't look pretty, do they, grandma?'

" 'But what has all this to do with Theosophy?'

" 'Oh, don't you see, aunt Ethel say you never *really* die: you only go for a good long, ever so long sleep, and have jolly dreams, so you don't *seem* asleep—and then, when you quite rested, you wake up and begin again, just as you do in the morning, only you can begin something quite fresh every time you have been into the diving-can.'

" 'Diving-can?'

" 'Yes, that is what she calls it. Queer isn't it? But is it not awfully jolly? I'll have time to be a hunter, and a soldier, and a coachman, and a girl, yes, I think I would like to ride in a circus—and when I am sick of one thing I'll go into the diving-can and wake up somebody else. I think Fosfy prime.'"

Mr. Macdonald, a Christian missionary, must needs make an attack on Buddhism, and an account of his discomfiture at the hands of Dr. Salzer reaches us in our contemporary *The Buddhist*. We read:

"Mr. Macdonald's remarks would not have been thought of with a view to refutation, owing to the proverbial reticence of the Hindu mind. A German was, however, present—a German who has made Oriental theology his special study and the consolation in his life of exile, and Mr. Macdonald has found he is not always safe in attacking Oriental systems of thought. Dr. Salzer is a keen combatant who is thoroughly confident of his mettle and prowess. His letters against the puerile and old-world sophistry of the Scotch missionary afford grand reading to their Hindu readers. They show the firm grip which their author has of the subject he writes upon. The brain which has produced them seems to be glowing with the light of the Light of Asia, while the masterly way in which it has marshalled its thought must shed light upon many a dark brain. And altogether Dr. Salzer has completely smashed the Rev. Mr. Macdonald."



Correspondence.

"THE TALKING IMAGE."

Vienna, February 21st, 1890.

TO THE EDITORS OF "LUCIFER".

Permit me to call attention to the fact that my story entitled "The Talking Image of Urur", which appeared seriatim in the pages of "Lucifer," has been entirely disfigured* by the editors of that journal, owing perhaps to Madame Blavatsky's inability to attend to editorial work during her recent illness. The story represents the adventures of a "theosophical Don Quixote" who seeks for wisdom everywhere except in the right place. He joins a "Society for Distribution of Wisdom" in the East; but finds nothing but folly. Finally, in the last chapter he discovers that true wisdom cannot be found anywhere except by the attainment of the knowledge of self. It is, therefore, plain that in the last chapter culminates the gist of the story, and that without that chapter the whole story loses its point; the preceding ones being merely preparatory to that.

Nevertheless, for reasons best known to themselves, the editors of "Lucifer" have left out the entire chapter, all except its closing paragraph. In this emasculated shape the story, instead of being what it otherwise would have been, namely, a forcible illustration of well-known and undeniable truths, is made to appear as if it were merely an uncalled-for satire or burlesque upon the Theosophical Society—a performance which would be perfectly useless and which was never intended, as the external affairs of that society do not interest me in the least.

Yours very respectfully,

F. HARTMANN.

The editors of this Journal regret that, in leaving out the concluding chapter of the "Talking Image", they have gone contrary to the wishes of the author—of which, in truth, they knew nothing—especially as they find upon examining the closing chapter, that it contains the solution of the problems presented in the previous chapters and entirely removes from the story the odium of being supposed to be a burlesque upon the principles of the Theosophical Society, or upon Madame Blavatsky. In his "Talking Image" the author represents the Human Mind in its quality as a living mirror, wherein all kinds of existing ideas are reflected and acted out. He informs us that, "if he has chosen Madame Blavatsky's mind as a representative illustration, it is because her mind is at once the most sensitive and noblest of which he knows". On this, while thanking Dr. Hartmann for his kind compliment, Madame Blavatsky begs to remark that no such explanations are needed, since she has never looked upon the "Talking Image" in any other light than as expressing the personal opinion of one man, and no more. To this opinion Dr. Hartmann has as much right as she has to her opinion of her friend, the Doctor. And now we hope the "incident" of the "Talking Image" is closed.—[Eds.]

* Towards the end, as we ourselves mentioned in doing it.—[Eds.]

Reviews.

A BUDDHIST CATECHISM.*

WE are exceedingly glad to welcome another simple and concise Catechism of Buddhism in the short exposition of Subhâdra Bhikshu. The author, in the preface, says that his Catechism is meant to take a place between the "many comprehensive and critical works on the subject of Buddhism" and the Catechism of our respected President which was "originally intended only for the instruction of Sinhalese children". It is true that this new Catechism is fuller than Colonel Olcott's, chiefly owing to the addition of questions and answers on the Sangha, the Brotherhood or Order of Bhikshus or Samanas; but in other respects there is in the main a remarkable resemblance of questions and answers between the two, and both will be popular among precisely the same class of readers. Therefore, although we cannot say that the learned Bhikshu has succeeded in differentiating his Catechism from that of our excellent President, still we welcome its appearance on the principle that we can never have too much of a really good thing.† The straightforward sincerity and inherent reasonableness of the fundamental teachings of Buddhism must win it a world-wide respect among all but the veriest bigots. There is burning need for such simple expositions of the World-Religions in our present epoch, and may the day soon dawn when we shall have a series of Catechisms‡ written by men who believe and practice their several religions, and so at last hear what Buddhists, Brahmins, Parsees, Moham-medans, and all other religionists have to say about their various systems, without any pious or literary "middleman" or "sweater" to rob our brethren of their intellect and self-defence.

In the present little volume under review, we notice that in the formula of the Tissarana, *Saranam* is still translated "refuge".

According to L. Corneille Wijesinha, one of the ablest English Pali Scholars of Ceylon, "neither Pali etymology nor Buddhistic philosophy justifies the translation". He contends that the ordinary rendering of "I take my refuge in Buddha" is not correct, but should be "I go to Buddha as my Guide," for the idea of "'refuge', in the sense of a 'fleeing back', or a 'place of shelter', is quite foreign to true Buddhism, which insists on every man working out his own emancipation".

Turning over the pages, we come to the question: "*What is Nirvana?*"

Is it to receive the contemptuous definition of annihilation? Is the *Summum bonum* of the subtlest metaphysicians and the sublimest ethical philosophers in the world to be so shortly disposed of, and labelled with a predicate which can only be paralleled by the absurdity of Wilson who dubbed Brahma (neuter) the "Supreme Nonentity" (!)?

* Compiled from the Sacred Writings of the Southern Buddhists for the use of Europeans, by Subhâdra Bhikshu: London, George Redway, 1890.

† This refers to the superb ethical and rational fundamentals of Buddhism, and not to the occult teachings vouchsafed by the Bhikshu; for the latter are conspicuous by their absence.

‡ Catechisms of the Dwalta and Vesishtadwalta philosophies have already been published by members of the T. S.

To this momentous question, the writer answers :

" It is a condition of *heart** and *mind* in which every earthly craving is extinct ; it is the cessation of every passion and desire, of every feeling of ill-will, fear and sorrow. It is a *mental*† state of perfect rest and peace and joy, in the steadfast assurance of deliverance attained from all the imperfections of finite being. It is a condition impossible to be defined in words, or to be conceived by any one still attached to the things of the world. Only he knows what Nirvana is who has realised it in his own *heart*."

And in a note he further adds :

" Most Europeans, not excepting many learned men, have very incorrect notions about Nirvana. Nirvana literally means, 'being extinct,' 'gone out,' like the flame of a lamp blown out by the wind, or gone out for want of oil. This led to the erroneous idea that Nirvana is the same as annihilation. Nirvana signifies on the contrary, a *state* of supreme moral perfection, impossible to be conceived by anyone who still wears the fetters of earthly desires.

" What then is extinct—'blown out'—in Nirvana? Extinct is the lust of life, the craving for existence and enjoyment ; extinct are the delusions and allurements of life and its sensations and desires ; blown out is the flickering light of self, of individuality (soul)."

With the word " individuality " we are brought face to face with the great bone of contention between the Southern and Northern Churches of Buddhism. First of all let us see whether *The Secret Doctrine* and Southern Buddhism are agreed upon the term " individuality ", and then whether this answer is altogether logical.

From the following quotation it is evident that the term " individuality " is used in a somewhat different sense from the " Individuality " or Higher Ego of Theosophy.

On page 52, we read :

" *What is it, then, in us which is the subject of birth anew ?*

" The *individual* will or desire to live which constitutes the *essence of our being*, and which is reborn after the dissolution of our present material body through the agency of Karma—that is to say, is reincorporated in another form.

" *Is not this individual desire of life, or this individuality, identical with what is called the soul ?*

" No ; far from it. The belief in an immortal, *personal* soul—that is, an indestructible, eternal, separate substance which has only a temporary abode in the body—is regarded by Buddhism as a heresy due to ignorance of the true nature of life and living beings. The substance called ' soul ' by the followers of European religions, is nothing but an aggregate of various higher or lower faculties (Skandhas), and is dissolved after death into its constituent elements. What is re-materialised in a fresh birth is not the soul, but the individuality. This *individuality* will assume, in accordance to its Karma, a new person—that is, a new set of Skandhas."

If by " soul," the Kama-manasic entity is meant, then we have nothing to say against this theory of " soul "—impermanence. As, however, the whole question turns upon an inquiry into the nature of the five Skandhas, it is somewhat disappointing to find no elucidation of this interesting subject.

But why does the Bhikshu, after so completely disposing of the term " soul," invoke the attention of those " who long for that peace of the heart and satisfaction of the understanding which alone give life its value, and who fail to find these things in the *Soulless* (? !) dogmas of the various churches " ?

Surely on his own premisses, the churches should be commended for this !

Continuing his Catechumenical task, he writes :

" *How long does the individuality continue to renew itself in repeated births ?*

" Until perfect knowledge and Nirvana is attained. Then, and not till then, is that haven of rest attained where there is no more suffering, no more death, birth-renewal or *individualism*."

* This term evidently is intended to represent the same idea as Buddha conveys to the mind of a student of the Esoteric Doctrine.

† The Italics in all quotations are the Reviewer's.

What then is this "individuality," "individualism" or "individual will or desire to live"?

Note 26 informs us that :

"The European student of Buddhism must be repeatedly reminded not to confound 'the will to live'—that is, the desire for life, the cleaving to existence—with the 'conscious will' or so-called 'free will'. Conscious will is but a fraction of the whole 'will to live'—namely, such portion as passes through the organ of the brain, which is the vehicle of consciousness; but the greater portion of this 'will to live' never reaches consciousness in plants and animals, and but imperfectly in men."

Without stopping to inquire into the correctness of the last statements from the occult standpoint, it is evident that the *tanha*, or "individuality" here spoken of is *not* the *Individuality* of the Vedantins, the silver *Sutratma* or "Thread Soul," the God within, than which, it is not too much to say, there is nought higher.

Moreover if it is true that "only he knows what Nirvana is who has realised it in his own heart," it is evident that there is a somebody or something that knows. And if "Nirvana signifies a state of supreme moral perfection impossible to be conceived by any one who still wears the fetters of earthly desires," it follows that he who is free from such fetters can conceive thereof, and that therefore, again, there is somebody or something that enjoys Nirvana. Hence we conclude with the *Secret Doctrine* that the *Principium Individuationis* is, and therefore has been and will be.

The question: "*Is man's birth renewal only on this earth?*" evokes a very vague and orthodox answer. It runs as follows :

"No; there are countless multitudes of other worlds moving in space, which are peopled with beings superior or inferior to man. In every one of these spheres re-incarnation may take place."

In this connexion it would be well for the writer to remember that *natura non facit saltum* and that the monad which at one birth occupied the form of an ant, does not at its next descent inhabit the frame of an elephant, and then take a retrogressive leap into the body of a mullet; but that all proceeds in *order*, whether it be the series of genus, species, and family for the pure animal, or planet race, subrace, family race, etc., etc., for the human entity.

Not the least interesting answer to those who have had to discuss the question of re-incarnation with sceptics, will be the reply to the question: "*How is it that we have no remembrance of our former lives?*" It is because :

"We are blinded by earthly illusion, and our eyes are covered by a veil of ignorance, so that we are almost or quite unconscious of our higher nature. We are, in the body, overweighted by fetters from which those who earnestly strive for redemption seek ever to get free.

* * * * *

"In the night we dream, and in our dreams we are at one time kings, and the next beggars or captives: sometimes poor and beset with difficulties, at other times in the full tide of prosperity and darlings of fortune. Nevertheless, it is one and the same *self* which takes on all these different characters.

"Again: whilst dreaming we do not remember other dreams we have had, but when awake we remember the dreams of many a night. It is the same with our different lives. The same *individuality*, the same *self*, is re-born under different forms; each re-incarnation is a dream of the *individual will to live*, now terrible, now full of joy. As long as we are dreaming one of these dreams of life, we do not remember our former life-dreams. But a *Buddha, who has attained deliverance*,* dreams no longer. He is awakened, and he remembers all his former births. The Arhats, too, possess the gift of remembering many of their former births."

* That is to say who has reached the Nirvanic state. What then is that which remembers past lives in a Buddha, the *Individuality* or what?

In coming again across the term "individual will to live," we should like to ask what is the distinction between this "individuality" and the "we" of the following sentence? Is it the "will to live" that dreams (!)?

"Sometimes the good Homer nods heavily", and when our reverend author tells us that it is not wrong to commit suicide, "so long as no wrong is done anyone thereby" and then immediately adds "but suicide is a very foolish act," we fear that "nature's soft nurse" has fallen deeply over his eyes. For being foolish, is it not born *Avidya* the root of all *Nidanas*?* As the author truly says:

"Suicide violently cuts a thread of life, which, according to the law of Karma, has to be taken up again immediately, and under less favourable conditions than those which the deluded man tried to escape by it."

To make this, however, agree with occultism, we must translate "immediately" as meaning immediately after the time to which his natural life would have been prolonged.

In conclusion we cannot refrain from quoting two remarkable answers in which the author speaks of the tolerance of Buddhism and of that wherein the system of Gotama differs from other religions.

"Buddhism teaches us to love all men as brethren, without distinction of race, nationality or creed; to respect the convictions of men of other beliefs, and to be careful to avoid all religious controversy. The Buddhist religion is imbued with the purest spirit of perfect toleration. Even where dominant, it has never oppressed or persecuted non-believers, and its success has never been attended with bloodshed. The true Buddhist does not feel hatred, but only pity and compassion for him who will not acknowledge nor listen to the truth, to his own loss and injury only.

"Buddhism teaches the reign of perfect goodness and wisdom without a personal God, continuance of individuality without an immortal soul, eternal happiness without a local heaven, the way of salvation without a Vicarious Saviour, redemption worked out by each one himself without any prayers, sacrifices and penances, without the ministry of ordained priests, without the intercession of saints, without Divine mercy. Finally, it teaches that supreme perfection is attainable even in this life and on this earth."

NAMO TASSO BHAGARATO ARHATO SAMMA SAMBUDDHASSA.

The same Catechism, we ought to add, exists in German, under the title, "Buddhistischer Katechismus"; and we have a strong impression that it is written in the native language of the Bhikshu.

PALMISTRY.

IN "Palmistry and its Practical Uses"† by Louise Cotton, we have something on the hand which is original in presentation and practical in teaching. Chapters on Cheirognomy, Cheiromancy, Astral influences, the Divining Rod, etc., in addition to some one hundred Bible references to these subjects, make up collectively a Guide and Text-book which all the *hand*-maidens of Urania should rejoice in possessing. The work is embellished with diagrams from life of hands containing all the evidence that one can need in regard to the influence or signification of stars, spots, squares, grilles, crosses, triangles, circles, etc., in all, twelve large plates.

Louise Cotton's book is the result of many years of practical experience, which must be its highest recommendation to all who require something definite, lucid, and reliable on these curious subjects.

* If the "Will to live" is that which brings about birth renewal and is moreover the "Individuality" which is subject to the Law of Karma, it is difficult to understand how any "will to live" can be a *responsible entity* or why such a "blind force" should have aught to do with wise or "foolish" acts. The omission of any clear statement as to the Buddhist conception of the permanent *Ego* is a great oversight in a book intended for the Europe of our present day. This omission causes unnecessary confusion and dwarfs the sublimity of the higher teachings of Buddhism.

George Redway, York Street, Covent Garden.

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS

IN THE THEOSOPHIST for January and February the very learned essay on the "Age of Sri Sankarâchârya" is continued and concluded. It is a work of high scholarly excellence by the lamented and esteemed Pandit of the Adyar Library. The conclusion arrived at is that the founder of the Adwaita School lived "between the middle of the 4th and the 6th, that is, the 5th century A.C." There is no doubt that these papers are the most valuable contribution towards settling this important date which have yet appeared. The Pandit also gains a controversial victory in the erudite defence of his views on the Yavanas. *O si sic omnes!*

The useful review and selection of the utterances of Col. Ingersoll are interesting reading. It is really astonishing to find the great American prophet of Freethought occupying a platform so essentially theosophic in its broad outlines. The ill-chosen title of "Infidel Bob," however, jars upon the serious reader.

Dr. Henry Pratt continues his articles on *Elohistic Teachings*. The Doctor is somewhat difficult to follow, and the ordinary reader does not get a very clear view of what he is being taught. The Elohistic and Jehovistic schools seem to have been more important than most of us imagine.

The paper on the "Visit of Apollonius to the Mahatmas of India" gives F. W. Thurston, M.A., the opportunity of selecting some very interesting passages from Philostratus, and discussing the geographical difficulties of the account of the journey recorded on the tablets of Damis, the Guru's Chela.

We have to congratulate the Kumbakonam T. S. for their excellent translation of the Sarvasaro-Upanishad of Krishna-Yajur-Veda. It would, however, have been more valuable if some notes had been appended; the different nomenclature of the different schools is very puzzling to Western readers, and a steady head is required to follow the ideas without being led astray by the terms.

It is greatly to be regretted that the review of the "Voice of the Silence"

did not fall to a more dignified pen. There are subjects which should be approached bare-headed and not with jesting. *Polichinelle* does not pantomime in cathedrals.

THE PATH of February opens with a much needed warning against a mistaken eagerness of some students of Theosophy to "sit for Yoga". True Raj Yoga, the writer says, "discards those physical motions, postures and recipes, relating solely to the present personality, and directs the student to virtue and altruism as the bases from which to start".

The question, "Is Karma only punishment," evokes a carefully thought out answer by Hadji Erinn. In the course of his remarks, he says: "I cannot agree with the suggestion that punishment and reward should not be used as terms. It is easy to reduce everything to a primordial basis, when one may say that all is the absolute. But such is only the method of those who *affirm and deny*. They say that there is no evil, there is no death; all is good, all is life. In this way we are reduced to absurdities, inasmuch as we then have no terms to designate very evident things and conditions. As well say there is no *gold* and no *dross*, because both are equally *matter*." "Letters that have Helped Me" contains some excellent views on practical chelaship. Harij continues his paper on "Reincarnation and Memory". He meets the champion objection of non-remembrance of past lives which is clung to with such persistency by the "Give me facts, sir" school, by saying: "Physical memory is the record of passing events, but it is not the preserver of experience. Physical memory is but the outer husk of experience. Experience relates to feeling and consciousness; memory to time and sense."

The views expressed in the short paper called "The Allegorical Umbrella," are, to say the least of it, curious. Altogether, *The Path* for February is quite up to its high standard of excellence. A picture of Mme. Blavatsky is also included in this number—but we wish it had not been,

The five numbers of *The Buddhist* for January contain much interesting reading and news. The reprint of a pamphlet headed "Buddhist and Christian teaching compared," under the auspices of the Ceylon Religious Tract Society, gives a Jayasekera an opportunity of scoring some very heavy points off its missionary bishop progenitor. The writer substantiates most conclusively that it is a "most glaring misrepresentation of Buddhism and Christianity".

To read: the translation of C. H. De Silva from the Ummagga Jataka, showing that Pragna (Wisdom) is the supreme of all the Pāramitās (Transcendental Virtues).

An interesting article on "Killing and the Eating of Flesh" is marred by some very casuistical reasoning of a somewhat theological flavour. The Editor's note is a relief.

Under the heading "Western Buddhist Leanings", the views of the anti-theological philosophers, the mystics and theosophists of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries, are briefly passed under review.

D. C. Pedris makes short work of Sir Monier Williams' Duff lectures, and speaks warmly against the misrepresentations and unfairness of the counsel for Church-vanity and Co. The Boden professor tries to make out that the primary distinction between Buddhism and Christianity (? Judaism) is that the former teaches that marriage is to be abandoned by the truly wise, whereas the latter teaches that "it is not good for man to be alone". Mr. Pedris mildly confronts the Duff lecturer with the text: "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit eternal life".

Where, then, is the difference, except that the Bhikshus believe their Master's precepts, and the Christian priests, as a rule, disregard the teachings of their God?

The Golden Era, a high-class illustrated monthly magazine of San Diego Cal., which is especially devoted to the "Artistic and Industrial Progress of the West", has a "Department of Oriental Literature, Philosophy, Theosophy, and Psychic Phenomena, edited by Jerome Anderson, M.D., F.T.S." The contributions under this heading are exceedingly interesting.

Miss Kate Field, the distinguished lecturer and journalist, in her new and excellent periodical entitled *Kate Field's Washington*, devotes a weekly column, under the title "Echoes from the Orient," to theosophical subjects.

In the *Bibliotheca Platonica* there is an excellent paper on "Philosophic Morality", by Prof. Alexander Wilder, F.T.S.

The *Lotus Bleu*, the new and now sole organ of the French Theosophical Society *l'Hermès*, in Paris, is just out. It is an excellent little publication and only costs eight shillings a year. We will notice it in our next.

Light still continues the foremost of "spiritualistic" journals. "Notes by the Way" by "M.A. (Oxon.)" are always written with dignity and are full of interest. Most of the contributors, however, still persist in using the term *spiritual* when they mean *psychic*.

Psyche is a new venture inaugurated by Mr. George Chainey. In it Mr. E. Maitland commences an interesting series of "Hermetic Papers". The general tendency of the effort, however, is *psychic*.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The promised "Selections from the Gnostic Gospel, the Pistis Sophia", translated by G. R. S. Mead, and annotated by H. P. B., will be commenced in our next number.

The circulation of LUCIFER has, we are glad to say, increased very rapidly during the last three months, but we have on hand a large quantity of the issues of September, October, and November, which we will sell for distribution at 10s. a dozen (13), the carriage to be paid by the purchaser.

It is found absolutely necessary to raise, in future, the subscription price of LUCIFER, by the addition of postage. At the present time, subscribers obtain it for 15s. a year, post free, and as 2s. 6d. of this goes for postage, they pay for it only 1s. 0½d. per copy, a reduction greater than is made on any other magazine. For the future, the annual subscription will be 17s. 6d., but all subscribers now on the books will be supplied at the old rate until the expiry of their subscriptions.