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OUR CYCLE AND THE NEXT.

“The world’s great age begins anew,
The golden days return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn.”

—SHELLEY.

“My friend, the golden age hath passed
away,
Only the good have power to bring it
back. . . .”

—GOETHE.

WHAT had the author of *Prometheus Unbound* in his mind’s eye when writing about the return of the golden days, and the new beginning of the world’s great age? Has his poetical foresight carried his “*Vision of the Nineteenth Century*” into the “*One Hundred and Nineteenth*,” or has that vision revealed to him in gorgeous imagery the things to come which are the things that were?

Fichte assures us it is “a phenomenon of frequent occurrence, particularly in past ages,” that “what *we shall become* is pictured by something which *we already have been*; and that what we have to obtain is represented as something which we have formerly lost.” And he adds, “what Rousseau, under the name of the state of Nature, and the old poets by the title of the Golden Age, place *behind* us, lies actually *before* us.”

Such is also Tennyson’s idea, when he says:

“Old writers push’d the happy season back—
The more fools they—we forward: dreamers both. . . .”

Happy the optimist in whose heart the nightingale of hope can still sing, with all the iniquity and cold selfishness of the present age before his eyes! Our century is a boastful age, as proud as it is hypocritical; as cruel as it is dissembling.

Oh ye, gods, how dissembling and truly sacrilegious in the face of every truth, is this, our century, with all its boastful sanctimoniousness and cant! Verily, “Pecksniffian” ought to be thy name, oh, *nineteenth* of thy Christian series. For thou hast generated more hypocrites in a square yard of thy civilized soil than antiquity has bred of them on all

its idolatrous lands during long ages. And thy modern Pecksniff, of both sexes, is "so thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of falsehood that he is *moral* even in drunkenness and canting even in shame and discovery," in the words of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

If true, how dreadful Fichte's statement! It is terrible beyond words. Shall we then expect at some future recurring cycle to *rebecome* that which "we already have been," or *that which we are now*? To obtain a glance into the future cycle we have thus but to examine the situation around us in the present day. What do we find?

Instead of truth and sincerity, we have propriety and cold, cultured politeness; in one plain word, *dissembling*. Falsification on every plane; falsification of moral food and the same falsification of eatable food. *Margarine* butter for the soul, and margarine butter for the stomach; beauty and fresh colours without, and rottenness and corruption within. Life—a long race-course, a feverish chase, whose goal is a tower of selfish ambition, of pride, and vanity, of greed for money or honours, and in which human passions are the horsemen, and our weaker brethren the steeds. At this terrible steeplechase the prize-cup is purchased with the hearts' blood and sufferings of countless fellow-creatures, and won at the cost of spiritual self-degradation.

Who, in this century, would presume to say what he thinks? It takes a brave man, nowadays, to speak the truth fearlessly, and even that at personal risk and cost. For the law forbids one saying the truth, except under compulsion, in its courts and under threat of perjury. Have lies told about you publicly and in print, and, unless you are wealthy, you are powerless to shut your calumniator's mouth; state facts, and you become a defamer; hold your tongue on some iniquity perpetrated in your presence, and your friends will hold you as a participator therein—a confederate. The expression of one's honest opinion has become impossible in this, our cycle. The just lost bill repealing the "Blasphemy Laws," is a good proof in point.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* had, in its issue of April 13th, some pertinent lines on the subject; its arguments, however, presenting but a one-sided view, and having, therefore, to be accepted *cum grano salis*. It reminds the reader that the true principle in the Blasphemy Laws "was long ago laid down by Lord Macaulay," and adds:

"To express your own religious or irreligious opinions with the utmost possible freedom is one thing; to put forward your views offensively, so as to outrage and pain other people, is another thing. You may wear what clothes you please, or no clothes at all, in your own house, but if a man were to assert his right to walk down Regent-street clad solely in his shirt the public would have a right to object. Suppose some zealous man were to placard all the hoardings of London with "comic" pictures of the Crucifixion, that surely ought to be an offence, even in the eyes of those who do not believe the Crucifixion ever happened."

Just so. Be religious or irreligious, in our age, as much as you like, but do not be offensive, and dare not "outrage and pain other people."

Does *other* people mean here Christians only, no other persons being considered? Moreover, the margin thus left for the jury's opinion is ominously wide, for who knows where the line of demarcation is to be drawn! To be entirely impartial and fair in their verdict in these particular matters, the jury would have to be a mixed one and consist of six Christians and six "infidels." Now we have been impressed in youth that Themis was a blindfolded goddess only in antiquity and among the heathen. Since then—Christianity and civilization having opened her eyes—the allegory allows now of two versions. But we try to believe the best of the two inferences, and thinking of law most reverentially, we come to the following conclusion: *in law*, that which is sauce for the goose *must be* sauce for the gander. Therefore, if administered on this principle, the "Blasphemy Laws," must prove most beneficent to all concerned, "without distinction of race, colour or religion," as we say in theosophy.

Now, if law *is* equitable, it must apply impartially to all. Are we then to understand that it forbids "to outrage and pain" *anyone's* feelings, or simply those of the Christians? If the former, then it must include Theosophists, Spiritualists, the many millions of *heathens* whom merciful fate has made Her Majesty's subjects, and even the Freethinkers, and Materialists, some of whom are very thin-skinned. It *cannot* mean the latter, *i.e.*, limit the "law" to the God of the Christians alone; nor would we presume to suspect it of such a sinful bias. For "blasphemy" is a word applying not only to God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, not merely to the Virgin and Saints, but to every God or Goddess. This term, with the same criminal sense attached to it, existed with the Greeks, the Romans, and with the older Egyptians ages before our era. "Thou shalt not revile the *gods*" (plural), stands out prominent in verse 28 of chapter xxii. of *Exodus*, when "God" speaks out from Mount Sinai. So much admitted, what becomes of our friends, the missionaries? If enforced, the law does not promise them a very nice time of it. We pity them, with the Blasphemy Laws suspended over their heads like a sword of Damocles; for, of all the foul-mouthed *blasphemers* against God and the Gods of other nations they are the foremost. Why should they be allowed to break the law against Vishnu, Durga, or any fetish; against Buddha, Mahomet, or even a spook, in whom a spiritualist sincerely recognizes his dead mother, any more than an "infidel" against Jehovah? In the eyes of Law, Hanuman, the monkey-god, has to be protected as much as any of the trinitarian god-heads: otherwise law would be more blindfolded than ever. Moreover, besides his sacredness in the eyes of the teeming millions of India, Hanuman is no less dear to the sensitive hearts of Darwinists; and blasphemy against our first cousin, the tailless baboon, is certain to "hurt the feelings" of Messrs. Allen Grant and Aveling, as much as those of many Hindu theosophists. We grant that he who makes "comic pictures of the crucifixion," commits an offence against the law. But so does he who ridicules

Krishna, and misunderstanding the allegory of his Gopi (shepherdesses) speaks foully of him before Hindus. And how about the profane and vulgar jokes uttered from the pulpit by some ministers of the gospels themselves—not about Krishna, but Christ himself?

And here steps in the comical discrepancy between theory and practice, between the dead and living letter of the law. We know of several most offensively "comic" preachers, but have hitherto found, "infidels" and *atheists* alone sternly reproving for it those sinning Christian ministers, whether in England or America.

The world upside down! Profane blasphemy charged upon gospel preachers, the orthodox press keeping silent about it, and an Agnostic alone raising his voice against such clownish proceedings. It is certain that we find more truth in one paragraph of "Saladin's" * writings than in half the daily papers of the united kingdom; more of reverential and true feeling, to whatsoever applied, and more of fine sense for the *fitness of things* in the little finger of that "infidel," than in all the burly, boisterous figure of the Reverend-irreverend Mr. Spurgeon. One is an "agnostic"—a "scoffer at the Bible" he is called; the other a famous Christian preacher. But *Karma* having nought to do with the dead letter of human laws, of civilization or progress, provides on our spinning ball of mud an antidote for every evil, hence a truth-worshipping *infidel*, for every money-making preacher who desecrates his gods. America has its Talmage, described very properly by the *New York Sun* † as a "gibbering charlatan," and its Colonel Robert Ingersoll. In England, Talmage's imitators find a stern Nemesis in "Saladin." The Yankee preacher was more than once severely taken to task by infidel papers for leading his flock to heaven not in a reverential spirit, but trying to shorten the long and tedious journey with sundry Biblical anecdotes. Who in New York has forgotten the *farce-pantomime* performed by Talmage on April 15, 1877? We remember it well. His subject was the "trio of Bethany," when each of the three *dramatis personæ* was "mimicked to perfection," as declared by the congregation. Jesus was shown by the reverend harlequin, "making a morning call" on Mary and Martha, throwing himself "on an *ottoman*," then taking up the time of Mary "the lover of ethics," who sat at his feet, and finding himself "*blown up* for this" (*sic*) by Martha, "left to serve alone." Colonel Sandys said the other day in the House of Commons in his speech on Mr. Bradlaugh's Blasphemy Bill which he opposed, that "while we punished those who killed the body, the object of the bill was to allow those who would murder the souls of men to do so with impunity."

Does he think that making fun of *sacred* beliefs by a Christian

* The fine poet and witty editor of the late *Secular Review*, now the "*Agnostic Journal*." The works of Mr. W. Stewart Ross ("Saladin") e.g., "Woman, her glory, her shame, and her god," "Miscellaneous Pamphlets," "God and his Book," etc., etc., will become in the XXth century the most powerful as the most complete vindication of every man and woman called *infidel* in the XIXth.

† The *Sun* of April 6, 1877.

preacher fill the souls of his listeners with reverence, and *murders it* only when that fun comes from an infidel? The same pious "commoner" reminded the House that: "Under the law of Moses those who committed blasphemy were to be taken out of the camp and stoned to death."

We have not the slightest objection to Protestant fanatics of the Mosaic persuasion, taking the Talmages and Spurgeons, and stoning them to death. We will not even stop to enquire of such a modern Saul, why blame in such a case the Pharisees for acting on that same Mosaic law and crucifying his Christ, or "certain of the Synagogue of the Libertines" for stoning Stephen? But we will simply state this:— If *justice*, like charity, does not stop "at home," such unfairness as Free-thinkers, Agnostics, Theosophists, and other *infidels* receive generally at the hands of law, will be a subject of the scorn for future history.

For history repeats itself. Spurgeon having poked fun at Paul's *miracles*, we recommend every fair-minded person to procure the *Agnostic Journal* of April 13, and read Saladin's article "At Random," devoted to that favourite preacher. If they would find out the reason why, day by day, religious feeling is dying out in this country, *murdered* as it is in Christian *souls*, let them read it. Reverence is replaced by emotionalism. The Salvationists glorifying Christ on the "light fantastic toe," and Spurgeon's "tabernacle" is all that remains in this Christian land of the Sermon on the Mount. Crucifixion and Calvary are solely represented by that weird combination of hell-fire and "Punch and Judy show," which is pre-eminently Mr. Spurgeon's religion. Who, then, will find these lines by "Saladin" *too* strong?

. . . Edward Irving was a severe mystic and volcanic Elijah; Charles Spurgeon is a grinning and exoteric Grimaldi. Newly returned from Mentone and gout, he presided over the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Church Auxiliary, held in the Tabernacle. At the commencement of the proceedings he remarked to those about to pray: "Now, it is a cold night, and, if anybody prays very long, somebody will be frozen to death. (Laughter.) I remember that Paul preached a long sermon once, and a young man tumbled out of a window and killed himself. If anybody gets frozen to-night, I am not like Paul, and cannot restore him, so please don't render a miracle necessary, as I cannot perform it. (Laughter.)"

Such a jester as this, if he had been alive and in Palestine, contemporary with the "blessed Lord," out of whom he makes such a profit, would have poked the said "blessed Lord" jocularly in the ribs with a "Well, and how are you, old boy from Nazareth?" There would have been Judas, called Iscariot, who carried the bag, and Charles, called Spurgeon, who wore the cap and bells.

I make light of the Galilean fables, because to me they are simply fables; but to Mr. Spurgeon they are "the very word of very God," and it is not for him to make light of them, even to please the holy mediocrities of the Tabernacle. I venture to recommend to Mr. Spurgeon's devout attention a sentiment to be found in Cicero's *De Legibus*, and which runs thus: *De sacris autem haec sit una sententia, ut conserventur.* As Mr. Spurgeon has all his life been so prayerfully absorbed that he has had no time for study and knows no language save a voluble gush of washerwoman English, I may tell him and his that the words mean, *but let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.*—(*Agn. Journal*, April 13.)

Amen, we utter, from the bottom of our soul, to this noble advice. "But his pen is dipped in sacrilegious gall!" we heard a clergyman say to us the other day, speaking of "Saladin." "Aye," we answered. "But his is a diamond pen, and the gall of his irony is clear as crystal, free as it is from any other desire than to deal justly and speak the truth." In view of the "blasphemy law" remaining on hand, and the equitable law of this country which makes a libel *more libellous* in proportion to the truth it contains, and especially with an eye to the pecuniary ruin which it entails upon at least one of the parties, there is more heroism and fearless self-abnegation in speaking the truth *pro bono publico*, than in pandering to public hobbies. With the exception, perhaps, of the brave and outspoken editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* there is no writer in England whom we respect more for such noble-minded fearlessness, and none whose fine wit we admire more than "Saladin's."

But the world, in our day, judges everything on appearance. Motives are held as of no account, and the materialistic tendency is foremost in condemning *à priori* that which clashes with skin-deep propriety and encrusted notions. Nations, men, and ideas all are judged according to our preconceptions, and the lethal emanations of modern civilization kill all goodness and truth. As observed by St. Georges, the savage races are fast disappearing, "killed by the mere contact of civilized man." No doubt, it *must be* a consolation to the Hindu and even the Zulu, to think that all their surviving brethren will die (thanks to the missionary effort) linguists and scholars, if not Christians. A theosophist, a colonist born in Africa, was telling us the other day that a Zulu had offered himself to him as "a boy." This Caffre was a graduate of a college, a Latin, Greek, Hebrew and English scholar. Found unable with all these achievements to cook a dinner or clean boots, the gentleman had to send him away—probably *to starve*. All this has inflated the European with pride. But, as says again the above-quoted writer, "he forgets that Africa is fast becoming Mussulman, and that *Islam*, a kind of granite block which in its powerful cohesion defies the force of the waves and winds, is refractory to European ideas, which, so far, have never seriously affected it." Europe may yet awaken one day to find itself Mussulman, if not in "durance vile" to the "heathen Chinees." But when the "*inferior* races" have all died out, who, or what shall replace them in the cycle that is to mirror our own?

There are those, also, who with a superficial eye to ancient as also to modern history, slight and disparage everything ever achieved in antiquity. We remember reading about heathen priesthoods; who "built proud towers," instead of "emancipating degraded savages." The Magi of Babylon were contrasted with the "poor Patagonians" and other Christian missions, the former coming out second best in every such comparison. To this it may be answered that if the ancients built "proud towers" so do the moderns; witness, the present Parisian

craze, the *Eiffel* Tower. How many human lives the ancient towers cost, no one can tell, but the Eiffel, unfinished as it is, has cost in the first year of its existence over one hundred workmen killed. Between the latter and the Babylonian Tower, the palm of superiority in usefulness belongs by rights to the *ziggurat*, the Planet Tower of Nebo's Temple of Borsippa. Between a "proud tower" built to the national God of Wisdom, and another "proud tower" constructed to attract the children of folly—unless it is urged that even modern folly is superior to ancient wisdom—there is room for a diversity of opinions. Furthermore, it is to Chaldean *astrolatry* that modern astrognosy owes its progress, and it is the astronomical calculations of the Magi that became the ground-work of our present mathematical astronomy and have guided discoverers in their researches. As to missions, whether to Patagonia or Anam, Africa or Asia, it is still an open question with the unprejudiced, whether they are a benefit or an evil which Europe confers on the "degraded savages." We seriously doubt whether the "benighted" heathen would not profit more by being left severely alone than by being made (in addition to treason to their earlier beliefs) acquainted with the blessings of rum, whiskey and the various ensuing diseases which generally appear in the trail of European missionaries. Every sophistry notwithstanding, a moderately honest *heathen* is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than a lying, thieving, rascally Christian convert. And—since he is assured that his robes (*i.e.*, crimes) are washed in the blood of Jesus, and is told of God's greater joy "over one sinner that repenteth" than over 99 sinless saints—neither he, nor we, can see why the convert should not profit by the opportunity.

"Who," asks E. Young, "gave in antiquity twenty millions, not at the bidding of an imperious monarch or a tyrannical priesthood, but at the spontaneous call of the national conscience and by the immediate instrumentality of the national will?" the writer adding, that in this "money grant" there is "a moral grandeur that sinks the Pyramids into littleness." O, the pride and the conceit of this our age!

We do not know. Had each of the subscribers to this "money grant" given his "widow's *two mites*," they might claim collectively to have *cast* "more than all," more than any other nation, and await their reward. England being, however, the wealthiest nation in the world, the intrinsic merits of the case seem slightly altered. Twenty millions in a lump represent indeed a mighty engine for good. But such a "money grant" could only gain in Karma, were it to pander less to national pride, and were the nation not to feel itself so exalted for it, in the four quarters of the globe, by hundred-voiced fame trumpeted by public organs. *True* charity opens her purse-strings with an invisible hand, and:

"Finishing its act, exists no more"

It shuns Fame, and is never ostentatious. Besides which, every-

thing is relative. One million in specie, 3,000 years ago, represented ten-fold more than twenty millions to-day. Twenty millions are a Niagara inundating with Titanic force some popular want, and creating, for the time being, as great a commotion. But, while helping for a certain lapse of time tens of thousands of hungry wretches, even such an enormous sum leaves ten times as many unfortunate, starving wretches still unrelieved.

To such munificent bounties we prefer countries where there are no needy people at all, *e.g.* those small communities, the remnants of once mighty races, which allow no beggars among their co-religionists—we mean the Parsis. Under the Indian and Buddhist Kings, like Chandragupta and Asoka, people did not wait, as they do now, for a national calamity, to throw the surplus of their overflowing wealth at the head of a portion of the starving and the homeless, but worked steadily on, century after century, building *rest-houses*, digging wells and planting fruit-trees along the roads, wherein the weary pilgrim and the penniless traveller could always find rest and shelter, be fed and *receive* hospitality at the national expense. A little clear stream of cold, healthy water which runs steadily, and is ever ready to refresh parched lips, is more beneficent than the sudden torrent that breaks the dam of national indifference, now and then, by fits and starts.

Thus, if we have to become in the future cycle *that which we already have been*, let this be as in the days of Asoka, not as it is now. But we are reproached with forgetting "*Christian heroism*." Where will you find, we are asked, a parallel to the heroism of the early martyrs and that displayed in our day? We are sorry to contradict this boast like many others. If casual instances of heroism in our century are undeniable, who, on the other hand, dreads death more, as a general rule, than the Christian? The idolater, the Hindu and the Buddhist, in short every Asiatic or African, dies with an indifference and serenity unknown to our Western man. As for "*Christian heroism*," whether we mean mediæval or modern heroes or heroines, a St. Louis, or a General Gordon, a Joan of Arc, or a Nightingale, there is no need of the adjective to emphasize the substantive. The Christian martyrs were preceded by the idolatrous and even godless Spartans of many virtues, the brave sisters of the Red Cross by the matrons of Rome and Greece. To this day, the daily self-tortures submitted to by the Indian Yogi and the Mussulman Fakir, tortures often lasting through years, throw entirely into the shadow the unavoidable heroism of the Christian martyr, ancient or modern. He who would learn the full meaning of the word "heroism" must read the "*Annals of Rajistan*" by Colonel Tod. . . .

"Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," is a golden rule, but like so many others from the same source, Christians are the first to break it.

Pride and conceit are the two hideous cancers devouring the heart of *civilized* nations, and selfishness is the sword handled by evanescent *personality* to sever the golden thread that links it to immortal INDIVIDUALITY. Old Juvenal must have been a prophet. It is *our* century that he addresses when saying:

“We own thy merits ; but we blame beside
Thy mind elate with insolence and pride !”

Pride is the first enemy to itself. Unwilling to hear any one praised in its presence, it falls foul of every rival and does not always come out victorious. “I am *the* ONE, and God’s elect,” says the proud nation. “I am *the* invincible and the foremost ; tremble all ye around me !” Behold, there comes a day when we see it crouching in the dust, bleeding and mangled. “I am the ONE,” croaks the private crow in peacock’s feathers. “I am *the* ONE—painter, artist, writer, or what not—*par excellence*. . . . On whomsoever I shed my light, he is singled out by the nations ; on whomsoever I turn my back, he is doomed to contempt and oblivion.”

Vain conceit and glorification. In the law of Karma as in the truths we find in the gospels, he who is the first will be the last—hereafter. There are those writers whose thoughts, however distasteful to the bigoted majority, will survive many generations ; others which, however brilliant and original, will be rejected in the future cycles. Moreover, as the cowl does not make the monk, so the external excellence of a thing does not guarantee the moral beauty of its workman, whether in art or literature. Some of the most eminent poets, philosophers and authors were historically immoral. Rousseau’s ethics did not prevent his nature being far from perfect. Edgar Poe is said to have written his best poems in a state verging on *delirium tremens*. George Sand, her magnificent psychological insight, the high moral character of her heroines, and her elevated ideas notwithstanding, could have never claimed the *Monthyon* prize for virtue. Talent, moreover, and especially genius, are no development of any one’s present life, of which one ought to feel personally proud, but the fruition of a previous existence, and its illusions are dangerous. “Maya,” say the Orientals, “spreads its thickest and most deceitful veils over the most lovely spots and objects in nature.” The most beautiful serpents are the most venomous. The *Upas* tree, whose deadly atmosphere kills every living thing that approaches it, is—the Queen of Beauty in the African forests.

Shall we expect the same in the “coming cycle” ? Are we doomed to the same evils then that befall us now ?

Nevertheless, and though Fichte’s speculation will have proved correct and Shelley’s “Golden Age” will have dawned upon mankind, still Karma will have its usual way. For we shall have become “the ancients” in our turn, for those who will come long after us. The men of that period will also believe themselves the *only* perfect beings and

show scorn to the "Eiffel" as we show scorn to the Babel-tower. Slaves to the *routine*—the established opinions of the day; what they of the next cycle will say and do, will alone be well said and done.

"Wolf! wolf!" will be the cry raised against those who, as we defend the ancients now, will attempt to say a good word for us. And forthwith the finger of scorn and every weapon available will be directed at him who falls off from the beaten track, and at the "blasphemers" who may dare to call by their right names the gods of that cycle, and presume to defend their own ideals. What biographies shall be written of the famous infidels of to-day, one can foresee in reading those of some of England's best poets; *e.g.*, the posthumous opinions passed on Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Yea, he is now accused of what he would have otherwise been praised for, because, forsooth, he wrote in his boyhood "A Defence of Atheism"! *Ergo*, his imagination is said to have carried him "beyond the bounds of reality," and his metaphysics are said to be "without a solid foundation of reason." This amounts to saying that his critics alone know *all* about the landmarks placed by nature between the real and the unreal. This kind of orthodox trigonometrical surveyors of the absolute, who claim to be the only specialists chosen by their God for the setting of boundaries and who are ever ready to sit in judgment over independent metaphysicians, are a feature of our century. In Shelley's case, the metaphysics of the young author of "Queen Mab," described in popular encyclopedias as a "violent and blasphemous attack on Christianity and the Bible," must, of course, have appeared to his infallible judges without "a solid foundation in reason." For them, that "foundation" is in the motto of Tertullian, "*Credo quia absurdum est.*"

Poor, great young Shelley! He who laboured so zealously for several years of his too short life in relieving the poor and consoling the distressed, and who, according to Medwin, would have given his last sixpence to a stranger in want, he is called an *Atheist* for refusing to accept the Bible *literally*! We find, perhaps, a reason for this "Atheism" in the *Conversations Lexicon*, in which Shelley's immortal name is followed by that of Shem, "the eldest son of Noah . . . said in Scripture to have died at the age of 600 years." The writer of this encyclopedic information (quoted by us *verbatim*) had just indulged in saying that "the censure of extreme presumption can hardly be withheld from a writer who, in his youth, rejects all *established* opinions," such as Biblical chronology we suppose. But the same writer passes without a word of comment and in prudent, if not reverential, silence, the cyclic years of Shem, as indeed he may!

Such is our century, so noisily, but happily for all preparing for its final leap into eternity. Of all past centuries, it is the most smilingly cruel, wicked, immoral, boastful and incongruous. It is the hybrid and

unnatural production, the monstrous child of its parents—an honest mother called “mediæval superstition” and a dishonest, humbugging father, a profligate impostor, universally known as “modern civilization.” This unpaired, odd team which now drags the car of progress through the triumphal arches of our civilization, suggests strange thoughts. Our Oriental turn of mind makes us think, as we gaze at this orthodox piety harnessed together with cool sneering materialism, of a fitting symbol for our century. We choose it in the colonial productions of European ethics (alas, *living* productions!) known as the *half-castes*. We fancy a coffee-coloured, oily face, looking insolently at the world through an eye-glass. A flat and woolly head, surmounted by a tall hat, enthroned on a pedestal of white-starched collar, shirt, and fashionable satin cravat. Leaning on the arm of this hybrid production, the flat swarthy visage of a mongrel beauty shines under a Parisian bonnet—a pyramid of gauze, gay ribands and plumes. . . .

Indeed, this combination of Asiatic flesh and European array, is no more ludicrous than the bird’s-eye view of the moral and intellectual amalgamation of ideas and views as now accepted. Mr. Huxley and the “Woman clothed with the Sun”; the Royal Society and the new prophet of Brighton, who lays letters “before the Lord” and has messages for us in reply “from Jehovah of Hosts”; who signs himself, unblushingly, “King Solomon” on letters stamped with the heading, “Sanctuary of Jehovah” (*sic*), and calls the “Mother”—(the said *Solar* “woman”) “that accursed thing” and an *abomination*.

Yet their teachings are all authoritative and *orthodox*. Just fancy Mr. Allen Grant trying to persuade General Booth that “life owes its origin to the chemically-separative action of ethereal undulations on the cooled surface of the earth, especially carbonic anhydride and water”; and “le brav’ general” of England, arguing that this cannot be so, since this “cooled surface” was only called into being 4004 B.C.; thence, that his (Allen Grant’s) “existing diversity of organic forms” was not in the least due, as his new book would make the unwary believe, “to the minute interaction of dynamical laws,” but to the dust of the ground, from which “the Lord-God formed the beast of the field” and “every fowl of the air.”

These two are the representatives of the goats and the sheep on the Day of Judgment, the Alpha and the Omega of orthodox and correct society in our century. The unfortunates squeezed on the neutral line between these two are steadily kicked and butted by both. *Emotionalism* and *conceit*—one, a nervous disease, the other that feeling which prompts us to swim with the current if we would not pass for retrograde fogeys or infidels—are the powerful weapons in the hands of our pious modern “sheep” and our learned “goats.” How many swell the respective ranks merely owing to one or the other of these feelings, is known to their *Karma* alone. . . .

Those who are not to be moved by either hysterical emotion or a holy fear of the multitudes and propriety ; those, whom the voice of their conscience—"that still small voice" which, when heard, deafens the mighty roar of the Niagara Falls itself and will not permit them to lie to their own souls—remain outside. For these there is no hope in this departing age, and they may as well give up all expectation. *They are born out of due time.* Such is the terrible picture presented by our present cycle, now nearing its close, to those from whose eyes the scales of prejudice, preconception and partiality have fallen, and who see the truth that lies behind the deceptive appearances of our Western "civilisation." But what has the new cycle in store for humanity? Will it be merely a continuation of the present, only in darker and more terrible colours? Or shall a new day dawn for mankind, a day of pure sunlight, of truth, of charity, of true happiness for all? The answer depends mainly on the few Theosophists who, true to their colours through good repute and ill, still fight the battle of Truth against the powers of Darkness.

An infidel paper contains some optimistic words, the last prophecy by Victor Hugo, who is alleged to have said this :

"For four hundred years the human race has not made a step but what has left its plain vestige behind. We enter now upon great centuries. The sixteenth century will be known as the age of painters, the seventeenth will be termed the age of writers, the eighteenth the age of philosophers, the nineteenth the age of apostles and prophets. To satisfy the nineteenth century it is necessary to be the painter of the sixteenth, the writer of the seventeenth, the philosopher of the eighteenth, and it is also necessary, like Louis Blanc, to have the innate and holy love of humanity which constitutes an apostolate, and opens up a prophetic vista into the future. In the twentieth, war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, animosity will be dead, royalty will be dead, and dogmas will be dead, but man will live. For all there will be but one country—that country the whole earth ; for all, there will be but one hope—that hope the whole heaven.

"All hail, then, to that noble twentieth century which shall own our children, and which our children shall inherit !"

If Theosophy prevailing in the struggle, its all-embracing philosophy strikes deep root into the minds and hearts of men, if its doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma, in other words, of Hope and Responsibility, find a home in the lives of the new generations, then, indeed, will dawn the day of joy and gladness for all who now suffer and are outcast. For real Theosophy IS ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If once men do but realise that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then, the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed.

But if not, then the storm will burst, and our boasted western civilization and enlightenment will sink in such a sea of horror that its parallel History has never yet recorded.

ETHEREAL PRESSURE.

IN considerations which are connected with the fundamental problems of life, it is necessary to possess some clear idea of what is meant by a First Cause. If we admit that there is a "something," a Primitive Substance, from which every form of life is derived we shall not be explaining much by saying that Nature lies at the back of existence. Man reasons on what he perceives and conceives, and, roughly speaking, works along two distinct lines, the subjective and the objective. Reason places perceptions and conceptions in a position of objectivity though these become subjective in reference to the Will of a material-minded man. Nature in a like manner is a First Cause and at the same time is the positive Universe which can be seen and comprehended by the spiritual and by the material eye. This contradiction is the result of the dual relation which it possesses. On the one hand the ratio of Nature to the Absolute and on the other its ratio to the Finite. In itself it is a definite idea and as such belongs to the plane of positive life. As a First Cause it contains every subsequent manifestation as latent power. It represents the unity of the Universe as an existing fact, that which does actually exist becomes finite to the extent of its existence. That which is finite is limited by its definiteness. Limits are the characteristics of form. Therefore the First Cause exists as a form of the unity of the Universe. In studying its subsequent developments we are concerned with finite forms of life, or the many potentialities which lay latent in it in the beginning of time. These sequences of formal life explain to us more or less of the nature of this comprehensive Unity and therefore, since formal life becomes its own exponent, it is called Nature.

The terms we use are generally of a concrete character and applied to that which appeals to the senses ; but it must be borne in mind that we are dealing with ultimate conceptions where immateriality is so great as to be entirely super-sensuous. And yet what is true on the plane of mental abstraction is also true for the physical plane, because we are only dealing with universals.

The definition of a First Cause may be stated thus: A unity of activity existing in a definite and comprehensive form. Nature, both as a subsequent physical development or as an ideal "something," representing the primitive substance, is characterised by form ; in both cases, if we take this away, it ceases to exist. But we have still to solve the question as to the formation of Form. Since, in its primitive and universal sense it embraces *all*, it must consist of *all*, and, being the first existence, nothing prior to it could have existed. But as, at the same time, it must be made of something, and as this requires a process of formation, it must have been, in the beginning, Formless. In other words there subsisted the formless one, as the Sankya philosophy calls it, on the

negative plane which becomes formal on the positive plane. The former lies behind Life and is its source or reason of existence.

The passing from formless rest to formal activity implies change; and this means the development of energy in the former to become the latter.

Thus Nature becomes "energy imprisoned in a form," whilst that which was first and its opposite in character, may be conceived of as "boundless energy in a state of latent power."

In thus attempting to describe the unthinkable we do not mean to limit it by this one meaning, but merely to bring an unknown quantity into terms which may be equated out on lower planes into comprehensible realities. For the positive plane manifests the nature of the negative one and clearly asserts the subsistence of latent power. The Absolute in activity is a simple imperative which, according to Kant, means Law. Therefore the nature of the Formless One is Law, and its form is that of its first law. Since its manifestation is due to the activity of an equal opposition, namely that of the Form to the Formless or the *effect* to its *potential*, the former exists because it manifests the non-existence of the latter, and their equal opposition shows us the law of Equilibrium embodied in the form of its activity. This, then, is the fundamental law of Nature and it expresses the innate character of the subsistence, or negative plane, or Nirvana.

We conclude that energy in balanced repose and subsistence are the same thing; and that this constitutes the negative plane from which has come the positive Universe, and we further infer that the activity thus manifested is due to a disruption of a subsisting state of equilibrium. This change of condition has resulted in producing a law whose form depends on the existence of two poles or centres in equal opposition to one another, of which the one is positive life and the other is the possibility of life.

Between these two extremes lies Change, a chain of causes and effects stretching from one to the other. The Thrill of life passing through this chain from the — to the + pole is the activity of evolution journeying from its *subsisting* source towards its equivalent as *existing* perfection. Partly, the chain is hidden in latent power; and then again it flashes out into positive life. When all is positive and there are no longer the apparent separations existing between forms or lapses of latent energy, the chain of Change will be completed and the Unity of Life will represent and balance its Essence. The impulse to a change which thus manifests Wisdom must be a Reason, and hence we say that the balance of the Infinite was disturbed by a Reason, and, as this results in a First Cause, this Reason must be a Reason of Reasons which, because of its infinity, is comprehensible only by an infinite consciousness. Thus to recapitulate: our First Cause becomes a form produced by activity in that which lies in a state of subsistence, all-pervading and boundless. The change is due to the disruption of a perfect Equilibrium in obedience to the impulse of a supreme Reason.

The inference to be obtained from this definition is obvious. Evolution is the process of change and a complete cycle will be the progress of the wave of power thus set in motion from pole to pole; while the amount of its energy will represent the requisite quantity necessary to re-adjust the balance which has been destroyed. Each step and subdivision is marked by the formation of minor balances, whose partial perfections are immediately destroyed by the incomplete ratios these bear to the whole. When the details of natural and positive life shall have settled into such accord with one another as to work with perfect harmony, Subsistence will again overtake the Universe.

But this subsequent condition of rest must differ from the first; for then the ever present activity of opposites holds life in suspended animation, and the slightest addition of force to any detail of the complicated whole will set every component falling through an equivalent number of movements. Quiescence is here the result of sustained effort; whereas the negative plane of pre-natal Infinity is distinguished by effortless union. Thus natural equality is distinctive of subsistence and artificial equality of existence.

This also marks the difference between a state of perfect harmony and that of perfect rest, in which the first is due to a perfection on the positive plane and is a result of evolution; whereas the latter is pre-existent and does not recognise the existence of anything conceivable to a finite mind.

The First Form manifests the unmanifest. This gives the latter a reality which, though reflected, is real to the extent of the formal manifestation reflecting itself from the positive plane. So that the law of equilibrium actually embodies the existence of two opposites; one of which becomes positively subsistent through its contrast with the former. If the positive sign represents the limits which distinguish a Form, then the negative must represent that which opposes its finalities. And since the existence of the one is due to this contrast of two, and since of these two one is active positively, then the other must be active negatively and we have the limits of finite life defined by the negative plane, which thus becomes the medium in which the Form is contained. This medium, in thus opposing its energy, exerts a *Pressure* on the shape equal and opposite to the manifested activity of the latter as a form.

In this way the negative subsisting energy of wisdom becomes an ethereal essence pervading space and, by opposing itself to formal life, confining it to the plane of positive existence. Nature, through its grossness, has degraded Wisdom into a Thing, a counterpart of itself or blind force; and the Ethereal Energy condensed by the reflected power of positive opposition assumes the shape of an illusive law, the law of necessity, and becomes the shadow of Life. We say "illusive" because it is active between the poles of a perfect balance, and works only to bring to rest the power of the wave of vitality passing from one to the

other. On accomplishing this it falls into nothing, being lost in the perfect Truth manifested by the first law, that of Equilibrium. Within a given polarity, this law of necessity confines the existence of the positive plane to definite dimensions ; for it is another term for the ever present and uniform Pressure of Space which, by its constant action, renders obedience to the law of motion imperative. If the First Cause finds itself subject to an infinite pressure, because the one equals the other, the effect is lost in the Cause. But this is not so with its finite sub-divisions. Each one, from the greatest planet to the minutest atom, is a ratio between the unit power exercised by this enclosing Ether and its own finality. As the world rolls in the heavens it is pervaded by this ethereal pressure which is the Essence of the First Form. To it the earth is objective. As the world's energy consolidates into material atoms these also become, each individually, subjected to it. As a sum of energy, they make a total which represents the Earth, and which, together with the added energy of that portion of the Solar System which affects it, balances the Ethereal Pressure, as is proved by its existence as a form in Space. As formal atoms, molecules and Things, they represent sub-balances between themselves, taken individually, the Earth's Energy as a whole, and the unit, Pressure. Let the thrill of life disturb one of these tiny sub-balances, in the shape of a ray of light, and the equilibrium of the whole world is destroyed. The inner being of the globe falls together into a fresh disposition of its component parts under the guidance of Pressure acting as the law of Necessity, and reforms itself into a fresh equation. This current of motion running through the Earth affects other Worlds, because it disturbs the placidity of the universal medium in which all float ; this disturbance must cause corresponding changes in other planets. The precise laws which, by their inter-action, are disturbers of balanced power or givers of unintelligent life, cannot be considered here for want of space ; but if the Earth is correctly represented as an aggregate of a certain definite number of great and little balances, definite in quantity to an infinite mind, though infinite to our finite comprehension, then the constant fall of beams of light upon our globe is a cause of continuous change, and Nature lives. As the aggregate of forms taken singly are unequal to the strain of the Ethereal Medium, change is continuous and ubiquitous, and a balance formed in one place destroys, or is the outcome of the destruction, of that made in another. In this conception of Life's movements we do not enter into the question of consciousness which develops out of them, but deal simply with Nature as a blind activity which, guided by laws which may be classed as Laws of Potential, shows to our perceptions the correlation of forces and their Evolution towards an eventual condition of existence, where perfect harmony of details opposes its united energy as a Unit equal and opposite to the subsisting ethereal Essence of Life and announces the advent of a Pralaya.

J. WILLIAMS.

HUMANITY TO GOD.

(THE DÖPPELGÄNGER.)

OH Love! thou wilt not leave me now, even now,
 When the red dawn falls on my weary brow,
 And sweet the young light smiles down to the sea—
 In dreams the demon smites me, and I wrought
 The deed I would not, from an innocent thought—
 Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Oh curse of double-being! Is there none
 Whose thought weds deed, beneath the waiting sun?
 Must all alike for pardon breathe one plea?
 Tho' I have slain my brother, and have fed
 My pampered lips on starving children's bread,
 Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Tho' I have heaped up treasure o'er and o'er,
 Have reft my plenty from his frugal store,
 And given stones for bread, craved piteously:
 And dwelt 'mid palaces, in raiment fair,
 While shivering died he, in the freezing air:
 Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Tho' while in light I revelled, still I strove
 To keep his soul in darkness, and I throve
 On labor of bound hands thou hadst made free—
 Tho' mid the durance of the slow sad years
 I wrought my wine from out thy people's tears—
 Yet 'twas mine other self, Love, scorned of me!

Behold the dream has vanished, and I stand
 Awake at last in the bright morning land—
 And he, the slayer, nowise can I see!
 But lo! my prisoned brother, strong, and glad,
 And fairer for the myriad woes he had
 From that false shadow, that was scorned of me!

Oh, Love, thou wilt not leave me, yet I hear
 Amid the joy, a shivering sigh of fear;
 "God is a phantom! . . . Yea, no gods there be!
 "We dreamed while we were tortured, and we feigned
 "(To spite despair) a god o'er all things reigned—
 "'Twas but a vision, now clear-eyed we see!"

Yet, Love, thou shalt not leave me, for I know
 The bliss priests vaunted, can be found below.
 Earth reaches heaven, when our souls reach thee!
 Humanity hath conquered, and to all
 All men are Christs, pure, holy, typical
 Of that great power, we call Deity!

EVELYN PYNE.

THE RIVER OF KNOWLEDGE.*

“And Ezra, the priest, stood up and said unto them, Ye have taken strange wives to increase the trespass of Israel.”

Ezra, 10th ch., 10th verse.

THE waters of knowledge flow freely in our land ; there is no lack or cessation of their supply, for from the throne of God Himself this stream emanates, and the walls of Jerusalem are girded therewith as by an outer ring.

Ever bright and pleasant are the waters of knowledge as they pass by the Golden Gates, translucent with a thousand mysteries, all alike glorious.

He who would work his work with rejoicing, has his place by this shining stream, and he who seeks to penetrate the mysteries of the unknown shall find hidden wisdom in its pebbles, for golden and many-hued are they ; but *all* precious. Yea, precious, because the hand of their Maker has left the distinct tracings of his touch on them. And the mirroring water which covers them has beheld the face of Christ. There is no glory possible to be conceived that has not its reflection in this stream, and the purer the eyes which gaze therein, the wider knowledge of holy things will it convey unto them, and the more humble the soul of the gazer, the more mighty will be the product of his thoughts.

Thou shalt not go down into the mine for the gold of Ophir. Thou shalt not dive into mid ocean for the pearls of price. Behold they are thine for the stooping, if so be thou wilt look patiently enough for them. Be not in haste to gather up that thou first seest, for the precious jewels of paradise are not dead and powerless like those of thine own land ; they are full of *living* truth, and he who searches not carefully for it will miss it. Yea, he who searches with diligence shall hardly fail to miss some exquisite tint of colour which is there set to make him wise. Stand awhile and consider ere thou castest thine hand into its ripples, for that thou wouldest grasp will surely elude thy full comprehension if with the desire of gaining one particular treasure the joy of the possibility of appropriation for self-advancement make the heart beat with excitement. Let the Lord choose for thee, and *with* thee, by thee and *in* thee, for the dimmest pebble in the river hath a more exceeding store of wisdom in it than that which glistens bravely and attracts the eyes of those to whom surface beauty has not yet lost its value.

Some, nay, many of us, yet are deceived by imagining things to be as they appear, and who is he that can be free from this blemish but *He*

* By the Author of *Light through the Crannies*.

who is perfect? Many who come hither are so pleased with the new perception their new senses are developing in them that they go eagerly peering into the mysteries of the land without a guide, and sometimes are lost for awhile in the mountain bye-paths, or fall asleep from weariness in one of the many prison dells which skirt our place of rest upon the earth side. And one of these lately disappeared from our midst, for he was restless and entirely given up to the pursuit of intellectual knowledge. Our usual means of erudition to the young and ignorant were distasteful to him, so that he rebelled inwardly against the conditions imposed, especially that of patience. So, being urged by some evil, which must have travelled hither secretly within him, he started off at early morning and made towards the Golden Gates, which parts our land from that beyond.

When it was perceived that he had quitted us, One who was ever pitiful to youthful impulse, said, "He who goeth by a way he knows not shall surely fall into harm, and the sword of indignation shall stand out before him, but he perceive it not. This youth, being blind and deaf to holiest workings, shall rush thereupon and be wounded, if none be there to stay him. And for this cause will I get out and follow him, for if he come to hurt, then shall his sufferings be heavier for lack of *discretion* in bearing them. Moreover, he shall miss that teaching which comes best after affliction."

So the wise spirit left us and set out. When presently he had come within far sight of the young fugitive he was hurrying on as one who sees a jewel at no great distance and hastens to grasp it before another's eye hath fallen upon it; or as one who feels that he is chased by hounds and is driven into desperation by their nearness. Thus fled the youth. And presently the Golden Gates burst on his vision, and he stood a moment dazzled, with his hand shading his eyes. But whether 'twas their glory blinded him, he being still perverse with finite comprehension, or whether he was dazed by that most subtil essence which comes forth from this high place of glory at the time of dawn we know not, but this we know—he turned and fled away faster than ever, as though a hand had smitten him, and he ran against the rocks and fell, and rose again and dashed against the trees and fell, and hurried over stones that blocked the way like walls and always fell, yet knew not aught of pain or circumspection for he drove his body where it *could* not pass, he smote his head, he strained and tore himself as blindly as a moth singed by the flame and well-nigh dead, beating about to find the light again by which his hurt was made that he may perish in it. So strove the youth.

And when our brother had come up to him, he said: "Why didst thou quit the shades of learners thus? O youth of restless soul, thy gain will be but small if thou persistest in this wayward course. Return and wait with patience till the Lord shall send his light on thee."

And he answered: "Let me alone; by measured task and rule I cannot learn. The letters of *thy* book are not so large as my dim sight requires. Let me search out of Nature's wide-spread scroll the characters which suit best with my perceptive powers. I need no monitor. Therefore I pray thee leave me here alone."

And the Wise One said, "Nay, for thy giddy course is dangerous. Surely I will not speak with thee, or hinder thee, yet hold thee well in view, and in my thoughts."

Then said the other. "What have I done so evil that thou shouldst follow me in this fashion as though I were a breaker of the law?"

And he answered, "I have naught against thee. For compassion's sake and for sympathy towards thy earnestness of purpose in searching after truth I seek thy company. Yea, for the love I bear thee, seeing thou art one of Our Father's little ones going astray."

Then said the youth, "Thou hast set thyself a task which soon will weary thee, seeing I go at no mild scholar's pace," and saying this, he went off at a run.

Then said the Wise One, "Thy haste is but ill speed." And even as he spoke, a bush throwing its tangled boughs across the path caught the wild youth and threw him down.

Then sped the Wise One, gathering him up tenderly, and behold the flesh of one foot was torn, and its muscles sprained, and he was very angry at the accident. So that he would not let the foot be bound, neither be persuaded to stay here and rest, but limped away as fast as he could go.

Then said his friend, "Verily I love thee, that thy courage is so great and thy strength of purpose firm. Wilt thou not let me walk with thee awhile? When thou weariest of my company, then will I leave thee!"

And the youth answered, "If thou wilt presently let me alone and not come after me, I will bear with thee for just so long as shall suffice to make thee leave me."

Then said the Wise One, "Doubtless thou hast some purpose in thy mind which others may not know. And this renders thee churlish. If thou wilt hide this from me, *hide* it, but indicate to me whither thou goest. As thou art a stranger in the land, thou knowest not its dangers. Let me point out to thee the perils of thy road, and it shall suffice."

Then said he, "Perils! What perils? Thinkest *thou* to scare me from my quest with old wives' fables. Perils! There are none in this place. I passed through all in coming hither."

Then answered the Wise One, "In every spirit plane perils exist. Except it be where God himself throws out the halo of his presence over the Holiest. In this place, although thou scornest the thought thereof from ignorance, I tell thee there are many, and in each separate sphere, its own distinct species of peril. Therefore tell me the way thou goest and I will commit the knowledge unto thee how thou shalt keep thy soul impervious to attack from the especial evil of the place."

Then said he, "Tell me *all*, and I will choose my way according to the bias of my fancy for combat. Whatever demon scares me most, him will I fight."

And the Wise One said, "Then hast thou no set purpose in thy heart, else hadst thou answered me less wantonly. And he who wanders idly all the day outside the city walls shall find no portion set for him at night at the Great Master's table when He comes to sup. Therefore I speak to thee no more as one who *begs* a favour, but as one who, for the love of God, would hold a brother's soul from deadly sin. Stay! thou shalt go no farther. Stay! In our Father's name I claim thy life."

And the youth, awed by his words, and the strong grasp he laid upon him, answered, "I knew not it was evil to desire knowledge, for an impulse in my soul said, 'Go out and find wisdom here denied to thee.' And being thus urged, I started on the quest."

Then said his friend, "Hast thou found aught when thou wast flying like a hunted deer across God's pasture? He who seeks for hidden gold, lies still and sifts the worthless earth away until he finds it. And he who would find the gold of Heavenly knowledge, must go humbly, earnestly upon his knees, and lay his body prone upon the earth, striving to hear the wisdom of the words she utters in the lowly cells of life. He but treads down the very things he seeks to gain, and misses them, who in his hurry would outstrip the wind."

Then said the youth, still glancing at those hills which, in the misty distance looked so fair, as with a thousand shifting, varying dyes they grew in height and splendour, "Where shall I begin this search, O, Teacher? Thou hadst best instruct me; seeing that thou art so brimming full of wisdom it *must* needs flow over whether one desire it or not."

But the Wise One kept silence, for his face was turned skyward as though he saw a vision.

Then said the youth, "What seest thou, that thou art wrapped away from speech or sound? Truly mine eyes perceive no miracle in yonder heaven. Wisdom that demands cloud-searching eyes is not for me."

"Yea, truly, not for thee," replied his friend, sadly. "Enough for thee to gaze upon thy feet and keep them steady, lest thou shouldst balance either way, and so the two-edged sword with which, even now, an angel bars thy path, should run thee through." And saying thus the Wise One went from him.

And then the youth, struck with a sudden fear—the fear of the *unseen*—stirred not, but stood gazing at his feet as one turned into stone.

And a voice, sweeter than any he had ever heard, said in his ear, "What seest thou?"

He answered, "The tiny blades of grass which spread and rustle caressingly over my feet as the light wind sways them. Nothing more."

And the voice said again, "Think!—thou seest more than this."

And the youth answered, "Nay; this is all I see. Whatever else abides beneath this show of life, I see not."

Then said the voice again, "By what means thinkest thou, this power of sight is given unto thee?"

And the youth answered, "I know not. I am ignorant, and full of fear, for He who went and left me by myself hath cast a spell upon me so that I cannot move or raise my eyes lest I should sway aside and fall upon a sword. Perchance if this terror were removed from me, my answers would be better, for I might then kneel down and close my eyes and search——"

Then said the voice, "Kneel."

But the youth answered, "How can I? Not knowing whether the sword be right in front of me or not." So he stood still.

Then said the voice, "How comes it thou knowest not that he who loves his life shall lose it, but he who hates his life for the Lord's sake the same shall find it?"

And the youth answered, "Yea, 'twas so taught in *words* on earth but the people rarely understood the meaning thus."

And the voice answered, "Here, at least, the glamour of illusion finds no place. Kneel, lest the sword cut thee into two halves from the head downwards. For verily it hangeth over thee."

Then kneeled the youth, white with the terror of that majesty of wrath which circled all his being, and he cried:

"I have sinned, in being so perverse; give me but leave to quit this awful place, and I will humbly learn the heaviest tasks my master can devise for me."

But the voice said, "Nay, as thou hast set out in this way, so shalt thou gather experience. What seest thou upon the blades of grass?"

And he answered, shrinkingly, "Serpents, O Lord! which whirl and writhe about them till the field is like a sea of undulating water with their life!"

And the voice said, "What else?"

And he answered, "Long chains of glittering drops like pearls and emeralds rounded, with here and there a red one breaking off the string, and from the red one others fall and touch the ground as though caressing it. But all are full of life, circle within circle. O 'tis curious to mark the strong vitality each tiny globe contains; a realm of perfect order, and unvarying motive power."

Then said the voice, "Behold."

And as it spoke, the bright transparent globes were broken, and all the air immediately was full of noxious stinging creatures, and their touch in passing stung his body cruelly, so that every pore thereof was filled with smarts.

Then said the voice, "This is *thy* way of knowledge, and kneeling thus, or lying prone on earth shalt thou seek out with patience that

which befits thy soul's needs ; and if thou chafest or shalt essay to rise before thou hast grown fully cognizant of the wonders of this little spot of ground about thy feet, remember that the sword still sways upon its weft of air above thy head."

And saying thus, the youth was left alone, but hearing of his melancholy plight we went to him, and helped him all we could, which was but little.

And when an angel from the Holy Place came down amongst us, we begged of Him that He would pray the Lord to give our brother back to us again, and after lingering some brief space amongst the babes, He left us and went back.

Yet one fair eventide as I mused alone, a stately pure soul, but lately come from earth, approached me, and being full of compassion for the people she had left, and deeply grieved that they should be so deaf to the good teachers God has sent to them, spake to me thereof, and then we wandered through the quiet vale which leads by one way to the Golden Gates, still sorrowing in each other's sorrow, and presently the river met her eyes, bright with the glistening of the golden shore opposite, and she paused, glancing therein as one who suddenly beholds the mystery of ages laid quite bare and open to the general view, and presently as though half doubting, yea, and half afraid that she had found so great a truth too easily she kneeled down close by the water, and like a delighted child who lets the ripples of the stream lap over his warm hand, she thrust her finger under the water of the tide of knowledge saying "Behold the jewels of the Lord, there are none else. He works his wonders through the hands of man ; the man Christ Jesus works his works of love through humility and faith. Behold His knowledge is more fair than aught the mind of man has yet conceived. His ways are wonderful. See, O my brother, what are gems of earth compared to those which lie like common pebbles in this crystal stream of God's abundant love, and wherefore should our hearts be sad, for hath not He made all and cared for all ?"

And as she spoke, One came the other side the stream in the far distance and looked at us, and she who came with me called out, "O, that I knew the way to cross this stream, for I would be with Him yonder ; there is no joy save I be close to Him. The light has gone. The waters have grown dark. The radiance of my soul is reft away, and save I find the way to go to Him I cannot live." Then answered I, amazed, "Wherefore so soon hast thou found satiety in the beauties of the water, and from the heights of gladness fallen so deeply into grief.

But she answered nothing. And her face, turned to the distant figure, was as the face of one who longs intensely, longs as one who dies because desire has twined itself about the vital parts, and, with uprooting, tears the life away.

And faintly across the water came a rustling sound as though the breezes swept through a wall of rushes, and borne upon the wind a whisper—"Come."

And she who was with me heard it and her face lightened with glory, until its brilliance was a thing not to be gazed upon, and in an instant, while my heart leaped for fear, I saw her rise and walk across the stream, stretching out her hands towards the figure clad in white upon the other side, and on her hands, even as she held them out, I saw the jewels of the water glisten, and her head and robes were overlaid with them, so that an iris-coloured track laid on the water as she passed along over the border, and at last, I saw her step upon the shore, that other side, and brighter light than sunshine greeted her, yea fair welcome, for I heard the rippling sounds of joy, the one glad shout, the distant song of praise, and hid my face upon the river bank and wept. Yea, wept for joy, and afterwards when twilight fell upon our land, I went to the poor youth, who plodded wearily over his task, and behold, he slept, and one kept guard beside him who was fair to look upon. Then spoke He: "Fetch some water that this youth may wash therein. The stain of labour hath polluted him."

So I hasted back, and brought the water.

And when the youth awakened and saw me, he mistook me for one whom the Lord hath blessed with a double portion of his spirit, seeing my face was brilliant with the reflected light of her who crossed the stream, and he kneeled before me, but perceived not that Holy One who guarded him. Therefore I bade him rise and wash, and he obeyed. And as he rose out of the water he was no more blind but saw his holy guardian watching him. Yea, saw the sword which glistened in his hand, and feared it not, but bright and beautiful as one who by the fire is purified, He came again amongst his brethren. And the glory of the pure spirit whom I saw pass across the water so enchanted him, that on the spot from where she gathered up the ripples of the stream he hath built an arch of pebbles and set each one in order, circling like the iris-coloured bow you call your rainbow, an arch of shifting hues, and here he spends much time mostly in prayer longing to see her, yea, to hear her voice calling him across the space, into the presence of those Holy Ones, to whom her love and faith were precious as the jewels of their crowns.

EMILY E. READER.

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IS THE BUDDHIST AN ATHEIST?

THE very general interest evinced at the present moment by Western students in the religious system of Buddhism, although it may prove to be no deeper than an insatiable craving for new ideals, can, nevertheless, hardly fail to leave some enduring mark on contemporaneous thought. Unfortunately the vulgarization of a most complicated system of philosophy has caused serious misapprehensions, affecting important tenets of the doctrine, to become current. The allegation most constantly levelled against the creed is that it is a doctrine of pure pessimism and absolute Atheism—"that ferocious system that leaves nothing above us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness."

But is Buddhism really Atheistic?

To begin with, what is the popular definition of this much-abused word (Atheism)? We find Worcester rendering it "the denial or disbelief of a God"; while Webster amplifies it to "the disbelief or denial of the existence of a God, or Supreme intelligent Being." The theist may pronounce such a "disbelief" as constituting an irrefutable proof of atheism, holding, as he will, that theism inculcates the existence of a conscious God governing the universe by his will power. The lexicographer's definition is applicable, however, only to the materialist, who rejects any spiritual hypothesis whatever and relies wholly on matter for the formation and preservation of Cosmos. Now Buddhism, although it certainly denies the existence of an anthropomorphic and personal God, yet does not reject spirituality as an attribute of the Primordial Essence. On the contrary, a Divine Intelligence is acknowledged, but at the same time is not held to have any direct control over individual destiny, which is entirely subject to the laws of Cause and Effect, or to use a technical term, to the "Karma" (balance of merit and demerit) of the individual monad which follows and controls the state, condition or form of his re-births.

Does this denial of a personal God necessarily constitute Atheism? It is hardly fair to assume that it does; for the rejection of a personal God need not imply the denial of any God at all.

"The horror inspired by this name (Atheist) is strikingly shewn in the way it is repudiated by the adherents of Pantheism, who reject a personal God and substitute the idealised principle of order that pervades the universe. It is hardly to be denied, however, that the idea associated with the word God has hitherto involved personality as its very essence; and except for the purpose of avoiding odium, there could

be little propriety in retaining the word when the notion is so completely altered." Pantheism and Atheism are consequently hereby pronounced practically synonymous. But are they really so? Certainly not to the Buddhist who energetically refutes the charge of Atheism, although he avows himself, in a measure, a Pantheist.

Fleming's analysis is crushing in its comprehensive dogmatism and would seem to leave no loophole of escape for the hunted Pantheist. "Pantheism, says he, "when explained to mean the absorption of the infinite in the finite, of God in nature, is Atheism: and the doctrine of Spinoza has been so regarded by many. When explained to mean the absorption of nature in God, of the finite in the infinite, it amounts to an exaggeration of Atheism."

Before condemning Spinoza as an Atheist, however, I would quote Mr. Saltus' terse but comprehensive explanation of the doctrine of the great Jew thinker. He taught, says that writer, "that there is but one substance, and in this substance all things live, move and have their being. It is at once Cause and Effect; it is God. But the term thus used has nothing in common with the theistic idea of a Creator, who, having fashioned the world, "sits aloft and sees it go." On the contrary God and the universe were, to Spinoza, one and identical; they were correlatives; the existence of the one made that of the other a logical necessity. To him the primordial entity, the "*fons et origo rerum*," was God; but God was Nature, and Nature, Substance. Goethe also agrees with the Pantheist, that to "discuss God apart from Nature is both difficult and dangerous. It is as though we separated the soul from the body." And he goes on to add that "we know the soul only through the medium of the body, and God only through Nature. Hence the absurdity of accusing of absurdity those who philosophically unite the world with God." This is Pantheism, but it is not Atheism. It is not the "denial or disbelief of a God."

From such a union of God and Nature (in the widest cosmographical sense) sprang the "Divine Principle" of the Esoteric Buddhists: that which is "neither entity nor non-entity, but Abstract Entity, which is *no* entity, liable to be described by either words or attributes."

Without plunging into the bewildering maze of the transcendentalism of the esoteric brotherhood, which is entirely beyond the scope of the present paper, we can affirm, on general principles, that Buddhism, like Schopenhauer's philosophy, teaches that *Will* is the fundamental Supreme Power, whose vivifying essence pervades all cosmos, reaching in an endless circuit from the most minute inorganic atom to man. But, unlike Schopenhauer, it does *not* deny that this Will is the outcome of a Supreme Intelligence: it merely professes such knowledge as beyond the pale of physical conception.

Of course the above must be understood as the briefest synopsis of a most complicated hypothesis; and I hesitate to affirm that the occult

sages of Lhassa or Khatmandhu would endorse such an interpretation "verbatim"; or without much amplification and exhaustive analytical distinction. But it is sufficient for the object of this paper; and I know I shall secure the suffrages of the mass of their co-religionists of the "Lesser Vehicle" when I state that these latter, far from being "materialistic-atheists," if I may borrow the phrase, *do* acknowledge a Supreme Essence; so absolutely and immeasurably above mundane intellect, however, as to be utterly beyond mortal conceptibility, and consequently prudently let, by their exoteric doctrine, severely alone.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the preceding remarks have little or no application to Chinese or Japanese Buddhism, for the religion of those countries is so hopelessly distorted by the interweaving of Confucianism, Taoism and Shintoism, as to present but little interest to the student of the pure doctrine. I would add for the information of those who are not familiar with the technical terms of our subject, that by the "Greater Vehicle" the esoteric philosophy of Thibet and Nepaul is referred to; the "Lesser Vehicle" embracing Burmah, Siam and Ceylon. This last country also, lays claim to the purest and most ancient form of the Buddha's exoteric teachings.

By these the Buddhist is taught to work out his own ultimate salvation (or shall we not rather say *evolution*?) following the path of the most excellent Law, discovered and laid down for his guidance by Gautama Buddha. I use the term "*ultimate salvation*" advisedly, for it should be clearly understood that no Buddhist expects to attain Nirvana on escaping from his present existence. On the contrary, he realizes, as Mr. Sinnett expresses it, "the manifest irrationality in the commonplace notion that man's existence is divided into a material beginning, lasting sixty or seventy years, and a spiritual remainder lasting for ever." The life just passed through, the spiritual quiescence upon which he then enters, and the subsequent maze of alternating material and spiritual phases through which he must pass (their number depending on the spiritual level he has attained), are merely links in the great chain of spiritual and material evolution which will ultimately lead him, purified and etherealized, to Nirvana—that condition which is *not* annihilation, but a "sublime state of conscious rest in omniscience"; in very truth that peace of mind, "which passeth all understanding."

Concerning such refinement of subtilty as the permanence of Nirvana we need not concern ourselves. Still, paradoxical as it may seem, even the duration of this theoretically "eternal" bliss may be computed; and as there can be no such thing as Perpetuity, there *may* dawn a tomorrow, millions of years hence, when the spiritual monad must again start forth on an evolutionary round; but on an immeasurably higher plane. Such is the atheology of Buddhism.

Although it touches our subject but indirectly, even this rapid sketch would be incomplete without a glance at what is meant by the Budd-

hist denial of the immortality of the soul. This denial it will be seen is more apparent than real.

In the Theosophist's Buddhist Catechism, by Colonel Olcott, a work which may safely be taken as authoritative on questions affecting the *exoteric* belief as it has been endorsed by the High Priest of the Southern Buddhists, and recommended by him for use in the Sinhalese schools, we read that "soul" (as understood in popular phraseology) is considered "a word used by the ignorant to express a false idea." "The denial of 'soul,' by Buddha, points to the prevalent delusive belief in an independent transmissible personality; an entity that could move from birth to birth unchanged, or go to a place or state where, as such perfect entity, it could eternally enjoy or suffer. But this 'I am I' consciousness is, as regards permanency, logically impossible, since its elementary constituents constantly change, and the 'I' of one birth differs from the 'I' of every other birth."

The distinction between the pseudonymous "soul" and this subtle "individuality" consists in the psychological "personality" transmitted by the *tanha* (=unsatisfied desire for existence) at the moment of dissolution, to the "character" of the re-birth. We learn from the same source, that, "the successive appearances upon one or many earths, or 'descents into generation,' of the '*tanhaically*' coherent parts of a certain being, are a succession of personalities. In each birth the personality differs from that of the previous or next succeeding birth. Karma, the '*deus ex machina*,' masks (or, shall we say, reflects?) itself now in the personality of a sage, again as an artisan, and so on through the string of births. But though personalities ever shift, the one line of life along which they are strung like beads, runs unbroken; it is ever *that particular line*, never any other. It is, therefore, individual; an individual vital undulation, which began in Nirvana, or the subjective side of nature, as the light or heat undulation through ether began at its dynamic source; is careering through the objective side of Nature, under the impulse of Karma and the creative direction of Tanha; and tends, through many cyclic changes back to Nirvana. However incomplete in detail the foregoing may be, it is nevertheless sufficient in as far as it goes for the object we have at present in view—a cursory examination of three of the fundamental principles of Buddhist philosophy.

Am I wrong in supposing that the unprejudiced mind will readily agree that the creed which inculcates such lofty conceptions of Man's destiny is not that of the atheist—"idealized pantheism" though it may be?

REMSEN WHITEHOUSE.



The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER VIII. (continued.)

THE ANNIVERSARY.

“**I** CONGRATULATE you,” said Captain Bumpkins to Pancho, after the first salutations and talk about the weather were over, “that you have been selected by the Mysterious Brotherhood to carry on the work for the cause of the truth. The truth is the best thing in the world. We want nothing but truth! truth!”

“This is perfectly true,” said Mrs. Honeycomb. “My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, used to say the same thing.”

“Do you, then, really believe in the existence of a Mysterious Brotherhood?” asked Pancho.

“Believe it?” exclaimed the Hierophant. “I not only believe it, I know it. I have seen them and talked with them for hours. Only last night one of the greatest Adepts, and the most prominent member of the Mysterious Brotherhood, the great Krashibashi himself, came to me through the open window of my room, and I had a long chat with him that lasted till long after midnight, when he suddenly disappeared.”

“Do these Adepts visit you often?”

“There is not a day in the year,” answered Captain Bumpkins, “when I do not see some of them in their astral, and sometimes they come to me in their physical, forms. Occasionally, when they wish to talk to me, they take possession of somebody that happens to be around. Once I met Krashibashi in the form of an apple-woman; at another time he took possession of a policeman, and once I had a long talk with him while he got inside of a lightning-rod-agent.”

“How could you tell that it was Krashibashi talking to you?”

“He always gives me certain passwords and masonic signs, by which I can know who I am talking with,” said the Hierophant. “This is just as good as if he were to show his diploma.”

“You must have had some wonderful experiences in your life!”

“I have travelled a great deal,” replied the Hierophant. “I have seen the burning bush in the desert, a species of *Eucalyptus* already known to Moses and the man-eating *Dragonía purpurea*, a tree that swallows the children that are sacrificed to him. I have been all over Europe, eaten macaroni at Naples, and plum pudding in England; but there is nothing that surpasses the apple-dumplings in Germany.”

“I thought that story of the burning bush was an allegory,” interjected Pancho, but the Hierophant, whose mind was absorbed in the recollections of his voyages, continued:

“I tell you, these apple-dumplings are made in a very peculiar manner. I have tried my best to get those African cooks to make them after the receipt

I brought with me from Germany, but so far without success. They make them either too tough or too soft."

"I would like to make the acquaintance of these Mysterious Brothers," tried Pancho again.

"I used to say to them," went on the Hierophant, "give me apple-dumplings or death; but it is of no use; they will not depart from their African style of cooking."

"They look real nice in their astral bodies," said Mrs. Honeycomb; "provided that they are not too much dematerialized to be seen."

"What is the best way to develop one's spiritual perceptions, so as to enter into communication with the Mysterious Brotherhood?"

"I have an excellent magic mirror, a genuine mountain crystal from Arkansas," said the Hierophant. "It is well magnetised. It cost me fifteen dollars and I will let you have it for the same price."

"I have seen such mirrors," said Pancho, "but how can anybody tell whether that what he sees in them is true?"

"If you think fifteen dollars too much, I will let you have it for twelve," said the Hierophant; "but actually I could not go down another cent. Mirrors of that kind are the most reliable ones that can be found anywhere."

"I meant to say," replied Pancho, "that I have been told that it is necessary to attain a certain degree of spiritual perfection to enter into communication with the Mysterious Brotherhood; I cannot see how that can be done by looking into a mirror."

"It is all done by self-hypnotization," answered Captain Bumpkins. "There is no better way to hypnotise oneself than such a mirror. I have seen people that could not look in a crystal for ten minutes without falling asleep. I tell you what I will do. You may have it for ten dollars; but this is my last word."

"Mr. Green will take it for that," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

"But I am not disputing the value of the mirror, at all. What are ten dollars, if one can obtain self-knowledge for it? Money is only an illusion."

"I do not agree with you about that," said the Hierophant. "I know there are some philosophers who teach such stuff, but they do not believe it themselves. I once knew a philosopher who said that money was an illusion, and when somebody took away five dollars from him, you should have seen the fuss he made." Here the Hierophant shook himself with laughing.

"I could have told you so," agreed Mrs. Honeycomb.

"Perhaps the philosopher was himself an illusion, and needed money as such."

"No, sir," exclaimed the Hierophant. "He was not an illusion, but a solid fellow weighing nearly two hundred pounds. He once stepped upon my foot, and I tell you that was no illusion."

"Is there any way of joining that Mysterious Brotherhood?" asked Pancho.

"To do so, you will have to become an Adept."

"How is that done?"

"I dare say," explained Bumpkins, "you know what is meant by the term 'Suggestion.' In ordinary cases, a magnetizer suggests to a patient that he is well, and then the patient gets well. In cases of adeptship, the person magnetises himself and suggests to himself that he is an Adept and when the

suggestion is strong enough he becomes one. Of course, if you can get one of the Brothers to magnetize you, the thing will be done much quicker."

"I wish you would get a Brother to magnetize me," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

"They always select for that the best people. If you want to attract their special attention, I advise you to join our moral regiment."

"What is the moral regiment?" asked Pancho.

"It is a new institution which I have recently organized after the pattern of the Salvation Army," said Captain Bumpkins. "It is made up of people who sign a pledge that they will lead a moral life. Each soldier of the regiment is entitled to wear a badge to show that he is of a good moral character. Any one who does not tell a lie for a year becomes an officer and may carry a wooden sword. He has then to carefully watch the conduct of his company, and if any soldier is caught in telling a fib, that person will have to pay a fine."

"I suppose that the Mysterious Brothers could tell immediately if anyone told a lie? They would make very good officers."

"Last night," answered the Hierophant, "I offered to Krashibashi the generalship of the regiment, and he promised to accept it. He will find out immediately if anyone tells a lie. These Mysterious Brothers know everything; they can see at any times what is going on in the most distant parts of the globe. They have hundreds of time reported to me things that were taking place in far-off countries, and I always found their accounts correct."

"I wish you would ask Krashibashi whether everything is all right in my house," said Pancho.

"The Brothers, my dear sir, do not meddle with trifling affairs. I would not dare to ask them such a question; they would get awfully angry. They never give any advice or orders except in cases of the greatest importance, when the interests of humanity as a whole are at stake. On such occasions they may write an occult letter or appear personally."

"O, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "How I wish I could have a talk with a Brother."

"There is one standing in that corner behind the tree just now," said the Hierophant, pointing in the indicated direction; "I see him nod his head; he hears every word you say."

"The Lord have mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "I cannot see a thing. I wish my friend the Countess Carnivalli were here!"

There the conversation ended because Bumpkins was called away. The park became alive with guests, nearly all being members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom; the rest of them were visitors or aspirants who were not yet in possession of a diploma. The soldiers of the moral regiment wore yellow badges, and their officers could be recognised by wearing badges of larger size and wooden swords. Madame Corneille was distributing little yellow flags which the members of the S. D. W. were to carry in their hands during the public parade which was going to take place in the city.

There were, however, some who showed symptoms of insubordination and refused to take the badges and flags. They soon flocked together into a group and consulted with each other. Finally they selected Mr. Green to draw up a protest against the blue elephants and the flags, which was to be presented to Bumpkins. When everything was prepared, the Hierophant was informed

that some of the members desired to present a petition to him. Everybody then proceeded to the great Hall of the building. Captain Bumpkins placed himself on a kind of a throne and Mr. Green began to read as follows :

“The Elephant is a sagacious animal. Its usual colour is grey, and there are also white and black elephants ; but nobody ever saw one that was blue”

Mr. Green had hardly time to read so far when the sound of a gong was heard, coming from the direction of the temple. Immediately the cry arose : “A message from the Shrine !—A message from the Shrine !” Mr. Malaban then entered the room in hot haste, holding in his hand a paper which he presented to the Hierophant. It was an occult letter. The whole of the assembly arose and listened in breathless silence to hear the message from the Mysterious Brotherhood. Thrice the worthy president bowed his venerable head ; he then took the paper from the hands of the Chela, and after placing it upon his forehead in sign of respect, he opened the letter and read :

“The elephants and the flags may be dispensed with ; but the badges and the music must remain.

“KRASHIBASHI.”

“This settles the question,” said the Hierophant. “The meeting is dissolved.”

Great was the joy of the Zulus to see that their wish had been granted. Some strong and courageous men were immediately dispatched to execute the unfortunate victims. They did their work well. For months afterwards the corpses of the two beasts could be seen lying on the ground, their legs stretched up in the air, their blue paper skins torn and rotting in the sun and rain, and the straw sticking out of their digestive organs.

The wisdom of this decision of the Mysterious Brotherhood was self-evident. The importance of the occasion was indisputable and justified the interference of supernatural powers. A mutiny had threatened to break out in the Society for Distribution of Wisdom and damage its authority, a circumstance which might have done untold harm to the progress of the cause of truth, and been detrimental to the highest interests of humanity ; but the wise decision of the Adepts quelled the disturbance. It satisfied the discontented by doing away with the flags and the elephants, and still it confirmed the authority of Captain Bumpkins, and soothed his feelings by granting to him the badges and the music. “No one but gods could have made such a decision,” gravely remarked Mr. Green.

“This dissatisfaction among certain of our members,” explained Bumpkins, “is the work of black magicians. I am sorry for these people, but I hope to bring them to repentance.”

“How sensitive these Brothers must be,” said Mrs. Honeycomb. “We read here at Urur a petition to the Mysterious Brotherhood and immediately the sound of our voices is wafted on astral waves for thousands of miles over the desert into the far off Nigris Mountains to Kakodumbala, the city of the Adepts. It reaches the astral tympanums of the Brothers and immediately they send an occult letter. I must write about this to my friend the Countess Carnivalli. She will be very much astonished.”

“This is not the way it is done,” said Bumpkins. “There was an astral Chela present, listening to what was said. I saw him standing behind your chair.”

"O dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "What a pity that I did not know it!"

"But was not the document signed by one of the Brothers?" asked Mr. Green.

"That does not make any difference," said Bumpkins. "Accepted Chelas are authorized to sign the names of their Masters to any document they like."

Mr. Green was not quite satisfied with this arrangement; but, being unacquainted with the code of laws of the Mysterious Brotherhood, he had no right to object.

More members and strangers arrived, and it was a great sight to see so many different nationalities intermingled. There were Brahmins from Asia and distinguished people from Europe, Zulus, Caffirs, and Hottentots and a few savages from Australia. Ladies and gentlemen in elegant clothes side by side with the half-nude natives of Africa. There were Christians and Jews; Mohammedans and fire-worshippers. One raven-black African princess in her native costume could be seen walking arm-in-arm with a beautiful European, and the dark skin of the African formed a strange contrast with the peach-blossom complexion of the European girl. Such a sight is to be seen hardly anywhere except at the annual gatherings at the Shrine of Urur.

The Talking Image had expressed a desire not to be bothered, and therefore the great meeting where the speeches were to be made did not take place within the sacred precincts of the temple, but in a temporary building which had been constructed expressly for that purpose, in a distant part of the park. At the appointed hour the procession formed and walked into that building. First came two native policemen, and then the music. Then came the Hierophant dressed in oriental costume with a turban upon his head. After him came Malaban and the rest of the Chelas, accepted, probationary and titular ones, including Mrs. Honeycomb, Pancho and Mr. Green. After this came the *crethi* and *phleti* of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, including a great number of small boys, and at last followed the invited guests. The President took his seat; the scribes dipped their pens into the ink, and after order was restored Captain Bumpkins delivered his speech.

We will not attempt to reproduce in full all the eloquent words which Captain Bumpkins spoke on this solemn occasion. There was a great deal of truth in what he said and also a great deal of error. There was a great deal of exaggeration in the statements he made; but this circumstance was evidently not due to any wilful misrepresentation of facts; but rather to a too vivid imagination. He alluded with pride to the progress which the Society for Distribution of Wisdom had made during the past and which was especially due to the revelations that had been given to the world through the instrumentality of the Talking Image, whose utterances were then attracting the attention of the world, and the most distinguished people from all parts of the globe were now coming to join the society.

Only yesterday Pancho, a distinguished stranger, had come, attracted by the unselfish desire of enlightening mankind and to benefit humanity by fighting for the cause of the truth. With him had come Mr. Green, a well-known scientist and a man of unusual intelligence. He had laid away his numerous titles, to enlist under the flag of Wisdom and to become a probationary Chela in the

Mysterious Brotherhood, of which he was already a titular member. He was the kind of a man that was wanted in the coming battle for truth, and as he—Captain Bumpkins—was looking with a clairvoyant eye into the future, he could foresee the day when Mr. Green would become president of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, after he, the present occupant of that chair, was laid away in his grave.

A great applause followed, and the Hierophant, overcome by emotion, wiped a tear from his cheek. After a while he continued :

“Ladies and gentlemen, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters and children ! I address you all without any distinction of colour or race ; for in the Society for Distribution of Wisdom all are equals and have equal rights. We are not merely a brotherhood, but also a sisterhood, a childrenhood, a neighbourhood, a universal family of harmonious minds. Upon us and upon us only are centered the hopes of the world. Millions of longing eyes are directed towards the S. D. W., thirsting for wisdom. Where, oh, where shall they obtain it ? There have been wise men in the world attempting to teach the truth. But how can the world at present know whether or not they were to be believed, or their assertions reliable ? What were their credentials ? Who vouched for their veracity ? Alas, echo answers ‘who !’ Some of them worked miracles ; but those miracles could only be proofs to those who personally witnessed them. The accounts of them may have been exaggerated ; they were not always produced under test conditions. Moreover, the people in ancient times not being versed in hypnotism and magnetism, may have regarded certain things as miraculous which appear to us perfectly natural. The transmutation of water into wine, for instance, is a feat that may have appeared wonderful to the Canaanites, but to-day every dealer in liquors is in possession of this secret. In many instances it has been positively proved that the accounts in the Bible regarding certain miracles are inaccurate. Now-a-days it is known to every child in the street that the ‘snake’ which tempted Eve in Paradise was no snake at all, but a *Pterodactyle*, an animal which looks like a dragon ; also that the trumpets, at whose voice the walls of Jericho fell, were fitted with a very ingeniously-constructed mechanism, resembling that which has recently been discovered by Mr. John Worrell Keeley.

“Now, however, a new instrument for revelation has been given to the world by the Mysterious Brotherhood, an instrument whose veracity no sane person can doubt, and whose infallibility is self-evident to all thinkers. I cannot omit expressing my impatience and indignation when I hear the speculations of our so-called philosophers, who attempt to find out by their own thinking the mysteries of nature and man. It cannot be denied that some of them have had some tolerable good ideas, even approaching the truth ; but I say, let those people wait patiently until the Talking Image has had its say, and they may then go to sleep, satisfied that what it has said is true.

“Let me ask you in all sincerity : What is the use of anyone trying to do his own thinking, if he has a Mysterious Brother who can give him all the information he wants and whose veracity can be relied upon ; an adept, I say, who can magnetize knowledge into his brain much faster than he could ever learn it by going through all sorts of experiences ? Do those people who want to find out everything themselves, imagine that they are wiser than the Mysterious

Brotherhood? Do those sceptics and scoffers believe that they can teach an adept? Villains and rogues they are, sunk in the swamp of materialism and doubt. Their day of reckoning is near, when they will be rooted out of existence.

"But what words, ladies and gentlemen, will be adequate to describe the self-sacrificing spirit of ladies of rank and position, who have sacrificed the comfort of a luxurious home, renounced their social standing, and even the delights of married life, to come to Africa for the benefit of humanity? They are like beautiful angels coming to save this sinful world. It is certainly incredible that there are ladies even this day, who would do such a thing, and nevertheless it is true, too true, for such a lady is right in our midst. Her name is Mrs. Honeycomb, whom I now have the honour to introduce to you. She is a graduate of a well-known boarding-school in England. For many years she has faithfully stood by the side of her husband, and as he has now gone to that bourne from which no traveller returns, she has resolved to remain single and to sacrifice her life to the cause of the truth."

A tremendous applause followed and Mrs. Honeycomb hid her face in her handkerchief. She was too full of emotion to speak. What the Hierophant had said about her was not doing her justice, although he may have imagined it to be true. If she had wanted to speak, she might have told a different tale.

It has not been decided whether it was a good or an evil spirit that then and there put the idea into the mind of the Hierophant to request Mrs. Honeycomb to make a speech. At all events he did so.

"O, dear," said Mrs. Honeycomb, "I do not know what to say."

"Never mind," whispered Captain Bumpkins; "the Brothers will put the words into your mind."

Thus encouraged, Mrs. Honeycomb arose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said; "I am a defender of women's rights. If I ever had to submit to be married again, I would take care of having my own separate rights. I would not let any man get the best of me again. This is all I have to say."

Mrs. Honeycomb sat down under a storm of applause.

"The eloquent words of Mrs. Honeycomb," now spoke Captain Bumpkins, "contain a great deal of truth. We want the freedom of women. We are for perfect equality of the sexes."

A general hurrah arose from the members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and the Hierophant continued:

"The words which our sister, Mrs. Honeycomb, spake will be printed to reverberate throughout the world. The sentiments which she expressed will find their echo at Washington, London and Paris. Men and women are separate beings and therefore they must have separate rights. In fact it would perhaps be best if they would remain separate altogether. I know of more than one fine fellow whose prospects of becoming a Chela have been entirely spoiled by his having a wife. Confound these women! They are an everlasting botheration and a drawback in the attainment of the honours which may be bestowed by the Mysterious Brotherhood."

Mr. Green here rose and asked whether no exceptions were ever made to that rule and no special permits granted. He said he had heard of a powerful Adept who was all his life in love with a lady whose name was *Sophia* and that

this circumstance did not interfere with his being promoted to the highest degree that can be conferred by the Mysterious Brotherhood.

The deafening uproar which these words elicited cannot be described. The members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, especially the small boys, shouted and whistled, clapped their hands and threw their hats and turbans into the air. The assembly resembled a congregation of maniacs.

During this time Mr. Green looked more solemn than usual. He felt the dignity of a future Hierophant swelling within his breast. He congratulated himself for having come to Urur. What a prospect was there open before him!

More than once his shortsighted relatives had prophesied to him that he would never come to anything in the world, that he was useless and incapable; so that now he revelled in the anticipation of the joy of seeing them confounded on the day when he would return and give them proofs of his occult powers.

On this occasion Pancho's interior eyes were also opened to an extent. Even without the aid of a magic mirror he could see that the Society for Distribution of Wisdom was not exactly what he had imagined it to be. He could see that there were few persons, if any, who cared anything for truth for its own sake, but only for the benefits that would arise from its possession. He knew that it was not the desire of benefitting humanity that had caused him to come to Urur, but that he hoped to obtain knowledge in regard to certain mysterious things, and he was aware that neither Mr. Green nor Mrs. Honeycomb would have come to Africa if they had not expected to profit by the visit.

After a pause the Hierophant continued his speech. He said that he had received reliable information from the Mysterious Brotherhood, that a band of black magicians were leagued together, bent on the destruction of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and that the Adepts had given him orders to establish a Secret Committee of Defence to devise and employ means by which the schemes of these sorcerers could be frustrated and they themselves be confounded and annihilated. He said that the best members of the S.D.W. should be selected to serve on that committee and he therefore appointed Mrs. Honeycomb, Pancho and Mr. Green.

This important announcement created a great sensation among the members of the S.D.W. and the hearts of many were oppressed with dark forebodings of coming evil events, but there were also some who were discontented and felt themselves slighted for not having been appointed to that committee, and some of them even threatened to give to the Hierophant "a piece of their mind."

At the end of the meeting the president gave out the subject of a prize-essay on the following question of occult dynamics:

"If there is a church with two steeples of equal dimensions and the bells are all hung in one steeple only and none in the other; what will be, when these bells are rung, the consequence of this disturbance of equilibrium, in its physical, metaphysical and occult aspects?"

The writer of the best essay on this mysterious problem was promised the privilege of wearing a cocked hat with a feather.

Then the subject of the phenomena of dreams was broached.

"A friend of mine," said Mr. Green, "dreamt of five numbers. He thought of putting them into the lottery, but neglected to do so on that day. On the

following he went to the lottery office, but arrived too late ; it was on a Saturday evening and the office was closed. On the following Monday the bulletin appeared where the numbers that had been drawn were recorded, and among them there was not a single one of those which he had dreamt about."

"To a superficial observer," remarked the Hierophant, "this might go to prove that there are unreliable dreams ; but what proof have you that those numbers did not come out in some other lottery, or at some other time ? If your friend had put these numbers in every lottery in the world and kept on putting them in, they might have come out after all.

After this conversation Pancho retired to his room. All that he had seen and heard had only served to confirm him in his opinion that there was no such thing as a Mysterious Brotherhood, or that, if it existed, it must be something very different from what it had been represented to him by Mr. Puffer and Captain Bumpkins. "Could it be possible that such exalted beings should engage in such puerilities ?" he asked himself. "Can it be imagined that persons in possession of supreme wisdom should refuse to do something useful, but find time to descend from the Nigris mountain to give orders about blue elephants ? O, the imbecility of these Brothers. If they are such as Captain Bumpkins describes, how great must it be !"

Mr. Green entered the room.

"Brother Pancho," he said, "we have both been greatly honoured in being appointed members of the Secret Committee of Defence against Black Magicians. What a sensation it will create among my friends ! I will immediately telegraph the news to London."

"You had better wait," answered Pancho, "for the committee is a secret one and if the black magicians find out the names of the members, it might go hard with you."

Mrs. Honeycomb entered. Being a member of the S. C. D. B. M., she was entitled to take part in the consultation.

"The first thing to be done," she said, "is to find out who the black magicians are. I therefore propose to get a good magic mirror and to see how they look. It is extremely difficult to fight against a man unless you can see him and know who he is."

"Who knows," said Mr. Green ; "there may be some of them right here in this room."

"We must keep them out from here, then," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I am going to put a vessel of vitriol in my room to keep them away."

"I believe," said Mr. Green, "the best plan will be to take a strictly legal course and hand them over to the authorities."

"It would take an astral policeman to catch the astral body of a wizard," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "I am not afraid of any man, if he comes to me in his physical form. Let them come to me bodily and I will show them how I can deal with men. I will make them slink into a corner, the nasty curs ! But, of course, if we have to deal with astral bodies, that is a different thing."

At this moment Mr. Green observed Madame Corneille standing near the open door, and it seemed to him that she had been listening. He became very indignant.

"What are you doing here?" he said. "This is a private meeting of a committee and we do not want any servants eavesdropping."

Madame Corneille was going to answer, but Mr. Green slammed the door in her face, and she went away, menacing, in the direction of the temple.

As may be supposed, the appointment of the Committee of Defence against Black Magicians formed the main topic of conversation on that day in Urur, and if those villains would have had the power to go about in their invisible astral bodies and to listen to what was said, they would certainly have been amused to hear the various plans that were proposed to effect their destruction. Some persons thought that these magicians were *Doug-Pa's* residing in the Gobian desert; others imagined that they could be found in London among the members of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, and again others believed that it was a Society of the Jesuits who had an eye upon the destruction of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom. Only one little lady, the one described above as having a peach-blossom complexion, had a theory of her own, and while sitting at the dinner-table she whispered to Pancho, who was next to her, "I know who these black magicians are. They are—Madame Corneille and her familiars."

CHAPTER IX.

THE TALKING IMAGE.

CLOSE by the riverside and overshadowed by high eucalyptus and cedar trees in the park of Urur, there is a curiously shaped building. It is built like a Chinese pagoda, three stories high, each story having a projecting roof, on the top of which is a large gilded globe. A narrow winding staircase leads to the top story of the building. On the second floor a side door opens into the room where reside Mr. Malaban and Ram, two Chelas, guarding the stairs that lead still higher up to the sacred room, called "the Shrine," where the Talking Image is kept. Nothing extraordinary is seen in the room of the Chelas; there are only a few mats and tiger skins. Books, tobacco pipes and writing materials are scattered over the floor. Tables and chairs are absent, for they are quite unnecessary for those who are accustomed to sit in Oriental fashion squatting upon the ground.

The top story of the building contained the Talking Image, the jewel of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom. This room was the sanctuary of the pagoda. It was built in the shape of an octagon, its ceiling was a high vault, painted in blue with golden stars, representing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, while in the midst was the emblem of the Sun with an eye in it. This represented universal Consciousness, and the eye was surrounded by a triangle, the representation of form. The walls were hung with dark tapestry, ornamented with magical signs. There were Persian mats and Indian shawls, arms and ornaments of various savage nations and a number of stuffed animals, including a gorilla, a pelican and the skin of a cobra. There was only one window on the eastern side looking towards the river and a soft light fell through its stained glass upon an object that stood motionless in the centre of the room, while all around it was semi-darkness and gloom.

This object was the Talking Image itself.

Various attempts have been made by prominent writers to give a fair description of the Talking Image and its natural history ; but none of them have been successful, nor is there much hope that we shall succeed in this task, unless the readers will permit us to employ our clairvoyant powers ; and even then the success will be doubtful. Nevertheless, we will try :

Standing upon its pedestal it was an imposing figure, resembling somewhat a woman in a state of trance. Usually there was to all appearance, no life about it except its head. From the eyes downward it seemed to be dead, immovable, heartless and petrified. From the eyes upward it was alive, at times conscious, and sometimes even of superhuman intelligence. The statue seemed made of stone ; still there was a brain in it, capable of reasoning and thinking. All this apparent immovability was, however, merely an illusion. In reality the Image was a compound of living and conscious elemental principles, which had, so to say, crystallized into a compound organism of a very singular nature ; and, as a magnet attracts iron filings and fixes them upon its surface, in a similar manner the elemental principles composing the body of the Image would attract to themselves corresponding intelligent principles of various grades and characters from the unseen world.

Thoughts existing in the minds of those who were near, and even of those who were distant, would, on reaching the Image, act upon corresponding elements within the stone-like mass, and as a mirror reflects the objects in its vicinity, likewise the statue would reflect the thoughts of persons whether present or absent. Nor was it at all necessary that such persons should themselves be conscious of the thoughts which they projected upon the Image ; on the contrary, the latter seemed to be impressed especially powerfully by the thoughts that came, so to say, from the *heart* and not from the brains of others, and it gave utterance to such thoughts in speech and, occasionally, in writing.

Therefore its utterances were, at times, a reflection of the interior states of those who were *en rapport* with the Image ; but at other times phenomena of a superior order took place. On such occasions a light of a seemingly supernatural kind, coming, not from the heart, but from the outside, seemed to enter and to illuminate that brain. Then the grey and immovable eyes would brighten, as if they belonged to a human being, capable of feeling and subject to emotions, and on such occasions the Image would speak words of great wisdom that astonished the world and perplexed the scientists and philosophers. But when that Light was entirely absent, and only weak-minded and superficial persons were present, it would be either entirely silent or merely echo back the words of the latter.

Being like a mirror, it would reflect truly the best as well as the worst traits of those who stood before it. It was at once the pride and the despair of its friends, and an object of scorn for its enemies ; for neither the one nor the other understood its true nature. It seemed to be like all human beings of a dual nature or possessed of two polarities ; but while in human beings there is usually no marked line of distinction between the high and the low, it seemed as if in the Image the two natures had become separated from each other. It was in fact like an animal and a god, without the intermediary human element between the two poles.

The nature of the material of which it was composed was an object of con-

tinual quarrel among scientists, and has never been satisfactorily explained. It seemed to be stone and yet still it could not be stone of a usual kind. It was as if it were made of a substance composed of a great number of living beings of an unknown kind, in a state of sleep or petrification, from which they could be temporarily awakened when that superior light radiated on the brain. It then seemed as if each of these component parts had a life of its own, and could act independently of the organism of the Image. It was even said that on certain occasions some of these integral parts had separated themselves from the Image, and could act intelligently at a distance, but had to return again, in the same sense as we may send a thought to a friend in a distant country, which may enter the consciousness of that friend, while, at the same time, we do not lose the thought, for it resumes its place in our memory after the service is rendered. But while the thoughts of ordinary human beings are not self-conscious, but reflect merely the consciousness of the sender, the thoughts thus emanating from the Image were said to be made self-conscious by the power of that mysterious Light, so that they could act, as it were, independently of the Image and do many queer things.

Such phenomena, however, did not take place under all circumstances. Sometimes the Image answered questions, and at other times it remained obstinately silent. A series of scientific experiments were made by eminent scientists, under the supervision of the Hierophant, for the purpose of determining the cause of this instability. Barometrical, thermometrical, hygrometrical, electrical and magnetic observations and measurements were taken; but no satisfactory conclusions were arrived at. The Talking Image seemed to care nothing for scientific conditions; but proved to be fickle-minded, and to have a will of its own. At present the scientific experiments were discontinued, and the mechanism of the Image was authoritatively declared to belong to the region of the Unknowable in Nature.

Captain Bumpkins, however, being of a scientific turn of mind, had not yet given up all hope to find out how the mechanism worked. He had applied to the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences at London to send him a man who was an expert in such matters, to examine the Image; and not long after the arrival of our friends, the Hierophant received information that a Mr. Botler, a member of that Society, who had made himself quite celebrated by the discovery of some remnants of the Tower of Babel, and of some petrified wood of Noah's Ark, would be sent to explore the mystery. Captain Bumpkins was anxiously awaiting his arrival.

However, we will not anticipate the regular course of events.

While the Hierophant is enjoying his dinner with his guests, we will step into the sacred room and see what is taking place. Everything is silent there; only the rush of the water in the swiftly-flowing river below, and occasionally the shout of a fisherman, is heard, for the noise of the crowd in the park does not penetrate into this place, and the native musicians are resting from their exhaustive muscular labour. Presently the door opens, and Madame Corneille enters. She throws a shy glance around, and silently closes and locks the door. Then, approaching the Image, she addresses the latter, commanding it in a stern voice to "awaken!"

A commotion seems to take place within the Image. A shadow of disgust and

contempt creeps over its face. It does not move its lips, but a hollow voice, coming apparently from the base of the Image, answers :

“Be gone !”

“I shall not be gone,” answered Madame Corneille. “I know the secret of your composition, and I can manage some of the devils that have possession of you. Keep quiet, or I shall speak the word that will dissolve you into thin air.”

“What do you want ?” sounded the voice.

“I want to remain what I am,” answered Madame Corneille. “I am the mistress of this place. I have power over the blustering Hierophant, and the Chelas crawl at my feet ; but now a worm has crossed my path, and I must make him obedient like the rest. Mr. Green has been impudent to me. Put him down.”

While Madame Corneille was speaking, the lower parts of the statue seemed to become alive, a cloud issued from its base, and became more and more dense, until it shaped itself into a curious being, which was neither an animal nor a man. It was rather of a ludicrous than of a terrible aspect, resembling, to a certain extent, a human being of minute proportions ; but its head was that of a bird of prey, with big protruding goggle eyes ; while its long spindle legs ended in web-footed extremities, like those of a goose. When the monster was fully formed, Madame Corneille laid a sheet of paper before it, and directly her thoughts became expressed upon the paper in writing. When the writing was finished, the Elemental again dissolved into a cloud, which entered into the body of the Image. During this process the Image seemed to be perfectly dead ; but when the Elemental had returned to its place, the eyes of the Image shone with a faint spark of life.

Madame Corneille folded the paper in the shape of a letter, and deposited it at the feet of the statue. Smiling contentedly, she then retired as noiselessly as she had come. But the Image did not stir ; only the expression of pain which rested upon its face during the presence of Madame Corneille faded away, and was replaced once more by that of repose.

About an hour after this event a procession was seen to go towards the temple. It consisted of a number of persons among which were our friends, Mrs. Honeycomb, Pancho, and Mr. Green, who, having been duly tested and examined, and not found wanting, were now to be initiated by Captain Bumpkins into the secrets of the Mysterious Brotherhood. Mr. Ram, who walked at the head of the procession, carried the unavoidable flag, and Mr. Malaban the utensils necessary for fumigation, to drive evil spirits away. In the midst of the crowd walked the Hierophant.

The procession ascended the stairs and entered the room of the Image. The Chelas prostrated themselves before it, and Captain Bumpkins followed their example, looking like a fish out of water as he floundered upon the floor. Mr. Green, too, made an effort to do likewise, but remembering the dignity due to his future position, he stopped and merely made a reverential bow. Mrs. Honeycomb made a nice curtsy, giving to the Image the sweetest of her smiles practised expressly for that purpose, and Pancho waited to see what was coming. He had still great doubts in regard to the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood, but hated to give up his illusion. Now the time for a final decision had come. Now or never would these secrets be revealed to him.

The Chelas arose. Captain Bumpkins resumed his former position. The initiation began.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Hierophant, "this is the most solemn day in my life, as I have the honour of introducing you to the Talking Image of Urur. It is perhaps the greatest curiosity in the world, and there are thousands of people who would be willing to give their bottom dollar to see it. About its natural history little is known; I captured it myself in the interior of Africa, with a great deal of danger to myself, and brought it here at a considerable expense. You may touch it, to see that it is made of solid material and that there is no trickery about it, though it is able to talk. If it were necessary I could produce certificates from persons of very high standing, to prove its solidity. I have exhibited it before a great number of African kings and queens, who have been gracious enough to express their entire gratification. It is awful hot to-day."

The Hierophant wiped the sweat from his brow, and then continued:

"I am now going to divulge to you the greatest mysteries; such as I would not reveal for a thousand dollars to anyone save to a member of our society."

After a solemn silence, Captain Bumpkins went on:

"This Image has been magnetized and psychologized by the Mysterious Brotherhood. Being in a state of hypnotism it is always inhabited by one or more of the Brothers, who will give answers to the questions we ask. I am now going to make them talk."

Captain Bumpkins then advanced towards the Image, and said:

"Who is now present in you? Is it Krashibashi?"

"Krashibashi," repeated the voice from the interior of the Image.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen, it is Krashibashi himself." Then addressing the Image, he asked:

"May I ask a question?"

"Ask a question," answered the Image.

"Will the Brother kindly tell me the names of those Black Magicians?" asked the Hierophant.

"Black Magicians," echoed the Image.

"Yes; the Black Magicians who desire to ruin our Society," continued the Hierophant. "Tell us their names, so that we may kill and destroy them."

"Kill and destroy them," was the answer.

"You see, ladies and gentlemen; the Brothers give us full permission to kill and destroy these villains; but they are not permitted to reveal their names. We will have to go out in our astral bodies to hunt them up."

"May I ask a question?" asked Mr. Green, and the answer came:

"Ask a question."

"I wish to call the attention of the respectable Mysterious Brotherhood," said Mr. Green, "to the fact that having received a superior education at one of the most eminent colleges in Europe, and having studied Latin and Greek, geography and natural history, I consider myself qualified to become a member of the Mysterious Brotherhood. I would therefore ask whether I will be accepted as a real Chela?"

"Will be accepted as a real Chela," sounded the answer.

"Let me congratulate you," said the Hierophant to Mr. Green. "What an honour is that conferred upon you!"

The Hierophant embraced Mr. Green and Mrs. Honeycomb looked upon him with profound admiration; but Mr. Malaban being of a jealous nature, did not like to have such high honours conferred upon a European. Bending over, he whispered to Mr. Ram: "I do not think this is to be taken seriously. Krashibashi said it merely in fun."

"Krashibashi said it merely in fun," repeated the Image.

The Hierophant, however, as well as Mr. Green, were too much enraptured to hear that remark. After their mutual congratulations were over Mrs. Honeycomb stepped forward and asked whether she was permitted to ask a question.

"Ask a question," came the voice from the Image.

"I only wish to know," said Mrs. Honeycomb, "whether my friend, the Countess Carnivalli is well?"

"The Countess Carnivalli is well," was the reply of the Image.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Hierophant, "I have now initiated you into the greatest mystery of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and these secrets are not to be divulged to anybody unless he has been fully tested and tried beyond the possibility of backsliding or becoming a traitor. I hope that none of you will ever communicate them to anyone without my permission. If one of you should ever be indiscreet, let him look out for Captain Bumpkins. I am not given to joking. I have been an officer under King Malabolo. I once hit a man with a double-barrelled shot-gun."

"My friend, the Countess Carnivalli . . ." began Mrs. Honeycomb; but she was interrupted by Malaban, who noticed an occult letter at the feet of the Image. He picked it up and handed it to the Hierophant. It was addressed to Mr. Green and contained the following:

"To Mr. Green, titular probationary Chela.—You have shown a deplorable want of intelligence in insulting our most intimate friend and adviser, Madame Corneille. Under other circumstances such a misbehaviour would put an end to your Chelaship. In offending Madame Corneille you have offended me. For once we will overlook your profound ignorance and stupidity; but we order you to beg her pardon and to put yourself under her guidance. Have implicit faith in Madame Corneille; tell her all your secrets and obey all her directions. Whatever Madame Corneille may order you to do, do it.—Krashibashi."

"A letter from Krashibashi!" exclaimed the Hierophant. "Oh, how blessed you are, my brother," and Captain Bumpkins went once more to embrace Mr. Green, nearly upsetting him.

"My master is Ratorumatchi; I do not know Krashibashi," said Mr. Green.

"Wretch!" shouted the Hierophant. "Krashibashi is the boss of the Mysterious Brotherhood. I would not give one Krashibashi for a dozen Ratorumatchi. What! a stripling without any beard on his face comes here to discredit the words of Krashibashi! Shame upon you! I am ready to whip anybody who says that Krashibashi is not a gentleman."

Captain Bumpkins had talked himself into quite an excitement and proceeded to pull off his coat to show that he was in fighting trim ; but Mrs. Honeycomb interfered and succeeded in pacifying him.

"Now don't !" she said. "Just keep yourself quiet, Captain Bumpkins and don't put on airs. There is no use in being angry. There is nobody who has anything against Krashibashi."

Overcome by emotion, the Hierophant stopped, and then as suddenly staggered towards Mrs. Honeycomb and shook hands with her. Then growing sentimental he began to weep and blubbered out : "My dear Mrs. Honeycomb ! You are my only friend. You are a true daughter of Krashibashi. Swear that you will never betray me. Swear !"

"O, Captain Bumpkins !" sighed Mrs. Honeycomb.

"Shall I make some smoke ?" asked Malaban, getting his incense ready.

"No !" said the Hierophant. "The meeting is adjourned *sine die*."

The Chelas then prostrated themselves again before the Talking Image and retired in the same order in which they had entered the Shrine. The Hierophant walking arm-in-arm with Mrs. Honeycomb wobbled away, followed by Mr. Green. But Pancho, seeing that he was unobserved, remained behind. A moment after he was alone with the Talking Image in the sacred Shrine of Urur.

For a while he stood motionless, like the Talking Image itself, looking at the latter and lost in his thoughts. "This then," he said to himself, "is the *summum bonum* of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, and the essence of its mysteries. The Hierophant, an imbecile, the Chelas, simpletons, the Talking Image an echo ! Was I possessed by the spirit of an idiot when I made up my mind to go to Urur in search of self-knowledge, or was it the devil that rendered me gullible enough to believe in the absurd tales of Mr. Puffer, the Chela ? Now I have had my experience and the farce is ended. The scales have fallen from my eyes. The next steamer shall carry me home to my wife ; but you, O, Talking Image, who are the cause of all this illusion and mischief ; you who delude the ignorant and betray the weak, may you be"

Pancho did not finish his sentence, for at that moment a rosy light filled the room and an exquisite odour became perceptible. A halo of golden light of a supermundane character surrounded the head of the Image, sending silvery rays upwards towards the ceiling, and, as Pancho lifted his eyes to the ceiling, it faded away and O, wonder ! above the statue of stone there floated another Image, an exact representation or counterpart of the former, but far more beautiful, ethereal, living. . . . The glassy gaze of the statue had gone ; and an angelic being whose eyes seemed to penetrate to the very centre of Pancho's soul and to read his innermost thoughts, was looking down on him !

Speechless, he beheld the apparent miracle taking place before his eyes, and he saw that the ethereal form floated down and surrounding the Image became at last absorbed by it ; and in proportion as the latter absorbed its own ethereal counterpart, the eyes of the statue began to brighten, life seemed to come into its limbs, until at last when the absorption was finished, the Talking Image itself seemed to be transformed into an angelic being, hardly inferior to its celestial counterpart. It then began to speak in a sweet voice, differing entirely from the one heard before. It said :

"Curse not the Image, my friend, which, like all other beings, is but an

instrument in the hands of its own creator. The echo gives foolish answers to the questions of the fool, but by him who seeks for wisdom, wisdom will be received. An instrument which is not attuned gives forth discordant sounds, and a harp played upon by an ignorant child will not produce the same melodies as if played by a master musician. Is paper to be cursed, because falsehoods may be written upon it? Are mirrors to be abolished because they reflect the faces of the vile, as truly as those of the virtuous?"

"Who are you, O, beautiful being?" asked Pancho. "Are you the god you seem to be or am I labouring under an illusion?"

"I am the Master of the Image," answered the latter. "To know my name would be useless to you. The Light which shines within my being and which gives me Life is self-existent and true. My form is an illusion like yours, like that of Captain Bumpkins, and like that of every other being on earth. All forms are illusive and impermanent; they are not self-existent but subject to continual change. But all, however imperfect they may be, are instruments through which the truth may become manifest, for in all of them is a spark of light, a product of the ray of the Sun of Divine Wisdom. There are lilies and tulips in the gardens, and daisies upon the fields; and in all of them the light of the sun manifests itself by producing various colours and hues. The forms perish, but the sunlight continues to exist even after all the flowers are gone."

"Where can I find that light?" asked Pancho.

"Where should you expect to find the light that shines in you except within your own Higher Self?" replied the Image, "Seek it where it exists and not where it cannot be known. Seek it not in the realm of the imagination, but at the fountain of truth; seek it not in the brain but in the heart, the centre of your own world."

"You have desired a man who would work entirely unselfishly for the benefit of humanity," said Pancho. "To such a man you have promised to communicate all your knowledge. I have come to undertake that work without regard to *self*. When shall I obtain my reward?"

There was a pause, and then the voice from the Image spoke and said: "He who has given up the love of Self seeks for no reward. Only to him who asks for nothing, everything shall be given."

"Teach me then," answered Pancho, "how I can give up the love of self."

"Acquire first the knowledge of Self," answered the voice; "you cannot give up consciously a thing which you do not know, and which is not in your possession."

"Give me then the power to possess myself; teach me the secrets of Alchemy." . . .

As Pancho uttered this selfish prayer, a clap of thunder shook the temple from the top to its very foundation, and the room grew suddenly dark. Involuntarily he closed his eyes for a moment, and when he opened them again, the rosy light and the fragrance had disappeared and the room looked as usual. The Image looked cold and deathlike. Its stony eyes were directed towards the ceiling, and the questions which Pancho asked elicited no response; its features had the aspect of perfect indifference.

He was now fully convinced that there exist superior and intelligent powers, invisible to the eyes of mortal man, but nevertheless living and active; but he

was also certain that such powers were something different from what he was led to believe, and that their duties must be of a higher kind than to magnetize their blockhead admirers and to play tricks for the amusement of those who flattered them. It then seemed to Pancho as if within himself was contained the shadow of such a power; a consciousness of a higher mind, a state into which he who enters loses all sight of terrestrial things and is entirely unaffected by that which concerns the everchanging illusion called the personality of man. Caring nothing for its sorrows and joys, he dwells in a realm where all is Light, peace, tranquillity, glory and enduring happiness, in an interior realm where all speculation and fancy cease and pure knowledge alone exists. Surely this and none other must be the realm wherein dwells the Mysterious Brotherhood. . . .

After this adventure Pancho did not feel inclined to mix with the crowd but wanted to commune with his own thoughts. He walked towards the seashore and arrived at the beach over which the waves rolled in rhythmic succession. There was a sandhill from which a fine view could be had of the sea and the distant city. A number of native fishermen were engaged in stretching nets upon a sandbank at the mouth of the river; for as the waves rolled over the bank, they carried with them their living inhabitants and many an unfortunate victim was caught in the treacherous net. There were some beautiful shells buried here and there in the sand; but there were no Barnacles, such as Pancho had seen on the shores of the Pacific, when he walked there with his beloved Conchita, and promised to her that their love should not separate them even in death.

(To be continued.)



NOTICE.

It is proposed to form a Branch of the Theosophical Society in the West of England.

Members will probably live so far apart that regular meetings can only occasionally be held, but it is thought that the members of a Society might be kept in touch with each other by means of correspondence. All persons living in Devon, Cornwall, Somerset or Dorset, who are interested in Theosophy, are invited to communicate with

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ART DURING THE EGYPTIAN FOURTH DYNASTY,
THE PERIOD OF THE PYRAMID-BUILDING KINGS.

THAT excellence in the fine arts and advance in civilization go hand in hand, is an accepted axiom in history ; whose truth is confirmed by the fact that the most refined and civilized nations of antiquity, such as the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Greeks, and the Romans, were unquestionably, also, farther advanced in the fine arts than their less civilized contemporaries. Furthermore, the Archaic period of art corresponds usually to the earlier age of the nation, as the finest period of art does to that nation in the zenith of its power ; so that these two, art and civilization, are indissolubly bound together. And as the nation gradually declines from its superiority, so does its art gradually deteriorate.

All modern Egyptologists agree in assigning to the Pyramid-builders a far more ancient date than that given by Herodotus to the brethren Cheops and Cephren, who are now usually identified with the Suphis of Manetho, and the Khufuf or Khufu, or Xufu, and Khafra or Shafra, of the Tablets of Abydos and Saqqarah. In the Turin papyrus only the termination "zaf" of the name of the third king of the fourth dynasty is legible.

Now, when we attentively examine the construction of the Great Pyramid, we shall find evidences of no common mechanical skill displayed therein. Whether we consider the magnitude of the undertaking, the excessive finish of the work, or the proportional measurements, we shall feel sure that such a production could only be the outcome of an age which possessed a high civilization. Consequently, according to my previous argument, the art of the fourth dynasty should bear marks of a similar advancement. And when we look for these in the sculpture of this period, we shall not be disappointed. There is a notable example of this to be found in a statue belonging to this dynasty, which is now in the British Museum, to which it was presented by Captain Caviglia in 1817. It represents a full-length figure of an officer of rank in a marching attitude, and is from a tomb near the pyramids. It is executed almost entirely in the round, the back of the figure being supported by a fragment of wall, and it has evidently undergone rough usage, for the head is wanting, the greater part of the right arm has been destroyed, and the fingers of the left hand are gone. With the exception of a short kilt, the figure is nude, the nude parts having been coloured a dark, dull red. The modelling of these is excellent, and far superior to

some of the later sculptures, notably to those of the dynasties nearly succeeding it. There is far more of the grace of Greek productions in it, than the majority of Egyptian statues bear, while it is far older than even the earliest Hellenic statues. It is very nearly life-size. The position is easy, the weight on the right foot, the left foot and leg being advanced, while the arms hang easily at the side. The poise of the whole figure is graceful, and there is little or none of the stiffness and formality of later Egyptian art. Some statues near it of the XIth and XIIth dynasties are not nearly so good. There is, however, a seated figure of Betmes, a functionary, belonging to the IVth dynasty, which is not at all to be compared with the one just mentioned, the figure being squat and awkward, and the head too large; but still, the *modelling* of the face is better than in some of the later statues. There is also a head of the god Ptah of this dynasty, which is well modelled notwithstanding that it has suffered much from the ravages of time. In connection with the support at the back of the first-mentioned statue, I will quote Rawlinson, who says:—"Another curious peculiarity of Egyptian stone statues is the support which is given to them at the back. Except in the case of sitting figures, which have the support of their chairs or thrones, Egyptian stone statues have almost invariably at their back an upright slab or plinth, sometimes resembling an obelisk, against which the figures lean, and with which they are in a manner blended. This is probably explained rightly as the reminiscence of a time when all statues were attached to walls, and constituted mere architectural adornments."

. At the museum at Boulaq are two statues of King Shafra of this dynasty in green basalt, his own gift to the Temple of the Sphinx; both well executed, and also a wooden head of a statue called the "Sheikh el Belled," probably of the time of the Fourth Dynasty. Besides these, at Wady Magarah are some well executed bas-reliefs of this epoch; the whole showing that art at this period must have been in an advanced condition. But what then was the cause of its decadence, as exemplified in the statues of the XIth and XIIth Dynasties, for it is to be borne in mind that the irruption of the Hyksos or Shepherd Kings did not take place till the XVIth Dynasty, which much later period, on the showing of the Book of Genesis, was still anterior to the descent of Jacob and his family into Egypt: for, then, "every Shepherd was an abomination unto the Egyptians."

Brugsch deduces from the monuments, and from Herodotus' account of Nitocris, that after the VIth Dynasty, Egypt was for some time split up into feuds and factions and petty kingdoms, till the time of King Ra-neb-tain, Mentu-Notep of the XIth Dynasty.

Manetho says that Othões of the VIth Dynasty was killed by his guards, another argument of feud and rebellion.

Rawlinson observes that there are no monumental traces of the five

dynasties which Manetho placed between the VIth and the XIIth save two or three of the XIth Dynasty.

Bunsen says that evidently the VIIth and VIIIth Dynasties were periods of very great confusion ; and that there was a severe struggle for the supremacy between the Theban and Memphite Kings.

All these authorities therefore agree in stating that a period of darkness and contention occurred towards the end of the VIth Dynasty ; and I am therefore justified, I think, in drawing from these premises the conclusion that the IVth and Vth Dynasties were far in advance of the later ones in civilization and knowledge ; and that the Great Pyramid is not, as some have deemed it, the production of an age of barbarism and ignorance. Further, this period of the IVth Dynasty is of a remote antiquity, and far earlier than even the time of Abraham, for, according to Brugsch, its date would be circa 3,700 B.C.

S. LIDDELL MACGREGOR MATHERS.



MORAL PRECEPTS.

(Translated from an Egyptian Papyrus in the Louvre.)

- Let no bitterness find entrance into the heart of a mother.
- Kill not, lest thou shouldst be killed.
- Do not make a wicked man thy companion.
- Do not act on the advice of a fool.
- Build not thy tomb higher than those of thy superiors.
- Illtreat not thy inferior, and respect those who are venerable.
- Illtreat not thy wife, whose strength is less than thine, but protect her.
- Curse not thy Master before the gods, and speak no evil of him.
- Save not thy life at the expense of another's.
- Sacrifice not thy weaker child to the stronger, but protect him.
- Amuse not thyself at the expense of those who depend on thee.
- Permit not thy son to get entangled with a married woman.
- Build not thy tomb on thine own lands.
- Build not thy tomb near a temple.
-
- Pervert not the heart of a man who is pure.
- Assume not a proud demeanour.
- Mock not a venerable man, for he is thy superior.



THE ROOTS OF RITUALISM IN CHURCH AND
MASONRY.

(Continued from the March Number.)

VII.

THE ritualism of primitive Christianity—as now sufficiently shown—sprang from ancient Masonry. The latter was, in its turn, the offspring of the, then, almost dead Mysteries. Of these we have now a few words to say.

It is well known that throughout antiquity, besides the popular worship composed of the dead-letter forms and empty exoteric ceremonies, every nation had its *secret* cult known to the world as the MYSTERIES. Strabo, one among many others, warrants for this assertion (*Vide Georg. lib. 10.*) No one received admittance into them save those prepared for it by special training. The neophytes instructed in the upper temples were initiated into the final Mysteries in the crypts. These instructions were the last surviving heirloom of archaic wisdom, and it is under the guidance of high Initiates that they were enacted. We use the word “enacted” purposely; for the *oral* instructions at low breath were given only in the crypts, in solemn silence and secrecy. During the public classes and general teachings, the lessons in cosmogony and theogony were delivered in allegorical representation, the *modus operandi* of the gradual evolution of Kosmos, worlds, and finally of our earth, of gods and men, all was imparted in a symbolical way. The great public performances during the festivals of the Mysteries, were witnessed by the masses and the *personified* truths worshipped by the multitudes—*blindly*. Alone the high Initiates, the *Epoptæ*, understood their language and real meaning. All this, and so far, is well known to the world of scholars.

It was a common claim of all the ancient nations that the real mysteries of what is called so unphilosophically, *creation*, were divulged to the elect of our (fifth) race by its first dynasties of *divine* Rulers—gods in flesh, “divine incarnations,” or *Avatars*, so called. The last Stanzas, given from the *Book of Dzyan* in the *Secret Doctrine* (Vol. ii, p. 21), speak of those who ruled over the descendants “produced from the holy stock,” and “who re-descended, who made peace with the fifth (race) who taught and instructed it.”

The phrase “made peace” shows that there had been a previous *quarrel*. The fate of the Atlanteans in our philosophy, and that of the *prediluvians* in the Bible, corroborates the idea. Once more—many centuries before the Ptolemies—the same abuse of the sacred knowledge crept in amongst the initiates of the Sanctuary in Egypt. Preserved for countless ages in all their purity, the sacred teachings of the gods,

owing to personal ambition and selfishness, became corrupted again. The meaning of the symbols found itself but too often desecrated by unseemly interpretations, and very soon the Eleusinian Mysteries remained the only ones pure from adulteration and sacrilegious innovations. These were in honour of (Ceres) Demeter, or Nature, and were celebrated in Athens, the flowers of the intellect of Asia Minor and Greece being initiated thereinto. In his 4th Book, Zosimus states that these Initiates embraced *the whole of mankind*; * while Aristides calls the Mysteries *the common temple of the earth*.

It is to preserve some reminiscence of this "temple," and to rebuild it, if need be, that certain elect ones among the initiated began to be *set apart*. This was done by their High Hierophants in every century, from the time when the sacred allegories showed the first signs of desecration and decay. For the great *Eleusinia* finally shared the same fate as the others. Their earlier excellency and purpose are described by Clement of Alexandria who shows the greater Mysteries divulging the secrets and the mode of construction of the Universe, this being the beginning, the end and the ultimate goal of human knowledge, for in them was shown to the initiated Nature and all things *as they are*. (Strom. 8.) This is the Pythagorean *Gnosis*, ἡ γνῶσις τῶν ὄντων. Epictetus speaks of these instructions in the highest terms: "All that is ordained therein was established by our masters for the instruction of men and the correction of our customs." (*apud Arrian. Dissert. lib. cap. 21.*) Plato asserts in the *Phædo* the same: the object of the Mysteries was to re-establish the soul in its primordial purity, or *that state of perfection from which it had fallen*.

VIII.

But there came a day when the Mysteries deviated from their purity in the same way as the exoteric religions. This began when the State be-thought itself, on the advice of Aristogeiton (510 B.C.), of drawing from the *Eleusinia* a constant and prolific source of income. A law was passed to that effect. Henceforth, no one could be initiated without paying a certain sum of money for the privilege. That boon which could hitherto be acquired only at the price of incessant, almost superhuman effort, toward virtue and excellency, was now to be purchased for so much gold. Laymen—and even priests themselves—while accepting the desecration lost eventually their past reverence for the inner Mysteries, and this led to further profanation of the Sacred Science. The rent made in the veil widened with every century; and more than ever the Supreme Hierophants, dreading the final publication and distortion of the most holy secrets of nature, laboured to eliminate them from the *inner* programme, limiting the full knowledge thereof but to the few. It is those *set apart* who soon became the only custodians of the divine heirloom of the ages.

* Says Cicero in *de Nat. Deorum*, lib. 1—"omitto Eleusinam sanctam illam et augustam; ab initiatur gentes orarum ultima."

Seven centuries later, we find Apuleius, his sincere inclination toward magic and the mystical notwithstanding, writing in his *Golden Ass* a bitter satire against the hypocrisy and debauchery of certain orders of half-initiated priests. It is through him also, that we learn that in his day (IIInd century A.D.) the Mysteries had become so universal that persons of all ranks and conditions, in every country, men, women, and children all were *initiated*! Initiation had become as necessary in his day as baptism has since become with the Christians; and, as the latter is now, so the former had become then—*i.e.*, meaningless, and a purely dead-letter ceremony of mere form. Still later, the fanatics of the new religion laid their heavy hand on the Mysteries.

The *Epoptæ*, they "who see things as they are" disappeared one by one, emigrating into regions inaccessible to the Christians. The *Mystæ* (from *Mystes* "or veiled") "they who see things only as they appear" remained very soon, alone, sole masters of the situation.

It is the former, the "set apart," who have preserved the true secrets; it is the *Mystæ*, those who knew them only superficially, who laid the first foundation stone of modern masonry; and it is from this half pagan, half converted primitive fraternity of Masons that Christian ritualism and most of dogmas were born. Both the *Epoptæ* and the *Mystæ* are entitled to the name of *Masons*: for both carrying out their pledges to, and the injunction of their long departed Hierophants and βασιλεῖς "Kings" rebuilt, the *Epoptæ*, their "lower," and the *Mystæ*, their "upper" temples. For such were the irrespective appellations in antiquity, and are so to this day in certain regions. Sophocles speaks in the *Electra* (Act 2) of the foundations of Athens—the site of the Eleusinian Mysteries—as being the "sacred edifice of the gods," *i.e.* built by the *gods*. Initiation was spoken of as "walking into the temple," and "cleaning," or *rebuilding the temple* referred to the *body* of an initiate on his last and supreme trial. (*Vide* St. John's Gospel, ii., 19). The esoteric doctrine, also, was sometimes called by the name of "Temple" and popular exoteric religion, by that of "city." To *build a temple* meant to found an esoteric school; to "build a city temple" signified to establish a public cult. Therefore, the true surviving "Masons" of the *lower* Temple, or the *crypt*, the sacred place of initiation, are the only custodians of the true *Masonic* secrets now lost to the world. We yield willingly to the modern Fraternity of Masons the title of "Builders of the *higher* Temple," as the *à priori* superiority of the comparative adjective is as illusionary as the blaze of the burning bush of Moses itself in the Templars' Lodges.

IX.

The misunderstood allegory known as the Descent into *Hades*, has wrought infinite mischief. The exoteric "fable" of Hercules and Theseus descending *into the infernal regions*; the journey thither of

Orpheus, who found his way by the power of his lyre (*Ovid Metam.*); of Krishna, and finally of Christ, who "descended into Hell and the third day rose again from the dead"—was twisted out of recognition by the non-initiated *adapters* of pagan rites and transformers thereof, into Church rites and dogmas.

Astronomically, this *descent into hell* symbolized the Sun during the autumnal equinox when abandoning the higher sidereal regions—there was a supposed fight between him and the Demon of Darkness who got the best of our luminary. Then the Sun was imagined to undergo a *temporary death* and to descend into the infernal regions. But mystically, it typified the initiatory rites in the crypts of the temple, called the Underworld. Bacchus, Herakles, Orpheus, Asklepios and all the other visitors of the crypt, *all descended into hell and ascended thence on the third day*, for all were initiates and "Builders of the lower Temple." The words addressed by Hermes to Prometheus, chained on the arid rocks of the Caucasus—*i.e.* bound by ignorance to his physical body and devoured therefore by the vultures of passion—apply to every neophyte, to every *Chrestos* on trial. "To such labours look thou for no termination until the (or *a*) god shall appear as a substitute in thy pangs and shall be willing to go both to gloomy Hades and to the murky depths around Tartarus." (*Æschylus: Prometheus*, 1027, ff.) They mean simply that until Prometheus (or man) could find the "God," or Hierophant (the Initiator) who would willingly descend into the crypts of initiation, and walk around Tartarus with him, the vulture of passion would never cease to gnaw his vitals.* *Æschylus* as a pledged Initiate could say no more; but *Aristophanes* less pious, or more daring, divulges the secret to those who are not blinded by a too strong pre-conception, in his immortal satire on *Heracles' descent into Hell*. (*Frogs*.) There we find the chorus of the "blessed ones" (the initiated), the Elysian Fields, the arrival of Bacchus (the god Hierophant) with Herakles, the reception with lighted torches, emblems of *new LIFE and RESURRECTION* from the darkness of human ignorance to the light of spiritual knowledge—eternal LIFE. Every word of the brilliant satire shows the inner meaning of the poet:

"Wake, burning torches . . . for thou comest
Shaking them in thy hand, Iacche,
Phosphoric star of the nightly rite."

All such final initiations took place during the night. To speak, therefore, of anyone as having descended into Hades, was equivalent in antiquity to calling him a *full Initiate*. To those who feel inclined to

* The dark region in the crypt, into which the candidate under initiation was supposed to throw away for ever his worst passions and lusts. Hence the allegories by Homer, Ovid, Virgil etc., all accepted literally by the modern scholar. Phlegethon was the river in Tartarus into which the initiate was thrice plunged by the Hierophant, after which the trials were over and the new man *born anew*. He had left in the dark stream the old sinful man for ever, and issued on the third day, from Tartarus, as an *individuality*, the *personality* being dead. Such characters as Ixion, Tantalus, Sisyphus, etc., are each a personification of some human passion.

reject this explanation, I would offer a query. Let them explain, in that case, the meaning of a sentence in the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*. What can the poet mean, if not that which is asserted above, when introducing the aged Anchises in the Elysian fields, he makes him advise Æneas his son, to travel to Italy . . . where he would have to fight in Latium, a rude and barbarous people ; therefore, he adds, before you venture there "*Descend into Hades,*" i.e. get yourself initiated.

The benevolent clericals, who are so apt to send us on the slightest provocation to Tartarus and the internal regions, do not suspect what good wishes for us the threat contains ; and what a holy character one must be before one gets into such a sanctified place.

It is not pagans alone who had their Mysteries. Bellarmin (*De Eccl. Triumph.* lib. 2, cap. 14) states that the early Christians adopted, after the example of pagan ceremonies, the custom of assembling in the church during the nights preceding their festivals, to hold vigils or "wakes." Their ceremonies were performed at first with the most edifying holiness and purity. But very shortly after that, such immoral abuses crept into these "assemblies" that the bishops found it necessary to abolish them. We have read in dozens of works about the licentiousness in the pagan religious festivals. Cicero is quoted (*de Leg.* lib. 2, cap 15) showing Diagondas, the Theban, finding no other means of remedying such disorders in the ceremonies than the suppression of the Mysteries themselves. When we contrast the two kinds of celebrations, however, the Pagan Mysteries hoary with age centuries before our era, and the Christian *Agapæ* and others in a religion hardly born and claiming such a purifying influence on its converts, we can only pity the mental blindness of its defenders and quote for their benefit Roscommon, who asks :—

"When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?"

X.

Primitive Christianity—being derived from the primitive Masonry—had its grip, pass-words, and degrees of initiation. "Masonry" is an old term but it came into use very late in our era. Paul calls himself a "master-builder" and he was one. The ancient Masons called themselves by various names and most of the Alexandrian Eclectics, the Theosophists of Ammonias Saccas and the later Neo-Platonists, were all virtually Masons. They were all bound by oath to secrecy, considered themselves a Brotherhood, and had also their signs of recognition. The Eclectics or Philaletheians comprised within their ranks the ablest and most learned scholars of the day, as also several crowned heads. Says the author of *The Eclectic Philosophy* :

"Their doctrines were adopted by pagans and Christians in Asia and Europe, and for a season everything seemed favourable for a general fusion of religious belief.

The Emperors Alexander Severus and Julian embraced them. Their predominating influence upon religious ideas excited the jealousy of the Christians of Alexandria. The school was removed to Athens, and finally closed by the Emperor Justinian. Its professors *withdrew to Persia*,^o where they made many disciples."

A few more details may prove perchance, interesting. We know that the Eleusinian Mysteries survived all others. While the secret cults of the minor gods such as the *Curates*, the *Dactyli*, the worship of Adonis, of the Kabiri, and even those of old Egypt had entirely disappeared under the revengeful and cruel hand of the pitiless Theodosius,† the Mysteries of Eleusis could not be so easily disposed of. They were indeed the religion of mankind, and shone in all their ancient splendour if not in their primitive purity. It took several centuries to abolish them, and they could not be entirely suppressed before the year 396 of our era. It is then that the "Builders of the *higher*, or City Temple" appeared first on the scene and worked unrelentingly to infuse their rituals and peculiar dogmas into the nascent and ever fighting and quarrelling church. The triple *Sanctus* of the Roman Catholic Mass is the triple S. . S. . S. . of these early Masons, and is the modern prefix to their documents or "any written *balustre*—the initial of *Salutem*, or Health" as cunningly put by a Mason. "This triple masonic salutation is the most ancient among their greetings" (*Ragon*.)

XI.

But they did not limit their grafts on the tree of the Christian religion to this alone. During the Mysteries of Eleusis, wine represented Bacchus and Ceres—wine and bread, or corn.‡ Now Ceres or Demeter was the female *productive principle* of the Earth; the spouse of Father Æther, or Zeus; and Bacchus, the son of Zeus-Jupiter, was his father manifested: in other words, Ceres and Bacchus were the personifications of Substance and Spirit, the two vivifying principles in Nature and on Earth. The hierophant Initiator presented symbolically, before the final *revelation* of the mysteries, wine and bread to the candidate, who ate

*And we may add, beyond, to India and Central Asia, for we find their influence everywhere in Asiatic countries.

† The murderer of the Thessalonians, who were butchered by this pious son of the Church.

‡ Bacchus is certainly of Indian origin. Pausanias shows him the first to lead an expedition against India, and the first to throw a bridge over the Euphrates. "The cable which served to unite the two opposite shores being exhibited to this day," writes this historian, "it being woven from vine-branches and trailings of ivy." (X. 29. 4.) Arrianus and Quintus-Curtius explained the allegory of Bacchus' birth from the thigh of Zeus, by saying that he was born on the Indian Mount *Meru* (from *μῆρος* thigh). We are aware that Eratosthenes and Strabo believed the Indian Bacchus had been invented by flatterers to simply please Alexander, believed to have conquered India as Bacchus is supposed to have done. But on the other hand Cicero mentions the god as a Son of Thyoné and Nisus; and Dionysus or Διόνυσος means the god Dis from Mount Nys in India. Bacchus crowned with ivy, or *Kissos* is Krishna, one of whose names was *Kissen*. Dionysus was pre-eminently the god who was expected to liberate the *souls of men* from their prisons of flesh—Hades and the human Tartarus, in one of its symbolical senses. Cicero calls Orpheus a son of Bacchus; and there is a tradition which not only makes Orpheus come from India (he being called *ὀρφός*, dark, of tawny complexion) but identifies him with Arjuna, the *chela* and adoptive son of Krishna. (*Vide* "Five Years of Theosophy." Art: *Was writing known before Panini*.)

and drank, in token that the spirit was to quicken matter: *i.e.* the divine wisdom of the Higher-Self was to enter into and take possession of his inner Self or Soul through what was to be revealed to him.

This rite was adopted by the Christian Church. The Hierophant who was called the "Father," has now passed, part and parcel—*minus* knowledge—into the "Father" priest, who to-day administers the same communion. Jesus calls himself a vine and *his* "Father" the husbandman; and his injunction at the Last Supper shows his thorough knowledge of the symbolical meaning (*Vide infra*, note) of bread and wine, and his identification with the *logoi* of the ancients. "Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life." "This *is* a hard saying," he adds. . . . "The words (*rhemata*, or arcane utterances) that I speak unto you, they are Spirit and they are Life." They are; because "it is the Spirit that quickeneth." Furthermore these *rhemata* of Jesus are indeed the arcane utterances of an *Initiate*.

But between this noble rite, as old as symbolism, and its later anthropomorphic interpretation, now known as *transubstantiation*, there is an abyss of ecclesiastical sophistry. With what force the exclamation—"Woe unto you lawyers. For *ye have taken away the key of knowledge*," (and will not permit even now *gnosis* to be given to others;) with what tenfold force, I say, it applies more now than then. Aye; that *gnosis*, "ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were (and are) entering ye prevented," and still prevent. Nor has the modern priesthood alone laid itself open to this blame. Masons, the descendants, or at any rate the successors, of the "Builders of the upper Temple" during the Mysteries they who ought to know better, will pooh-pooh and scorn any one among their own brethren who will remind them of their true origin. Several great modern Scholars and Kabalists, who are Masons, and could be named, received worse than the cold shoulder from their Brethren. It is ever the same old, old story. Even Ragon, the most learned in his day among all the Masons of our century, complains of it, in these words:—

"All the ancient narratives attest that the initiations in the days of old had an imposing ceremonial, and became memorable for ever through the grand truths divulged and the knowledge that resulted therefrom. And yet there are *some modern Masons, of half-learning*, who hasten to treat as charlatans all those who successfully remind of, and explain to them these ancient ceremonies!" (*Cours. Philos.* p. 87 note (2).)

XII.

Vanitas vanitatum! nothing is new under the sun. The "Litanies of the Virgin Mary" prove it in the sincerest way. Pope Gregory I. introduces the *worship* of the Virgin Mary and the Chalcedonian Council proclaim her the mother of God. But the author of the *Litanies* had not even the decency (or is it the brains?) to furnish her with any other than pagan adjectives and titles, as I shall presently show. Not a symbol, not a metaphor of this famous Litany but belonged to a crowd

of goddesses ; all Queens, Virgins, or Mothers ; these three titles applying to Isis, Rhea, Cybele, Diana, Lucifera, Lucina, Luna, Tellus, Latona *triformis*, Proserpina, Hecate, Juno, Vesta, Ceres, Leucothea, Astarte, celestial Venus and Urania, *Alma Venus*, etc., etc., etc.

Besides the primitive signification of trinity (the *esoteric*, or that of Father, Mother, Son) does not this Western *trimurti* (three faces) mean in the masonic pantheon : " *Sun, Moon, and the Venerable*" ? a slight alteration, forsooth, from the Germanic and Northern *Fire, Sun and Moon*.

It is the intimate knowledge of this, perchance, that made the Mason, J. M. Ragon describe his profession of faith thus :

" For me the Son is the same as Horus, son of Osiris and Isis ; he is the SUN who, every year redeems the world from sterility and the universal death of the races."

And he goes on to speak of the Virgin Mary's particular litanies temples, festivals, masses and Church services, pilgrimages, oratories, Jacobins, Franciscans, vestals, prodigies, *ex voto*, niches, statues, etc., etc., etc.

De Maleville, a great Hebrew scholar and translator of Rabbinical literature, observes that the Jews give to the moon all those names which, in the *Litanies*, are used to glorify the Virgin. He finds in the *Litanies of Jesus* all the attributes of Osiris—the Eternal Sun, and of Horus, the Annual Sun.

And he proves it.

Mater Christi is the mother of the Redeemer of the old Masons, who is the *Sun*. The *hoi polloi* among the Egyptians, claimed that the child, symbol of the great central star, *Horus*, was the Son of *Osireth* and *Oseth*, whose souls had *ensouled*, after their death, the *Sun* and the *Moon*. *Isis* became, with the Phœnicians, *Astarte*, the names under which they adored the Moon, personified as a woman adorned with horns, which symbolised the crescent. *Astarte* was represented at the autumnal equinox after her husband (the Sun's) defeat by the Prince of Darkness, and descent into Hades, as weeping over the loss of her consort, who is also her son, as *Isis* does that of her consort, brother and son (*Osiris-Horus*). *Astarte* holds in her hand a cruciform stick, a regular cross, and stands weeping on the crescent moon. The Christian Virgin Mary is often represented in the same way, standing on the new moon, surrounded by stars and weeping for her son *juxta crucem lacrymosa dum pendebat filius* (*Vide Stabat Mater Dolorosa*). Is not she the heiress of *Isis* and *Astarte* ? asks the author.

Truly, and you have but to repeat the *Litany to the Virgin* of the R. Catholic Church, to find yourself repeating ancient incantations to *Adonaïa* (*Venus*), the mother of *Adonis*, the Solar god of so many nations ; to *Myllitta* (the Assyrian *Venus*), goddess of nature ; to *Alilat*, whom the Arabs symbolized by the two lunar horns ; to *Selene*, wife and sister of *Helion*, the Sun god of the Greeks ; or, to the *Magna Mater*,

. . . *honestissima, purissima, castissima*, the Universal Mother of all Beings—because SHE IS MOTHER NATURE.

Verily is *Maria* (Mary) the Isis *Myrionymos*, the Goddess Mother of the ten thousand names! As the Sun was *Phæbus*, in heaven, so he became *Apollo*, on earth, and Pluto, in the still lower regions (after sunset); so the moon was *Phæbe* in heaven, and *Diana* on earth (*Gæa, Latona, Ceres*); becoming *Hecate* and *Proserpine* in Hades. Where is the wonder then, if Mary is called *regina virginum*, "Queen of Virgins," and *castissima* (most chaste), when even the prayers offered to her at the sixth hour of the morning and the evening are copied from those sung by the "heathen" Gentiles *at the same hours* in honour of *Phæbe* and *Hecate*? The verse of the "Litany to the Virgin," *stella matutina*,* we are informed, is a faithful copy of a verse from the litany of the *triformis* of the pagans. It is at the Council which condemned Nestorius that Mary was first titled as the "Mother of God," *mater dei*.

In our next, we shall have something to say about this famous Litany of the Virgin, and show its origin in full. We shall cull our proofs, as we go along, from the classics and the moderns, and supplement the whole from the *annals* of religions as found in the Esoteric Doctrine. Meanwhile, we may add a few more statements and give the etymology of the most sacred terms in ecclesiastical ritualism.

XIII.

Let us give a few moments of attention to the assemblies of the "Builders of the upper Temple" in early Christianity. Ragon has shown plainly to us the origin of the following terms:—

(a.) "The word 'mass,' comes from the Latin *Messis*—'harvest,' whence the noun *Messias*, 'he who ripens the harvest,' Christ, the Sun."

(b.) The word "Lodge" used by the Masons, the feeble successors of the Initiates, has its root in *loga*, (*loka*, in Sanskrit) a locality and a *world*; and in the Greek *logos*, the Word, a discourse; signifying in its full meaning "a place where certain things are discussed."

(c.) These assemblies of the *logos* of the primitive *initiated* masons came to be called *synaxis*, "gatherings" of the Brethren for the purpose of praying and celebrating the *cæna* (supper) wherein only bloodless offerings, fruit and cereals, were used. Soon after these offerings began to be called *hostiæ* or sacred and pure *hosties*, in contrast to the impure sacrifices (as of prisoners of war, *hostes*, whence the word *hostage*). As the offerings consisted of the harvest fruits, the first fruits of *messis*, thence the word "mass." Since no father of the Church mentions, as some scholars would have it, that the word *mass* comes from the Hebrew *missah* (*oblatum*, offering) one explanation is as good as the other. For an exhaustive enquiry on the word *missa* and *mizda*, see King's *gnostics*, pp. 124, *et seq.*

* The "Morning Star," or *Lucifer*, the name which Jesus calls himself by in Rev. xxii, 16, and which becomes, nevertheless, the *name of the Devil*, as soon as a theosophical journal assumes it!

Now the word *synaxis* was also called by the Greeks *agyrmos*, ἀγυρμός (a collection of men, assembly). It referred to initiation into the Mysteries. Both words—*synaxis* and *agyrmos* *—became obsolete with the Christians, and the word *missa*, or mass, prevailed and remained. Theologians will have it, desirous as they are to veil its etymology, that the term messiah (*Messiah*) is derived from the Latin word *missus* (messenger, *the sent*). But if so, then again it may be applied as well to the Sun, the *annual messenger*, sent to bring light and new life to the earth and its products. The Hebrew word for Messiah *māshiah* (anointed, from *mashah*, to anoint) will hardly apply to, or bear out the identity in the ecclesiastical sense; nor will the Latin *missa* (mass) derive well from that other Latin word *mittere*, *missum*, “to send,” or “dismiss.” Because the communion service—its heart and soul—is based on the consecration and oblation of the host or *hostia* (sacrifice), a wafer (a thin, leaf-like bread) representing the body of Christ in the Eucharist, and that such wafer of flour is a direct development of the harvest or cereal offerings. Again, the primitive *masses* were *cenas* (late dinners or suppers), which, from the simple meals of Romans, who “washed, were *anointed*, and wore a *cenatory* garment” at dinner, became consecrated meals in memory of the last Supper of Christ.

The converted Jews in the days of the Apostles met at their *synaxes*, to read the Evangels and their correspondence (Epistles). St. Justin (150 A.D.) tells us that these solemn assemblies were held on the day called *Sun* (Sunday, *dies magnus*), on which days there were psalms chanted “collation of baptism with pure water and the *agapæ* of the holy *cæna* with bread and wine.” What has this hybrid combination of pagan Roman dinners, raised by the inventors of church dogmas to a sacred mystery, to do with the Hebrew *Messiah* “he who causes to go down into the pit” (or Hades), or its Greek transliteration *Messias*? As shown by Nork, Jesus “*was never anointed either as high priest or king*,” therefore his name of *Messias* cannot be derived from its present Hebrew equivalent. The less so, since the word anointed, or “rubbed with oil” a *Homeric term*, is *chris*, χρίσ and *chrío*, χρίω, both *to anoint the body with oil*. (See LUCIFER for 1887, “The Esoteric Meaning of the Gospels.”)

Another high Mason, the author of “The Source of Measures” summarizes this *imbroglio* of the ages in a few lines by saying:—

“The fact is there were *two Messiahs*: *One*, as causing himself to go down into the pit, for the salvation of the world; † this was the sun shorn of his *golden rays*

* Hesychius gives the name (*agyrmos*) to the first day of the initiation into the mysteries of Ceres, goddess of harvest, and refers to it also under that of *Synaxis*. The early Christians called their mass, before this term was adopted, and the celebration of their mysteries—*Synaxis*, a word compounded from *sun* “with,” and *ago* “I lead,” whence, the Greek *synaxis* or an *assembly*.

† From times immemorial every initiate before entering on his supreme trial of initiation, in antiquity as at the present time, pronounces these sacramental words. . . . “And I swear to give up my life for the salvation of my brothers, which constitute the whole mankind, if called upon, and to die in the defence of truth. . . .”

and *crowned with blackened ones* (symbolizing this loss) as the thorns. *The other*, was the triumphant *Messiah*, mounted up to this *summit of the arch of Heaven*, personated as the *Lion of the tribe of Judah*. In both instances he had the cross. . . .”

At the *Ambarvales*, the festivals in honour of Ceres, the *Arval* (the assistant of the High Priest) clad in pure white, placing on the *hostia* (sacrificial heap) a cake of corn, water and wine, tasted the wine of *libation* and gave to all others to *taste*. The *oblation* (or offering) was then taken up by the High Priest. It symbolized the three kingdoms of Nature—the cake of corn (vegetable kingdom), the sacrificial vase or *chalice* (mineral), and the *pall* (the scarf-like garment) of the Hierophant, an end of which he threw over the oblation wine cup. This pall was made of pure white lamb-skins.

The modern priest repeats, gesture for gesture, the acts of the pagan priest. He lifts up and offers the bread to be consecrated; blesses the water that is to be put in the chalice, and then pours the wine into it, incenses the altar, etc., etc., and going to the altar washes his fingers saying, “I will wash my hands *among the INNOCENT* and encompass thy altar, O Lord.” He does so, because the ancient and *pagan* priest did the same, saying, “I wash (with lustral water) my hands among the INNOCENT (the fully initiated Brethren) and encompass thy altar, O great Goddess” (Ceres). Thrice went the high priest round the altar loaded with offerings, carrying high above his head the chalice covered with the end of his snow-white lamb-skin

The consecrated vestment worn by the Pope, the *pall*, “*has the form of a scarf made of white wool*, embroidered with purple crosses.” In the Greek Church, the priest covers, with the end of the pall thrown over his shoulder, the chalice.

The High Priest of antiquity repeated thrice during the divine service his “*O redemptor mundi*” to Apollo ‘the Sun’ his *mater Salvatoris*, to Ceres, the earth, his *Virgo paritura* to the Virgin Goddess, etc., and pronounced *seven ternary commemorations*. (Hearken, O Masons!)

The ternary number, so revered in antiquity, is as revered now, and is pronounced five times during the mass. We have three *introibo*, three *Kyrie eleison*, three *mea culpa*, three *agnus dei*, three *Dominus Vobiscum*. A true masonic series! Let us add to this the three *et cum spiritu tuo*, and the Christian mass yields to us the same *seven triple commemorations*.

PAGANISM, MASONRY, and THEOLOGY—such is the historical trinity, now ruling the world *sub rosa*. Shall we close with a Masonic greeting and say:—

Illustrious officers of Hiram Abif, Initiates, and “Widow’s sons.” The Kingdom of Darkness and ignorance is fast dispelling, but there are regions still untouched by the hand of the scholar, and as black as the night of Egypt. *Fratres, sobrii estote et vigilate!*

H. P. B.

(To be continued.)

THE DREAM "RAVEN."

YOU have asked me to write down the strange dream I had, while I was staying with friends this summer in an old-fashioned country place, near London.

It was an eerie old Manor house, which had been enlarged from time to time, with staircases added and rooms put on, and I had remarked on the large quantity of oak used in the banqueting hall and chapel, as well as the staircases, which latter were entirely of black oak.

During the first evening an old oil colour in the dining-room had attracted my attention. It represented a cavalier of Charles I. time and a very handsome man he must have been. It was an old picture in an old frame, and from the canvas gazed the sad countenance of the nobleman, with his waving locks and dark eyes that followed you all over the room wherever you went.

What were these eyes trying to tell? What a history there was in them—what care in the lines of the face!

No one seemed to know who he was, or what his name had been. Simply, an "ancestor."

On going to my room for the night I found it was still early. So taking up the first book to hand, I sat down on the sofa at the foot of the bed which faced the cheval glass that stood between the two long windows of the room, and began reading.

The book happened to be Poe's poems, and the leaves opened at "The Raven," a poem which has always had a strong effect on me, and which I consider a masterpiece. I went through the familiar lines again and the spirit in it seemed more real than ever. Looking up, the room I was in seemed to suit the idea; it was large, dark, heavy, papered with maroon cretonne in panels, the panels formed by folds in the cloth. The light of one solitary candle only made its darkness still darker, instead of dispelling the gloom. And so casting aside the book I tried to throw off the impression of "*Never more.*" What was the matter with me? Had I been mesmerised? We had been playing at that in the drawing-room during the evening. What a strange feeling there was over my eyes—and was my face really as pale as that, or did the old cheval glass reflect badly?

I was getting more and more drowsy with every minute. What noise was *that*? Surely something was moving! How? What?

I still gazed earnestly in the mirror and saw a sight that froze me to my seat. A panel in the wall had slowly moved back on hinges like a door, and a tall figure was advancing into the room. A cold draught of air came across me, and some little time seemed to pass before I

gradually made out a man's figure standing by my side. Where had I seen his face before ?

He was dressed strangely : in buff leather coat, bright breastplate, and riding hat with plume, and a long cloak. His dark eyes gazed wistfully into mine when I turned to look at him. At last he spoke, and though only one word, it thrilled me through and through. . . .

It was my name—" Alice."

A long drawn out Alice.

" Yes, that is my name," I said. " What do you want with me ?"

" Do you not recognise me ?" he answered. " Have you not seen me before ?"

Now I knew who he was—the cavalier of the picture downstairs—the Unknown One. My trembling lips formed the reply, " You are the Unknown."

" Yes," he said; " and I have been waiting a weary, long time for you — waiting for an ' Alice ' to come to this house, and at last you are here. Listen ! Long years ago I was heir to all, house and land, and had chosen my bride, my Alice. But, just as the ceremony that would have united us for ever was about to begin, my enemy, one of Cromwell's men, carried her off from me by force of arms, and I have been desolate ever since, haunting the house and grounds, nameless, unknown, unrecognized, waiting for my Alice—waiting for an Alice. And now you have come—you are the first—and we shall be married and the curse will leave me. Here is your wedding garment. Stand up while I put it on. Quick ! quick !"

I had to obey ; I felt I must, while from under his cloak he brought forth a shimmering white satin gown, which he threw round my shoulders and fastened in front with a diamond clasp, and round my neck his cold fingers twined a row of lovely pearls from which hung a sapphire and diamond pendant. Over my head he cast a white veil, exclaiming, " Now you are ready and in a few moments you will share with me all these possessions, houses, gold, jewels, land."

Hand in hand we left the room and hastened through passages, till we entered the huge banqueting hall, arranged for a feast, and lighted up by torches hung on the wall. A noble company awaited us in their strange, old-fashioned dresses, and standing in advance was a long-robed priest with book in hand, ready to unite us. We approached and the ceremony began, till the words, " Who gives away this woman ?" came, when a tall, dark, repellent-looking man in armour pushed through the guests, and, seizing my arm, said, " *I* am the guardian of this woman, and I do *not* give her away." In a moment I was separated from my handsome bridegroom, and though I shrieked and tried to get away from the knight, his grip was of iron, and against my will he hurried me through the hall back into the passages, then down some stone steps ; down, down, till we entered a vaulted passage. Oh ! the horror that

seized me! Where were we going? What was that holding up a dim torch? A skeleton! And there was another further on! O, the cold of the slimy walls, green and dripping. We still hurried on, till we suddenly came to a door or opening in the wall, through which I was pushed and found myself in the presence of eight ghastly-looking men, all shrouded in grey, with only their eyes visible. It was a huge vault, cold and damp, and plastered into the walls were grinning skulls and bony hands, as if the skeletons had been fixed into the plaster while it was soft.

One of the eight men was seated, or rather stood, behind a desk on a platform higher than the rest, and I knew by instinct this was to be my judge. By his side on the desk was perched a black raven. I still feel the horror I experienced at thinking I was lost for ever to daylight and my friends. My limbs seem to tremble at the recollection.

"Alice," said the judge, in a sepulchral voice, "what have you to say in your defence, and what death do you choose to die?"

"Defence—death!" I stammered; "I have done nothing to deserve death."

"Yes, you have," he answered, "and this is your crime. You have envied your neighbour's goods; your ambition has carried you beyond all bounds, you have tried to get rid of all the friends and everything that did not help you to reach your object. You envy those who have gold and lands and jewels, and your crime has brought its punishment! What death will you have? Look above you!"

I looked up, and over my head hung a dagger by a hair. I looked down, and one of the figures moved aside some planks in the floor, and I saw at my feet the dark river rushing along, carrying corpses every now and then, some half beneath the water, others gazing up to Heaven with glassy eyeballs. I shuddered. At one side of the vault were two coffins; one open, one closed; and from the latter came dull thuds and faint groans.

"Look," said the judge, "here is your punishment—to be buried alive, never to see light again."

And at that moment the raven croaked, "Never more."

I cried, and implored him to be more merciful. I had done nothing to deserve such a fate, and I besought him to spare me, exclaiming that I was too young to die, and full of life and health.

"Young—health!" he mocked, and while he spoke, down fell my gorgeous wedding-dress about me, and lay on the floor; with a snap the string of pearls broke, and lay scattered in the dust. The veil crumbled to pieces, leaving me only an old rag about me. A change had come over me, and looking at my hands they seemed shrunk and withered. I felt my face, and the bones seemed to be standing out, and the skin was drawn and wrinkled. Wisps of grey hair lay on my shoulders, and my teeth were loose in my head and ready to drop out.

I was old and grey !

“ All is vanity,” said the judge. “ Earthly things return no more.”

Quoth the raven “ Nevermore ! ”

“ What right have *you* to judge me ? ” I screamed.

“ There is no *hereafter*,” he answered. “ The wicked must be judged on earth, and punishment reaches them here.” And while I was still yelling, “ *Any death but that ! !* ” they bound me hand and foot, and thrust me into the open coffin. Slowly the lid descended ; the nails were hammered in ; and the last words heard by me were “ Nevermore ” from the raven, while the sound of footsteps died away in the distance down the stone passage, leaving me struggling to free myself.

The struggle woke me. Thank Heaven, it was only a dream ! But I was cold and stiff, and so glad to get into bed and try to forget what had just passed so vividly through my brain.

ALICE B—.



NOTICE.

It is believed that many of the literary and debating societies of London would be glad to include a lecture on some branch of Theosophy as one of their winter's course. It is therefore desirable to form, from members of the T. S., a staff of lecturers, of whom each one feels himself competent to elucidate for outsiders some section of the immense field of Theosophic thinking.

All the discoveries of science, the higher speculations in religion and philosophy, the investigations into spiritualism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, psychometry, animal magnetism, faith-healing, the origin of religions, symbology, etc., etc. All these, so far as they are known to one or another member as parts of the whole truth, called Theosophy, may be made available for leading his audience nearer to that truth, by each member, so far as he himself sees the connection between it and the bit of foundation he has selected to build on. Those, therefore, who know the names and addresses of the president or secretary of any literary or debating societies in their neighbourhood, are requested to forward such to the undersigned ; as also those members as are willing to undertake the preparation of a lecture, or open a debate.

HERBERT CORYN, F.T.S.,

Secretary of Lecturing Staff,

7, Duke Street, Adelphi,

London.

A MODERN CASE OF VAMPIRISM.

IN the night of December 31st, 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Rose (the names in this story are pseudonyms, but the facts are true) went to bed as poor people and on the morning of January 1st, 1889, they woke up, finding themselves rich. An uncle to whom they owed their poverty because he kept them from coming into the legal possession of their rightful property, had died during that night. There are some occurrences of an occult character, connected with this event, which will be interesting to those who wish to find practical proofs and demonstrations in their investigations of the "night-side of nature."

Mr. Rose is a young, but very clever, professional man in this city, who being at the beginning of his career has, therefore, only an exceedingly limited number of clients. His young wife is one of the most amiable ladies whom it has been my good fortune to meet; a spiritually minded woman and more of a poetess than an economist. She had been brought up under the most affluent circumstances, her father being very rich, and she was the only and therefore the pet-child in her luxurious home. It would be too complicated a task to tell how it happened that the property which she inherited fell first into the hands of her uncle, a spiteful and avaricious man. Sufficient to say that this man, whom we will call Helleborus, had by his intrigues and law suits managed to keep Mrs. Rose's property in his hands; giving her and her husband no support whatever. More than once they were forced to borrow money from their friends, in order to keep themselves from starvation.

As "Uncle Helleborus" was in the last stage of consumption, their only hope was that his death would soon put an end to his law-suits, and bring them into possession of what rightfully belonged to them.

Uncle Helleborus, however, did not seem inclined to die. Year after year he kept on coughing and expectorating; but with all that he out-lived many who had predicted his death. After making to Mr. and Mrs. Rose a proposal of a settlement, which would have left him in possession of nearly all the property and given to them only a pittance, he went to Meran, last autumn, to avoid the cold climate of Vienna.

Under their embarrassing circumstances, they were much inclined to accept the settlement; but they concluded to first consult about it a friend, an eminent lawyer; and this gentleman (whom we will call Mr. Tulip as everybody in Vienna knows his real name) advised them to the contrary. This enraged Helleborus against Tulip; and, starting into a blind rage, he swore that if he found an opportunity for killing Tulip, he would surely do so.

Mr. Tulip was an extraordinarily strong, well-built and healthy man;

but at the beginning of December last, soon after Mr. Helleborus's departure for Meran, he suddenly failed in health. The doctors could not locate his disease, and he grew rapidly thinner and weaker, complaining of nothing but extreme lassitude, and feeling like a person who was daily bled. Finally, on the 20th day of December last, all Vienna was surprised to hear that Mr. Tulip had died. Post-mortem examination showing all the organs in a perfectly normal condition, the doctors found nothing better but to register death from *Marasmus* (emaciation), as the cause of this extraordinary event. Strange to say, during the last days of his disease (if it can be so called), when his mind became flighty, he often imagined that a stranger was troubling him, and the description which he gave of that invisible personage fitted Mr. Helleborus with perfect accuracy.

During Mr. Tulip's sickness, news came from Meran that Mr. Helleborus was rapidly gaining strength and recovering from his illness in a most miraculous manner; but there were some people who expressed grave doubts as to whether this seeming recovery would be lasting. On the day of Mr. Tulip's funeral, Mr. —, a prominent Fellow of the T. S., now in Austria, remarked to Mrs. Rose: "You will see that now that Mr. Tulip is dead, his vampire will die too."

On January 1st, 1889, Mr. Rose dreamed that he saw Uncle Helleborus looking perfectly healthy. He expressed his surprise about it, when a voice, as if coming from a long distance, said: "Uncle Helleborus is dead!" The voice sounded a second time, and this once far more powerfully, repeating the same sentence; and this time Mr. Rose awoke, with the sound of that voice still ringing in his ears, and communicated to his wife the happy news that "Uncle Helleborus was dead." Two hours afterwards a telegram came from Meran, announcing the demise of "Uncle Helleborus" which had occurred on that very night, and calling upon Mr. Rose to come and attend to the funeral. It was found that Mr. Helleborus had begun to grow rapidly worse from the day when Mr. Tulip died.

The only rational explanation of such cases, I have found in Paracelsus. Perhaps LUCIFER can throw some additional light on the subject.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.



Theosophical Activities.

THE PRESIDENT'S JAPAN TOUR.*

THE latter end of the sea-voyage was somewhat rough and very cold. Heavy snow fell at Shang Hai and Col. Olcott and Mr. Dhammapala found it impossible to keep warm : the latter had never seen snow in his beautiful Ceylon, and the former had become so acclimatised to the heat by ten years of India as to be in almost as bad a plight. The port of Kobé was reached at daylight on the 9th of February and the excitement of the tour began. The members of the Japanese Buddhist Committee invaded the President's cabin before he was half-dressed, and at their heels were a lot of picturesquely robed priests, each handing over his visiting-card printed in Japanese characters, and bowing most ceremoniously—as only a graceful Japanese can bow. On the pier were ranged a long line of priests, acolytes and laymen, representing the *seven* sects existing in Kobé. A procession of jinrickshas was organized, and the party were conducted to the Temple of the Ten Dai sect, where the Chief Priest Jiko Katta made them heartily welcome. (It is a coincidence that Buddhism was first preached in Japan at this very temple, which is now the starting-point of the revival of Buddhism in the East, and the international co-operation for the spread of this religion throughout the Western world.) Crowds of visitors called to pay their respects, and the President was forced to give two lectures within the twenty-four hours.

On Sunday, the 10th, the party left for Kioto by train, Mr. Noguchi getting off at his station to go and see his family after his four months' trip to India. There was a huge crowd at the station in Kioto awaiting them. Some 700 priests and their pupils were there, and the bowing was something to remember. The welcome, at any rate, was most sincere. The President and Mr. Dhammapala were taken to the Chi-oo-een Temple of the Jodo sect, and the former given a grand room known as the Empress's room, for his reception-quarters. The lacquers, bronzes, paintings on silk, and carved wooden ceiling were things to be given a large space in a descriptive record of ordinary travel but may be passed over with the simple mention in this meagre official report. On the 12th poor Dhammapala succumbed to the cold, and kept his bed, laid up with the rheumatism in his feet and hands. And so ends his part of the inland journeyings in Japan. He seems likely to be obliged to stop in Kioto and help the local Committee in the formation of the Branch and the commencement of its work. Col. Olcott and Mr. Noguchi will have to travel alone. An interesting visit was made to the Temple of the Jana (Dhyana) sect, who seem to be the Sufis of Japanese Buddhism. It is averred, however, that the Shin-gons are the esoteric Buddhists of the country. They know of the Mahatmas, the Siddhis (spiritual powers in man), and quite readily admitted that there were priests in their order who exercised them. Their reception of Col. Olcott was extremely cordial. They made him two presents, besides their scriptures—a relic, alleged

* From the April *Theosophist*.

to be of Lord Buddha himself, and a parcel of hard-baked cakes, beautifully-colored and resembling carved medallions of coral and ivory, which had been offered by the reigning Emperor to the *Manes* of his predecessor at the latter's sepulchre, of which the monks of this temple are guardians. At 2 P.M. the same day Col. Olcott addressed an audience of at least 2,000 persons in the vast preaching-hall of the Chi-oo-een Temple, and the applause was thrilling from its volume and intensity. The address was translated by Mr. Kinza Hirai, F. T. S. On the 13th—when the post left—there was a grand reception by the Western Honganji, the rich and large sect with which Akamatzu, the learned young priest who so impressed Miss Bird, when she was exploring her "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," is connected. The President found on arrival the buildings ablaze with Japanese flags, two fine examples of the new Buddhist flag, introduced by our Society in Ceylon, waved over the iron gates, and a large body of priests, with the 600 pupils of their schools, formed lines for him to pass through towards the principal entrance of the main buildings. He was shown great kindness and courtesy throughout the visit, given a fine collation in the Japanese style, and before leaving, upon invitation, addressed the pupils assembled in the prayer hall.

Thence he had to drive rapidly to the Chi-oo-een Temple to give his second lecture, and the audience was even greater than that of the previous day. Thus has the ball been set rolling in Japan.

[The above report is undated, the Kioto post mark is three gridirons rampant. It was written apparently on Feb. 12th.—ED. *Theosophist*.]

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR (*continued*).

(The following was received by the last Mail.)

On the 14th February, the Eastern Honganji received Colonel Olcott with great distinction. He was shown everything, including the inside and outside of the grand new temple which they are building! A most-striking curio there is a coil of seven enormous black cables, one of them 15 inches in circumference and 18 yards long, the whole measuring perhaps 100 feet, and entirely made of *human hair*. The female devotees of this temple had shorn their raven locks to make the ropes for hauling the timbers for the building! At a temple in Kobé a copy of some parts of the Buddhist *Pitakas*, written in the blood of the copyist's tongue, was shown our travellers. Could fanaticism go farther! The Eastern and Western Honganjis of Kioto are two great temple corporations, the most influential and wealthy in Japan. The original body was created by Imperial charter about a thousand years ago, and the split which now exists only took place in the time of the twenty-fifth Master—about two centuries ago. It was caused by the patronage given by a reigning Provincial Governor to an ambitious junior priest, whom he supplied with land and money, for the erection and support of separate buildings. The priests of this sect are in a sense the Lutherans of Japan, since they marry like the Protestant clergy, and for Luther's reason, that clerical marriage is a social safeguard. The two Honganjis are not in the habit of acting together, but they have joined in assuming the entire cost and direction of Colonel Olcott's Mission to Japan, and will see him safely through the whole business.

Colonel Olcott's third Lecture in Kioto was given to his usual monster audience on the 14th, and in the evening he sat for his portrait to an old Japanese painter on silk. The next day saw him at Osaka (Hiago), the second largest city in Japan, where he had another great reception. On his way from the railway station to the Un-rai-ji temple (Nichi-ren sect) where he was to lodge, he had to inspect and address two large schools, one for girls, the other for boys; and nearly got an inflammation of the lungs by exposure to a freezing damp audience hall where he had to speak. The Japanese houses are cool and breezy, with paper windows and plenty of draughts—excellent for hot weather but no joke in winter, with the atmosphere outside full of snow, and the air of the most comfortable room so cool that one can see every breath one draws. The floors are exquisitely clean and covered with fine grass-matting, to keep which tidy it is the universal custom to enter the house in stocking feet, leaving the shoes at the door-step. Fancy what this means in the case of a visitor from the Tropics, whose blood is instantly chilled by contact with the cold mats. It nearly did for the President, who only escaped a severe attack of pneumonia by bathing his feet in scalding hot water on going to bed. It completely knocked up poor Mr. Dhammapala, who was attacked with rheumatism in both feet, and has ever since had to keep his bed in Kioto in an agony of pain. The kindness shown him by our Japanese friends, by night as by day, is simply beyond praise; no blood relatives could be more devotedly tender and watchful. The audiences in Osaka were as large and enthusiastic as those in Kioto. There were two lectures and at the same temple, Nam-bi-mido (Shin-shu sect). Col. Olcott also made addresses before a Prisoners' Reform Society—an excellent and well-managed concern—and at another temple of the same sect. He was also taken to the famous Ten-no-si, the most ancient temple in Japan, where he was presented with some documents and an old Japanese oval gold coin—a *Koban*—worth \$7.50. This was on the 17th, so the omens are once more favourable. At Ten-no-si there is a unique feature—a little chapel with an image of Buddha and a hanging bell to ring, and all filled with toys, dolls, balls, etc., etc., and children's dresses and wooden clogs. This is a place where prayers are offered for dead little ones, and the dresses and playthings are placed there so that they (or their phantasmal-duplicates?) may be transferred to Paradise for their further use. The bell is rung that the angel child may hear the parental summons and take the things which affection would have them enjoy. A touching sentiment.

On the 18th Col. Olcott returned to Kioto and spent the day in preparations for a most important meeting for which he had issued personal invitations in advance. The event came off according to programme and was a thorough success. It was no less than a convocation of the High Priests of the eight (there are but eight active) sects of Japanese Buddhism—the Pontiffs of some 37 millions Buddhists. They met in the "Empress Room" in Chio-oo-ee Temple, seating themselves according to age about a long table; each with a brass fire-pot before him for warming his hands. They were all aged men, and dressed in their full canonicals. Colonel Olcott first had read a Japanese translation of a salutatory letter in Sanskrit to the Buddhists of Japan from Sumangala Thero, of Colombo, in which he begged his co-religionists to receive Colonel Olcott as a zealous and consistent Buddhist, and help him to

realize his plans. Also a translation of a joint note of similar purport from the principal priests of both Sinhalese Buddhist sects. He then read in English an Address, of which we give the text herewith, and it was afterwards interpreted in Japanese by young Matsumura, of Osaka, an excellent translator. The council then took an hour's recess for consultation, and upon returning, adjourned to reconvene a few days later, after receiving copies of two Resolutions offered for their acceptance by Colonel Olcott.

TEXT OF COL. OLCOTT'S ADDRESS.

REVEREND SIRS,

I have invited you to meet me to-day on neutral ground, for private consultation. What can we do for Buddhism? What ought we to do?

Why should the two great halves of the Buddhist Church be any longer ignorant and indifferent about each other?

Let us break the long silence; let us bridge the chasm of 2,300 years; let the Buddhists of the North and those of the South be one family again.

The great schism took place at the second council of Vasāli, and among its causes were these questions: "May salt be preserved in horn by the monks for future use?" "May solid food be eaten by them after the hour of noon?" "May fermented drinks which look like water be drunk?" "May seats covered with cloths be used?" "May gold and silver be received by the Order?"

Does it seem worth while that the vast Buddhist family should be estranged from each other for such questions as these? Which is the most important, Venerable Sirs, that salt shall or shall not be stored up for future use, or that the Doctrines of Buddhism shall be preached to all mankind? I am come from India—a journey of 5,000 miles, and a long one for a man of nearly 60 years of age, to ask you this question. Answer me, O chief priests of the twelve Japanese sects: I charge you upon your consciences to answer. I have brought you a written appeal from your co-religionists of Ceylon and a Sanskrit letter from the learned Sumangala, High Priest of Adam's Peak, begging you to receive their brotherly salutations, and to listen to me and help me to carry out my religious work. I have no special, private word to speak to any of you, but one word for all. My mission is not to propagate the peculiar doctrines of any sect, but to unite you all in one sacred undertaking. Each of you I recognize as a Buddhist and a brother. All have one common object. Listen to the words of the learned Chinese pilgrim and scholar, Hiouen Tshang: "The schools of philosophy are always in conflict, and the noise of their passionate discussions rises like the waves of the sea. Heretics of the different sects attach themselves to particular teachers, and by different routes *walk to the same goal*." I have known learned priests engage in bitter controversy about the most childish subjects, while the Christian Missionaries were gathering the children of their neighbourhoods into schools and teaching them that Buddhism is a false religion! Blind to their first duty as priests, they thought only of quarrelling about unimportant matters. I have no respect for such foolish priests, nor can I expect them to help me to spread Buddhism in distant countries or defend it at home from its bitter, rich and indefatigable enemies. But my helpers and well-wishers will be all sincere, intelligent, broadminded Buddhist priests and laymen, of every country and nation.

We have these two things to do. In Buddhist countries, to revive our religion ; purify it of its corruptions ; prepare elementary and advanced books for the education of the young and the information of adults, and expose the falsehoods circulated against it by its opponents. Where these latter are trying to persuade children to change their family religion for another, we must, strictly as a measure of self-defence and not in any angry or intolerant spirit—condemned by our religion—collect and publish all available facts about the merits and demerits of the new religion offered as better than Buddhism. And then, it is our duty—as taught us by the Lord Buddha himself—to send teachers and preachers to distant lands, such as Europe and America, to tell the millions now disbelieving Christianity and looking about for some religion to replace it, that they will find what will convince their reason, and satisfy their heart in Buddhism. So completely has intercourse been broken between Northern and Southern Buddhists since the Vasáli Council, that you do not know each other's beliefs nor the contents of your respective Scriptures. One of the first tasks before you, therefore, is to have the books compared critically by learned scholars, to ascertain which portions are ancient and which modern, which authoritative and which forgeries. Then the results of these comparisons must be published throughout all Buddhist countries, in their several vernaculars. We may have to convene another great Council at some sacred place, such as Buddha-Gya or Anuradhapura, before the publications mentioned are authorised. What a grand and hopeful spectacle that would be ! May we live to see it.

Now kindly understand that, in making all these plans for the defence and propagation of Buddhism, I do so in the two-fold character of an individual Buddhist and President of the Theosophical Society acting through and on behalf of its *Buddhist Division*. Our great Brotherhood comprises already 174 Branches, distributed over the world as follows : India, Ceylon and Burma 129 ; Europe 13 ; America 25 ; Africa 1 ; Australasia 2 ; West Indies 2 ; Japan 1 ; Singapore 1. Total, 174 Branches of our Society, all under one general management. When first I visited Ceylon (in the year 1880) and formed several Branches, I organized a Buddhist Division of the Society, to include all Buddhist Branches that might be formed in any part of the world. What I now offer you is to organize such Branches throughout Japan, and to register them, along with our Buddhist Branches in Ceylon, Burma and Singapore, in the “Buddhist Division” ; so that you may all be working together for the common object of promoting the interests of Buddhism. This will be an easy thing to do. You have already many such Societies, each trying to do something, but none able to effect as much as you could by uniting your forces with each other and with the sister Societies in foreign countries. It would cost you a great deal of money and years of labour to establish foreign agencies like ours, but I offer you the chance of having these agencies ready-made, without your being put to any preliminary expenses. And, since our Buddhist Division has been working for Buddhism without you, for the past ten years, I doubt if you could find more trustworthy or zealous co-operators. The people of Ceylon are too poor and too few in number (only some 2 millions of Buddhists) to undertake any such large scheme as I propose, but you and they together could do it successfully. If you ask how we should organize our forces, I point you to our great enemy, Christianity, and bid you look at their large and wealthy Bible, Tract, Sunday School, and Missionary Societies—the tremendous

agencies they support to keep alive and spread their religion. We must form similar Societies, and make our most practical and honest men of business their managers. Nothing can be done without money. The Christians spend millions to destroy Buddhism ; we must spend to defend and propagate it. We must not wait for some few rich men to give the capital ; we must call upon the whole nation. The millions spent for the Missionaries are mainly contributed by poor people and their children : yes, their children, I say, for they teach their children to deny themselves sweets and toys and give the money to convert you to Christianity. Is not that a proof of their interest in the spread of their religion ? What are you doing to compare with it ? Where are your monster Buddhist Publication Societies, your Foreign Mission Societies, your Missionaries in foreign lands ? I travel much, but have not heard of them in any country of Europe or America. There are many Christian schools and churches in Japan, but is there a Japanese Buddhist school or temple in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or New York ? If not, why not ? You know as well as I that our religion is better than Christianity, and that it would be a blessed thing if the people of Christendom were to adopt it : why, then, have you not given them the chance ? You are the watchmen at the gates of our religion, O chief priests ; why do you slumber when the enemy is trying to undermine its walls ? Yet, though you neglect your duty, Buddhism is rapidly spreading in Christian countries from several causes. First of all its intrinsic merit, then its scientific character, its spirit of love and kindness, its embodiment of the idea of justice, its logical self-consistency. Then, the touching sweetness of the story of the life of Sakhya Muni, which has touched the hearts of multitudes of Christians, as recounted in poem and story. There is one book called "The Light of Asia," a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, of which several hundred thousand copies have been sold, and which has done more for Buddhism than any other agency. Then there are and have been great authors and philologists like Prof. Max Müller, Messrs. Burnouf, De Rosny, St. Hilaire, Rhys Davids, Beal, Fausböll, Bigandet, and others, who have written about the Lord Buddha in the most sympathetic terms. And among the agencies to be noticed is the Theosophical Society, of which I am President. The "Buddhist Catechism," which I compiled for the Sinhalese Buddhists eight years ago, has already been published in fifteen different languages. A great authority told me recently in Paris that there were not less than 12,000 professed Buddhists in France alone, and in America I am sure there must be at least 50,000. The auspicious day has come for us to put forth our united efforts. If I can persuade you to join hands with your brothers in Ceylon and elsewhere, I shall think I am seeing the dawn of a more glorious day for Buddhism. Venerable Sirs, hearken to the words of your ignorant yet sincere American co-religionist. Be up and doing. When the battle is set, the hero's place is at the front : which of you shall I see acting the hero in this desperate struggle between truth and superstition, between Buddhism and its opponents ?

OUR SOCIETY'S "AGAPÆ."

Our Brothers in France had a happy idea in establishing what we might call theosophical *agapæ*, minus the mystic and religious gloom of the latter. These monthly dinners, "purely vegetarian"—we are not told whether they are also

teetotal—may do good work in the long run, as promoters of peace, soul-harmony and brotherly love. “A good dinner sharpens wit, while it softens the heart,” we are told by those in whom, of the three souls enumerated by Plato, the “stomach-soul” is the most energetic; the statement being corroborated by Lord Byron. According to the great English poet, of all “appeals,” none is more calculated to take hold of the best feelings of mankind

“Than that all-softening, overpow’ring knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell!”

However it may be, and from whatsoever point we view them, the “theosophical dinners” in France have an undeniable advantage over the “no such dinners” in England. They represent, for theosophists, a few hours, at least, passed under the white flag of truce; and even that little is a decided relief, and a march stolen on the English members.

Blessed be ye, O dinners, if presided over by the angel of peace, who stands between the fighting and the dead!

The “Hermes Dinner,” was not presided over this time, however, by a six-winged angel, “shadow’d from either heel with feather’d mail,” but, by our respected friend and brother, the Count Gaston d’Adhemar, who kindly accepted the presidential place of honour at this “exclusively vegetarian repast.” The dinner took place on March 23 at Lavenue’s, Boulevard Montparnasse, and was graced, besides the members and associates of the local T. S. “Hermes,” who happened to be then in Paris, by the presence of several distinguished guests interested in theosophy.

In the words of our *Revue Theosophique* * for April, “this banquet passed off most charmingly, thanks to the witty and instructive conversation of its President, who related some of his travelling impressions through America, and notably among the *Mormons*; after which the conversation became general and was devoted to occult topics of the highest scientific, phenomenal and metaphysical interest.”

At 11 p.m. the members separated, pledging themselves to meet on the same date next month.

For the benefit of the lovers of vegetarianism, we append hereto the *Menu* of this repast, which, “to the surprise of all, was found not only very nourishing, but most excellent.”

Potage à la Normande
Hors d’œuvres
Pommes de terre à la Duchesse
Tymbale de guiochys au parmesan
Salsifis frits
Haricots panachés
Salade de laitue aux œufs
Parfait
Desserts.

In our great gastronomical ignorance, while rejoicing over the Normandy

* Directrice, Comtesse Gaston d’Adhemar; Redacteur en chef (chief editor), H. P. Blavatsky. Chief office, 10, Rue Lesueur, Paris Comtesse d’Adhemar; and all the chief booksellers of Paris. London, at 7, Duke Street, Adelphi and David Nutt’s.

soup, Duchess potatoes, fried salsifry (oyster plant), haricot beans and innocent salad with eggs, we feel rather doubtful about the esoteric meaning of that "Parfait," which winds up the *Menu*. Is it a liqueur? one of those oily, sweet, dangerously insidious *liqueurs*, so beloved in France, or some respectable and harmless dish, drink or what not, for digestive purposes? If the former, alas for the purity of the Theosophical Agapœ!

GENERAL MEETING OF THE "HERMES" T.S.

Far more interesting still, is the Report of the meeting of the "Hermes Lodge" on March 25th, 1889; and it is with sincere pleasure that we find these meetings qualified as "veritable *fraternal* communions *in the Spirit of Truth*."

The meeting was opened by a paper read by the Vice President, Mr. G. Caminade d'Angers, an analysis of *Devachan* according to Mr. A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. Then came a very substantial summary of the unity of all theogonies, and their evolution through ages and nations by the Corresponding Secretary of the "Hermes" Lodge; and finally a paper was read by a member, called, "What is Theosophy?"

We regret our inability to give more than a few concluding paragraphs; but these are too good to be left untranslated.

The principal objection addressed to the Theosophists is the charge that they do not conform to the scientific methods of research and demonstration. "You postulate your principles *à priori*, hence you make them arbitrary. Starting from this, you deduce your conclusions which, supposing them to be strictly logical, have yet no scientific value, since they err by their very basis." *

"In short, Theosophy is for our adversaries rather a theological than a scientific doctrine; it *appeals to faith* (?) more than to reason. . . . and cannot be accepted by the scientist who does not admit (or pretends he does not) any other than inductive reasoning resting on *positive facts* (!) authentically demonstrated."

(*Vide* Scientific Syllogism, *infra*).

The lecturer undertook to prove that the fundamental principle of Theosophy—indicated in the etymology of the term—was the result of strict induction based on positive facts and admitted as such by the scientists of every age and country."

He said that :

"1st. There are three sources of human knowledge; nature, written tradition, and oral instruction. Though no one need disdain the written testimony or the

* We strongly suspect this method of being precisely that of orthodox science, and not at all the theosophical. While their conclusions are always strictly correct and logical, their major premise is generally a hypothesis, and often not true in nature. The syllogisms of science run somewhat in this manner :

The catarrhine ape is dumb, and lost its tail; (*Haeckel*)

Speech arose from crude animal sounds, and early man had a tail; (*Darwin*)

THEREFORE, *the two had a common ancestor.*

It is for the *Darwino-Haeckelians*, evidently, that it has been said that, "If the premises are not true and the syllogism is regular, the reason is valid, and the conclusion, *whether true or false*, is correctly derived."—[ED.]

oral tradition, yet it is always to nature as a last *criterium* that both the others have to be made subservient.

"2nd. Among all the beings which people the world, man is the one from which every observation has to start, and to which it has to lead. As St. Martin said, healthy philosophy demands that things should be explained through man, and not man through things. Such a study of man" . . . led the lecturer to recognize three constitutional principles in human nature.

3rd. Passing thence, from man to things, he showed rapidly, that these three principles (*upadhis*) were found in all Nature.

"4th. Further in virtue of the hermetic (and also Aristotelean) axioms "as above, so below," analogy leads us to admit above men an indefinite series of beings, which we do not see, but the reality of which is demonstrated to us by the phenomena of clairvoyance, in short, of *magic*.

"5th. Finally, at the summit of the ladder, the same analogy makes us perceive the ESSE of all WISDOM-DEITY. Hence, the name of *Theosophy*, of that science which embraces all the chain of beings, as far as human mind can do so. But, instead, as in theology, of exhausting itself in sterile efforts to determine the attributes of God, which would amount to seeking to define the infinite,* it limits our efforts to a tacit recognition of its necessity. It admits with Plato that one dare not say aught of Deity but that which is verisimilar; and with St. Bernard, that it is absurd to seek the supreme beneath or below man's possibility of thought. By induction we thus arrive from Nature to Deity. Thus, the catechism of Theosophy could define God as: THE INEDUCIBLE INDUCTION."

We may end by remarking that "the Theosophists of the West are sending their greetings and wishes of prosperity to the *Doyen* of all the world's journals and publications, the *Gazette of Peking*, which prepares to celebrate in 1889 the *thousandth* year of its existence." A *millenium* of literary activity is something that our "superior race" can hardly boast of anyway. In this, at any rate, the proud West has to submit to looking very cheap and small before an "inferior race."

BUDDHISM THROUGH CHRISTIAN SPECTACLES.

On the occasion of a new pseudo-Oriental dirge † by "Sir Monier Monier Williams, K.C.I.E." the very *Christian* Orientalist, a *daily* takes the opportunity of poking fun into the ribs of several members and ex-members of the T.S. We have had an opportunity of acquainting ourself with some of the views of the "Duff" lecturer in Edinburgh, and therefore doubt our ever opening his new volume. It has once been shown in *LUCIFER*, April, 1888, how the "Orientalist" of that name, scoffing at the modest title of "Light of Asia" seeks to make it pale into insignificance before the proud appellation of "*Light of the World*"—a

* Leaving aside that trifling difficulty in philosophy, which shows to us that to postulate attributes, which are by their very nature *finite*, to the *infinite*, is like trying to square the circle.—[ED.]

† "Buddhism in its connection with Brahmanism and Hinduism and its contrast with Christianity" is the short and comprehensive title of a new work compiled from his "Duff Lectures" by Sir Monier Williams.

rather paradoxical boast to make before a mankind, more than two thirds of which are non-converted Buddhists and "heathens." But such intellectual legerdemain, such jugglery of facts and historical data sacrificed to sectarian views, are no novelty to any reader. The *modus operandi* is as old as the Nazarene faith, and the *genus* "missionary" familiar to every admirer of Buddha, the DIVINE MAN *par excellence*. We leave therefore the *onus probandi*—easy enough, with audiences of *gobe-mouches* and too willing helpers—of proving the unprovable, to the clever author who uses so dexterously the well-known missionary trick, namely, that "Buddhism is the Devil's *imitation* of Christianity."

And why shouldn't he, when it is the only thing in our day of shams that pays? Let Sir Monier adopt another tone; let him speak truth and fact, and declare them squarely to his audiences. Let him state that neither Buddhism, nor the gospel of Krishna—nor yet the legends of the numerous Solar Gods who lived, died, and after descending into Hades, resurrected, bringing back to earth the divine light of which the Demon of Darkness, the Winter Solstice, had deprived it—could be "imitations" of the Christian legend, as they preceded it by long ages. Let him speak as every impartial historian and Orientalist is in duty bound to do, *truth and nothing but the truth*, and he will soon find that, instead of being referred to by his reviewers as "one of the most distinguished of living Orientalists" (!) he will dwindle down to the status of a fifth-rate lecturer. "talking gibberish" "under Mr. Sinnett's influence" (*sic*).

True, the Oxford Sanskritist has never been under the influence of the writer of "Esoteric Buddhism"; and his own version (*Vide* "Preface" to his work) assures us that having thrice travelled through the sacred lands of Buddhism, "he has brought to the study of Buddhism and its sacred language, Pāli, a life-long preparatory study of Brahmanism and its sacred language, Sanskrit." Yet there exists another version both in India and Oxford. Some irreverent pundits, among others the late Dayanand Saraswate, the greatest Sanskrit scholar of India, laboured under the impression that in the last voyage through "the sacred lands of Buddhism," namely Benares and beyond, made by Prof. Monier Williams (was it in 1876 or 77?) no pundit could make head or tail of what the "most distinguished of living Orientalists" meant, when he attempted to speak Sanskrit; nor could they (the pundits) be coaxed into admitting that the illustrious Oxford Orientalist knew anything of Sanskrit at all. In fact, it was a truly benevolent action of Pundit Dayanand to have allowed his pupil, Shamji Krishnavarma, then a theosophist by-the-bye, to go to Oxford and teach the eminent Professor some *real* Sanskrit. Whether the distinguished Orientalist has profited by the lessons of his young and most intelligent *guru*—lessons which covered several years since 1879—remains an open question. At all events he speaks like a true-blue Brahmin and a reader of the Purānic dead-letter of Buddha's death having been caused by eating "too much dried boar's flesh." This is something in view of Buddha's asceticism and aversion to eating anything that had life in it, still more wonderful in its dead-letter than that other statement that "prayer to the unknown (God) is among the chief duties now recognised by Buddhists." We find it in a *daily* that quotes from the Professor's lecture.

Priests and brothers of Ceylon, please rise and explain!

Therefore the remark is quite true that the "work of Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E."—which—

"will most interest those who have *dabbled* in what is called 'Theosophy,' of which Colonel Olcott, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and Madame Blavatsky are the best known exponents, is that entitled 'Mystical Buddhism.'" For Sir Monier holds that the Buddha himself was opposed to mysticism; that originally Buddhism 'set its face against all solitary asceticism, and all secret efforts to obtain sublime heights of knowledge; it had no occult, esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from ordinary men.'" —*Literary World*.

Oh, Brahmâ *Prabhavâpyaya!* Thou God of the imperishable origin who took the *figure of a boar*—the same from eating whose *DRIED remains* Buddha is said by the metaphor-loving and wily Brahmin to have died—be merciful to thy detractors and would-be scholars! Our contemporary, the *Literary World*, launching on the dangerous depths of "Pure and impure Buddhism," confesses after enumerating several learned works, that:

"In this enumeration we have taken no account of the writings of the Theosophists or Neo-Buddhists, which pretend to initiate Western readers into the secret doctrines of Buddhism, and are generally too mystical and unintelligible for an ordinary man's comprehension."

No wonder our "secret doctrines of Buddhism" are *too much* for an ordinary man's comprehension. But then the "Duff" lecturer, Sir Monier-Monier Williams is, on his own confession and statement, of very *extraordinary* comprehension and most remarkable learning. He has forgotten more than any man ever knew; and learnt more of that which all the Orientalists put together had to unlearn. A few "Duff" lectures more, and the English public will be told that Sir William Jones and Colonel Wilford were, after all, right; that Gautama Buddha was a parody of the Biblical Lamech, Buddhism and Wodenism, hence, Mercury and Buddha, are identical, and that the whole character of the Prince of Kapilavastu was copied from the mythical St. Josaphat, the Roman Catholic saint of India.

Will it be deemed very impertinent to the "greatest of living Orientalists" to say that it is only to be regretted that, having finished his Sanskrit rudiments with Shamji Krishnavarma, the eminent Oxford scholar has not turned to the Theosophists to give a little finishing touch to his Brahmano-Buddhist knowledge? We would have never grudged him his "Light of the World"; but taking him lovingly to our esoteric bosoms and permitting him to "dabble" in theosophy, we would have brought order into the confusion of his Buddhist notions and restored the equilibrium to the very unbalanced ideas culled by him in some Purânas, adverse to the "Light of Asia." But now, do what we may, it is not Sir *bis*-Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., who can ever hope to become "the Light of Orientalism." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

After all it is not the theosophists who are the losers; for never has a certain *daily* uttered a greater truth than when saying that a certain "Radical gentleman" is "*not alone in the transfer of his allegiance from Christianity to Buddhism. Since the publication of Mr. Sinnett's 'Esoteric Buddhism' various English converts have been made by the propagandists, male and female, who have devoted themselves to the work of proselytism; and there is no doubt that Asiatic mystery in any form has a great charm for a certain class of minds.*"

It has, it has; and no amount of Western pride and prejudice will ever prevent the truths which Buddha taught from coming home to the hearts of the most intelligent thinkers of the West.

MEETING OF BUDDHIST LADIES IN CEYLON.*

ON March 24, a meeting of Sinhalese ladies was held at the local Theosophical Headquarters. A meeting of the Sinhalese fair sex is quite unprecedented in the annals of Ceylon, and yesterday's representative gathering may be fitly called the first of its kind ever held in Ceylon since the days of Sangha Mitta. The meeting was convened to discuss the best method of furthering Female Education among the Sinhalese. Mr. Leadbeater, F.T.S. (an ex-Protestant clergyman of England, who has embraced Buddhism), addressed the ladies, giving a few practical hints on the subject. He was followed by Mrs. de Silva, Mrs. de Livera, and a few other ladies.

Mrs. de Silva kept the audience spell-bound with an excellent address, dwelling on the present state of Sinhalese women. She said that the standard of race development could only be elevated by granting woman every facility for the culture and exercise of all her powers and faculties. The Sinhalese woman has not properly developed these powers, and Mrs. de Silva begged of all present to do everything in their power to promote female education among their sisters.

It may not be out of place to mention here that Mrs. de Silva is a member of a very respectable Sinhalese family, and is the wife of a native merchant. Her amiability, coupled with rare intelligence and unselfish devotion to her nation and country, makes her eminently qualified to be the leader of a movement which bids fair to be a thorough success. Mrs. de Silva intends conferring with several up-country Kumari Hamis and low-country Walawe Mahatmayas on the subject of Female Education, which is next her heart. At the meeting yesterday Mrs. de Silva read extracts from letters from an American lady Doctor, which one of her friends had received anent the question, expressing the lady Doctor's sympathy with the cause. . . .

The second meeting of Sinhalese ladies was held on March 30, at 2 p.m., at the Hall of the Theosophical Society, when there were over 50 ladies present. Mrs. S. de Silva read the notice convening the meeting; and a few others spoke of the desirability of organizing a Society among the women of Ceylon for promoting Female Education. An Association was then formed—to be called by a suitable name, which the Theosophical Society's Pandit, Mr. Weragama Banda, has kindly consented to. The following officers were elected to carry on the business of the Association:—

President, Mrs. S. de Silva; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. Madelina Perera Dharma Gunawardana, Mrs. A. de Livera, Mrs. Dona Madelena; *Secretary*, Mrs. E. Wijesinghe; *Assistant Secretary*, Miss M. E. de Silva; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Isabella Dharma Gunawardana.

The Secretary then read several letters from ladies expressing their sympathy with the movement and their regret at being unable to be present at the meeting owing to unavoidable circumstances. It was most gratifying to observe that besides these letters there were a few more from the sterner sex expressing their sympathy and good wishes for the success of the cause and enclosing donations. . . .

A committee was formed consisting of 7 members, 5 to form a quorum, to meet on next Saturday and frame the constitution of the Society.

The object of the Society, so far as we have learned, is the promotion of education among the women of Ceylon, and it has also as its chief aim the formation of a bond of sympathy with the women of all classes, which is indeed very desirable. We have often observed that, owing to the nasty caste system, a large number of intelligent women find it difficult to obtain a footing in native society. This new Association offers one broad platform where all women, irrespective of caste, may stand up and proclaim their sisterhood. We congratulate the new Society on having elected a body

* Communicated by a correspondent in Ceylon. *Vide Ceylon Examiner.*

of officers most competent to be the moving spirits, owing to their intelligence, amiability, and the position they hold in Buddhist native circles.

It is worthy of note that the Assistant Secretary is a highly-accomplished young lady of very respectable parents. She received her education under European supervision in one of the leading Female Seminaries of Colombo, under Christian Mission management. She is a staunch Buddhist, and this is a most exceptional instance. In her the new Association has an acquisition. The Society contemplates, as soon as its funds will permit, opening a College for Buddhist and Hindu girls under the superintendence of a European Lady Principal.

A NEW BRANCH OF THE T.S.

A BRANCH of the THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY has now been formed in Liverpool. It is hoped that this effort will meet with an active support among all who are interested in a revival of that ancient learning and philosophy which, studiously preserved throughout the ages, is now being disclosed and taught openly.

Theosophy attacks no religion, but is the friend of all. Denying the efficacy of creeds and dogmas, it seeks in every faith the underlying truths which exist in all, and collecting these it presents to the world a system of religious and scientific thought which, existing from the most remote times, has been the basis of every world religion.

Foremost among Theosophical teachings are the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, showing how the individual unit passes through a long series of births and rebirths, the circumstances of each earth life being controlled by the previous ones. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." This teaching alone is capable of supplying an adequate explanation of the diversities of fortune, of calamity apparently unmerited and success apparently unearned.

Theosophy teaches man's Divine origin, and shows how he is again absorbed into the Divine at the end of the path of births and rebirths.

Theosophy has shed the bright light of Eastern philosophy and metaphysics upon our scientific researches, and has shown that science goes hand-in-hand with the truest religion, the two forming one grand and united whole.

To all who are interested in the occult we offer a hearty welcome. The efforts of the Society have now placed within easy reach the works of the most advanced in all ages, whose researches cannot fail to be of the utmost value to every searcher after Esoteric truth.

Full information as to membership, etc., may be obtained from the

SECRETARY,

86, Queen's Road,

Bootle, Liverpool.



Correspondence.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL QUERIES.

A WORK has been published, which revolutionises the science of animal life, and marks an epoch in our zoology equivalent in importance to Linnæus' great discovery of the binomial nomenclature. I cannot descend to bathos, and compare it with Darwin's *Origin of Species*; as the author of the *Secret Doctrine* is probably aware that several foolish books have been written before her time. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*

All works that have been the object of self-improvement in science are of literary value. The present age is one wherein the principles of Finality have been assumed by the advocates of the science which, in 1859, was scornfully rejected as a modern invention by those who supported another theory, and in 1889 enjoy the popularity of success, and view anything which is not in conformity with Darwinism as a modern heresy. The high priests of our modern Darwinism do not stop at finality. They are not satisfied with asserting that they have reached perfect knowledge, but authoritatively condemn any proposition which is contrary to their belief. Thus, it may be safely said that if any one were to write a paper discussing any anthropological matter from the standpoint of a polygenist or a special creationist, such a paper would inevitably be rejected either by the Anthropological Institute, or Section H of the British Association. I am happy to say that the present writer has run no such risk. The "Secret Doctrine" is to "Darwinism" like dock-leaves to nettle. It makes no compromise and boldly declares the possibility of another theory of the origin of man to have been probable, and it has a theory, by which, on the assumption of primæval continents having existed at a remote historical epoch, the genesis of the various early races of man may be accounted for; whether we adopt the hypotheses of Wallace or of Sclater; and in whatever way we may limit the existence of the once mighty continents of Lemuria and Atlantis, we see the genesis of such men as the man of Canstadt satisfactorily accounted for. It is on anthropological matters, especially, that the author of the *Secret Doctrine* is really strong, and after a few years experience of the divagations to which anthropologists have often been led, each writer erecting his fame on the wreck of his predecessor's faith,

gens ratione ferox, ac mentem posta chimeras,

we confess to a certain feeling of satisfaction in seeing all the theories dismissed to "the limbo of all hasty blunders," and the solitary system of H. P. Blavatsky left unique in its magnificence. Such a theory, which boldly attributes the descent of some animals from men by the degradation hypothesis, and rejects the theory of the evolution of men from apes, will naturally find scant support among the moderns. The argument which the late Sir Charles Lyell brought against the transmutation hypothesis, though suppressed in the later

editions of the *Principles of Geology*, have still some weight. Professor Huxley, in 1855, lecturing to the Royal Institution, spoke vehemently against the doctrine of transmutation. "Those theorists," who contended that there had been a progressive development of life since the globe first became habitable, commencing with the simplest forms of life, and proceeding regularly upwards to the most complex, were severely criticized, and it was stated that such a view of creation was not compatible with the facts disclosed by geological researches. Professor Huxley, in 1855, confidently assured his audience that a close examination dispelled the idea of progressive development, and proved that it had no solid foundation. Yet he appears now to have executed what the late General McClellan termed a "change of base." We now have him writing emphatically in favour of Darwinism as the only possible hypothesis on the Evolutionist side. The theory, however, of Madame Blavatsky, has the advantage of recognising the origin of the lower races of men. Broc and Virey had given some proofs of the relations in which black men are coincident with black apes, and red men with red apes. Earlier, in 1850, Agassiz had remarked on the singularity of the fact that the black orang occurs upon the continent which is inhabited by the black human race, while the brown orang inhabits those parts of Asia over which the chocolate-coloured Malays have been developed. Unless, however, the European race is made to claim descent from the oran-utan (although the gorilla would, *à priori*, seem to be far more nearly allied to man), this theory leaves us entirely in the dark as to their origin. Neither does it account for the genesis of the Australian negroes, as there is not only no black ape, but no ape at all within that continent which could find hypothetical zoologists with a convenient progenitor.

The arguments in favour of Derivation as opposed to Darwinism have been given at length by Sir Richard Owen, and students of his system of philosophy are perhaps unable to find much distinction between his thoughts and those of the *Secret Doctrine*. Both agree in the utter rejection of all hypotheses, which like those of Haeckel, darken counsel by words without knowledge, and depend for their own acceptance for the previous acceptance of the Darwinian theory. We see in H. P. B.'s creed, on the other hand, as free emancipation from all shackles as the most ardent student of Burgersdyk or Heereboord could desire. Her hypothesis is a self-contained one. For her whether *notre cher voisin et parent, la punaise*, originated by natural selection or in any other manner is quite indifferent. We thus see that some merits of a hypothesis are preserved. Her theory does not depend on any other, and we see that the hypothesis, such as it is, is borne out by the genesis of the inferior races of man. The great point that Madame Blavatsky makes is, that we have two races of men. From each of these are descended various groups of inferior animals, which in reality are the descendants and not the progenitors of man. Thus, we see that her theory is directly at variance with Darwinism. Of course there are Darwinites and Darwinites. The late Charles Darwin was a scholar, but the same cannot be said of many of his successors.

One feature in the *Secret Doctrine* commends itself to my liking. The author says nothing about the modern doctrines of Evolution. The manner wherein the latter unfortunate word is used by scientific men is prudently not copied. In fact the brightest passages in H. P. B.'s work are those wherein she cuts

herself boldly away from the fashionable phrases by which, to use the words of Lord Beaconsfield, gaily dressed and vociferating females "prattle of protoplasm in gilded saloons."

Once the theory is well established that the higher races of man have been the origin of the more degraded forms, we are able to estimate the value of the scheme of filiation by which each individual race has been created. The author might have enounced her argument in one of two forms. Deductively, she might have claimed it as a revelation. Into the sources of her knowledge, true or false, I need not enquire, nor does the author of the *Secret Doctrine* express. Inductively she might have, and in fact has, considered the genesis of mankind from a purely scientific standpoint. If her theory merely rests on grounds of science, it must be examined on those grounds alone. To attain this end, the precept of Lucretius should guide us.

"Acri

*Judicio perpende ; et, si tibi vera videntur,
Dede manus ; aut si falsum est, adtingere contra !*"

The races of early man may, from the point of view of the modern anthropologist, be divided into two broad divisions. A, the Man of Canstadt. B, the man of Cromagnon. It is the object of the present remarks to urge that a light has been thrown on modern science by the publication of the *Secret Doctrine* which illuminates one of the most important epochs in modern anthropology. Such a statement of known fact is probably without precedent in the history of our science. There are some who remember the weary uphill way in which the scientific men of the last generation deliberately directed arrows that, on the whole, were aimed towards the gold centre of truth, and told as much as was known of a science then young and still hardly adolescent.

The leading types of the Canstadt man have been found at Canstadt, Eguisheim, Brux, Neanderthal, La Denise (of the male type) ; and of the gentler sex at Stangenæs, Olmo, Clichy, Maestricht, Gibraltar, and Larzac. Probably too much has been said about the Neander valley skull, that was at least not simious, though its earlier advocates made it so, and belonged to an individual of whom the antiquity and the peculiarity were alike disproven. The celebrated and mysterious jaw from La Naulette, which undeniably does present some simious characters, is probably referable to the race of Canstadt. There is a palæontological difficulty, which is stronger than a theoretical one. How do we know that such a jaw as that of La Naulette fitted on to a skull like that of Canstadt or Eguisheim? The type of man most aberrant from the existing forms is merely represented by one, or at most two, lower jaws from La Naulette and Arcy. We have no evidence that the skulls associated with such mandibles were of any peculiar type ; they may have been as hyper-brachistocephalic as some existing Norwegians, or as hypsi-stenocephalic as the longest skulled New Caledonian. Where we have not a single fact from which we can legitimately infer even a probable generalisation, silence, at least, so far as regards the cranial type associated with the truly ancient lower jaws, becomes absolutely necessary. Many of the skulls of the Canstadt (*olim* "Neanderthaloid") type are of dubious antiquity, but I mean by this merely to say that taking instance by instance, their association with the remains of extinct animals,

and then consequent reference to the "post pliocene" period (whatever that may mean) has not passed beyond conjecture in some cases, and a high degree of probability in others. Was the earliest known man in Europe more apish than existing races? The Secret Doctrine has shown good reason on which this plausible theory of modern "Evolution" (pity me for using the unmeaning word) may be denied. Was he of the same race as that which now exists in Western and Central Europe? To this question many answers may be returned. One school would say that the Neanderthal skull for instance is identical in character with many existing Celts. Reference to such skulls as those of Antrim, Louth, Gentoud, "1029 of Davis", St. Mansuy, Bishop of Toul in the fourth century, Ledbury, Corcomroo, Morrisk, Borris, Nether Urquhart, and perhaps a dozen others, will show that the characters that in 1861, I and many better men (now, alas, "gone home") thought to be exceptional are now known to be frequent, if not common. An investigation of these skulls, which like those of the direct Canstadt type, are of uncertain age, but of which some have belonged to individuals that have existed within the last five hundred years, will show that the Canstadt men have existed within the historical period. Are they now extinct? I am compelled at this moment to postpone the subject on which a student of anthropology may ask of authority that is more exact and powerful than that of inductive science, whether a race descended from the ancient Lemurians, does not at the present day exist in Ireland. However, in Australia we certainly find it. The distinction between the flat-headed and gable-topped races of Australia is a fact, that, though true, had been obscured in Anthropological Science till the voice of the "Master" (through Madame Blavatsky) proclaimed it to English scientific men. The flat-headed races of Australia thus prove to be an important factor in the chain of man.

In a communication that I made to the Anthropological Society,* I advocated the existence, in Australia, of several very distinct types. M. Topinard † has done me the rare honour of proposing the same theory, which is in accordance with the arguments of Mr. C. Staniland Wake.‡ From Port Essington,§ near Moreton Bay, we have a type of Australian skull, that differs entirely from the tectocephalic Australian, and exhibits its Lemurian characters by being in the words of Quatrefages and Hamy || "destinée avant tout à souligner les caractères différentiels de la tête osseuse de l'homme, même le plus inférieur, et de celle des anthropomorphes." But these flat-headed aborigines had their allies in an old English race. The "river-bed" type of skull attracted in 1862 more attention than at present. Evidence of these river-bed skulls is found from Muskham,** Towyn-y-Capel,†† Blackwater,‡‡ Borris,§§ Eastham,||| and perhaps Heathery

* Journal of Anthropol. Society of London. Vol. viii, p. xxxii.

† Bulletins de la Société d'Anthropologie de Paris, 2nd series, vol. xii, p. 211, 327.

‡ Physical Characters of the Australian Aborigines. Journal of Anthropology, 1870, p. 259, xii.

§ Owen. Descriptive Catalogue of Royal College of Surgeons. Nos 5185, 5309, 5336.

|| Quatrefages & Hamy. Crania Ethnica, p. 303.

¶ Huxley loc. cit., p. 130.

** Laing and Huxley. Prehistoric Remains of Caithness, p. 124. Mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 215

†† Laing & Huxley, loc. cit., p. 124.

‡‡ L. & H. loc. cit., p. 125, mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 215.

§§ L. & H. loc. cit. p. 126, mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 214.

||| Mihi in Geologist. 1862, p. 213.

Burn.* They indicate a race of men that survived at a period of great antiquity, and according to the speculations of Dr. Thurnam and Professor Huxley, were to a certain extent identifiable with, or representative of, the "long-barrow" type of skull. The hasty generalisation of Dr. Thurnam † "long barrows, long skulls, round barrows, round skulls," has long since been forgotten; yet it served to amuse speculators of the year 1866. Professor Busk,‡ who was probably the first to call attention to the "River Bed" skulls, cautiously avoided their identification with any other. As I am now conducting a theosophical, not an anthropological argument, I wish to show that this race exhibits every mark of absolute distinction from the succeeding Belgæ or Celts, the Aryans of the penny papers, whence Europe is supposed to have derived what it is pleased to call its religion and its civilisation. On the other hand, the river-bed type of skull shows no analogy with the apes. Where its true affinity is found is among the flat-headed aborigines of Australia. I refrain from arguing the anatomical question in detail, as I have done so already at great length. But it is this race that may have been the last survivors of the Lemurians in Europe, and have nothing to do with the later types of man.

In these remarks, I have carefully abstained from saying anything about the Cro-magnon or Engis men, that most probably belonged to the Fifth Race.

The questions, therefore, that I have to ask are :

A. Was the Canstadt man a Lemurian ?

B. Were the "river-bed" men *ejusdem generis* with the earlier race of Canstadt. Or at least, were some of them so ?

By solving these rather difficult anthropological questions you will confer another benefit on contemporary science.

C. CARTER BLAKE, Doct. Sc.

(Late Secretary Anthropological Society of London).

THE "SPIRITUAL BODY."

AT the foot of page 97 of the April number of LUCIFER it is stated that man is of a fourfold nature, possessing a natural body, a spiritual body, a soul and a spirit. I wish to understand the character, destiny, purpose and relative position of that part which is termed the spiritual body. Is it as permanent as the spirit or merely a temporary habitation for the latter ?

Is it that which serves the same purpose during the Devachanic period as does the body during earth-life ; *i.e.*, is it the vehicle of communication between the spirit and the external conditions to which it is in relation during Devachan ? Is it the death of this body which closes life in Devachan and causes the spirit to gravitate towards terrestrial existence again ?

CHARLES B. INGHAM.

REPLY.

In answer to this query, it would seem probable that in the fourfold division of the human being here referred to as that which was adopted by the earliest

* Mibi in Geologist. 1862, p. 216. Huxley, Geologist, 1862, p. 204.

† Thurnam, Memoirs Anthropological Society, vol. I., p. 149.

‡ *Crania Typica*. Work unfortunately not published, but of which the plates are in the library of the Anthropological Institute.

Christians, the "spiritual body" may be identified with the *Karana Sarira*, or "causal body" of Eastern philosophy. It is the inseparable and co-existent vehicle of the Monad during the periods of manifestation, and is best described, as indicated by its name, as that in which inhere all the *Karmic causes* which have been generated by that "monad."

The exact relation of this causal or spiritual body to the Monad in Devachan has never been clearly explained in any Theosophical treatise. It would seem probable, however, that during the Devachanic state this vehicle undergoes a process of *involution*, by which it assimilates all the spiritual essence of the experiences passed through during the previous life.

The spiritual body being co-existent with the Monad cannot die, but it would appear probable that the return to incarnation is caused by the termination of the process of involution just mentioned.

A STRANGE MESMERIC PHENOMENON.

I AM very glad to see that the strange case of my arm has found space in the March number of LUCIFER, as it may lead to explanations which interest me. I am very anxious to know whether my case is singular, or whether others have had the same experience. Meanwhile, I can give you another instance illustrating the same thing and which I have found in my father's diary, written over fifty years ago.

In Astrachan, on the Caspian sea, there was, during our stay there, an apothecary named Ossey (probably his sons are still there). He suffered terribly from toothache, whether neuralgic or otherwise, I do not know. Probably the former, because the extraction of several teeth on that side did not relieve him. Somebody told him that there lived in the town an old retired soldier who "*talked away*"* most effectually the tooth-ache. Ossey found out the soldier-wizard, who *did* talk away his pain in a few minutes, so that it never returned.

Some time after, the apothecary happened to meet the soldier, and asked him whether his pain was ever likely to return; to which the soldier replied as follows: "This depends on which of us survives the other. If you die before me, then the toothache will never return; but if I die before you, the pain will return immediately, and more violent than ever."

For nine years Ossey had no pain and the remembrance of his suffering even had vanished from his thoughts, when, in the tenth year, his neuralgia returned with redoubled violence. He rushed off in search of his soldier-healer, but could nowhere find him, and learnt a few days later that the soldier had died; and thus his forewarning had proved correct.

It seems to me that this "talking away" is just another kind of mesmeric healing. My arm pains me more and more, even interfering with my writing, as the fingers are becoming stiff. For me there is no more doubt that my rheumatism returned in Odessa, on the very day on which Evette died in Paris.

Ossey's story is interesting as a corroboration of my own case.

N. A. FADEEFF.

* This is the literal translation of the popular and mystic term "*Zagovarivayt*," in Russia. For the good men and women in towns and villages who play at local medicine-men (and the people *will* have no others) literally "talk away," by means of some strange words which no one understands but themselves, and by breathing on the water, all kinds of diseases and ailments most effectively.

Reviews.

PROBLEMS OF THE HIDDEN LIFE.

BEING ESSAYS ON THE ETHICS OF SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.*

MANY of our readers will be already familiar with these earnest and suggestive Essays which now appear in a collected form. They first attracted attention in the *Path*, and served to many as welcome signposts on the search after Truth. Their style is marked with a depth of feeling and earnestness which cannot fail to find an echo in the heart of all who have suffered and striven to find a path which shall lead them out of the illusion and barrenness of ordinary life. It is easy to see that the writer has been much influenced by the Bhagavat Gita, and some of its characteristic expressions have left their mark upon his style as well as upon his thought. But he is no mere repeater of words, learned by heart and only half understood. He has entered into the Spirit of the Eastern conception of the true purpose of human life, and renders it again in a form which will be more attractive to many minds than its original garb.

These essays, of course, have no pretension to completeness of treatment or philosophic method. But the reasoning is clear and logical throughout, and their very fragmentariness renders them more suggestive and helpful than a more formal treatise could be.

The hearty thanks of all earnest students of life are therefore due to "Pilgrim," and we wish his work all the success which it undeniably deserves.

PATANJALI'S YOGA APHORISMS †

AN INTERPRETATION.

EVERY theosophist should have this book. It is rendered into plain English according to the thought of Patanjali, and has none of the obscurities or brackets which appeared in the Bombay edition of 1885. There are explanatory notes. An appendix is added containing the text of the Bombay edition, for comparison.

For Sale by "The Path," P. O. Box 2659, New York, and at 7 Duke Street, Adelphi, London W.C.

ESOTERIC STUDIES. UNDER, IN, AND ABOVE THE WORLD. ‡

THE author is a Grand Cross of the Order of St. Anne, in Russia; was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Portugal to Russia 1870 to 1876, and like a noble-minded man, places his Fellowship of the Theosophical Society above these dignities. When this work was as he tells us, ready for publication in December last, the "Secret Doctrine" appeared, and a

* By PILGRIM. London: GEORGE REDWAY, 1889.

† By WILLIAM Q. JUDGE. 1 Vol., Price post free, \$1.00. or 4 shillings.

‡ By VISCOUNT DE FIGANIÈRE. Oporto, 8vo. 1889 [In Portuguese].

“fresh light” thrown on the subject. The alterations he has made are embodied in a supplementary chapter of 40 pages, which appears to convey a clearer abstract of the Secret Doctrine, and a more systematic review than has yet appeared in Europe. The work, treating as it does of topics which form the ground-work of Theosophical teaching, cannot be reviewed in these pages at the length it probably deserves. A propædeutic work is necessarily didactic in its character, and the author who lays down certain general propositions has given in all cases the sources of his information. The first part is devoted to Evolution in general, comprising metaphysics, ontology, and cosmogony. The second part to human evolution. The genesis of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth race is described. Chapters follow on the Origin of Language, on Kama-loka, Avitchi, and Devachan. The definition and modes of operation of the law of Karma are given in detail. The eighth sphere, the manwantaric manifestations, free-will, the periodic cycles, the sixth and seventh race, the occult hierarchy and the history of the Theosophical Society form each separate chapters. We refrain from offering at this time an analysis of each of these, and content ourselves with saying that the work is copiously illustrated with diagrams, and is one of the most scientific manuals of Theosophical literature that has yet appeared. Portugal may well be proud of so eloquent an expounder of elementary truths in such nervous language, and after our bitter experience of English literature on the subject, it is a relief to read any work written by an exact mind in clear language. We must also notice how this book contrasts with the Spanish spiritist productions, and it will be seen that the learning and elegance of the author have induced him to compile one of the most important contributions to modern Theosophical literature.

THE OLD NEW WORLD.*



PAMPHLET, originally published in a Boston paper, descriptive of the explorations of Mr. Sylvester Baxter amongst the races of the Zuñi Indians of Arizona. Mr. Baxter has summarised a part of the anthropological details. He has told us somewhat of the race of men which preserved the primitive traditions of the American continent, which continent has, perhaps, carried down the brachycephalic race on the West (near Lemuria) and the dolichocephalic race on the East (near Atlantis) the traditions of a primitive race, which, in all cases, appears to have preserved to us a far closer tradition of the early history of man than is afforded by the accounts of the Stone Age. We see in this work a factor whereon the early traditions of New Mexico, that we only know by the obscure work of Clavigero, and such like him, may be interpreted. We are glad to see in this work a germ of the anthropology of the future. On page 35, he indicates an anthropological discovery of an important nature, on which it would be impolitic (to say the least) to comment until Mr. Ten Kate's memoir is published. We would only here state that the *Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii., p. 289, has hinted that the occasional features which were universal in some ancient men occur now in some species of animals, and may be observed in a few exceptional instances. However, Mr. Baxter is evidently meditating an anthropological surprise. Any elaborate review of this work must be postponed till we have all the information before us. It will certainly be of the greatest value to the anthropologist as an avant courier of future communication. The Hemenway South-Western Archæological Expedition is evidently doing good theosophical and anthropological work.

* By SYLVESTER BAXTER. Salem, Massachusetts, 1888.

THE BIJOU OF ASIA.

WE have great pleasure in recommending to such of our readers as are interested in Buddhism, the *Bijou of Asia*, particulars of which we give below. It is an encouraging sign for the future of Buddhism that in Japan it already possesses an organ of its own in English.—[Ed.]

"The *Bijou* is a bi-monthly Buddhist journal, published by the Buddhist Propagation Society; edited by M. Matsuyama. It is established as a means of correspondence, and for the spread of Buddhism in other lands.

Terms:—Single copy, 3 cents; 18 cents for a year, in advance.

"All communications should be addressed to the editor; his full address:—M. Matsuyama, the Buddhist Propagation Society (Senkio-Kwai), Aburanocoji Onmayedori Sagaru, Kioto, Japan. Send the money by postal order, when possible."

"DON'T."*

DON'T, when you meet a Buddhist, brag of the "glorious" Western civilization.

Don't call the Hindus Buddhists.

Don't fall into the vulgar error that Nirvana means annihilation.

Don't forget to master Olcott's "Buddhist Catechism."

Don't forget to make yourself familiar with Dasa's "Swedenborg the Buddhist," and Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism."

Don't forget that Purgatory, Heaven, and Hell have an end; and that Nirvana has no end.

Don't, like the ignorants about you, and contrary to the teachings of Buddhism, lay stress upon an existence of three-score years and ten.

Don't believe that every Chinese and Japanese you meet is a Buddhist.

Don't go to a Christian missionary, or author, to learn the Law of the Buddha.

Don't believe that every member of the Theosophical Society is a Buddhist.

Don't spout Biblical quotations into the ears of a Buddhist.

Don't think that every teaching represented as Buddhistic by Western scholars and members of the Theosophical Society is to be found in the Sacred Scriptures of Buddhism.

Don't take a man who prates about "God" and the "Word" for a Buddhist.

Don't pin your faith to a man who offers to teach you the way to Nirvana for a dollar a lesson.

Don't think that because a Buddhist ignores all gods—Jewish, Christian and Pagan—he ignores the Divine Life.

Don't fancy that the higher teachings of Buddhism can be grasped by an ordinary mind.

Don't call every one who reads Buddhist books a Buddhist.

Don't think that the abbots and monks

of Buddhism are priests, and that the Order of Ascetics is a church.

Don't forget that REASON is the primary of Buddhism, and that sacred scriptures, monks, and authorities are secondary.

Don't think that a Buddhist monk ("priest!") or a nun may marry, eat flesh and drink wine.

Don't be ashamed to give a copper (if this is all you can give) toward the spread of the Law of Righteousness.

Don't fancy that because you (or some Buddhist abbot, monk, or nun) have not seen an Arahāt (a transcendent Buddhist saint) he does not exist.

Don't call everyone born in a nominally Buddhist land a Buddhist.

Don't offer flesh, alcohol or narcotics to a Buddhist.

Don't ask a Buddhist to accompany you to a prayer-meeting, a slaughter-house, a grogshop, or any other bad place.

Don't think that because a Buddhist listens patiently to your scientific and religious notions he assents to them.

Don't believe in the "Buddhism" of one who does nothing towards the spread of the Buddha's Good Law.

Don't brag of Buddhism, but practise its precepts.

Don't for pity's sake send your children to Christian schools, or to any place where Christian influence prevails.

Don't give your money toward "tamahas" and festivities, but toward the education of your children in the light of the Buddha's Good Law.

Don't call Madame H. P. Blavatsky a Buddhist or a Buddhaist, but a Buddhist.

[Don't forget that THE BUDDHIST RAY is the first journal ever published in Christendom devoted to the spread of the Good Law.]

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