

# LUCIFER

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## OUR THIRD VOLUME.

**W**ITH the present number our magazine enters the second year of its career, and the torch of our Flame-Bearer is lighting the second mile-stone of our progress. The path has been devious and difficult—at times, skirting as well the verge of precipices, as running over smooth levels; yet, always in the direction of its declared objective point.

It would be the height of folly to say that all readers have been equally satisfied: the editor who attempts to cater to every taste, ends by satisfying none, least of all himself. We have received protests almost as liberally as compliments. We have sometimes thought it would be an amusing experiment to send the former letters to the dissident third parties, that each might see how the articles they praise excite the ire of fellow-readers, and those they condemn are regarded by others as most interesting and meritorious. It is one of the stock-situations of the dramatist to thus contrive that letters shall fall into the wrong hands. But we have not yet heard of the joke being played by an editor, though the temptation to do so must be sometimes great. We think it may be fairly claimed that LUCIFER has proved itself consistent to its originally declared policy. It has been the reverse of boneless. To the extent of its ability it has struck fairly and from the shoulder at the obstacles in the way. The aim it set itself was to shed light upon questions of deep moment affecting man and the constitution of Society, which had become thoroughly obscured. Making no pretence to float a single new idea in philosophy, religion, or science, but only to revive and popularize the knowledge of the ancients upon these major human problems, it has played the part of the interpreter, not that of the iconoclast. Absolutely tolerant with respect to the several faiths of Humanity, its equal endeavour has been to uncover the ruin-encumbered universal foundation of religion upon which all rest alike.

Toward Science its feeling has been and ever shall be reverent, in the degree of the right of the latter to homage. At the same time, the hatred and antagonism of the Founders of our magazine have been unqualified against scientific and sectarian dogmatism and intolerance. LUCIFER began by waving its torch before the windows of Lambeth Palace, not because of any personal feeling against His Grace of Canterbury, as an individual, but against the officialism he represents, which is at once selfish and un-Christian to the last degree. And so, if LUCIFER has sometimes lit with its celestial flame the laboratory fires behind the backs of the scientific obscurantists, it was under the inspiration of a fervent loyalty to that true scientific research whose axiom of impartiality and courageous quest throughout nature was formulated axiomatically by Arago in his famous apothegm that outside of pure mathematics the word "impossible" must never be pronounced.

We have not the vanity to suppose that we have done even a tithe of what was possible within the editorial field of our chosen labour. We have doubtless in many cases failed to expound our subjects clearly and exhaustively; perhaps, too, our sins of commission may have been as grievous as those of omission. But asking indulgence for all shortcomings, we appeal to that inborn love of fair play, which is the boast of our times, to give us credit for good intent and fearless defence of our ideals.

The most mischievous tendency of society is to confound general principles with individual merit, and to excuse oneself for disloyalty to these ideals on the score of shortcomings in individual representatives of those aspirations. In no movement of modern times has this been more viciously evident than in that which LUCIFER and its sister magazines represent. Frequently the aims and objects of the Theosophical movement have been quite ignored when it was a question of the merit or demerit of its conductors. Of course it would be but a waste of time to point out the inconsistency of those who would stretch it upon this bed of Procrustes, while ready to protest indignantly against the same test being applied to religious movements and scientific advancement. The immorality or virtue of a theosophical leader no more affects the truth of theosophical ideas, than the mendaciousness and dishonesty of Francis, Lord Bacon, do the intellectual value of the contents of his *opus magnum*. Theosophists are all aware of the fact that the birth and development of our Society trace back to alleged hidden springs of influence and surveillance. Yet the vitality of such a source neither adds to, nor depreciates in the smallest degree the value of the ideas, principles and facts which have been spread throughout the world within the past fifteen years through various literary channels, of which LUCIFER is one. That our magazine has not been partial, is shown in the fact that as occasion required we have criticized our own colleagues and co-members. In fact, one of our editors has not hesitated to censure the policy of

the *ad interim* conductors of her own magazine, the THEOSOPHIST of Madras.

If she has not held the torch nearer to certain American, French, English, German and Hindu members of the Society, it is because the sweet spirit of theosophical charity demands that time should be given to these well-wishers but weak-doers to discover their ignorance and cleanse themselves of the ferocious selfishness, narrow-mindedness and conceit which have made their playing at "the higher life" an almost comical travesty. With time and experience, most of the Pharisaism of our worthy colleagues, the self-appointed censors of contemporary morals, will fade out, and they will acquire safer standards by which to judge outsiders and especially their own colleagues.

If there is one thing that LUCIFER proposes to preach and enforce throughout the next year, more than any other subject, it is—CHARITY; unrelenting charity toward the shortcomings of one's neighbour, untiring charity with regard to the wants of one poorer than oneself. Charity is the scope of all theosophical teachings, the synthesis of all and every virtue. A person who exercises charity under this dual aspect, cannot be a bad man or woman, do what he may. We think with a certain philosopher that "it is proper that charity should flow out of a little purse, as well as out of a great sack," and with another writer, that one ought not to defer his charities till death. For "He who does so is rather liberal of another man's substance than his own," says Bacon. And how true and great these words of the eminent American poet, Joaquin Millar :

" ALL YOU CAN HOLD IN YOUR COLD DEAD HAND,  
IS WHAT YOU HAVE GIVEN AWAY. . . . "

Apart from this—the future lines of LUCIFER will be but a prolongation of those of the Past. We do not wish to persuade a single additional subscriber to register himself under any promise of occult teaching that is barred by the rules of mystical training. We shall not utter the last or even the penultimate word of mystery, nor give any pocket *Vade Mecum* which shall serve as a superterrestrial Bradshaw to excursionists in the Astral Light. Whosoever would

". . . . trace  
The secrets of that starry race "

—must travel first along the lines of true Theosophy; and then only can he expect to break through the region of Mystery and the Supreme Knowledge.

We stand at the parting of the ways, where the one path leads down the acclivity to the dark valley of ignorance, and the other climbs upward toward the pure celestial level of being. For us, it is to utter the cry of warning and the word of encouragement; *he that hath ears to hear, let him hear*—AND BE WISE.

## THE BARISÁL GUNS.

**I**T occasionally happens that our knowledge of the finer forces of Nature is increased by the researches of sceptical scientists who are working on quite another theory. They may be intending to prove a purely physical phenomenon, but find themselves confronted by a psychical revelation. If open to conviction, they may, like Prof. Hare, Prof. Gregory, Mr. Crookes, Prof. Zollner, Prof. Buchanan, and Mr. Wallace, step outside the circle of sciolism and become the brave defenders of occult truth; if the contrary, they remain Brewsters, Faradays, Carpenters, Huxleys and Tyndalls, that is to say, prejudiced adversaries of a spiritual truth for whose comprehension they lack aptitude. When, in 1840, Dr. Buchanan was told by Bishop Polk that the touching of a brass door-knob gave him a brassy taste in the mouth, the stupendous fact of psychometrical law sprang up in his mind, and he set to testing experimentally the theory. When Baron Von Reichenbach—until then merely a renowned metallurgical chemist—found that a certain patient in hospital was affected injuriously by lying with her head to the east or west, and suffered muscular spasms at the approach of a magnet, his great and open mind instantly set to work upon a line of research which gave the world his discovery of Odyle.

Conversely, it has frequently occurred that popular superstitions have been uprooted and destroyed upon scientific examination of their basic facts. And so, the wise investigator, mindful of both these circumstances, will suspend theory and avoid prejudice until he has got at the bottom of his subject.

Bacon's rule, we know, was this: "We have set it down as a law to ourselves to examine things to the bottom, and not to receive upon credit, or reject upon improbabilities, until there hath passed a due examination."

The mystery of what is known as "The Barisál Guns" offers an excellent occasion to exemplify this sound principle. For the benefit of distant readers let me explain what are these "guns"; but first as to the locality of Barisál. This is a small town on the western bank of the Beeghaye River, one of the numberless smaller channels of the sacred Ganges. As the crow flies, it is some 65 miles due north of the Bay of Bengal. Like the entire Gangetic Delta, the land about is flat, the surface only a few feet above the water level. There are no mountains, or even hills, indicated on the map until we come to the ranges to the north-east, which separate Bengal from Burma, and in which the place called Cherra Poonjee is distant from Barisál in a straight line

about 195 miles. Due east, the Hill Tipperah district lies over 100 miles away from Barisâl, and there is a long and narrow hill bordering Sundeep Channel, which rises to the height only of 1,155 feet. The united delta of the Ganges and Brahmapootra covers a space of between 50,000 and 60,000 square miles. These physical features of the country must be kept in mind when speculating upon the acoustic phenomenon now to be described.

If the reader will turn to the September (1886) number of the *Theosophist*, he will find, in a note upon my official tour, the following :

“There occurs at Barisâl one of the most startling and hitherto inexplicable of nature’s phenomena : it is called the “ Barisâl Gun,” and so mentioned in the History of Bakargunj District. Suddenly, without any antecedent atmospheric disturbance or other noticeable cause, there will come the sharp report of a heavy gun from the direction of the Bay of Bengal. Usually, it will be followed by six other reports equally loud. The phenomenon is most frequent in the monsoon and after a fall of rain, but its cause is a complete puzzle to all ; possibly it must be placed within the category of astral phenomena produced by elementals, etc.”

This tentative hypothesis was, of course, suggested only after every physical theory put forward to account for the explosive sounds had been pondered and found wanting. The sounds, as I heard them at Barisâl, could only be compared to the booming of a heavy gun. I have had some experience, and ought to know a cannon-shot when I hear it. As I was leaving the hall where I had been lecturing, say at 8.45 p.m., the first report occurred—unmistakably a gun—and seemed to come from some point within the town limits. I fancied it at first the evening gun, until, upon looking at my watch, I saw it was full three-quarters of an hour later than the usual time, 8 o’clock. I had scarcely taken a few steps before there came a second report, and then successively five more at regular intervals, of about the same length. Surprised at this cannonade in such a quiet part of the Gangetic Delta, far from the sea and with no military cantonments near, I asked what it all meant. Then, for the first time in my life, I heard about the Barisâl Gun. Old men told me they had heard it from boyhood, and I learned that it was familiar to the inhabitants of Dacca, 75 miles to the northward, and was not unknown at Chittagong, which lies 100 miles to the eastward. Among my Barisâl friends were men of splendid education and bright intelligence, and with these I discussed the several theories propounded in connection with the sounds. Neither the hydraulic, pneumatic, seismic, nor electric seemed to meet the facts. What, then? Physical, apparently nothing ; if the guns were not made by the tide, the surf, the crumbling of river banks, the crash of tumbling cliffs, the impact of wind in caves or hill-corners, echoes reverberating from rocky sounding-boards, the escape of steam-puffs from submarine volcanoes, nor were electric detonations resulting from observable

causes, then what next hypothesis should be weighed by reason? My Barisál friends had stopped just at this point; not caring to trouble themselves about a matter which habit had made as vulgarly familiar, as the dropping of apples had been to every loungee under English apple-trees, until one Newton made it the pivot for the sublimest theory ever conceived by a scientific man. One of the most learned of living Hindus, one whose name is known to every Orientalist in the Western world, once described to me what he had with his own eyes seen Hassan Khan Djinni, the famous sorcerer, do: his own watch, locked by himself in a cash-box, and that box put inside one or more larger boxes, each locked in turn, was instantaneously withdrawn into the juggler's hand, unharmed and still running. "Well?" I said, when Dr. R. had finished his story. "Well, what?" he rejoined. "What light did that throw into your mind about the occult laws of nature and powers in man?" "Pon my word, I did not follow it up. It simply seemed something unaccountable." "Sir," said I, "remember Newton's apple, and Franklin's kite. If modern Hindus are ignorant of that divine Vidya which was once universally appreciated and largely proved experimentally by their ancestors, it is because, like you, they are indifferent to the working of natural law, and live only for the social interests of the passing moment." I have been struck with this trait in connection with the Barisál Gun mystery. The weird artillery has from time immemorial been firing its challenge to study its cause, and suggesting possible inferences of the deepest importance; yet without result. A physician once told me at Niagara that he had grown so accustomed to the roar of the falls, he now did not hear it unless somebody brought it to his attention; so also the Barisál graduates pay so little heed to their mysterious cannonading, that the stranger gets conflicting reports from different inhabitants as to the number, frequency, and atmospheric concomitants of the guns. One of the brightest Hindus I know is Babu Aswini Kumar Datta, of Barisál. In response to my recent inquiries, he writes:

"The Barisál Guns are a curious phenomenon. I have not yet been able to ascertain anything about them. The sounds are very irregular. Sometimes you hear 20 or 25 reports continuously; sometimes only 10 or 12. I have often heard the reports in clear weather. I never remember to have heard them when it was raining. They are neither preceded nor followed, as a rule, by downpours of rain. I heard them often in April. We don't hear them so often now [letter dated 12th July]. The sounds come from the south-west quarter."\*

Most of the facts above noted are important. It is here seen ( $\alpha$ ) that

\* I find in the *Hindoo Patriot* of 9th July the following paragraph:—

"Regarding the Barisál Guns Mr. Waller, Magistrate of Khulna, writes:—It may interest those whose attention is directed to the subject to know that since the rain began to fall here on Wednesday afternoon there have been loud and frequent explosions heard of the kind called 'Barisál Guns.' The sounds come from the south, and are heard sometimes by day, but mostly at night. As many as six explosions have followed rapidly one after the other. The sounds had not been heard for some time previously. The sounds resembled most nearly that which would be caused by a large heavy plank falling on to the floor of a large resonant empty building at a considerable distance."

there is no uniformity in the number of successive reports ; (b) that they occur in clear weather as well as rainy ; (c) that apparently they are not connected with a super-abundance of atmospheric moisture ; (d) that there is a certain season more favourable to them than another season ; and (e) that they come from a certain direction. The irregularity of the sounds would seem to suggest that they are not due to the boom of surf upon the beach along the Bay of Bengal ; their occurrence in dry weather, that they are not echoes of distant noises thrown back from the sky, like the roll of thunder ; and their greater frequency in the monsoon, that they are not persistent volcanic discharges, even if it were possible that any active marine volcano could go one month, let alone centuries, without being detected ! But why do they seem to come from the south-west ? There is no mountain-range to the west of Barisâl, that might reflect sound rippling or rushing towards it from the Bay : all is a flat, alluvial plain. Then, again, it is reported that at Kúkri Múkri, the most southerly island in the Bakarganj District, the sounds seem to come from out at sea, to the southward, and that " they are distinct from the noise of breakers or of the tide coming in." The natives say " it is the sound of the opening and shutting of Ravan's gates in the Island of Lanka " (Ceylon) ; but in his paper on the " Antiquities of Bagirhát " (*Journ. As. Soc., Beng.* 1867) Babu Gaurdás Bysack says that the popular explanation is that the cannonade is fired by aerial hands (of course, he means the elementals—*Devatas*) in honour of Khanja Ali or Khán Jáhan who was tehsildar of Bagirhát some 400 years ago. Mr. Beveridge, the Bakarganj historian, thinks the Ravan-gates theory at Kúkri Múkri " valuable, because it shows that the sound comes from the south." From the south, certainly, but from what nucleus or source to the southward ? Yet not always from the south : sometimes from the north and south-west. As an occultist, I think the Ravana theory quite as important as indicating, in connection with the Khán Jahán theory, the survival of tradition that the *Devatas* cause the guns, and that they are explosions, not in the grosser atmosphere, but in the *akaz*. Since we have nothing better than several physical hypotheses, each more inapplicable than the other to the actual facts, I think we may venture to put in our vote to, at least, consider the occult aspect of the question.

The occasion for the present essay is the fact that the Asiatic Society of Bengal has decided to try and solve the puzzle of the Barisâl Gun, and that the Honorary Secretary has done me the honour to accept the assistance I offered when I heard that the enquiry was on foot. Even before leaving Barisâl, in August last, I had arranged with an amiable Catholic friar there for a series of daily observations and records throughout an entire year, so that we might try to get some light upon the phenomenon ; but he was unfortunately transferred soon after to another station. In connection with the enquiry in question, Lt.-Col.

Waterhouse, B. S. C., has issued a valuable and exhaustive pamphlet embodying all hitherto-observed facts and theories put forth upon the subject of the guns. A map of the Gangetic Delta which accompanies it, adds greatly to its value. Among other theories, Mr. Beveridge's connecting the sounds with "that curious submarine depression in front of Jessore and Bakarganj which is known by the name of the "Swash-of-no-ground," may, I think, be set aside unceremoniously. The depression, we are told by Commander Carpenter, R.N., of the Marine Survey, is caused by the convergence towards this region of all the channels through the shoals formed off the mouths of all the rivers of the Delta: hence, the theory of the reports being subterranean explosions finding vent and sound through an extinct submarine volcano there, is quite untenable. If they invariably came from that spot, the thing would have a different look, but at Bagirhát which is due west from Barisál, they are often heard coming from the north, the quarter of Fureedpur, whereas at Fureedpur they are heard as if from the south.

It is an undoubted fact that sounds like cannon-shots sometimes accompany severe earthquakes. For example, I find in *Nature* for June 28th 1888, the following narrative of an earthquake in the same month:

"A severe shock of earthquake was felt in the Hernö, an island in the Baltic, on June 7th at 7.24 a.m. Houses shook and furniture moved. The shock went in a direction north-north-west (N.N.W.) At the Lungö Lighthouse the shock was felt at 9.50, and was accompanied by a detonation like that of heavy artillery. Here the shock went in a direction N.E. to S.W. The shock was also felt in the town of Hernösand."

So, also, the like detonations are observed in movements of floe-ice. Arctic explorers describe the noise of the breaking up of the ice-fields as making a series of detonations like the roar of artillery. The same number of *Nature* contains the following paragraph:

"Advices from the fishing-village of Kerschkaranza, in the Kola Peninsula, on the White Sea, state that on January 5th, a curious and destructive phenomenon occurred there. At 4 a.m. the inhabitants were awakened by a peculiar, dull, heavy detonation like that of distant artillery. Piled up to a height of several hundred feet, the ice—in consequence, no doubt of the enormous pressure of the ocean-ice without—was seen to begin moving from the north-west towards the shore. The gigantic ice-wall moved irresistibly forward and soon reached the shore of the village, which it completely buried, the ice extending a mile inland. The forward movement of the ice lasted four hours.

This is all definite and void of mystery: in both earthquake and ice-floe we have the sounds of cannon firing imitated, but we know they come from these two physical disturbances. But where is the earthquake or ice-field that fires the salvo of the Barisál Guns? Mr. Medlicott, one of the observers quoted in Col. Waterhouse's paper, heard the sounds at Cherra Punji, which hill-station is, as above noted, some 200 miles north

of the Bay of Bengal ; and Col. W. suggests that those reports " would appear more probably connected with volcanic or seismic agency than with any water-borne sounds." Yet we are not in possession of any records of the occurrence of earthquakes in that hill-range *coincidentally with the mysterious detonations* at Cherra Punji, hence it is quite an unwarranted proceeding to put forward the theory of possible seismic action to account for them. And do not let us forget that these sounds have been familiar to the living generation from their earliest recollections, and are traditionally traced back through four centuries. Would the learned Colonel Waterhouse wish us to adopt the extremely unlikely notion that unrecorded and unsuspected seismic convulsions have been firing Barisâl Guns at Cherra Punji from time immemorial ?

So, we see, the laws of acoustics seem to suggest no solution of the mystery. One obscure fact is highly puzzling, viz. the guns will be heard at a given place, but not at places just in its vicinity. This is noticed at Bagirhât. And they are more audible there *when the sky is clear and the weather fair* than in stormy weather.

Twenty observers give a score of theories, some very foolish. For example, one is that the crumbling of the river-banks may make the cannonade. Well, I can only say that I have twice made the trip from Khulna to Barisâl and return, and once that from Chittagong *vid* Noakhali to Barisâl ; have seen the mud banks slump into the water ; and they made no noise that could be heard at a distance of 100 yards. And would any one have us believe that a crumbling of banks five or ten feet high is going on so consecutively and uproariously as to imitate the report of a forty-pounder cannon ! Let us hope that the systematized observations now undertaken by the Asiatic Society of Bengal, with the possible help of Government, and covering both sides of the head of the Bay of Bengal, from Belasore to Diamond Island, and the whole enclosed area of the Gangetic Delta, may result in a solution of the problem. Any reader of this magazine within the territory indicated who may be willing to assist, should communicate with the Honorary Secretary of the Asiatic Society, 57 Park Street, Calcutta, and apply for the printed forms.

Colonel Waterhouse summarizes in his instructive paper the several theories of the guns as follows :

(I.) *The breaking of enormous surf rollers on the shores of the upper part of the Bay of Bengal : the sound of this travelling inland along the surface of the rivers, and to long distances under the favourable atmospheric conditions of the S. W. monsoon.*

This theory is scientifically insufficient to account for the cannonading in even a single place, to say nothing of many places. We have, firstly, the irregularity in the reports—sometimes one gun, sometimes seven, and again a dozen, twenty, or more. In the monsoon the wind blows from a fixed quarter, and if the sonorous waves are travelling thence

towards the observer, then they ought—unless it is a case of Echoes—to be heard successively all along the track. We have seen however that the guns will be heard at some one locality, but not at others close by. Then the boom of surf is monotonously consecutive; whether loud or dull it matters not. It requires a fixed time for the wave to rise and dash upon the beach; one may time the rhythm by the watch; and so long as the storm lasts and the wind blows from the same quarter, so long will the surf-beats follow each other in their rhythmic measure. At the moment of writing I hear the surf rolling upon the Adyar beach, a half mile away, and not the wildest imagination would note any resemblance to the eight o'clock gun which just now was fired at Fort St. George, four miles away. Now the Barisál Guns I heard at Barisál sounded as if fired a half mile from my point of observation; and though I have listened to the surf in various parts of the world, I never heard any that resembled a cannon-shot, though some say they have where surges were plunging into cavernous cliffs. But no observer has, to my recollection, recorded the fact that such marine salvos would resound a few times and then suddenly cease, notwithstanding that the swell of angry ocean continued and the winds still blew as hard as before from the same quarter and in the same direction!

(II.) *The breaking down of the banks of the rivers in the vicinity of places where they are heard.*

Considering that these river-banks are of alluvium and but a few feet high, and that their erosion is never known to occur rhythmically, nor ever, save when rivers are in flood, this theory may be passed.

(III.) *The firing of bombs or guns on the occasion of marriages.*

Bosh!

(IV.) *Subterranean or sub-aqueous volcanic or seismic agencies.*

No evidence supports this conjecture. There are no such reports from the Marine Survey Department; from navigators—to whom the Bay is as familiar, almost, as the streets of their native town or village; nor from the swarms of fishermen who are constantly going over the ground. Referring to the supposition of Capt. Stewart that the sounds have some connection with the "Swash-of-no-ground," and rejecting as unfounded the theory that it is the crater of an extinct volcano, Col. Waterhouse says, "it would be most important to have further observations as to the state of the sea during the monsoon over this depression, and whether the contending currents (in the sea) cause such disturbance as would produce explosive sounds loud enough to be heard miles inland." But I would ask the learned gentleman what importance attaches to the conflict of ocean-currents capable of making such detonations as the Barisál Guns, unless the recurrence of the sounds were as continuous and rhythmic as the clash of the currents would be. If they—the latter—go on night and day the same throughout the monsoon, and the wind blows almost constantly from the Swash towards the Delta, then the guns should also

be persistent and not intermittent as they are ; no two days giving the same number of guns nor reports of the same loudness. And, again, in what other delta, in any other part of the world, do people hear Barisâl Guns, though the same conditions prevail of mighty rivers entering the sea by many channels, and through alluvial plains? If the portions of the Gangetic Delta where these sounds have been heard were walled in by an amphitheatre of hills of the right conformation to act as reverberators, one might fancy it worth while to consider the theory that the explosions were traceable to the motions of the sea. But, save the low range of hills of Arrakan and Akyab to the eastward, and a right angle with them formed by the lower ranges of the Himalayas, the physical aspect of the Delta is an enormous plain, absolutely flat, with no hills to modify, repeat, reflect, or deflect sonorous waves, and intersected by a network of streams and water-courses.

(V.) *Atmospheric electricity.*

This theory is ruled out like the others by Col. Waterhouse ; and very properly, in my humble opinion. We have learnt enough about electricity by this time to be sure that it is not going about the world firing ghostly salvos in sheer sport. When there are electric detonations, we are at no loss to trace them to their source in some atmospheric disturbance : for, whatever may be the state of the earth electrically, these phenomena require for their development a complementary state of the atmosphere. None of the observers report any facts tending to show such a connection of opposite polarities in the present instance, though two or three offered general theoretical guesses that the guns may be an electrical phenomenon.

Col. Waterhouse sums up the case in the following terms :

“ In the present very imperfect state of our knowledge regarding this mysterious phenomenon, it is impossible to form any decided opinion as to its cause, though from the evidence it would appear that the balance of probability favours the connection of the sounds in some way with the sea ; the sodden state of the soil, the vapour-laden state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind being exceptionally favourable for the transmission of such sounds, which seem to be heard most frequently at times of the year when the sea is at its highest, and the contending influences of the river floods against wind and tides strongest. At the same time, some of the evidence seems to decidedly negative this theory, and it is quite possible that more causes than one may be active in producing similar sounds. The more or less intimate connection of the sounds with the river system of the Delta also seems to be established, but whence the sounds proceed there is nothing to show.”

In his “ Natural Magic,” Sir David Brewster gives some interesting facts in regard to sound. On the extended heath, he says, where there are no solid objects capable of reflecting or modifying sound—the peculiarity of the Gangetic Delta—the sportsman must frequently have noticed the unaccountable variety of sounds which are produced by the report of his fowling-piece. Sometimes they are flat and prolonged, at other times short and sharp, and sometimes the noise is so strange that

it is referred to some mistake in the loading of the gun. These variations arise entirely from the state of the air, and from the nature and proximity of the superjacent clouds. In pure air of uniform density the sound is sharp and soon over, as the undulations of the air advance without any interrupting obstacle. In a foggy atmosphere, or where the vapours produced by heat are seen dancing as it were in the air, the sound is dull and prolonged, and when these clouds are immediately overhead, a succession of echoes from them produces a continued or reverberating sound. When the French astronomers were determining the velocity of sound by firing great guns, they observed that the report was always single and sharp under a perfectly clear sky, but indistinct, and attended by a long continued roll like thunder, when a cloud covered a considerable part of the horizon. This being so, the Barisál salvoes should, in the monsoon, be changed from the sharp boom of a cannon to a rumbling like thunder, provided that they are caused by either of the agencies suggested in the several theories above. And like the rumble of thunder, if heard at one place, they should be so also at all points in the neighbourhood. The boom of great guns has been heard at distances of from 120 to 200 miles; but for such an acoustic phenomenon there is required a stretch of hard and dry ground of an uniform character, or one where a thin soil rests upon a continuous stratum of rock. Do we find any of these physical conditions in and about Barisál? Again: they cannot be echoes, as some suppose, for there is no smooth rocky acclivity athwart the Delta to reflect a sonorous wave travelling northward from the Bay of Bengal. And for a gunshot to be heard as an echo at Barisál, a monster cannon would have to be fired a short distance just due south of the observer, and the sound travel northward at the velocity of 1,090 feet in a second, until it met and was reflected back to him by a smooth perpendicular wall or hill. Moreover, it is a law of acoustics that the waves of sound are enfeebled by reflexion from ordinary surfaces, and the echo is in such cases feebler than the original sound. On the other hand, if the reflecting surface is circular, sound may be condensed and rendered stronger in the same manner as light. (*Nat. Mag.* 224.) Where is the circular reflecting barrier to the north of Barisál and Furidpore standing athwart the line of travel of a sound-wave coming from the "Swash-of-no-Ground"? And if there were any—which there is not—why are the guns heard sporadically, in varying number, while the sound-waves should be flowing continuously and persistently northward from the Swash, day and night throughout the monsoon, each wave capable of causing its distinct echo by reflexion? I think we may "pass" on this echo theory.

And now, that the ground is cleared for the Asiatic Society's observers, by disposing of all the weak theories heretofore put forward to account for this unique phenomenon of the Barisál Guns, I cannot give a better idea of the depth of the mystery, and the scheme in view for its solution,

than by copying *verbatim* the circular kindly sent me by the Honorary Secretary. It reads as follows :—

“V. Observers at river stations should note any unusual floods, bores, high or low tides, or any other occurrence which might be the cause of banks falling in or otherwise might be connected with the occurrence of the sounds.

VI. The forms overleaf should be filled up while recollection is fresh, and forwarded immediately to the Secretary, Asiatic Society, by whom more forms will be supplied if required.

VII. Besides recording current observations, observers who have heard these sounds would oblige by giving any information they can as to the locality ; the circumstances under which the sounds were heard ; their character and direction, and the causes to which the observer would attribute them. Also as to :—

(a.) The time of day or night and season of the year at which they were heard most frequently, and whether they were always from the same direction.

(b.) The farthest place inland at which the observer has heard them or knows *personally* of their having been heard, and at what time of year.

*Observations of Barisâl Guns.*

Place of observation. Height above mean sea-level and nature of surrounding country.

Date—month—day—year.

Time of day.

Character of the sounds.

Duration of intervals between the sounds ; and whether regular or no.

Total duration of the sounds.

Direction from which the sounds appeared to come.

Direction and strength of the wind at the time of observation.

State of the weather at the time of observation. Sky cloudy or clear ?

State of the weather during the previous 24 hours.

Whether rain has fallen at or about the time when the sounds were heard, and, if so, how much and at what period ?

Were electrical disturbances or thunder observed either locally or at a distance, before or after, or at the time of the occurrence of the sounds ?

If thunder was observed, did the sounds appear to come from the direction of the storm ?

State of the sea at coast stations, with reference to the breaking of surf-rollers.

Bores, floods, or specially high or low tides at River stations. The state of the tide at the time the sounds were heard.

Any other fact or occurrence at the time which strikes the observer as important.

Cause to which the observer believes the sounds may be attributed.”

Though a professed amateur of occult science, it has ever been my habit, when studying any supposed psychical phenomenon, to first consider and dispose of every physical hypothesis that may seem pertinent. Readers of my book “People from the Other World” will recollect my laying down that rule for my guidance in my inquiry into the Eddy “materialisation” wonders.

The spirit which actuated me then does so now, and I could not better define the temper in which the Asiatic Society should approach the present subject than in these words, which are taken from the Preface to the book in question :

“ Much as the author desires to see this subject inquired into by men of scientific attainments, he could regard it as only a misfortune if they should set out with a disposition to prescribe impossible conditions. Before they reach the point where they would have the right to dictate their own terms, it would be necessary for them to make many observations, collect many data, and inform themselves about many things of which they are necessarily ignorant. . . Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., says, in his pamphlet entitled *A Defence of Modern Spiritualism*, that ‘ scientific men almost invariably assume that, in this inquiry, they should be permitted to impose conditions ; and if, under such conditions, nothing happens, they consider it a proof of imposture or delusion. But they well know that, in all other branches of research, Nature, not they, determines the essential conditions, without a compliance with which no experiment will succeed. These conditions have to be learnt by a patient questioning of Nature, and they are different for each branch of science. How much more may they be expected to differ in an inquiry which deals with subtle forces of the nature of which the physicist is wholly and absolutely ignorant ! To ask to be allowed to deal with these unknown phenomena, as he has hitherto dealt with known phenomena, is practically to prejudge the question, since it assumes that both are governed by the same laws.’ ”

I have tried to be loyal to science in the present instance, and am open to correction if I have failed to present the exoteric side of the case with perfectly impartiality. I am prepared to learn that the inquiry begun by the Asiatic Society of Bengal has resulted in tracing this acoustic marvel of the centuries to a purely physical cause. I am also prepared to hear of the utter failure of the inquest and the discomfiture of the materialistic party.

The weak point in their tactics is that the possible alternative of the phenomenon having an occult cause back of the simply physical agency or agencies, employed by the masked operators, is completely ignored by the Committee in charge of the research. For all that is to be seen in their Circular, one would never suspect that such a thing as an occult phenomenon had ever happened. Some of the observers quoted in Colonel Waterhouse’s pamphlet are Hindus—Babus Gaurdás Bysack, P. N. Mitra, and B. C. Chatterji—yet neither ventures a word in favor of the *superstitious* theory of the poor, benighted natives of Bagirhát, that the salutes are “ fired by aerial hands,” or that of the Maghs of Kúkri Múkri, that the noise is that of the slamming of the brazen gates of the Palace of Ravana. Perhaps such theories are not embraced in the B. Sc. course at Calcutta University, and, therefore, are unthinkable for any Hindu with a decent regard for the honour of his ancestors !

It seems to me—who am not a Hindu (this time) but only a believer in the Aryans and their wisdom—more than likely that the Barisál Guns are occult phenomena, that the *Devatas*, or nature-spirits, are the artillerymen, and that possibly the thing traces back to some awful tragedy in or near the Gangetic Delta. About such astral detonations, in quality if not degree, there is a mass of accessible testimony in European books ; but, as no more space can be spared in the present number of the magazine for enlargement upon the topic, I shall reserve for a future number what can be said on the occult side of the question. Our friends, the spiritualists, should be interested, as the discussion will have to deal with their own familiar phenomena.

H. S. OLCOTT.

## DEATH.

**A**T every active moment of our lives, in moments of pain or pleasure, even then Death lies doggedly in our future, waiting the moment when we approach near enough for him to grasp and devour us. With some people Death is the great terror of their lives. These are not necessarily "nervous" people in the ordinary sense; possibly they are very brave, and in a moment of excitement would forget their fear of Death entirely. But it is indeed surprising how men of this calibre will let the dread of Death haunt them, sit at their feasts, and accompany them into the dark hours of the night. A man of this sort, honest, straightforward, but entirely a man of the world, once candidly expressed himself in this manner: "I am afraid to die, because I have done so many bad deeds that I am sure to go to hell." It appeared on further talk that he owned no religion, had no idea of Heaven or a state of reward, but only one fixed conception of an immortal state—one in which he would be punished for his sins on earth. This is the one terror of a keenly active nature, with a great deal of good in it, and an intellect overtopping others on the ordinary plane, but with no power of thought on things eternal. He is, perhaps, an advance on the ordinary man of the world, who says quietly to himself, with a little shudder, sometimes: "I'll have to die like other people; it is too detestable to think of; but I'll not say a word about it, and die game. Meantime I will enjoy myself." The opposite extreme of feeling is reached in Keats' phrase of "Easeful Death." Such a glad, soft word is unintelligible to most people when applied to Death. And, indeed, it is an instance of the fact in occultism that pleasure and pain do, after a certain point of feeling, become the same. Death is painful; it is unpleasant; it is even horrible in its grimmer aspects. And Keats, who, like all great poets, had suffered all things in his short span of life, knew well that by the side of many forms of living, Death is indeed "easeful." The supreme characteristic of Death is its silence; this is the most vivid horror it brings to those who lose one they love; it is the secret of the tempting power Death holds out to those who suffer keenly, to whom life is full of pain because of the reverberating thought, the echo in the mind, the longing for knowledge which never can be satisfied—never!

"Master," says the neophyte to the Wise one, "is it true that the hunger for knowledge can never be satisfied?"

*The Wise One*: "It is not you who ask me that, for you are too sensible to do so. It is Servus who has uttered it as a truism, and you have passed it on to me as a question."

*The Neophyte* : "Yes."

*The Wise One* : "Then I will answer you, Servus. The souls of great poets have all their knowledge hidden within them. In their passage through life and through death it comes to them ; or, I should say, in their passage through many lives and many deaths they suddenly blossom and retire from the life of the world, for which they are now too great. But what I have just said opens up another subject ; one which to us can never be separated from Death."

*Servus : the slave of the world* : "You mean re-birth, or rather, re-incarnation? But is there not a distinction in your use of these words?"

*The Wise One* : "Most certainly. Re-birth is a negative word, which, when used by an Occultist, acquires a meaning different from what it ordinarily bears. With us it means that moment, which comes to some men either in life or in the shades of death, which makes of them new men. Re-incarnation is, of course, simply the passage from one earth-form to another. *Those who are indeed reborn* are freed from re-incarnation."

*Servus* : "And do you not hold your place here, as teacher in this temple, as being one who is reborn in this sense?"

*The Wise One* : "Not so. Those who reach this state cannot approach the world."

*Servus* : "Then we of the world can never be taught by those who know?"

*The Wise One* : "I, who endure your scoffs and insults, reached knowledge by my patience. It is given to all to approach knowledge, but some, alas, advance like the tortoise. My son, let us enter the temple."

The Wise One and the Neophyte enter the temple, where are a little crowd of other neophytes waiting for their master. And Servus, without, in the temple garden, sits lazily in the strong sun and watches a lizard. Presently he looks up at the temple. He knows that within there is a discussion of thought which chills him, even though its margin attracts him intellectually. A feeling comes over him that the knowledge of which this temple is a symbol is handed on from race to race, till the races themselves fall under a greater law. The thought dwarfs him, makes him of no importance even to himself, and hurriedly he arises and goes down the hillside to the city.

We are such pigmies that, as a rule, great thought dwarfs us and we resent it ; or we succeed in dwarfing it by the vulgar "Hobson Newcome" method of refusing to believe in any other possibilities in it save those evident to ourselves. To the Hobson Newcomes of the world death is a thing to be put off as long as possible, and then to be met with decency. He might pull a wry face sometimes when, in walking to the City of a morning, he got some gentle reminder that man is mortal,

and his thoughts of death are simply a picture-like vision of himself in the four-post bed at home, Maria, his wife, crying bitterly over him, and a doctor at his side. He cannot think any further about himself; his mind wanders to Maria, and how much she cries over trifles, and how wet weather is good for transplanting, and she will certainly marry again; then he wonders can he do any more in his will to make the young 'uns safe—but there, he is at his office, and with the sight of its pleasant face all unpleasant thoughts vanish.

Death is one of the facts in our lives which stands like a great thought, sublime and mysterious, at the end of our walk. Yet thus can men rob the figure of its majesty and clothe it, in their own minds, with the order of things familiar to them. Blindly they go on, till one day they are tripped up, and the others of his sort say, "Poor old fellow!" and go on just the same without him.

To the sick man, worn out by suffering, death comes as a relief; but this only means physical rest from endurance and weariness too great for thought. Death is always terrible and grim, save to those strange brilliant souls, too great for incarnation, to whom it comes as "easeful." O, flame of the poet's soul, which escapes from the earth and the grass, though feeling them not unfriendly; escapes to go on learning its fierce, passionate, beautiful lessons of pleasure and pain, till at last it stands purified and powerful.

Death may be transformed and made into a beautiful thing, to the minds of the people. Mr. Balfour is simply making martyrs by his imprisonments. Mr. Dillon, languishing in his prison, must know that if he dies every countryman of his, in every country, will raise him to the rank of the martyrs, weep bitter tears to his memory, and doubly hate the Government which does such deeds.

Thus there are many modes of regarding death, but to quote Matthew Arnold's great line, the constant quotation of which shows how bitter and well-known is the truth it contains, "We mortal millions live alone."

These modes of regarding death are only mental, and generally belong to men in groups. Hobson Newcome will forget all about Maria and the children when he finds the fell hand upon his throat. To him it will mean only fear. But there are others who meet it differently. It has all sorts of meanings to the changeful minds of men; rest, without questioning; Heaven, without reproach; Hell, with remorse added; hope of a better and more beautiful existence than any known of in this world. But among them all, undisturbed passes the occultist, who knows death to be only a gateway, and its terrible silence to be only the shutting of the gate. He knows, too, that with him lies the choice of his path when the gate is shut on sensation for the precious brief moment of after-death.

*The Wise One* (coming from the temple with his pupils): "See—the sun is setting. What do we know of it till it rises again? What

an emblem this is. But for the moment apply it to the subject we have been talking of. Death thus pushes man from consciousness, as the sun leaves us in darkness. But the light returns. Resurrection is everywhere—here at our feet, where last summer's flowers bloom again."

*The Neophyte* : "Rebirth then must come of itself."

*The Wise One* : "Yes, in æons. But he who desires it now must make a supreme effort of growth."

MABEL COLLINS.



#### LIGHT FOR ITALY.

**A**MONG all the countries of Europe there is perhaps none upon which the curse of priestcraft and superstition is resting heavier than upon Italy, the land of beauty and art. It is true that the political changes, which have taken place in that country within the past ten years, have done a great deal to remove from the minds of the populace that awe and terror with which they regarded those who, backed up by the authority of the state, claimed to have a right to rule over the consciences of men, pretending to be in possession of divine powers and to stand in that place which rightfully belongs only to God—*i.e.*, the divine spirit in Man. National heroes, such as Mazzini, Garibaldi, etc., have done much to weaken the power which theology had acquired over the state; but in all matters that belong to religion and the salvation of souls, priestcraft still claims its monopoly, and while the citizen despises the person of the priest, in whom he recognises an ignorant and arrogant mountebank, he still obeys his orders in spiritual affairs, for fear of losing some of the imaginary benefits arising from the imaginary authority of the church.

The reason why the average Italian, with all his desire for freedom, has not become more enlightened and is still in bondage to clerical vampires, is because all attempts to drive away darkness will be useless unless the darkness is displaced by light. Those who are most ready to denounce all Medicine as humbug and quackery are usually the first to run after doctors and druggists as soon as they feel a pain, and those who denounce the ignorance of the priests are often only too ready to ask for their aid and advice when the time comes to take leave of this life. Thus the foundation of the church, composed of ignorance of the laws of nature and love of the personal self, will remain solid and the demon

of priestcraft will rule until ignorance is dispelled by knowledge, and the love of self driven away by the love of the divinity in all mankind.

At last the time for such a distribution of Light seems to have arrived; for in the midst of an atmosphere thickened by the evil and superstitious thoughts, arising from bigoted brains, a light has been kindled, which promises to send its beneficent rays into the darkest corners where the demons of clerical arrogance are still holding high carnival. A number of spiritually minded men and women have resolved to establish a "head centre for Theosophy" or a "Rosicrucian monastery" after the pattern described in a little book entitled, "Among the Rosicrucians," and the place selected is on the borders of one of the beautiful Italian lakes.

For obvious reasons it is not desirable that the name of the locality of this institution should for the present be publicly known; but its situation is all that could possibly be desired. In the midst of vine-clad hills and surrounded by towering mountains, the scenery is at once beautiful and sublime; the steamers on the lake and the railroads afford ready means for communication with all parts of Europe. There are valleys which are comparatively unknown to the tourist, and inaccessible mountain tops, over which the thoughts may wander, lifting the soul up to the bright ethereal sky. This is the country of flowers and fruit, of dark forests and shadowy glens, of sunlight and poetry.

The house occupied by our fraternity is far more luxurious than would be expected in a place whose inhabitants care nothing for luxury. It contains over thirty rooms, which are furnished not only in elegant, but in almost extravagant style; each piece of furniture in the same room being of the same colour, harmonizing with the curtains and draperies. There is a large garden and vineyard, shadowy trees and an endless variety of walks, overshadowed by grape-vines and trees. It may be said that luxury is incompatible with spiritual development; but if the heart does not cling to such illusions, they will not affect the mind. If I care nothing for a gilded table, the fact of its being gilded will not be an obstacle for my thoughts.

It may also appear surprising that ladies, some of them being young and beautiful, have been proposed for membership in this community; but the true occultist sees in a woman—not the animal form—but the indwelling spirit, and if that spirit is strong and intelligent and beautiful, it matters little whether it is expressed in a beautiful or not beautiful form. The female element is as necessary to attain perfection as the male one, and in the absence of all temptation there is no opportunity to develop strength. Those who do not dare to come into the presence of a woman without running the risk of being overpowered by their sensuality are very weak indeed. Want of resistance and solitude breeds monkish imbecility and encourages a disordered imagination.

This institution must not be confounded with those sectarian orders, in

which men and women enter to have a life of ease, or to conquer their passions, or to obtain a reserved seat in heaven. The inhabitants of this "convent" are supposed to employ all their energies for the purpose of spreading the light of intelligence and to induce mankind to think; they are supposed to have already conquered their passions and to be able to resist the external attraction of sex; they are believed to occupy already that seat in "heaven," from which they can survey calmly the phantasmagoria of human illusions with their imaginary joys and ills, and to be able to regulate themselves the slides in the magic lantern, by which the images may be changed; so that spiritual thought will take the place of sensuality.

Will they accomplish their mission? All the external conditions are present to make the enterprise a success; all that is necessary is to find the proper kind of persons to co-operate in this object. Some of the best writers have promised their aid, the translation of "Magic" and other books into the Italian language has already begun, and it is proposed that a journal shall be published.

The members of this association would gladly welcome to their home every one who is a Theosophist, not merely in name, but in fact; but it is necessary that such should at their entrance leave all evil thoughts behind; that they should be neither querulous nor ambitious, nor be obsessed by prejudices or passions of any kind; for the object of this society is not to educate its members to become occultists, but to take such as have already seen the Light and who know how to serve the true interests of humanity.

The management of this institution rests entirely in the hands of its members, who reside at the "home," and no one is accepted as a member who has not given sufficient proof of his capability and usefulness; but every lover of progress may become an associate, and after being invited, come and remain at the place, subject to the rules and regulations that have been established for that purpose.

This institution is not a secret society, and does not propose to work "in the dark"; but it does not seek notoriety, nor does it wish to excite the curiosity of the unthinking public. The above described outlines will, therefore, be sufficient to awaken the interest of those who are desirous for the progress of humanity, and to call for the sympathy of every lover of Truth.

FRANZ HARTMANN.



Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to re-unite, are the wicked—the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

**V**ERY queer indeed this adventure of mine, when I think of it. What was it; a hallucination, or was I hypnotized? Was I simply beguiled by a dream, or can it be . . . that all that I have seen and heard, I saw and heard it in the restless and tale-telling waves, of what is called by my friends, the "astral light" . . . ?

For the life of me I cannot tell! But what I do know and affirm is, that what I saw and heard, on that memorable noon, was as vivid and as real for me as life itself.

Well, hear what it was, and then judge for yourselves.

First of all, however, the reader has to get acquainted with me. Let him know, then, that I am a woman who has long since passed the prime of life, but who is nevertheless of a very inquisitive and even enterprising nature. Though a tolerably old traveller, I have never visited London before, and see it now for the first time. Add to this that my visit is to be a very short one, and my anxiety and feverish interest to see all worth seeing in the great metropolis becomes quite natural. The truth is that I have always been a fervent student of English history and literature, and even of English life, and this accounts still further for my great interest in the Modern Babylon and its ways. And so here I am, for a little over a month, wandering, "Baedeker" in hand, from early morn till dusk, often by myself—a fact I have had no opportunity of regretting. Very well satisfied with London sights and London wonders, I am no less pleased with its citizens. For, although my "Guide-Book" is of great use to me in general, still I am often compelled to ask my way of the people I meet; and I have always found them most obliging and ready to furnish me with any information I wanted.

But on the memorable day of my visit to the Tower, I had a Russian gentleman with me, who had offered a few days before to become my guide. He was a countryman of mine and seemed well acquainted with England and its metropolis. He had thus become my *cicerone* and companion for several consecutive days.

And very pleasant they were indeed, these few days. We made the most of them in excursions to parks, palaces, museums, picture galleries, and historical places. For a week or so we lived mostly in the Past, keeping company with British Kings and Queens, their statesmen and court-ladies; poking irreverently our fingers at every great man of England and passing impudent remarks on once crowned heads, under their very

noses. *Sic transit gloria.* It was a motley crowd, passed away long centuries ago, and pretty well forgotten by this time.

It so happened that with all our incessant ramblings we had not yet visited the Tower. Nor was it quite unintentional—not on my part, at any rate. Of late I had indulged in the pleasant occupation of refreshing my memory every night by reading about the places we intended to visit on the next day. I was in search of a book which I had read and very much enjoyed years ago—Dixon's "Story of the Tower," its inmates and their acts and deeds. But, as fate would have it, I could not lay my hand on it. The days, however, that my companion, the Russian gentleman could spare for sight-seeing were drawing to an end, and so we had no time to lose.

Of this fact I was assured by himself on one bright August morning, when, owing to some wandering whim of his, we found ourselves standing on a very uninteresting spot on the right bank of the Thames. It was quite near the old St. Olave's Street, corrupted of late into the meaningless Tooley Street. Just in front of us, on the opposite bank of the river, arose the massive and gloomy walls of that ancient structure, which had been once a palace, then a state-prison full of dark dungeons, a fortress, and had now become an arsenal and a treasury ward of the old relics and emblems of royalty—the venerable old Tower, in short.

"Would you mind going there straight and by the shortest cut?" asked my companion.

"I have no objection to it," I replied, "But how about the means of transit? The nearest bridge is still a good way off; and this does not seem a favourite place of resort for either 'bus, cab or hansom. . . . This is an out-of-the-way corner, I fear. . . . Unfortunately, I already feel sufficiently tired, as it is; and, you know, one should not feel quite exhausted if one would visit the Tower. What can we do, do you think?"

"A very simple thing, indeed," laughed my friend. "We must proceed right to the Tower as the bee flies, and without stopping to look out for bridges, or waiting for cabs."

"What can you mean, with this river before us? . . . Surely you are not St. Peter, to attempt walking on the waters? I am not!"

"Very likely you are not. But follow me, and if you do, I promise to lead you straight under the walls of the Tower." . . . And, without waiting for an answer, my obstinate companion moved on.

I had no choice, it seemed, and did the same, though greatly perplexed as to what he was going to do.

The lane we had entered was narrow, dirty, and very muddy. I had to move on with the greatest caution and care, lest I should carry away on my skirts some very undesirable memorial of my passage through it. Thus, picking up my dress the best way I could, I was slowly moving in a true labyrinth of garbage, while my *cicerone* was hurrying away at

full speed. I thought it really unkind of him to force me to lose my breath on such a hot day, and leaving me helplessly ignorant where he was leading me to.

Suddenly the lane came to an end. My guide turned abruptly round the corner, and when I had done the same, he had disappeared!

"Good gracious!" I cried, considerably alarmed at this unexpected exit. "Where are you; and where have you gone to?"

"Come! come! and have no fear! You are safe enough if you only follow me!" came his merry reply from some underground regions.

So there I stood on the brink of a large black hole over a winding staircase, disappearing in depths unknown.

"Are you coming?" he cried. "Now don't be a coward, and come bravely down. . . . What are you waiting for?"

"Surely I have some right to hesitate, when you may be leading me on to my death, for all I know. . . . What is this pit?"

For all answer I again heard a merry laugh. Then came the sound of quick footsteps, which soon died away in the distance. What could I do in such an emergency but pick up my skirts still more carefully, and catching hold, with a feeling of very natural squeamishness, of the dirty, damp and rust-eaten iron railing, descend the steep winding stairway?

"He must know best, after all," was my helpless, self-encouraging thought, as I cautiously descended, counting meanwhile the steps. . . . "One, two, three—ten—twenty—fifty! Good Heavens, seventy! . . . Ninety! Oh, Goodness!" I exclaimed, "is there ever to be an end to this?"

"Most assuredly; and here we are," replied the well-known mocking voice. "Only ninety-six steps, after all. . . . A good deal less than we should have to descend were we going down from the top of the Great Pyramid, say. Why should you make such a fuss over it? There! we have arrived and now we may go on again."

"Go on, indeed! We have arrived, and we may go on; admirable and most comforting logic. But where, pray, are we going on to?"

Here I was suddenly silenced and remained awestruck. My guide's form was scarcely visible in the thick gloom of a large iron tube very imperfectly lit by a row of gas burners, whose unbroken line became fainter and fainter as the golden thread of lights became low in the dim, mysterious depths of the tunnel.

We hurried on through this strange subterranean passage surrounded by its damp mist and stifling vapours. The vaulted iron ceiling was moist and slimy, and thin streams of water, as they filtered along the concave walls, ran splashing down into the muddy pools under our feet, and spattering at every step we took. Something was roaring and moaning above our heads, with wailing and thunderous sounds. There

was something moving outside, running on and thrusting itself against our narrow iron subway.

"What is this noise?" I inquired. "What does it come from?"

"Water. It is a mighty power, you know," answered my guide, with a placid smile. "It broke in once, and flooded this tunnel completely; but it was soon repaired."

"The water broke in?" I cried. "Why, is it the water? I thought it was the sound of wheels."

"What wheels would you have in the midst of a river, except those of the steamers? Boats are not noisy. . . . Besides, they run many feet higher, on the surface of the Thames, whilst we are under it."

Suddenly he stopped; and it was well he did so, for I needed a moment's rest to recover my breath.

"Ough!" he shuddered; "how it roars! Awful! We are now just in the middle of the Thames, you know. . . . Yes: Suppose the stream finds its way in? . . . Just the slightest fence. O! We should have to take to our heels. Gracious Heaven! What a run we should have for it! . . . Oh!"

And mischievously he took to his heels. But I could not.

"Now, look here; don't!" I exclaimed, highly distressed.

"Not that I really was afraid, but rather unnerved by the heat and fatigue. Besides . . . if once the water had found its way in and flooded the tunnel! Why should it not happen again? . . . And . . . what if this little catastrophe took place now . . . at this very moment?"

Certainly I am not very much afraid of death. I am rather a philosopher, I should say; but . . . I must own that the mere thought of an end so very gloomy gave me a most unpleasant feeling of cold along my spine . . . . It seemed a precursor to the unwelcome submersion.

"I never thought you were so nervous. Do you really fear a deluge?" asked my merry friend. "Don't. It is out of the question."

"I know that," was my answer. "But you have had a nice whim to lead me by such a pleasant road. Muddy, stifling, damp and dark as a pit! More tiresome, indeed, than a walk to the farthest bridge."

"Is it? Truly, I am very sorry. But I thought this way would please you, as an unusual one . . . . You like queer things, don't you?"

My companion's voice was very gentle, but I am not quite sure there was not a slight intonation of irony in it.

He at once became very talkative and pleasant, as indeed he usually was. He told me all about the method of laying such a tunnel and rendering it secure by means of engineering art. He offered me his arm to lean upon, and so we walked on, in a friendly way enough, to the outlet of this seemingly endless subway.

"There was once a tramway here," said he, "but it was removed for fear of the vibration. It is a pity, isn't it? I am sure now, you would

like to be seated and dragged on anything . . . if only a wheelbarrow . . . isn't it so?"

"Well, it is so. I fear I shall need a good long rest. Maybe I shall not be able to see all that is to be seen in the Tower."

"Don't mind. We can come again when you please. Only rally your strength and courage just now. We have that flight of a hundred steps to climb at the end of the passage—you remember. Take your courage in both hands, as we say in Russia."

"O, yes. That I will," I asserted laughingly. "Besides, do not think me more unfit for our task than I am. I was taken aback by this dreadful subway, I confess. But now it's all right."

"Very well. Glad to hear it. Ah! there's daylight at last!" exclaimed he in a tone of relief. "One effort more! At the top of these stairs we are in the Tower . . . Are you fit to go on? or shall we rest a little?"

"Oh, no! Why lose our time? I am all right . . . and so glad to be at last in the Tower of London."

And so I was. But alas! I very soon found out that all was not quite right with me when my last task was over . . . O, these ever-turning steps! . . . Round and round we climbed, at an endless, over-tiring rate, and when at last at the top I felt myself scarcely able to stand on my legs. My knees trembled, my head was giddy. The sunlight dazzled my eyes and I felt my breathing grow short, as if I was suffocated by the fresh air. I rallied all my will to walk over the moat, and up to the "Traitor's Gate"; but in sight of the entrance to the "Record Tower" I was obliged to stop because my legs would move no longer. . . .

"Now, there you see the most ancient walls of this place; more than eight centuries' weight lies on them," went on my learned friend, unaware of my state of weakness. "At your left is the so-called 'Bell Tower.' The alarm bell was rung on its top, as well as joyous volleys fired on occasions of births and weddings. Or again, perhaps, the bell tolled to signify to miserable prisoners that their death-hour had struck. At our right you perceive the mournful 'Traitors' Gate.' This gate gave access from the Thames to state-prisoners, thus qualified ignominiously by their lord and master. Were they in truth traitors or not, after entering this dreary gate they had only one escape—the scaffold. I'll show you presently, under this arch leading to the 'Bloody Tower' yonder—nice name, isn't it?—the very iron crooks on which they used to expose the heads of poor decapitated wretches. . . ."

But this time I neither saw the monstrous crooks, nor did I hear any more my friend's voice. . . . Ah! . . . But I saw and heard things far more wondrous. . . .

What could be the matter with me? I thought I was fainting—but not at all! Only one moment's deafness and blindness, and behold! I am heaved up in a glow of bright colours, in a glory of light.

This grand light did not blind my eyes: it was so soft and entrancing. It was not its rays that awakened me to life, but rather loud human shouts, shots, ringing bells and blaring trumpets. . . .

I awoke, and looked about me in wonder and delight. It seemed as if I had acquired new senses and supernatural vital power. I felt myself neither on earth nor in the air, but it was as though I at once lived and moved simultaneously everywhere. . . .

I saw, and heard, and comprehended all that was taking place; all the import and meaning of the different scenes and sights that enveloped me all around, as in a brilliant net. Indeed, now, as I think of it, it seems as if all my being was dissolved in ether; that it lived and felt in every atom, in all that was living and feeling on earth or in heaven, but that I still preserved my proper faculties, my inner self-consciousness as well as my external powers of moving at will. It was a delicious, a sublime, state of being!

I gazed with eager surprise and perceived that I was in this same Tower of London. And yet how different it was!

It was a great deal larger and brighter; full of buildings and galleries and beautiful halls. Gardens and flowers overshadowed and brightened the heavy towers. Handsome furniture, gold, silver, rich carpets and draperies adorned the splendid chambers of the Tower Palace. It was no longer a prison nor a fortress, but a kingly abode indeed. Bright waters filled the moat, swept up to the thick walls and under the sombre arches; but even the gloomiest of these were bright on this happy day.

A brilliant cavalcade was emerging from the main entrance to receive the gorgeous procession moving, in grand pomp, from the river side to the Tower Palace. Guards clad in steel and brass; heralds and beautiful pages preceded their monarch.

Tall, stout and stalwart was he, the mighty king of England! He slowly advanced on a great silver-white steed. Well accustomed to bear the weight of its master, even when arrayed in armour and heavy war trappings, it now moved at an easy pace, feeling no more the weight of the King's rich garments than that of its golden bridle or those white feathers which waved about its massive head. Glorious seemed they both—rider and horse!

The sovereign's large, blooming, fair face was bright with joy; but not even his great happiness could smooth away its repulsive expression.

There was something hard, sensual and withal ironical, in the lines of his thin lips and heavy chin, scarcely shadowed by a pretence to moustaches, as yellow as the hair on his head; something sharp and biting as steel, flashed in the cold, pitiless glare of his ever restless eye.

His escort was numerous and magnificent, but I did not heed it. . . .

My attention was at once attracted beyond the walls of this regal residence to throngs of brightly attired people, as well as to the Thames, richly decorated and studded with pleasure boats, and gay barges.

How it was I do not know ; but, I seemed to see it all at once.

I saw all : the river with its smiling green banks, down to Greenwich, whence came the royal bride, in all the pomp of heraldry and power. I saw her landed amidst crowds of citizens, of civil and military trains ; I heard the joyous strains of music, the roar of guns, the peal of bells and the merry shouts that welcomed her.

Then I saw the Lord Mayor escorting her, with many officials arrayed in golden robes and chains, and mantles scarlet as blood. . . .

They brought her a beautiful white horse with gilded saddle and bridle set with pearls. She mounted it and went to meet the King, her amorous but passionate and heartless despot . . . to meet her hapless, dreary fate ! . . . I looked at her . . . and could no longer take my eyes from her. They were rivetted to that youthful form and fair face !

Truly it was a striking and beautiful face. Its charm lay not so much in the features or complexion as in its expression : mild, innocent and so pathetic. . . . Truth and sweetness were written in her large soft eyes, in her charming smile entirely devoid of pride or vanity. She had a strange, somewhat bewildered and enquiring look. Glancing about her, she seemed to be seeking for an answer to a secret thought, to strain her mental sight as if to read, in all this brightness and glory surrounding her, her future doom. . . .

She did not see, and could read nothing.

But I could : I saw and read it, and knew what was in store for her.

The long black tresses, flowing down over the slender ermine-clad shoulders, appeared like so many serpents in my sight ; the precious rubies that encircled her brow turned into large drops of blood. . . .

The same with the gaudy, high-floating flags. The date, the very day and year, embroidered on them in gold and silver characters—" May 29, 1533"—changed colour and meaning for me. I read :

" May 19, 1536."

I saw the large black characters everywhere, on earth and in the sky. They were written above the doomed fair girl's head, over the walls and gates of the Tower, and even on the broad features of her betrothed, when the pair met to become man and wife. . . .

And behold ! When I saw them meet, all was changed in a moment.

What of the dazzling procession, of the brilliant palace, where the satiated egoist, the cruel despot, was about to wed one of the many unfortunate women whom he claimed for his own ? All had disappeared ! The pile of desolate walls was now a fortress or a prison. At once I knew that three years had elapsed from that bright, joyful day . . . had passed and gone for ever !

All was changed ! All seemed dark and mournful around.

I saw her again, the once happy, beloved bride, the wife of a mighty king. Oh ! how wan, how pale and withered she looked. But

there was still the same light of innocence and sweetness about her, and much more dignity and queen-like majesty withal.

There she stood, in all the glory of her righteousness, calm and proud in the stately Hall, before her judges. She looked straight into the face of death and into the eyes of her unjust accusers, while they—they dared not lift their eyes to meet hers. . . .

And when the fatal word "GUILTY" fell from the lips of her chief judge and nearest kinsman, she only shuddered, and looked at him with silent terror. She was horrified, but not for herself. Neither fear nor despair did she feel at her own unhappy fate; but great was her sorrow for the sinful and shameless deed perpetrated upon her!

She looked at her judge with wonder and mute enquiry in her beautiful face, and then she slowly lifted up her eyes and hands to Heaven, and simply said:

"Oh, Father! Oh, Creator! Thou who art the way, the truth, and the life! Thou knowest that I have not deserved this death!"

Her head dropped on her bosom, and she was gone. But her mild protest remained as a curse on the heads of her condemners. . . .

What is this awful work going on meantime, between the White and the Bloody Towers? I see! It is the consummation of cruel injustice and unrepenting crime. . . . The executioner has to prepare his ominous block, to sharpen his blood-stained axe. . . .

Sharpen it well, my man! Sharpen it on both sides, so that it may return and fall upon the heads of those more guilty of the deed than thou art—and rest on them for ever! Thou doest well to put an iron mask on thy bewildered face, not to be seen by thy victim, for even thou art ashamed to perpetrate the ghastly crime. . . .

There she is—the Queen, the sinless martyr! I saw her advance to the ignominious scaffold. I heard her speak her last few words, her saint-like pardon to her foes; and I saw her calmly lay her youthful guileless head upon the block. . . .

But when the axe was lifted above her childlike neck, I rushed to avert the blow with all the strength of my will—and saw no more. . . .

One moment of profound unconsciousness, and there I was, half astounded as by a fall from the clouds. I found myself lying on the cold steps of the Wakefield Tower in front of the closed and silent Traitors' Gate of the Bloody Tower, too, which, thanks to heaven, sheds no more blood. My poor friend was moaning over me, holding my head, rubbing my hands, in sore distress, indeed; and then I saw someone forcing on me a glass of water. I took it, and drank the cold water with the utmost pleasure. Then catching sight of this "someone" I again grew bewildered, for the man looked as if he verily represented the last remnant of my recent vision, or dream—as you like to call it.

He wore a red and golden attire, a round hat of the most queer shape, which reminded me of the coachman's headdress among my own Russian people; a large white beard completed the likeness.

"Well; who is this? And what are you moaning and grumbling over me for?" said I, when recovered from my first surprise.

"This is quite like you," he cried. "Just returned to life, and asking questions about indifferent things. He is the yeoman. . . . the keeper . . . One of the official guardians of the Tower. And how do you feel now?"

"How do I feel? . . . I am very well, thank you."

"Very well! . . . And you just recovering from a dead swoon! What was the matter with you, for goodness' sake? Why did you not tell me at once that you felt ill?"

"I felt ill? But—not at all! I felt perfectly well indeed, and enjoyed myself, I can assure you, for I saw a wonderful sight. I have seen the arrival of Anne Boleyn at this very place! Henry VIII. meeting her at the main entrance . . . O, it was an exceedingly beautiful and striking procession, I tell you. After that, I saw her judged and sentenced. Oh, the lawless, monstrous deed! I saw the poor, young, harmless thing led to the scaffold. I rushed to her rescue—and then . . . all disappeared . . . I felt as if I could tear the headsman to pieces."

"Oh, indeed? . . . Hush! Don't!" . . . . were the distressed and pleading entreaties of my poor friend. He was frightened to death lest he should have to take me to a lunatic asylum, instead of my home.

"Now, don't! . . . Do for goodness' sake be calm!" he went on. "Why you must be very ill indeed. You are delirious, my dear madam." . . .

"Delirious yourself!" cried I. "I never was more in earnest. I have seen all this and much more I tell you."

"Yes, yes! Certainly you did," said he soothingly. "But now, you see, we must go home. You are overtired, indeed you are. I have sent for a cab." . . .

"What for? Am I to go home without looking inside these towers? Now, when I am most interested and eager to see them? Go home!" I indignantly protested. "Take the cab for yourself! I will not." . . .

"This is impossible. You may feel worse. . . . We will come here to-morrow, but you must have some rest first," implored the poor man.

"I have had rest enough," replied I, so very decisively that he was taken aback. "Now, give me your arm and show me the Tower, or I will go along by myself. I am neither mad, nor sick, nor tired, and I will have my own way."

And so I had.

But do and say all I may, my companion—and indeed no one—would believe that I really saw the terrible old drama performed once more before my eyes, and by the true actors of old.

So much the worse for sceptics—because I did see it, and I assert it.

VERA P. JELIHOVSKY.

## ON DYNASPHERIC FORCE.

**R**ECENT scientific research has proved conclusively that all force is atomic. That electricity consists of files of particles, and that the interstellar spaces contain substance, whether it be called ether, or astral fluid, or by any other name, which is composed of atoms, because it is not possible to dissever force from its transmitting medium. The universe therefore, and all that it contains, consists of matter in motion, and is animated by a vital principle which we call God. Science has further discovered that these atoms are severally encompassed by an ethereal substance which prevents their touching each other, and to this circum-ambient interatomic element they have given the name of dynasphere—but in as much as it has further been found that in these dynaspheres there resides a tremendous potency, it is evident that they also must contain atoms, and that these atoms must in their turn be surrounded by dynaspheres, which again contain atoms, and so on *ad infinitum*. Matter thus becomes infinite and indestructible, and the force which pervades it, persistent and everlasting.

This dynaspheric force, which is also called etheric, is conditioned as to its nature on the quality of the atoms which form its transmitting media, and which are infinite both in variety and in their combinations and permutations. They may however be broadly divided into two categories, the sentient and the non-sentient atoms.

Dynaspheric force, composed of non-sentient atoms, is the force that has been already mechanically applied by Mr. Keely to his motor, and which will probably, ere long, supersede the agencies now used for locomotives, projectile and other purposes; when the laws which govern it come to be understood it will produce materially a great commercial and industrial revolution. There is no hard and fast line between the sentient and non-sentient atoms; just as zoophytes are a connecting link between the animal and vegetable creation, so there is a graduated scale of atoms between those which, although animated by the divine life, are not sentient, and those which are as highly developed relatively to them as man is to a cabbage. For the highest class of sentient atoms through which divine force is transmitted are in the perfect human form. They are infinitesimal bi-sexual innocences, male and female, two in one. The tradition of fairies is the lingering consciousness, come down from a remote past, of this fact.

Owing to the unhappily debased condition of our planet, this force is not now operant upon it, except to a very limited and imperfect degree—it is struggling however to penetrate into the human organism, through the channel provided for it, and this channel must, of necessity,

partake of the nature of the forces operant within it—in other words, it must be a bi-sexual channel. It was this bi-sexual channel which Christ came to restore by his mission to earth ; and thus to inaugurate a process by which man should regain his lost bi-une condition. That process has now partially achieved its consummation, in the advent of the complementary half of man whom we call the *sympneuma*. It is only through the *sympneuma* that the dynaspheric force, consisting of bi-sexual atoms, can be projected into nature. It comes for the healing of the nations, and is all the more necessary now because the conditions of nature have of late years undergone such a change as to render possible the invasion of the human organism by forces similar in character, with this one difference, that the atoms of which they are composed are not bi-sexual. These forces exhibit themselves in the phenomena of hypnotism, thought-reading, telepathy, mesmeric healing, spiritualistic manifestations, and in divers other ways, and depend for their quality on the source of their projection in the invisible, and the human medium through whom they are transmitted—where both are bad, the atoms are in the form of infusoria, or predatory animalculæ, who prey upon each other, and work moral and physical malady. Where both are relatively good, they are in the form of separate uni-sexual beings, depending for their quality upon the medium and partaking of what moral taint his nature may possess. It must be said that the same remark applies to the bi-sexual atoms of the *sympneumatic* force ; but although imperfect there is this guarantee for their superior quality, that it is not possible for a human being to enter upon *sympneumatic* conditions, excepting after a long and arduous discipline and self-sacrifice for his neighbour, and of great sufferings.

The *sympneuma* visits none who have not been thus prepared, and who do not live exclusively for the service of humanity, to the extinction of private affections, personal ambitions, or worldly considerations of any kind.

A false *sympneuma* may however visit those who are wholly engrossed by self ; such are the succubi and incubi—well-known by the Church—and the force acting through them is the most fatal which can operate upon earth.

There are methods however, not necessary to enter upon here, by which the true can be distinguished from the false, with absolute certainty. All human emotion is atomic, and it has never been possible that it should be otherwise. The peculiarity of the atomic force of the present day is, that it has received an immense accession of energy, through changes which have operated in the invisible.

It is these changes which render will-force, and magnetic influence so much more powerful now than they were formerly ; and hence it becomes of such transcendent importance that persons who find themselves in possession of this re-inforced energy, and able to operate upon others

hypnotically or for curative purposes, should realise the character of the agency they are dealing with—for it is quite impossible for them to project this will force, or magnetic influence, into the organism of another, without projecting the atoms with it. Now these atoms vary in quality from the predatory animalculæ to the human form through an infinite variety of types; none of them pure and good, though some are far purer and better, relatively, than the others—still no magnetiser is so perfect that his magnetism does not convey to his patients the atoms of the vices and defects peculiar to his own nature, of which they may have been comparatively free.

It may thus happen that a magnetiser, while healing the body of a patient, may work irreparable moral injury to his soul, and this while animated with the best intentions, and quite unconsciously to himself. It often happens moreover that the progress of the soul can only be achieved by an attenuation of the external structural atoms, thus producing physical disease; to heal a person thus undergoing moral treatment, directed from the unseen world, by a sudden and premature exercise of will force in this one, applied to his surface organism, is to render him a fatal service. Again it may be that the welfare of a person's soul is dependent upon its removal from the body at a certain juncture; here again human interference by the operation of the human will being free, and yet under specific law, that free operation cannot be arbitrarily hindered in defiance of the law under which it acts.

The reason why material remedies of all kinds may be employed with safety and propriety, is because the curative forces they contain are not composed of sentient atoms, and can be controlled from the unseen in quite a different manner from those which are—which may, to a certain extent, be influenced by them, but cannot be controlled. When a person has reached the point, which may be attained after a long sympneumatic training, and a life passed under the influence of that training, of having no will but that of God operating freely in him, as his own, he may under a pressure, which he will recognize as a Divine impulse, put forth a healing power, but he will have no personal desire connected with it; the healing force will be put through him irrespective of any conscious will he used; the energy he projects will convey bisexual atoms, which may prove a seed sown as a preparation for a sympneumatic descent.

At such moments the operator will hold himself exclusively open to Christ, for it cannot be too earnestly insisted upon, that Christ is the one source and channel of sympneumatic life, and the healing which comes through it, when a person's moral condition renders such physical healing desirable.

In the presence of the rapid development which dynaspheric force is acquiring, and of the great interest which it is attracting, especially among good and earnest truth seekers, who are only investigating it with the object of turning it to account for the benefit of humanity, it

has seemed to me necessary to make these remarks. I have done so in the hope that they might serve both as a warning and an encouragement—as a warning of the dangers that beset the unwary explorers into these little known and almost untrodden regions ; and as an encouragement, as indicating the immense potentialities now descending upon the world for its succour in the hour of its approaching need.

If I seem to have written with the certainty of conviction, it is with no desire to impose my authority arbitrarily upon my readers, but in all humility to give them the facts as they have been revealed to me, after an arduous struggle and investigation into the methods of operation of these forces, which has lasted nearly twenty-five years.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

[The Editors expressly desire to disclaim all responsibility for the views expressed in this article.—ED.]



### THE BUDDHIST.

A project, long in contemplation, has been realised in the appearance of the first number of our new English journal, the *Buddhist*, at Colombo. It is to be a supplement to our Sinhalese semi-weekly, the *Sandaresa*, and is intended for the benefit of all who may be interested in Buddhism, and feel an active sympathy in the efforts of Buddhists to purify their religion from the dross of superstition. The paper is to be an eight-page quarto, printed on good paper, in new type, specially imported. The subscription price is but Rs. 2-8-0 to local subscribers, Rs. 3 to Indian, or 6s. or \$1.50, including postage, to European and American. It will be published by the Colombo (Buddhist) T. S., and edited by members. We hope that every friend of the Society's Buddhist work, who can afford the trifling cost, will send in his name and remittance to the Manager of the *Theosophist*, who will act as agent. The initial number is full of good matter, among the rest, a scathing criticism upon the Bishop of Colombo's recent Oxford Lecture on Buddhism.

Subscriptions may also be sent to the care of the Theosophical Publication Society, 7 Duke Street, Adelphi.

## EVOLUTION AND INVOLUTION OF THE DIVINE MAN.

**N**O intelligent student of nature at the present time, at all familiar with those large groups of facts in physics and biology, constituting the theatre in which evolution is thought to play so large a part, will be found entirely ignoring or denying evolution. No intelligent biologist, familiar with the ordinary facts of human physiology, will for a moment deny that the outer unfoldment of the body of man, from germ to prime, is, according to any fair interpretation of facts, and an intelligent comprehension of the principle under consideration, an evolution. Evolution as a fact, is everywhere admitted ; the ground of disagreement is the application and interpretation of the law.

In other words, the difficulty met with is not in regard to facts, or laws ; not in science, or philosophy, *per se*, but, as frequently pointed out in these pages, in the minds of men, who variously consider, and diversely interpret nature, and were it not for the fact that evolution has been supposed to explain the origin of man from lower forms of life, and so apparently to antagonise divine revelation, it is doubtful if any one would think of questioning the law of evolution, more than that of gravitation.

And even here, the most pronounced opponents of the application of evolution to the origin of man, seem to have entirely misapprehended the application of the law as suggested, nothing more, by the leading advocates of evolution. This misapprehension has been so often and even so recently pointed out by leading scientists, and, moreover, made so plain to every unbiassed mind, that it would be out of place here to go into details.

So far as we are here concerned with evolution, its application and interpretation only are involved, and therefore suggestions are in order.

Evolution being everywhere admitted as a fact, it is applied to two separate groups of facts and processes. In the growth and development of individual forms of life, it is everywhere admitted with but slight qualification. In the progressive unfoldment of species, and the progressive advancement of man through lower organisms, it is very frequently denied ; not always denied as a factor, but as sufficient to account for all results.

The question, then, presents itself in this wise: Does that law, or process, which everywhere unfolds and elaborates individual organisms, flowing outward, and expanding from centre to circumference, also push the whole complex series of earth's organisms upward from lower to higher forms? To this query one party answers unhesitatingly no: the

other party answers yes, with certain qualifications and concomitants. Here again, it would be out of place to go over the ground involved in the discussion, as many volumes have already been written upon the subject by able advocates on either side, with the result of bringing them no nearer together than before, each party in turn claiming the victory over the other.

Looking now at the processes of nature and of life as a whole, no one on either side will deny evolution, *in toto*, and no one will deny that it has aided in the interpretation of natural processes. Looking again at the processes of nature and of life as a whole, is there not another law to be discerned, operating equally and consistently with that of evolution, and capable, when equally apprehended, of reconciling all the above-named discrepancies and disagreements?

If evolution be indeed true, and more or less a factor in all processes, as is generally admitted, any other law or process discovered, or hereafter to be discovered, must be capable of reconciliation with it, and must be seen to work in harmony with it, when the range and application of both laws are understood; and this concept and basis of agreement is perfectly consistent with the sequence of all scientific discovery.

Because evolution has been first recognized, it by no means follows that it has for ever pre-empted all the ground covered, particularly as it is not generally admitted to cover all the ground and explain all the facts and processes involved. No one claims this much for evolution. Therefore, every sincere seeker for the simple truth, ought to welcome any suggestion from whatsoever quarter, that promises a reconciliation. Let us see.

All processes in nature, whether inorganic, or organic, present themselves to the mind as an Equation. In all physical problems, whether in mechanics, or in nature at large, there is the problem of the parallelogram of forces, whereby the direction and force of momentum is determined, and whence equilibrium results, without which even the apparent stability of forms in the midst of unceasing change, were impossible. There are the dual conditions of centrifugal and centripetal force: of cohesion and attraction; and of attraction and repulsion, everywhere recognized. There is, behind all of these, the problem of mass or inertia, over against all tendency producing movement of mass, or overcoming resistance. This duality runs through the whole phenomenal display of nature, as the basic idea of our concept of atoms, and the genesis of all life.

Duality and Manifestation are synonymous. All problems of life, as all problems in nature, present themselves, therefore, under this form of duality; *i.e.* they are equations: no principle is more widely recognized than this, as in one form or another it is the basis of the higher mathematics, which enter the realm of nature's highest display, and calculate not only the application of principles to mechanics, but

determine the revolutions of suns and stars, and the change of time and season. The central idea in evolution is the natural sequence and co-ordinate relation of all processes in nature. Has evolution adequately apprehended this quality of all things?

Coming to the unfoldment of germs in the two kingdoms, the vegetable, and the animal, that is everywhere recognized as the beginning of individual forms of existence, evolution recognizes the duality above referred to; first, under the terms inheritance and environment; and the further fact that the individual developing, or developed, is an adjustment of these two sets of factors, thus constituting personality.

There can be no question that, viewed externally from the physical plane, this development from the germ outwardly from first to last, in the beginning, and in all subsequent individual life, is an evolution.

But just here comes the difficulty. Evolution admits, in the presence of the apparent persistence of forms, types, and species, the element of progress; and recognizes some element that tends to push all life to higher planes, toward higher ideals, and endeavours to account for improvement by natural selection, and the survival of the fittest, and no doubt these principles are largely concerned as processes.

These processes, however, prove too much, and are quite sufficient in the case of man, for example, to have long ago modified him out of existence, so that not a semblance of the human would remain, and yet the facts show that this is not the case. In spite of the ebb and flow of life, the rise and fall of empires, the wax and wane of civilization, there is some element that not only preserves the human type, but pushes it constantly to higher and still higher, unfoldment, and throughout all lower forms of life, there is prophesy of man: an overshadowing of the human form and of human attributes descends to the lowest vestiges of organic life. Even the worm at your feet is climbing the mount of transfiguration. Nature reveals in all her processes One Divine Ideal Man. Viewing all of Nature's work within the range of human ken; all physical processes, from the busy play of atoms, to the revolutions of stars and suns; all organic process, from monera to man; the growth of a single germ, the modification of species, and the progress of the human race; bearing in mind the duality of all processes and all manifestations, we find a two-fold process, corresponding to this basic duality.

In all physical processes, moving outward from centre to circumference, in all organic processes, unfolding from germ to organism, the process is an evolvment, an evolution.

This is just one half the process, one side of the equation. Coincident with all evolvment, is an involvment. Every play of forces, every display of processes from centre to circumference, is met and balanced, point by point, in atom or sun, in germ or organism, in plant, animal, or

man, by an opposite wave from circumference to centre. Evolution is balanced by Involution. This is the form of the Cosmic Equation.

The recognition of this dual law in keeping with the duality of all things, is the Reconciliation of Science and Religion.

From the dawn of life on the planet, to the present time, from the beginning of the unfoldment of every living germ, to the complete life of the organism, a Divine Idea overshadows and is progressively involved in every living being. If evolution is seen in any instance as a *vis a tergo*, involution appears as a *vis a fronte*. In the apparent striving of nature, all creation tends to the involution of a divine idea, through the evolution of living forms, and these forms strive toward, and build upon, the modulus of man ; impelled thereto by the indwelling overshadowing of the Divine Idea.

Nature is not then soul-less, or God-less. Involution is as rational, and as thinkable, as evolution. What Nature, and God, and Soul, are in their essence, we do not know. All that man does know, or ever can know, is revealed through the nature of man himself. These things to us, are our idea of them, no more, no less. "The thing in itself" is still beyond us, and we approach its more complete apprehension only as we involve more and more, in our very being, the divine idea, and evolve more and more outwardly, the divine life ; and the centre in us of these two groups of experiences, is that poise, that double line, between the two sides of the equation that we call Consciousness ; the expansion of which we call Understanding ; the illumination of which we call Conscience ; the perfection of which will be At-one-ment ; the Divine likeness will be one with the Divine.

The question is, not who builds? but how is cosmos built? Our idea of the Great Architect is no longer extra-cosmic, but intra-cosmic.

In place of what Carlyle calls an "absentee God : doing nothing since the first sabbath, but sitting on the outside of creation and seeing it go," we have the idea of the immanence of creative energy, creative power, creative design, not only in every blade of grass, but in every infinitesimal atom, no less than in animals and man ; in planets, suns, and solar systems. If we assign to creative power attributes, those attributes are revealed in and through man. Man is not only the knower, but revealer, yet man does not himself reveal. Creative power reveals through man, progressively, as he can bear and give forth the light of wisdom ; or as man involves the divine idea, and evolves the divine life. God comes into his consciousness, illumines his understanding and potentially "dwells in him."

Every created form, every sentient organism, every animal endowed with instinct, every man and woman endowed with reason, and every soul inspired with hope, arise by evolution on the outward physical plane. All these climb toward larger life, and move along the highway of being up the mount of transfiguration, drawn upward by Involution of the

divine. Divinity at the centre, Nature at the circumference, and these two are for ever One ; the essence and the form ; the ideal and the real ; unity in diversity, diversity in unity ; duality in biunity. Man and woman. "After his likeness created he him"—"Male and female created he them." Man-Woman, the two poles of one Being.

I hold that man is concerned only with the present life, and the present time. Now is his opportunity ; now is his appointed time, and the more this is felt to be true, the more will his life tend to essentials. To ignore or despise our present opportunities, no matter from motives of worldliness or other-worldliness, I hold to be equally subversive of the highest and best interests of man. The ignoring of these interests on the one hand, and the relegating of them to another sphere of being, overshadowed by the fear of death and the terrors of superstition, is equally to barter our birth-right, and to miss the meaning of life, in one case as in the other. Nor is this in any sense the meaning of true religion, but rather the interpretation given to ignorance and fear, by superstition. I hold that science and philosophy, as methods in man's pursuit of Truth, lead up from and through physical nature, to the very same conclusions and concepts, as true religion, coming down through revelation of all the ages, and that each thus fortifies the other. If this be true, nothing can so facilitate all future progress, as the recognition of this great reconciliation.

If all lower forms of life prophesy of man, so is man on each successive plane of being, prophetic of the next stage of unfoldment. True religion helps science to advance from gross materialism, toward spiritual enlightenment, and when every problem that presents itself to the mind of man, stands thus in clear light, illuminated and rounded into form and beauty, over against the back-ground of ignorance and superstition, then appears "the full-orbed truth," a new world, not alone of man's creation, but from man as a "co-worker with God."

All natures strive in man, because he has reached the human plane, into which pours in steady streams the light of that which lies next above it ; while the light from the human plane illumines that of the next lower.

Two principles focalise the two planes in man, and all apparent antagonism thus resulting, is the impulse already referred to, pushing man, in common with all natures, to higher and higher degrees. One of these principles man has brought with him from the lower animal plane, as the dregs of animal life. The other principle man but dimly discerns as reflected downward from the divine plane above him. These two principles are Egoism and Altruism. Man is thus one half human, and by the time he has become wholly human, or altogether humane, he will also have become half divine ; for so does one nature always overlap another, and he advances into the higher, only as he shakes off the lower. For ever a Pilgrim, he must drop the load of sin before he can

pass the golden gates that lead to the delectable mountains ; and he drops the load while he journeys on, not during hours of ease and refreshment, and when he is conscious that his load has vanished, lo ! his enlightenment has already come. This is the true alchemy, the conversion of baser metals into gold ; the transformation worked by the magic elixir. Life is the elixir, and its office is transfiguration.

All over the world we hear the word, Humanity. Benevolent enterprises are everywhere set on foot, and humanitarian societies are everywhere organized. This humane influence, even when misdirected, is still the dawning of the divine in man, the forgetting of self for others, the advancement of altruism over egoism, and for science and civilization on the one hand, and so-called religion on the other, to claim all the credit of this condition of things, is to confess embodied and organized egoism, nothing more. The impulse bringing about this result is older than all religions, deeper than all science, broader than all civilizations, higher than all heavens.

The humane impulse in individuals, is the true sign of advancement from egoism to altruism, from the animal, through the human, up to the divine. Even what is called culture may be one-sided and altogether selfish. One may have an eye only to the main chance, the best opportunity, in intellectual matters, as well as in money matters, or anywhere else. Strife and competition, here, often take unfair advantages and trample down the weak as unmercifully, as in the mart, or "on change." Where-ever someone else must lose, in order that I may gain, no matter in what realm of being, so-called profit, becomes plunder, howsoever protected by law, by usage, or glossed over by so-called respectability.

To the ignorant and time-serving, altruism has no other meaning than the giving up of earth, with the somewhat uncertain prospect of securing peace in heaven ; foregoing self-indulgence here to secure greater and rather exclusive indulgence hereafter ; or for the poor and despised here to change places with the rich and prosperous there, while the sum of human misery remains the same. Hence it was a little way back shown that the time-serving and the devout are often in the same plane, and equally mistake the purpose of life and the end of being. We are not placed here on earth inereely to give it up for a better one, as though we were placed in an orchard whose trees were laden with fruit, hungry and famishing, and we should pass from tree to tree partaking of none, thinking the next would be better, and repay us for waiting, till we had passed by the last tree, and the night had overtaken us, and we sink, famished and exhausted, bewailing our folly.

Suppose we enter the orchard again, any of the fruit is good enough, a little will suffice ; but all around us are little children who cannot reach the limbs where hang the choicest fruit. There are the weak, the sick, the crippled, who need food and who cannot help themselves. Shall we reach out our strong arms in every direction for the choicest

fruit, trampling down even the innocent children, and reach the highest branches from the broken bodies of the sick, weak and starving, and so gather all that we think choice into our little pile, and then fence it around, and guard it by law, and put watch dogs at every gate or avenue of approach ; nay, starve ourselves at last through fear that our store may decrease ? Have we never read the parable of the quails and the manna, by which a "stiff-necked and rebellious people" were taught ?

"Mine" and "Thine" is an inheritance of animal egoism. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and there is enough in this fair earth for all, and humanity, another name for altruism, gathers that it may give, and takes, only that it may bestow ; the almoner of the divine, realising that he who is permitted to give is more blessed, and more under obligation, than he who is necessitated to receive. He who forgetteth self, remembers God : not a far-away, "absentee God," but the God immanent in all his works, whose Altar is the human heart, and whose Providence is the human hand.

If religion was the first to announce "Peace on earth and good-will to man," superstition stood ready to obscure and make it of no effect, through the counsels of men. Wherever religion built her altars, superstition lit her fires of persecution, equally in the holy name of Deity. Even to-day the conditions are the same ; Christendom builds magnificent churches to "save souls," and magnificent ironclads to destroy them. If the money devoted to these two purposes alone were distributed among the poor, hunger and want would disappear from the "Christian World."

If the churches are deserted, and the armies scattered, and the ironclads turning to rust, Altruism may convert the former into bread, and the latter into pruning-hooks. If egoism, in the clerical profession, claims priority and superiority, and egoism in scientific professions is quick to deny, and claim for science the palm, both are wrangling over a dead carcass, while the spirit that gave it life has moved on. The counsels of men shall come to naught ; but the counsels of God remain.

If science and religion are ready to clasp hands, and work together for the unfoldment of truth, and the up-lifting of man : If the day of altruism dawns, and the night of egoism draweth nigh, every lover of truth and righteousness will welcome the new day. If science working upward, and divine revelation working downward, come to the same conclusion : If the sequence of evolution, and the sequence of inspiration, alike reveal the Divine Man as the supra-human, the conscious union of the natural and the divine : If the principle of altruism on the one hand, meet and mingle with the principle of atonement on the other, and thus the evolution of the natural, meet the involution of the divine, the ideal man enters our conception as something possible of realization, and no longer an impossibility, or a mere matter of sentimentality, but the one true meaning of life and time.

J. D. B.

## THE JUNE TIME OF THE OCCULTIST.

BETWEEN THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

[A paper read before the LOTUS T. S., Michigan, U.S.]

**T**HE man or woman absorbed in the duties inseparable from family ties, cannot become an Occultist." "To become an Occultist one must test all experiences and know them." "To neglect any duty to family, home, friends, or country, is to hopelessly obstruct one's progress at the very outset." Such in essence are some of the most emphatic and explicit teachings of those who speak with authority on matters pertaining to Occultism ; and while in each separate statement we instinctively recognize truth, yet taken collectively there is apparent conflict between them. Let us see whether the conflict is more than apparent or whether, like many seeming contradictions, these may not be transmuted and blended by the alchemy of intuition into one harmonious truth.

Does not the difficulty of reconciling these, as well as most of the propositions of Occultism, arise from a tendency to regard its teachings from one side only—the blossom side of life? We delight in the flower, and with the human short-sightedness which prevents our seeing that with all its beauty and fragrance, it is, after all, only a hint—only a promise ; held by the fear that is almost conviction, that in the blossom as a blossom merely, lies all of sweetness we shall ever realize, are we not too often found clinging tenaciously to it long after its petals should have been borne away on the wings of aspiration? For, before the fruit can begin to form, the blossom *must* fall.

And yet the blossom-stage of existence is not to be under-valued in importance, or regarded as a mere idle play-time ; for it is here, amid sunshine and shower, soft breezes and tempests, that the ego learns its most essential lessons ; for who can doubt that in order to rightly measure the heights and depths of that miniature universe called "I," we must personally experience all that the "I" is capable of experiencing. To understand the heart of childhood, we must sometime be children. To know all the possibilities of manhood and womanhood, we must sometime be men and women. To realize all the depth and meaning of human love, we must sometime be lovers, husbands, wives, fathers and mothers. And yet, valuable and necessary as we must admit this experiential knowledge to be, is there anything to be gained by aimless and indefinite repetition of our experiments? Because I have found it profitable at certain stages of my evolution to be a child, a man, a woman, a father, a mother, must I perforce admit the necessity

or wisdom of being any one of these to-morrow, or ever again? Of what value is an experience that is merely to be repeated over and over? Of what use was yesterday's lesson if from it we have not gathered something which makes it possible for us to learn a larger one to-day?

To *test* all experiences is not sufficient. We must test all experiences and *know* them, *i. e.* We must test them understandingly.

It is of no avail that I have essayed the actual trial of the condition of childhood, if out of it I have not learned to exercise a child-like trust in the divine, all-fostering love that watches protectingly over me and provides for all my needs. Whither has vanished the essence of my childish lessons in obedience, if I cannot unquestioningly and joyfully submit to that Omnipotence that sweeps up and bears along my little human will, as a great wind catches the baby breath that so confidently thinks to blow its shining bubble up to the very clouds? How am I wiser or better for being a man the other day, unless I gathered up and made my own the knowledge to be acquired by the use and understanding of manhood's highest gifts and powers? But having so gathered up, and wisely appropriated, will it profit me or the human race anything simply to become a man again and prove what I have so well proved before?

Why should we become lovers and husbands except that we may be led to cherish reverence and comprehend that other half of our natures so difficult to grasp and solve; so fascinatingly mysterious;—so provokingly elusive;—so like, yet so *unlike* to the selves we *think* we know. Or why wives, except that we may learn deep heart-lessons of devotion, of divine patience and tenderness? What other condition than that of womanhood with its physical disability for active and positive expression of inherent power, would afford such opportunity for the practical understanding and demonstration of that silent negative force in nature which produces such mighty results in the physical and psychical world? If from the experience of fatherhood I have not learned to use the power I wield for the protection and good instead of the destruction and harm of every little helpless thing that appeals to my care, what has the "Great Orphan—Humanity" gained by my individual trial of that phase of experience. But having so learned, why should I go back and con the lesson all over again?

It is a beautiful thing to be a mother; to give of one's life to a child; to nurture it from the very fountain of one's being; to cradle and soothe and reassure it in the first beginnings of life in a strange environment; to watch over and so direct its physical and intellectual unfoldment that it shall round out into symmetrical maturity. Verily, it is a sacred thing to be even a merely human mother. But what purpose does such an experience serve if from it we catch no hint of the divine possibilities of motherhood? Instead of exaggerating the importance of mere maternity; instead of narrowing the circle of our devotion down to

the little group of beings we call *ours*; with an intense if slightly extended selfishness,—serving our own because they *are* our own;—is it not a more beautiful thing—aye, a more divinely *natural* thing—to feel that tender, pitying mother-love for all created things? To reach out yearning arms, to cradle on our breasts, to brood over, to comfort and encourage every weak, piteous, crying soul that puts out helpless hands and appeals to our mother instinct. Ah, this is motherhood indeed! And having attained to its sublime expression, shall we go back and vainly repeat the little lessons through the understanding of which our hearts were unfolded to the first, faint conception of its meaning!

But what conclusion may be drawn from the arraignment of these—to an aspirant for Occultism—self-evident truths? This: that having made actual trial of the various conditions pertaining to human life; having tested each and all of them in the crucible of understanding, casting away the residuum and appropriating only the pure essence of the experience, the ego comes at last to a point where, for him, experience of this kind is no longer necessary. Then let him beware lest he fall into a grievous error. Having gained good from his experience, let him not be deceived into thinking the good was *in* the experience itself, and thereby tempted to return and repeat the trials from which he can never again extract anything of value. Here the watch-word of life must emphatically be: “Look forward and not back.”

And what, say you, are the signs by which the individual may know he has reached this point in his development? They are many and plain. When some day he awakens to an uneasy self-consciousness, to discover himself out of harmony with his life and kind: when the objects that engross the attention of others, excite but slight interest in his mind: when he finds himself unable to enter with zest upon the ordinary ventures of human life, because he can so easily fore-cast the issue and feels that the gain is not worth the effort: then let him pause and try if he can solve the meaning of this strange unfitness to his environment. If he but pause long enough, and listen deep enough, he will catch the import of that small voice trying to impart to him the first faint glimmering of a knowledge beyond mere human ken. He is ready now—though he know it not—for the initial step in Occultism. And right here is the critical point in the evolution of the ego; a point where he must make a decisive and voluntary choice—a choice involving a crucial test of the courage and the faith acquired in his various life-ventures. For courage of no ordinary kind or degree is required to voluntarily relinquish our hold upon the beauty and sweetness we know and love to enter upon the weary time of waiting between the flower and the fruit. And only by the unwavering light of a fixed, luminous faith can we detect all and more than the charm of the blossom in the hard, colourless, scentless thing that follows close upon its shedding. It is

not strange that here the disciple should shrink and falter, perchance refusing to advance further until he is borne along by the resistless rush of some mighty wave of progress. In his hand are the blossoms whose sweetness he has tested ; if he lets them flutter from his grasp, there remains to his perception nothing but the meaningless, unbeautiful things whose possibilities he has yet to prove by long heart-breaking suspense and waiting, with no ray from the light of previous experience to cheer the darkness of this era ; for be it remembered, this is the beginning of a new cycle of existence ; the entering upon a new condition of being as much as the first essay of the ego into human life. Now is the metal of the spirit fairly tried. Will the disciple, having come so far, muster all his faith and courage, and flinging the blossom from him, go forward into untried ways with no familiar grace and enchanting fragrance to soothe and cheer him, trusting the dim, far-off goal will be worth the daring and the sacrifice ? Or will he linger with the spring-time of existence, treading the well-worn pathways with their familiar milestones and pleasant, shady resting-places ; although from the height to which he has climbed, the beginning and the end are at once discernible ? If he dare to choose the new, who shall say what his reward shall be ? If he linger with the old, what awaits him but final weariness of sweets grown insipid by too oft-repeated tasting, and at last despair at the inevitable discovery that human life is an aimless round of vain repetitions, leading nowhere and coming to no conclusion ?

Fellow disciples, let us not hesitate. Ours is the opportunity, ours the goal. Let us bravely choose to forego for a while the sweetness of the flower, firmly trusting that the day is hastening to meet us wherein we shall realize all the fragrance, all the sweetness, all the beauty of the blossom concentrated, expanded, glorified in the fully-ripened fruit.

MARY R. SHIPPEY, F.T.S.

June 12, 1888.



As a piece of wood and a piece of wood may come together in the ocean ; and, having met, may separate again ; like this is the meeting of mortals.

As a traveller sits down to rest in the shade of a tree, and, having rested, sets out again ; like this is the meeting of mortals.

By no means enduring is the sojourn which is secured by anyone, even with his own body ; how much less so, with any other.

This body is wasting away moment by moment, unperceived ; like a jar of unbaked clay standing in water, not till it is destroyed is its dissolution perceived.

C. J. (*from the Sanskrit*).

## THE ENGLISH OF ANTIQUITY.

THE Etruscans were a strong-limbed, broad-headed, industrious race, given to road-building, sewer-making, canal-digging and nature-taming generally. They were religious, too, commercial, manufacturing, keen of business, of course luxurious, not wholly unmindful of beauty, but preferring the strength and comfort that comes of a practical view of things: a people in the end whose hard-earned riches and long-tested mechanical science failed to save their political being when imperilled by an ambitious, warlike neighbour. Still, though subdued in the field, their arts and civil polity conquered the conquerors. For centuries they ruled the seas, and were the great wave-lords of antiquity. English in their maritime skill and force, they were like the English in many other habits and points of character, especially in their fondness for horse-racing and pugilistic encounters. Their origin is lost in the remotest antiquity of the East. Nevertheless their earliest civilization comes to us indubitably filtered through Egyptian and Assyrian sources.

Of all the old peoples of Italy that have made a mark in history, leaving an impress on modern civilization, none interest more than the Etruscans. They have left a written language which no one can read; stupendous public works which time fails to destroy; and a rich and suggestive art, frail often in material, but exquisite in workmanship, which the grave has preserved during a silence of nearly thirty centuries. Everywhere their cities crowned the most picturesque and impregnable mountain sites, rejoicing in varied views, pure air and excessive climbing, as greatly as modern towns delight in the easy access, heavy atmosphere and cramped scenery of the lowlands. Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take for instance Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finally for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed, one more dramatic—for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands.

Orvieto is as firmly as Volterra is loosely placed, on its foundation of rock. Following the circuit of the perpendicular precipice on which the town stands, its walls rise many hundred feet in parts, in as straight a

line as if all built up of masonry. Perugia struggles in a vagabond manner along the crests of several hills or terraces, evincing a desire to get into the rich valleys below. Chiusi, with a glorious outlook over two lakes, girt around with a green swell of mountains, whose olive-grounds and vineyards rise and fall until they dash their fragrance against its ugly walls, shows like a dark spot in the bountiful nature around it. The kingly virtues of Porsenna are as much lost sight of in his now beggarly capital as is his famous tomb, once a wonder of the world.

The Maremma is a vast cemetery of Etruscan cities, but disease and desolation have replaced their once vigorous commercial life. Scarcely a spadeful of earth can be turned up without disturbing the dust of their inhabitants. The same picturesque choice of sites of towns obtains here as elsewhere. Cortona is the queen of them all, though Citta-della-Pieve, garlanded with oak and chesnut forests, looks on a landscape not so diversified, but in some details more exquisitely lovely.

I wish I could credit the founders of Etruscan cities with a love of the beautiful in nature in regard to the situations they selected. But they had no greater liking this way than modern Italians. Sanitary considerations and personal security led them up the hills to live and to girt themselves around with solid walls. The plains were damp and unwholesome before they were drained and planted. Still, in "locating" themselves as they did, and in disposing their walls and gateways, they must have obeyed a latent instinct of beauty even in a land where nature is so bountiful that it is difficult to go amiss in laying the foundations either of a house or a town. We find in them all a varied succession of surprising views which could scarcely be more completely pleasurable had the sites of their cities been specially chosen with this end.

In treating of Etruscan art it is not necessary to specify its antiquarian distinctions, but only its general characteristics. The best way to get at these is to study the contents of the tombs. They were excavated and built much after the plan of the dwellings of the living, with a similar disposition of chambers or halls, corresponding to the room required for the dead, except when they took the form of mausoleums or monuments, and were made immense labyrinthian structures, whose ruins now seem more the work of nature than of man. Interiorly they were lavishly decorated with painting and sculpture in relief on the walls and ceilings. When first opened, these decorations are quite fresh and perfect. After an experience of the ghastly relics of modern sepulchres, it is with pleased astonishment one enters for the first time an Etruscan house of the dead. If it be a sepulchre hitherto undisturbed, the visitor finds himself, or he can easily so imagine, in the presence of the original proprietors. The apartments opening one into another have a look of domestic life, while the ornamentation is not confined to mythological or symbolical subjects; but is intermingled with scenes of social festivity, games, picnics, races, theatrical exhibitions, and whatever they

enjoyed in their every-day world ; thus indicating that they fancied they were entering upon a new life corresponding in many particulars with their old. It is another form of the Indian notion of new and better hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit. But the good or evil past had much to do in their minds with the reception that awaited them. Guardian genii, effigies of the avengers of wrong, protectors of the good, symbols of immortality, occult doctrines put into pictorial life, these looked down on them from carved roofs and frescoed walls, which were further secured from wanton sacrilege at the hands of the living by figures of monstrous serpents and demon heads, or the snake-entwined visage of the terrible Medusa. There was so much of value to tempt the cupidity of even the heirs in the tombs of the wealthy, that it was necessary to render them awful as well as sacred to the common imagination. Indeed, there is room for believing that, while in some instances deposits of jewels and other costly objects were made in compliance with the religious customs, they were afterwards covertly withdrawn by means of a secret entrance known only to the persons interested, if not of the family itself ; perhaps left expressly by conscience-hardened workmen for the sake of plunder. But, as enough has been already secured by modern excavators to stock the principal museums of Europe, it proves that the practice of burying treasures of art was in general respected among the old Etruscans, who, doubtless thinking to need them again, wished to have them within their ghostly reach.

If the tomb be anterior to the Roman fashion of burning the corpses, we often find the noble lady or great officer laid out in state on bronze biers and funeral couches, looking as in life, with their jewellery or armour on them, as prompt, to all appearance, for the pursuits of love or war as ever. Their favourite furniture, vases, bronzes, articles of toilet, and sometimes children's toys—the pet dolls and engraved primers—are placed about them ready for instant use. A few minutes' exposure to the air reduces the bodies to dust ; but the records of their personal tastes and habits remain.

The family scene of some of the sepulchres is made more real by rows of portrait statues in various attitudes placed on urns or sarcophagi, and arranged in order around the chamber, very much after the manner of a fashionable reception. In those days, guests more often reclined at banquets than sat upright. We see them, therefore, commonly in that position ; and if husband and wife, decorously embracing or caressing, the arm of the man thrown lovingly over the shoulder of the partner of his home. Each is draped as in life, wearing their usual ornaments and insignia of rank. The base, which contains the ashes or bodies, is elaborately sculptured, sometimes in full relief, with mythological or historical scenes, or symbols and events relating to the deceased persons. The oldest and most common of these cinerary urns are coarsely

painted and modelled in terra-cotta, but the finer are done in marble or alabaster, under Grecian influence, with occasional gilding.

These tombs are the libraries and museums of Etruscan history. Without them, not only would there have been important gaps in the annals of the people, and, indeed, all real knowledge of their life lost, but modern art would also have missed its most graceful and precious models and patterns in bronze, jewellery, and plastic materials in general. These offer a most needed contrast to the graceless, clumsy, meaningless, or vicious styles of ornament which prevailed after the loss of mediæval art, and before a revival of the knowledge of the pure forms of the antique Grecian taught us what beauty really is. We may estimate the extent to which the manufacture of artistic objects was carried by this people by the fact that from the small town of Volsinium, the modern Bolsena, Flavius Flaccus carried off to Rome 2,000 bronze statues. It is believed by many that the Etruscans were superior to the Greeks in the working of bronze, or anticipated them in perfecting it and the making of fictile vases. Each nation possessed a consummate art of its own, the origin of which in either was equally archaic and rude, while in time both styles in Italy became so intermingled that it requires a practised eye to discriminate between them, especially after Greek colonies settled in Southern Italy and their artists were employed throughout the peninsula.

Etruscan art proper is as thoroughly characteristic and indigenous as is the Greek ; but instead of a keen sense of beauty as its animating motive, there was a love of fact. It is essentially realistic, delighting in vigour and strength, and in telling its story plainly and forcibly, rather than with grace and elegance of expression. Before it was subjected to Greek influence, it was more or less heavy and exaggerated, with an unwitting tendency to the grotesque, faulty in detail, often coarse, but always expressive, emphatic and sincere. Ignoring the extreme principles of Greek selection, it takes more to common nature as its guide. Nevertheless, it has a lofty idealism, or, more properly speaking, creative faculty of its own, which, as we shall see in its best art, inspires its natural truth with a feeling of the sublime. This supernal mystical element, which it has always exhibited, comes of the Oriental blood of the race. Grecian art is poetry ; Etruscan, eloquence. Homer inspires both ; but the difference between them in rendering the same thought is very obvious. There was an essential distinction in their ideas of death and the future life, as interpreted by their sepulchral art.

Apparently the Greek was so absorbed in his sensuous enjoyment, or so shaken in his earlier faiths by the varied teachings of his schools of philosophy, that he formed no very precise notions of his condition after death. In its most spiritual aspect it was vague and shadowy, very beautiful and poetical in the interior sense of some of his myths, but lacking the exhortative and punitive character of the more fixed and

sterner Egyptian and Etruscan dogmas. Respect for the gods, beauty, heroism, enjoyment, leaving the hereafter to expound itself, or viewing it fancifully ; these were in the main the sentiments and feelings at the bottom of Greek theology.

But the Etruscan was far more practical and positive, notwithstanding the large admixture of Oriental mysticism in his belief. Indeed this positiveness may be traced back to a strong element of unquestioning faith in Asiatic ancestors, whose imaginations were extremely susceptible to the spiritual influences of unseen powers, and were also opposed to the pantheistic ideas of the more intellectual Greeks. None had it stronger than the Persians, and Jews. Descending from them, it rooted itself deeply in the creeds of Christendom—firmest and severest in Protestantism. As all know, whenever it has come in collision with science, religion is apt to require the latter to give way, or be denounced as heretical.

In this connection it is interesting to note how far the Etruscan idea of the future coincides with Christian ethics.

The joyous reliance on his fancy which contented his neighbour, evidently did not satisfy the conscience of the Etruscan. Like the more northern races, whose harshest doctrines find speech in the diabolism of Calvinistic theology, he, too, must have a positive, material hell, with suitable demons, but with the special and noteworthy difference that his final doom was not a question of faith only, but of works. His good and evil deeds were accurately weighed by the infallible judges, and he was sentenced accordingly. Etruscan tomb-sculpture is much taken up by these solemn scenes. At the door leading to eternal torment sits an expectant fiend, and directly opposite is the entrance to the regions of happiness, guarded by a good angel. These await the decision of the fate of the soul on trial, which is attended by the good and evil genii, supposed to be ever present with the living.

The demonism of Etruria is sterner and less mystical than the Egyptian, although not as frightful as that of mediæval Christendom. Images of terror, however, are common, and made as ugly and repulsive as those of an opposite character are made handsome and attractive. Still Typhon, one of the angels of death, is a beauty in comparison with his more modern namesake, and even big-eared, heavy-limbed Vulcan, with his fatal hammer, is mild and pleasing beside Spinello's Beelzebub. Their most successful attempts at ferocious ugliness arrive only at a grotesque exaggeration of the negro physiognomy in a form of the ordinary human shape. Serpents figure largely in these paintings, but as often in a good as a bad sense, as the symbol of eternity. The important truth that we find in them is the recognition of an immediate judgment passed on the soul after death, and the substantiality of the rewards or punishment awaiting it.

The Etruscans were eminently a domestic people of warm, social

affections. Woman evidently was held in equal esteem to man. Everywhere she shares his cares and pleasures. The position of wife is one of the highest honour and influence, subordinate to no accomplished class of courtesans as in Greece, nor accompanied by the great laxity of manners that at a subsequent period defiled Rome. Indeed, Etruscan art is singularly pure and serious, except as it borrowed from foreign sources its dissolute Bacchic rites. But these were never very popular. Their artists prefer exhibiting the natural sentiments and emotions with a touching simplicity of positive treatment. A favourite subject was the death-parting of families. Husband or wife, lover or friend, embrace or shake hands tenderly, the dying with an elevated expression of resignation and hope, the survivors with a quiet grief that bespeaks a conviction of future reunion. Children weep around, or are held to the dying lips to take a last kiss; the pet dog watches sympathetically the sorrowful scene; hired mourners perform their functions, and the whole spectacle is serious and impressive. The dignified courtesy manifested by the principals in these farewells shows that no doctrinal despair poisoned their latest hour on earth, but rather that they looked upon the separation as one does a call to a necessary journey. A spirit horse for the man, or a chariot for the woman, with winged attendants, are always depicted quietly waiting outside the house until their services are needed for the journey to the new country. If death has already occurred, their torches are reversed. The Greeks loved to look on death in a seriously beautiful shape, like Endymion sleeping, or Hylas borne off by water-nymphs. They sought to disguise to themselves its painful and dismal features. Death was best regarded as a sweet slumber or a delightful ravishment. An Etruscan shielded his senses by no such poetical expedients. He felt it was a real journey to a new life, and so represented it for good or bad on the evidence of his actual character. His artistic creations peopling the world which opened itself to his dying view were not merely men deified and super-sensuous, but a distinct supernal race with attributes corresponding to their spiritual functions. What his devils were we have seen; his genii, furies, and other celestial powers were grand in idea, often sublime in creation, and, as well as he knew to make them, beautiful; more elevated in conception and functions than those of the Grecian mythology; fit precursors of the angels and archangels of Giotto, Orcagna and Luca Signorelli. In truth mediæval art had but little to do to adjust this phase of the Etruscan to its own purpose. The infant Jupiter in the arms of his nurse, as seen in the Campagna bas-reliefs, is the legitimate model in motive and grouping of subsequent Madonnas and Bambinos. But the most striking of their supernal creations are the two so-called female furies which guard the portal of the principal sarcophagus of the Volunni sepulchre near Perugia.

The contents of this family vault merit attention because of their pure

Etruscan character and feeling in the best time of their art, when its native strength was tempered by the Grecian sense of the beautiful. Several generations of the Volunni are found deposited here in elegant urns, all admirable as art, but especially the two that face the visitor as he enters the principal chamber. One contains the ashes of the chief of his family, the other, the remains of a lady of the same name of high distinction. Both these monuments are remarkable for extreme simplicity, purity of style, breadth of design, and refined adaptation to their honoured purpose. The man lies in a semi-upright posture, with head upraised on a richly draped couch. He is not dead, as we moderns persist in representing our departed friends, as if we were disbelievers in the doctrine of immortality, leaving on the spectator's mind only a disagreeable impression of material dissolution; nor does he sleep, as the mediævalists in better taste and feeling represent their dead, while calmly waiting the universal resurrection; but, with greater truth than either, he lives.

This characteristic vitality of the Etruscan effigies is worthy of observation in two respects. First, it displays the skill of their artists in rendering individual likeness—making their figures natural without diminishing aught of the solemnity of their purpose. They are the veritable persons they represent, receiving us moderns with the same polite dignity which would have distinguished them had our call been two thousand years earlier, while they were still in the flesh. Secondly, we learn from it that they believed their dead entered at once on a new life without any intermediate sleep or purgatorial probation. I interpret the Etruscan in his tomb to mean that he still regarded himself in all respects as his old identical earthly self called to a new part in life, but retaining every original characteristic and experience, and holding that future changes in him must be the result of processes of growth and development in accordance with laws analogous to those that regulated the formation of his personality on earth. Meantime he remains himself and none other at our gracious service, if I read the lesson in stone aright. It seems to me that the Pagan Etruscan recognised this vital principle of creation more decidedly, or at all events more practically, than we Christians do. They may have sensualized their faith in immortality overmuch by their funeral feasts, games, and music, or other exhibitions of their enjoyment of the good things of life, with the evident expectation of something corresponding to these pleasures and honours hereafter. But, as the moral qualities of the departed were made the test of his spiritual condition, the lesson was a salutary and hopeful one. The base of the chief monument of the Volunni is as completely a spiritualized motive in art of this sort as exists, uniting consummate simplicity of treatment to a sublimity of character, excelled only in this respect by Blake's design of *Death's Door*, which is the highest conception in the most chaste and suggestive form that the Christian

mind has as yet achieved to embody its idea of eternal life. The figures do not so much express the new birth as the mysteries attending it. On each side of the door, which represents the passage from the tomb to the life beyond, sits a colossal, winged, female figure, in whom the nobility of both sexes is harmoniously united, devoid of any sexual feeling proper, chastely draped, wearing sandals, a burning torch uplifted in one hand, the other slightly turned towards the door, and with an expression that seems to penetrate the secrets of eternity. I say colossal figures, though, in reality, they are very small, but so grand is their treatment that nothing actually colossal as to size excels the impression they make of supernal force and functions. They are in a sitting attitude with the feet drawn up and crossed; but the artist has succeeded in giving them a self-supporting look, and also of taking away from the spectator the feeling that they could need any material support. As they will they are in rest or motion. This is a real sublimity of art, because it diverts the mind from thought of material laws to sole cognizance of its loftiest spiritual functions. In this subtle superiority of spirit over matter, these figures, perhaps, surpass the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and in other respects are akin to his extraordinary power, devoid of the physical exaggeration which obtains in so much of his work, but which further stamps him as a genuine descendant of ancient Etruscan masters now unknown to us by name. Even with his finest symbolical statues, Night and Day, it is difficult on first view, to get rid of an unwelcome sense of weight, size and solidity, though this finally disappears as their full meaning and nobleness flow into the mind. The superiority of their Etruscan prototypes is manifest at once from the fact that they suggest nothing below the standard of their conception. We feel the trembling awe of the four shadowy figures, now dimly seen issuing from the tomb with an anxious, inquiring look at the mystical guardians of the gates of Eternity. Modern learning calls them Furies. Their countenances, nevertheless, are benevolent and inviting. If we meet no more unkindly faces than theirs on being ushered into the other life, it will be a desirable welcome.

The monument of the lady is less elaborate, but as finely treated in its way. A beautiful head of Medusa on a panel is the sole ornament of the base of the urn, the cornice of which, like the others, contains obituary inscriptions. A handsome matron in her prime is seated on the top in a curule chair. She is profusely draped, the right arm, however, being bare and upraised, and the hand with unconscious action lightly touching her shoulder, as she earnestly listens, and looks a little forward and downwards. One fancies her a judge; of a surety, one accustomed to be obeyed, but still just and gracious, and in every sense a lady.

Etruscan women were trusted housekeepers. They sat at the head of the table and kept the keys, except those of the wine-cellars. They had greater social freedom, and were more eligible to public posts

than are their English sisters, whom they so much resemble in their domestic habits. One of the female ancestors of Mæcenas had a military command. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in believing that the distinguished lady of the Volunni sepulchre once held an important office of state—a supposition which seems the more plausible from the masculine pose of the right hand on the knee, which is authoritative in movement and indicative of firmness and decision. It does not detract at all from the feminine grace and beauty of the statue, but rather adds dignity and character to it. As an art motive, this monument is as effective and suggestive as Buonarotti's "Duke Juliano," misnamed Lorenzo.

The miniature winged genii, modelled in terra-cotta, attached to the lamp hung from the roof of the tomb, are graceful and appropriate conceptions, on a par in sentiment with Fra Angelico's guiding angels in his "Last Judgment." A spiritual, almost ecstatic element, akin to his, is sometimes to be met with in the best specimens of genuine Etruscan art. It is not to be confounded with the Grecian beautiful, for it is the result of a higher clairvoyance of the imagination into spiritual life. It seems strange at first thought that such a lofty mystic element should be found in the art of a people whose chief attributes of their supreme good or god were strength, riches, wisdom—not love; not even admitting into their triad of divine credentials, like the Greeks, beauty, but taking the same materialized and practical view of the purposes of life that the English race does under the specious term "common sense." But through their grosser understanding of things there is ever to be detected the spiritual light which discloses their Oriental origin, purged of the worst shapes of Asiatic superstition and mysticism, manifesting itself in impressive and intelligible speech after 2,000 years of silence in Pagan graves. The greatest puzzle of Etruscan art is the extraordinary bronze found at Arezzo, but now in the Uffizzi Gallery, called, in antiquarian despair of interpretation, the Chimera. It has the body of a lion, with the head of a goat growing out of its back, poisoned by the bite of a serpent that forms the tail of the compound beast, whose entire body is showing the fatal effects of the venom.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.



### SANKSRIT PROVERBS.

Youth is like a mountain-torrent; wealth is like the dust on one's feet; manhood is fugitive as a waterdrop; life is like foam: who fulfils not duty with steadfast mind, duty which opens the portals of heaven, surprised by old age and remorse, he is burned by the fire of grief.

C. J.

## A STRANGE BETROTHAL.\*

IT was Christmas in a New England village. Old Mrs. Mason sat before her great fireplace, in which a splendid blaze of apple-boughs was glowing. Beside her were two young people; her grandson, Joe Bush, and his sister Mollie. Joe was home from the University for the holidays, and the two had run over from their home near by for the evening. Grandmother sighed gently as she looked at the flames and thought of the havoc that the last autumn gales had wrought in the orchard; some of the trees were getting pretty old, and she feared they would not see many more crops of golden pippins. The young folks, however, as they luxuriated in the deep glow, felt little regret for the mutilated orchard. Their grandmother's mournfulness was not deep-seated; she became cheerfully reminiscent, after the fashion of grandmothers, and it needed no urging to make her eloquent about the olden times. It was snowing heavily that night, which brought to her mind some of the old-fashioned snowstorms. Most remarkable of all was the famous fiery snow that fell when she was a girl. It came down soft and still, the air seemed alive with myriads of falling stars, the ground was covered with a sheet of powdery moon-shine, the trees stood like ghosts clothed in phosphorescent robes, and a handful of snow seemed like some unearthly cold flame. It lasted some hours, and then the fire faded away, leaving nothing but ordinary snow. People were terribly frightened, and many thought the day of judgment was at hand.

"I should think they might have caught on to that day-of-judgment racket after a while," said Joe, in his student vernacular. "It seems as if in those old times they couldn't have any kind of curious weather without laying it to the end of the world. I should like to have seen that snowstorm, though. Why can't they have such things nowadays? But we did have the 'Yellow day,' though, in 1881, and that frightened lots of people. Say, grandmother, did you have any ghosts around in those days? They are getting pretty thick lately. I have heard more ghost stories this term than you could shake a stick at. Some of the fellows are full of them, and they believe in them too, and in witchcraft, and all that sort of thing. They don't call it superstition any more, They have a regular scientific explanation for it all. Our metaphysics Prof. has tried lots of experiments in hypnotism, and knows all about it. I have taken it from an elective—that is, psychology."

\* This story is founded upon an actual occurrence in the family of an American member of the Theosophical Society, and closely follows the lines of the real events, a brief account of which was given in one of the earlier numbers of *The Path*.—[AUTHOR.]

"Well, I am glad people are getting sensible at last," said grandmother solemnly. "Ghosts? Of course there are ghosts. And as for witchcraft, some of those Salem folks, you may be sure, got no more than their just and proper deserts. If they hadn't been brought to a stop, with a good sharp turn, there's no telling where their wicked doings might have ended," and grandmother's kindly face assumed for a moment a severity worthy a Puritan judge. "It's lucky my brother William didn't live in those days; some of his carryings-on would surely have brought him to grief, though he never did anything bad. Magic tricks would not have been in favour."

"What! good old Uncle William Helden, the best doctor in the county?" asked Mollie.

"He used to do some pretty queer things," said grandmother, "but, as I said, never anything bad. You know our father was a doctor also, and William began to study with him. William had a great taste for experimenting, and father liked to teach him. Among the books our father left was a curious old volume in Latin, printed in black letters. William said it contained various magic rules, but it was difficult to make anything out of it. He used to pore over its pages hours at a time, and he learnt to do some strange things which mystified and even scared pretty badly some of the folks who were curious to see what he could do. You know he was full of mischief in those days—Joe, here, is almost the image of him as he looked then—and was fond of playing practical jokes. But it was not one of his jokes that made him come rushing into the house one beautiful moonlight night in October, and drop, white as a ghost, and gasping for breath, into that very arm-chair you are now sitting in, Joe. It frightened me, you may believe, to see him looking so, but I said: 'Well, William Helden, what have you been trying to do this time? I am glad to see that you are scared at last yourself, for you have frightened so many people nearly out of their seven senses that it serves you right.'

"As soon as he could get his breath he said: 'I may as well tell you all about it. It was nothing to be frightened at, but rather something to be thankful for; it was the strangeness, the wonder of it, that startled me. You see I had been puzzling over a most mystifying passage in that old book for a long time, and at last I made out just what it meant. I determined to test it. Now don't laugh; you know I have never yet seen the girl to fall in love with, and—I thought I would lift the veil of the future and find out who my wife was going to be. So, when the last bit of daylight had faded out of the sky, and everything was still, I went out into the woods to where stood the largest beech-tree I knew. There was a great smooth place under its branches, which were wide spreading, forming a sort of natural circle. The ground was covered with crisp, new-fallen leaves. The moonlight poured down between the branches and covered the ground with bright streaks and silvery lace-work.

“ I tied my handkerchief to the trunk of the beech. Then I turned around, directly away from the tree, and took a certain number of paces, according to the directions laid down in the book. Turning to the right, I kept slowly on in regular steps, making the circuit of the tree, keeping time to the chanting of a certain verse, which had to be repeated constantly in a peculiar rhythm which, having had no one to instruct me, I had had great difficulty in acquiring, with nothing to guide me but the printed rules. I had tried various things that I had learnt from the book, as you know, and had always succeeded in attaining the result promised. I had no misgiving as to the consequence of this. I was as sure of the end as I was that one step would follow the other. I did not think of either success or failure, though ; from the start I kept confidently on, knowing, as it seemed, that what I set out to do would be done. Just how, I did not know, but even the thought of wonder did not enter my mind as I kept on repeating the words of the charm in exact time with every step.

“ When I began it was as still as death in the woods. As, for a second, I stood facing away from the tree after having tied my handkerchief there, I heard the soft patter of an acorn dropping to the ground afar off. And just as I started on the circle an owl hooted somewhere near ; his cry was very distinct in the silence. The lightest possible breath of air touched my cheeks ; it seemed at first as if it were made by my own motion, slow though my steps were, but it increased as I went on, and when I reached my starting-point opposite the handkerchief, the dry leaves were rustling on the boughs around so that a great whispering filled the woods.

“ I kept on. The wind still freshened until, before I had finished my second circuit, a tremendous gale was blowing, wrenching the great beech-boughs as if it would twist them off, so that they creaked together, rattling the twigs like musketry. I paid no attention to this, but was only conscious that it was so. When I started to make the third and last circuit the wind had spent its force, and, as I kept on, it gradually died away until, when I came opposite my handkerchief, it was once more utterly calm.

“ I stood still, facing the tree, looking first at my handkerchief and then beyond. There, on the opposite side of the circle, was the figure of a girl advancing towards me out of the darkness made by the deep shadow of a large hemlock. She came towards me, straight across the circle, with a step as slow and measured as that which I had been taking. I stood as motionless as a statue. I had no desire to move, but I felt that I could not stir if I would, any more than if I had been turned to stone. The charm was worked, and its magic was upon us both.

“ When she came to the tree-trunk she stopped, and untied my handkerchief with a quick motion, although it was knotted hard after a peculiar

fashion. She then advanced towards me. The moonlight came pouring down in an unbroken flood through a wide space between the branches, and shone full in her face as she passed the spot. Then I saw that her eyes were open wide, not staring, but as of one walking in deep dreaming, seeing the unseen. A most lovely face, and a figure graceful in every line and motion. If ever man beheld a real form, that was one there before me: it was no dream fancy, no shadowy ghost; it cast a shadow of its own there in the moonlight, and the shadows of the twigs above seemed to make a mantle of moving network as they fell upon her while she walked, embroidering her gown of light grey stuff that, when she was in the distance, looked like shining silvery mist.

“At last she stood close to me, face to face, her eyes still unperceiving; her hand held out the handkerchief towards me, my hand mechanically closed upon it, and then—a swift glance of recognition gleamed out of her dark eyes and made them glow with sudden fire; all in a moment I somehow seemed to turn from ice to flame, there was a melting sensation at my heart which welled up into my throat, almost choking me with a great gush of pity, of compassion, of a feeling I have never felt before, as if I would make the sweet being who had so strangely come at my bidding, not mine merely, but a very part of me. And the thought went out from me in a strong wave as if to enfold her. But it turned into a sob and filled my eyes with tears, for then I perceived that she was no longer there; in an instant she had vanished. As I saw the empty circle under the gaunt tree, I was oppressed with a feeling of desolation, of forsakenness; the aspect of the place into which I had come bravely now filled me with terror, and I fled. You see me, frightened, not by what I have seen, not by what I have done, but by the loss of it all. But it has left with me a deep and abiding joy. O! I could search all the world through to find her, but I know that searching would avail nothing. Some day our paths will meet.’

“William’s words, so strangely spoken, with an emotion that I had never dreamed him capable of, burned into my memory and have remained there to this day. I listened in wonder, and when he finished I simply pressed his hand with the sympathy which every sister must feel for a brother whom she sees suddenly made a lover, and said: ‘Will, I believe with you that she whom you have seen you will surely meet again.’

“William was unusually quiet that winter. His pranks ceased, and he devoted himself to his medical studies and to day-dreams of which I knew that one figure must form the motive. Early the next May he went to Burlington in Vermont, to continue his medical studies with Doctor Wilson, an old friend of our father’s. The first letter which I received from him was written two days after he reached there. I have it still, and will read it to you if you would like to hear it. If you

will look in that upper right-hand corner of the secretary, Joe, you will find a package of old letters."

Joe jumped up with unusual alacrity, and after rummaging excitedly through the drawer, found what he wanted. His grandmother, whose gentle face had grown almost girlish with the renewal of old memories, untied the ribbon and quickly found what she wanted: a letter of ancient aspect, yellow with age and folded so as to make its own envelope. Adjusting her spectacles, she read :

"Burlingborough, Vt., 9th May, 1832.

"My dear Sister Martha,—

"When I write you that *I have found her*, you will at once know what I mean. I might better say, *we have found each other*. I promised to describe for you my journey hither, but I cannot fix my mind upon that now, agreeable as it was ; neither would you care to read about it at this moment, in view of what I have just written. Suffice to say that when I reached here, I met with as warm a welcome from Doctor Wilson and his kind good wife as one could wish, and I felt speedily at home in their pleasant house, which is on the broad main street of the town ; a thoroughfare lined with noble elms. I expected to find the country here almost winter-bound, but though spring is later than at home, it has come with a leap ; yesterday was as mild as summer, and to-day is the same. It was very quiet in the house all day ; the air of the place seemed to me unusually sympathetic, but Mrs. Wilson declared that it must be lonesome for a stranger ; their daughter Jessie happened to be away spending the day with a friend ; if they had known I was coming that day they would have kept her at home. As I did not have the honour of Miss Jessie's acquaintance, and as no girls but 'the unknown' had any particular interest for me, I remarked that I had found the house delightful, and that it would have been a great pity to spoil their daughter's visit for my sake. I spent the most of the day unpacking and settling down in my room, and after tea I took a little stroll through the town in the moonlight, the Doctor having been called away to a patient. Returning to the house, I paused at the gate a moment to look up and down under the arching trees, and then I stood a long time before the door, silently enjoying the beauty of the night. The moon was high in the heavens, and full, and as its light came pouring down through the branches of the great elm I was somehow reminded of that night under the beech-tree in the woods. The rhythm of the charm came involuntarily to my lips, but as I looked towards the street I became transfixed with wonder on seeing a graceful, girlish figure approaching, walking up the path in seeming unconsciousness of my presence, a handkerchief held lightly in her hand. The elm-shadows threw a lace-work over her and the moonlight shone full in

her face as she passed a space where it poured down in clear, broad stream. I knew her well. *She was the very same.* Even that dreaming look was in her eyes, and it suddenly changed to the quick flash of recognition as I, who had stood as motionless as I did that time, received the handkerchief from her hand. Again a wave of overpowering emotion swept over me and went out from me, and again it turned into a sharp pang, for I felt that I must be only dreaming the old scene over. But the figure did not melt away from me this time, and my arms enfolded the living form of her whom destiny had so strangely brought to me seven months before.

“And then she, frightened and amazed at what had happened, would have fallen, but I supported her and she sank to the steps, I bending over her. ‘We have met before,’ I spoke at last; ‘we belong to each other.’ As she wonderingly returned my gaze she seemed to be looking, far beyond me, her eyes fixed upon some distant scene. Then she answered: ‘It must be true, for I remember you; but how, and where? Was it in dream? or am I dreaming now? I know not who you are, and yet it seems not strange that you should be here.’

“Just then steps were heard approaching; the Doctor came briskly up the walk, and as he saw us he said: ‘Well, Jessie, so you have got home and found our friend; I wish you might have been here to help us welcome him.’

“‘Doctor,’ I said, ‘it is my duty to tell you how it is that Miss Jessie and I already know each other—you may think me crazy, but I swear to you that what I have to say is true.’ Then I told them the story of that night. They listened in silence to the end, and I could hear Jessie’s soft, quick breathing at my side whenever I paused.

“‘William Helden,’ said the Doctor, when I had finished, ‘I know that book, and from what I know, I trust your story absolutely. Your father, who was my dearest friend, had it when we were in college together, and he used to work some of those strange things which you have learnt from it yourself. And on that very day of last October, of which you tell, well on into the evening, our Jessie here fell suddenly into a swoon so deep that her pulse gave no sign of life, and her mother and I both thought her dead. She revived as suddenly, and said that she felt she had been away somewhere, but could remember nothing.’

“‘Now I remember,’ said Jessie, ‘that it was that night I saw you standing alone in a wood, and as you took a handkerchief from me everything vanished and I awoke. And to-night when I found that handkerchief out under the elm-tree by the gate (where I must have dropped it) a strange feeling came over me the instant I touched it, and I seemed to be walking in a dream until you took it from my hand.’

“How strange it seemed that she should be at my side, and yet as natural as if we had been lovers for life, so well do the souls of two who were made for each other know when they meet. The thought of her

had been with me night and day ever since that time, and my heart beat quick with exultation at the realization of its desire. 'In truth, a most remarkable happening,' mused the Doctor, 'but indeed I could wish no better future for my daughter than that she should be the wife of my old friend's son ; just as fate has ordered.'

"Of course, all this will be kept quiet, and our engagement will seem to come about in the natural course of events, and, under the circumstances, this will be very easily arranged. And then our marriage cannot be far distant, for father's practice is waiting for me, with a comfortable home for her to make a happy one.

"This is all, my dear sister, that I have to write now, and as you finish these lines you may well believe that a devoted lover is

"Your affectionate brother,  
"WILLIAM HELDEN."

The silence which followed grandmother's reading was broken by Joe, who exclaimed :

"Well, that is a kind of witchcraft worth knowing ; and to think of it all having been in the family, too! That's what might be called getting your wife by 'natural selection.' If it would only come to be the regular thing what lots of bother and mistakes it would save us fellows. I'd like to get hold of that old book!" Then, with a mischievous glance at his sister : "Say, Moll, and if I did, what do you think might be the effect if I should happen to lend it, with full directions for use, to——"

"Joe Bush, if you should dare——" blazed up Mollie, and an imperative gesture, accompanied by a look of maidenly distress, caused him to check his utterance. But the flushing cheeks, and the tender lights that played in Mollie's brown eyes while in half reverie she sank back in her chair, brought an amused and sympathetic smile to the face of her grandmother, who conjectured that there existed a young man who needed the aid of no old book of magic lore to call forth at his bidding the soul of a certain maiden.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.



Even in a forest hermitage, sin prevails over the unholy ; the restraint of the senses in one's own home, this is asceticism.

Who performs a right action, free from impurity, the house of that man is a forest hermitage.

C. J. [*From the Sanskrit.*]

## ODD SCRAPS AND NOTES FROM JAPAN.

## CURIO HUNTING.

## PROLOGUE.

THE policy of secretiveness and strict seclusion so jealously maintained by the Japanese—who surrounded the inquisitive foreign unwelcome intruder with a cordon of officials with that object—became somewhat relaxed during the political troubles and consequent disorganisation of details of government, during the sixth and seventh decades of this century. An intuitive conviction grew up stronger in my mind, from time to time, that important material lay hidden amongst the old literary treasures of temples and the older families.

With this idea ever present, many a stroll I took through the out-of-the-way bye-paths and secluded nooks and corners of Yedo and other places not yet frequented by the aggressive foreigner. I was ever on the look-out for a *find*, and I made not a few, when able to shake off the official espionage that was so constant.

Once, delving through a heap of old rubbish, in a second-hand dealer's stock-in-trade, I came across a very curious-looking piece of carving. With great caution, the outcome of some experience amongst the dealers, I suppressed my eager curiosity, but eventually got it out with other things I did not at all care for, and made a sporting bid for the lot. The dealer was less guarded, and eagerly nibbled at the bait. I got my treasure home and made a subsequent visit to the said dealer, but could gain no information from him. There had been a great fire, and many temples and houses burned. Then the trade (dealers in old wares) held one of their periodical sales among themselves and my "find" had passed through many hands.

Before describing my treasure I should premise by stating that in the eighth century A.D. a number of small pagodas were fabricated (some say 1,000,000) and in each was enclosed a small scroll upon which prayers were printed, which were, of course, very highly valued—many Sanskrit and Pali texts and Chinese translations of Indian religious literature were known to still exist, having escaped fire and the destructive effects of age and vandalism, and for such I was ever on the look-out.

When I examined my treasure trove, I found it was a curious, and evidently very old, piece of carved work, at first sight looking like a solid piece, but not heavy enough to warrant this idea. Black with dust and soot, evidently from ages of exposure to the flaring oil lamps always

burning on altars, it had doubtless been an altar stand for some highly valued object.

A small space on the top, that had been covered by something standing on it, was fresh-looking and clean, revealing the wood to be that of the Paulownia Imperialis—a light, spongy, but long-enduring wood, never attacked by insects, and most frequently used for the foundation of lacquered and other temple furniture. But let me now describe the general form of the curiosity.

The carving looked like the miniature of some rocky islet, with high cliffs and an inaccessible summit. Amongst the rugged faces recesses were cut, some of which still contained microscopic images of *Rakan* (Arhats), but many were missing—probably some hundreds had originally stood clustered around from base to summit.

Not more than two feet high, and one foot in its greatest diameter at base, and somewhat smaller towards the summit; its sides were very irregular in form, like rugged rockery or rustic garden work. There did not appear to be any metal in its construction, but there were several kinds of wood, difficult to identify without damaging or defacing.

As these clever, artistic people never do anything without design, it doubtless had more than exoteric meaning. Here and there were little shrines—halting places on what looked like a representation of a Buddhist pilgrim's progress, along this rocky road. Which of the Rishi carried the banner of Excelsior could not be discerned now.

The base was carved into wavelets, from which conventionalized forms of the dragon, turtle and other mythological creatures were emerging.

What this had been, what it all was meant to represent, "no fellow could tell," all my intimates gave it up, but not so with me, so I resolved to sleep on the matter, and allow matters to develop. What was *inside* being to me the chief concern, it is not surprising that after the usual *hot* tubbing *à la Japonaise*, and the shampoo of the blind expert "masseur," I fell into a dreamy, happy, unconscious state, that developed into realistic visions.

Before depicting a word picture of these dreamy investigations into the past history of my find, let me mention that I had been for some time previously very much interested in some curious books recently purchased, containing wonder stories of old Japan, some of which are now being presented to the readers of LUCIFER.

OMOIE TETSUNOTSUKE.

(To be Continued.)

## THE MEANING OF A PLEDGE.

**I**T has been thought advisable that members of a certain Occult Lodge of the T. S. should have the meaning of the Pledge they are about to take laid before them as plainly as possible. At any rate, that those who have previously signed the Pledge shall lay before those who are about to do so all that they understand this Pledge to mean and what its signature involves.

The Pledge runs as follows :

- " 1. I pledge myself to endeavour to make Theosophy a living factor in my life.
- " 2. I pledge myself to support, before the world, the Theosophical movement, its leaders and its members.
- " 3. I pledge myself never to listen without protest to any evil thing spoken of a Brother Theosophist and to abstain from condemning others.
- " 4. I pledge myself to maintain a constant struggle against my lower nature, and to be charitable to the weaknesses of others.
- " 5. I pledge myself to do all in my power, by study or otherwise, to fit myself to help and teach others.
- " 6. I pledge myself to give what support I can to the movement in time, money, and work.

"So Help Me, My Higher Self."

It is at once plain that this is not a general Pledge like that which is taken so lightly by members of the Theosophical Society ; but that it is a specific undertaking to do and to endeavour to do certain things. Also that it is given under an invocation :—

"So help me my Higher Self."

The term "Higher Self" has recently come into considerable use—at any rate so far as the Theosophical Society is concerned. To those who have studied the meaning of the words it is at once evident that to "take an oath" in the ordinary fashion of Christians is much less serious than a Pledge in presence of the "Higher Self."

The "Higher Self," moreover, is not a sort of sublimated essence of any one man ; a sort of spiritualised "personality." *It* is universal and secondless and in such a sense the term "*my* Higher Self" seems misplaced. But every man, however dimly, is a manifestation of the Higher Self, and it is by the connection of the Jiva, the Monad, with the secondless "Higher Self" that it is possible to use the term. What then does the invocation mean ?

The man who takes this Pledge in the right spirit calls upon It, and

calls every help and blessing from It to his assistance. By an intense desire to be under Its protection he (though It *per se* is latent and passive) places himself under the protection of the active and beneficent powers that are the direct rays of the Absolute Higher Secondless Self.

But if a man takes this Pledge and betrays his Higher Self, he risks every evil and *brings it upon himself*. Thus then, he who remains true to the Pledge has nothing to fear; but he who has no confidence in himself to keep the Pledge when taken, had better leave it and, much more, leave Occultism alone.

Breaking this Pledge cannot, then, involve penalty on the "Higher Self," but it can affect the individual man. The "Higher Self" is immortal, but the Monad exists as a separate individual only during the Manvantaras, and around it various personalities are formed. This incarnates at every new birth, and not only can be, but is, punished if such a Pledge is broken. Once that it has progressed far enough to recognise the glorious light of the Higher Self and desire to live in it, the breaking of the Pledge tends towards a condition which would preclude the possibility of that light not only benefitting the Monad, but even reaching it.

Thus all men are in the presence of two forces in nature. One of them active and beneficent, whose aid and assistance is directly invoked by the Pledge; the other active, but maleficent, which is represented by beings who have a distinct interest in preventing the operation of the Pledge, and in hindering the work of the Theosophical Society. We see this more clearly when we know that we Pledge ourselves *to be* active, and not merely to endeavour to be.

Further, there are powers on the earth and in the flesh, as well as in the astral light, who desire to prevent and hinder the Pledge from taking effect. Some of these act consciously in this manner, and others because they are driven to such conscious action, but without any knowledge of the reason or force which drives them thereto.

We are to endeavour to "make Theosophy a living factor in our lives." Before we can *endeavour* to do this, much less *do* it effectually, we must first understand what Theosophy is, and actually define to ourselves what we individually mean by Theosophy. Now it is exactly this definition, its want, and our ignorance generally which hitherto has prevented us from carrying out this endeavour. Nothing need here be said of the Theosophical Society and the benefit which would come to it by even a small section of its members actually making Theosophy *the* living factor in their lives. Very few do so, and it is only too true that a member of the Theosophical Society is not necessarily a Theosophist. But those who take this Pledge are not content to remain nominally members of the Society, but aspire to be Theosophists indeed. And therefore it is so necessary that all should learn what a Theosophist is, and what any man must do to make Theosophy a *living* factor in his life.

As a negative definition nothing could be better than the definition in LUCIFER No. 3:

“He who does not practise altruism ; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself ; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation, or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery ; he who hears an innocent person slandered, whether a brother Theosophist or not, and does not undertake his defence as he would undertake his own—is no Theosophist.”

But this definition also contains the positive side. It is not sufficient merely to abstain from doing that which is condemned in this definition. The negative side alone is useless to those who take this Pledge—and not merely useless, for it involves practically the breaking of the Pledge. The Pledge demands not only that the man who takes it shall abstain from evil doing but, more, that he shall *positively* work altruistically and defend any innocent person as he would himself.

Many men may be so colourless as not to offend against the negative clauses of the Pledge and definition ; but few are they who are sufficiently positive in their own character as not only not to offend against these clauses but also work in the opposite direction. For the greatest importance does not consist in “I will not” but in the “I will do.” Thus some strength is needed for impersonality. This impersonality is of two kinds, negative and positive. For the negative, strength is needed to fight against the forces of heredity and education, and prevent obedience to the instincts and acquired habits of this and other incarnations. But greater strength is needed to cross the zero-point and create new instincts and habits in the midst of conditions of life and habits of thought which are violently opposed to the new creation. And it would seem that strength is required so that it would be possible to conquer the tendencies of a devil and grow up into divinity. And if we regard the Pledge generally it would seem to be an admirable instrument, in view of the above quoted definition, for finding out and assailing everybody on their weak points. As men and women the Pledge compels us to refrain from acting and thinking in our daily life as our education has hitherto compelled us to do. If we do not so refrain, we do not make Theosophy a living factor in our lives. And more, while we are engaged in this difficult task, the positive side appears and we are told that we have to do other things as difficult—otherwise we are not Theosophists.

The second clause of the Pledge will prove a stumbling block to many lukewarm members of the Theosophical Society. Many may be in complete accord with the objects of the Theosophical Society, so far as they understand them, but also be in complete disagreement with the leaders of the Society and their method of work. Not only may they disagree but also be in either open or concealed hostility to those leaders and many of the members. It is of no use to disguise from ourselves

the fact that this has been the case, and unfortunately may be so again. We work for "Universal Brotherhood" and we are at enmity with our immediate neighbours. This then we pledge ourselves to put a stop to, and to excise the tendency from our natures. Thus Clause 2 has a special reference to certain persons arising out of the general circumstances.

The question naturally arises: "Of what use is a Theosophical Society with such aims, when it is composed of such diverse elements?" And again: "Has the Society any coherence and purpose which shall make *it* a living power in the society by which it is surrounded?" For an analogy exists; and the Society is an individual among societies, just as men and women are individuals. And it may here be emphatically stated that the power and force of any given body is not the total force of its component units, but that the body has an individual force and power of its own apart from them. One has but to turn to the chemistry of "alloys" to see that this is true. If then we regard the Society, it does not seem that any of its strength is due to the united purpose and action of its individual members. But it has a great purpose, and to this a certain number of devoted individuals have sacrificed all that lay in their power. Among these the founders and present leaders of the Society are notable examples. The result is that the Society continues to exist exoterically. But the continued existence of the Society is not due to these few individual efforts alone but to the underlying influence of those under whose direction the Society was founded by its present leaders, and to the fostering care of those Masters in Wisdom, after it was founded.

Clause 3 opens out to many, as the Society is at present constituted, a good deal of casuistical reasoning. It has been said, and it would seem truly said, that it is perfectly open to those who are true Theosophists to condemn an act but not the actor. But this will be found to be a distinction which is very subtle and difficult to make in life. "Light on the Path," too, warns the aspirant against self-righteousness of a like character, "for the soiled garment you shrink from touching may have been yours yesterday, may be yours to-morrow." Thus those who take this Pledge are about to meet a very subtle difficulty (for in life the act and the actor are indissolubly connected), unless they have attained the power of observing and reading on a plane which is at present beyond the reach of the majority of mankind. However, even if this power is beyond reach at present, it is at all events right for those who aspire to be Theosophists to try. We can at least put a bridle on our physical lips and endeavour to do so on our mind, and thus abstain from "condemning others." For the silent condemnation of the mind would seem more "vicious" than physical speech, for, at any rate in the "judge," it is a form of moral cowardice. And herein lies the casuistry. For apart from the definition in LUCIFER, No. 3, it has been open to those who

take the Pledge to consider that their human brothers are not "Brother Theosophists," and therefore that it is legal to judge and condemn. Thus if it could be clearly proven that any man or woman has erred against the said definition it might be possible to receive absolution from the pledge "never to listen without protest to any evil thing spoken" of them. But the definition stops this with its "whether a brother Theosophist or not," and agrees with the legal maxim which is so seldom acted upon—always to consider a man innocent until proved guilty. Suspicion is a dangerous guest to harbour, and we are finally brought back to the fact that it is best to "judge not that ye be not judged."

Clauses 4 and 5 are the completion of resolutions which go straight to the centre of all that militates against Theosophy and against its forming a living factor in men's lives. In this sense Clause 6 is a completion also. But the power to help and teach others can only be found in the united spirit of life, which is a spirit of absolute equality and in the sense that to the Theosophist every man is a teacher.

Clause 6 is a ratification of all that has gone before, but places it in more definite terms.

Thus then before this Pledge is taken it is necessary for all who aspire to take it to carefully ascertain, before pledging themselves to work and activity for Theosophy, what Theosophy really is. Is Theosophy identical with the practice of the Theosophical Society? If it is not, ought it to be? Shall I endeavour to make it so? In pledging myself to work for it, am I in the near or distant future, in this or in some succeeding incarnation, looking for a reward? It would then seem that one of the first requisites is to endeavour to "Know Thyself."

Such a Pledge must not be taken lightly nor in a spirit of mere emotionalism. It has to be taken with a stern resolution to ever and ever more fully carry out its requirements, even at all costs to the man who takes it. It is taken at the risk of the man who takes it in a thoughtless spirit without examining what it really means and without the intention of making its fulfilment the supreme object of his life.

It is necessary "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the truths which exist in Theosophy and then perhaps there may dawn upon the world the day when all men shall be as brothers, and Universal Brotherhood shall be a reality and the guide of all existence.

ONE WHO IS PLEDGED.

g.



### ON CERTAIN FRIENDS.

*"I found them blind, I taught them how to see,  
And now they know neither themselves—nor me."*

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## Correspondence.

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### ASTROLOGICAL.

OVER the ambitious signature of "Magus" a correspondent asks in your July issue, "What is planetary influence and how does it act on man?" "Nemo" in his reply answers other questions but fails to answer this one.

Not being myself a Magus I will not assume to fully describe planetary influence, since to do so would lead us into realms quite beyond our comprehension. But we will get a better idea of the subject by recollecting that the ancients always considered the "ambient"—or entire heaven—at birth, as being that which affected man, and that planets were only the pointers or indices showing when and where the influence of the "ambient" would be felt. The modern astrologers, following those great leaders, but unable to grasp the enormous subject, reduced the scheme to the *influences of planets*. They have thus come to leave out, to a great extent, influences cast by powerful stars, which often produce effects not to be sought for under planets: "When such stars have rule nor wise nor fool can stay their influence." The planets were held, rightly as I think, to be only foci for "the influence of the whole ambient," having however a power of their own of a secondary nature exercisable when the ambient influence was weak.

When London was burnt a mighty star—not a planet—had rule, and Napoleon was prefigured by a star also, his fall being due in fact to the aspect of the heavens *as a whole*, and not to the ruling of Wellington's significator. A slight accident might have thrown the power of the latter out of the horary field. Similarly, the cyclic vicissitudes of this globe will not be shown by any planetary scheme, but by certain *stars* that fix the destiny of poor Earth. When they have their day and term the wise man will be unable to rule his own stars or any others.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

New York, July 27th, 1888.

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### THE DEVIL, WHO IS HE?

SIR,—The Rev. T. G. Headley, who puts the above question in the August number, in the course of his remarks admits that the Devil and Jesus are simply impersonations of Good and Evil, and although it would appear he considers Jesus as an historical character yet I do not gather that he so identifies historically the person of the Devil, so that by your kind permission I will endeavour to give a reply to his question; leaving the question of the identity of Jesus for the present, although it may be that there is a great affinity between the two, and that the much-abused Devil may be transformed into an angel of Light.

The names of these so-called evil *genii* are, it will be found, many and varied, and the same impersonation appears under different aliases in all ages and in all countries. In Egypt it is found as the Serpent Thermuthis which the Egyptians are said to have used as a royal Tiara on the statues of the Goddess Isis, and as the Areph or Serapis, whose bishops were known as Bishops of Christ, in Persia; as Agathodæmon encircling the mundane egg; as the person of Vishnu himself in Hindostan. Then as Vitzepuptzli, the great God in Mexico; and coming finally to the sacred books of the Christians, we find the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. This is the Brazen Serpent lifted up by Moses, with whom, significantly enough, Jesus identifies himself when he says, "So must I be lifted up." So also in all varieties and modifications of the name. The serpent (the Hebrew '*nocash*'), the Greek "Dragon" or *Οφις*, the snake or the Basilisk, the Royal Serpent—the radical idea in all is one. It is the attribute of a peculiar acuteness of sight which hath, says St. John, in Hebrew his name Abaddon or Ab—ad—on the Father, the Lord, the Being; and in Greek Apollyon, that is Apollo, as Sathen or Satan, in 1 Chron. xxi. 1, where the same is used as in 2 Sam. xxiv. 1, showing that Satan and *Yahou* are one and the self-same being; and in Rev. xii. 9, where the writer speaks of that old serpent called the Devil and Satan. Briefly, Ophiolatry or Serpent worship was universal and symbolical of Wisdom and Eternity, its inarticulate or terrible hiss representing the voice of God, since Isaiah assures us "That the Lord will hiss for the fly (or scarabeus) of Egypt."

He is called Satan or Shethen—opposition—and also an Accuser—not, however, a *false* accuser—as, in the book ascribed to Job, he is represented as one of the Sons of God, who presents himself with the others, and as such is invested with superior wisdom, directing even the providence of God. \* In fact there is no name, attribute or title of Godhead, Power or Majesty, ascribed to God either in the Old or New Testament, but that same is the name, title and attribute of Satan.

The "Devil" is the Accuser or Tempter. But, so also we read that God tempted Abraham, and in the prayer we beseech God "to lead us not into temptation." He is the Adversary or "stander over against," or Diabolus, the opposite; hence the French Diable, and as our text says, "Your Adversary, the Devil." Now, briefly, tabulating all the names of the Devil which occur in Scripture, and all the attributes ascribed to him, they will be found to be the Common names and attributes of the Supreme God as follows:—

Baal-Shadai . . . . .	God Almighty.
Bel-Aitan . . . . .	The Mighty Lord.
Bel-Geh . . . . .	The Lord of Health.
Bel-Ial (Belial) . . . . .	Lord of the Opposite.
Baal-Zebub . . . . .	Lord of the Scorpion.

\* This is undeniable; for we find stated in the *Zohar* that the "Ancient of all the Ancients" (Ain-soph, the Kabalists say, the *Logos* or At-tee-kah, also Hokhmah, or Wisdom, the Occultists maintain) having evolved or "created" *Thorah* (the law, or Dharma), hitherto hidden, *Thorah* forthwith addressed IT (the Ancient of all the Ancients) in these words: "IT, that wishes to arrange in order other things, should first arrange Itself in its (to it pertaining) Forms." And the "For ever concealed" did follow *Thorah*'s advice and did so arrange its forms as to become manifested as the Universe. And if *Thorah*, why not Satan?— [ED.]

Baal Berith . . . . .	Lord of the Covenant.
Baal Peor . . . . .	Lord of the Opening.
Baal Perazim . . . . .	Lord of the Divisions.
Baal Zephon . . . . .	Lord of the North.
Baal-Samen . . . . .	Lord of Heaven.
Adoni-Bezeck . . . . .	Lord of Glory.
Moloch-Zedeck . . . . .	King of Righteousness.
Lucifer . . . . .	Son of the Morning or, as in

the margin, Isaiah xiv. 12, Day Star, the very name of Jesus Christ in the Testament: "The Day Star from on high hath visited and redeemed his people." It is corroborated in *Revelation* xxii, "I Jesus am the bright and morning star," or Day Star (xxii. 15); or plainly, I Jes-us am *Lucifer*; that is I am Satan, also the Devil. And so, as the "initiated" apostle truly states, "Satan is transformed into an angel of Light."

Having therefore in this note briefly shown the dual character of the Devil and *Yahou*, or God, and seeing this curious and unedifying intermingling of the attributes of the Supreme, amidst and with the accumulation of centuries of theological confusion, contradictions, and contrarieties, passing before our mind, we are constrained in the strength of the Spirit of Truth to cut the Gordian Knot.

As the Rev. T. G. Headley says, there appear to be two powers at work, Good and Evil, or the Devil and Jesus. But, in their *esse*, they are but one and the same; the Prince or Power of Darkness is the adversary—the opposite—or opponent of the Prince of Light, and constantly follows or persecutes him, as day and night, and as the cold and cheerless reign of winter succeeds the summer, as the earth revolving in space presents its whole surface successively to the sun. So the illuminated *haif* was the Kingdom of Heaven while the adverse, diabolically adverse, symbolically represented Hades, Darkness, the Under World, Bottomless Pit, Hell, &c., which the blackness of infinite space readily realizes. And, as the Hebrew word, and the Greek, for both a Dragon and a Serpent are derived from words which signify the eye, and in all the languages of Asia, the same word expresses the Eye, and the SUN, so Milton's Adam, addressing the sun, says, "Thou sun of this great world, both EYE and SOUL," so all the names that have been given him either in Pagan or Christian Mythology are but the names and personifications of his different supposed attributes: as, Lovely in Spring, Powerful in Summer, Beneficent in Autumn, and Terrible in Winter. So that whatever be the name, whether Jupiter, Pluto, Dionysius, God, Devil, Christ, Satan, Demon, or Angel, it is ever as that famous verse of the Orphic song truly says: "One Jupiter, one Pluto, one Apollo, one Bacchus. It is but the One God in them all." So also our Christian poet sings:

"These as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the *Varied* God: the rolling year  
Is full of Thee: forth in the pleasing *Spring*  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love,  
Then comes thy glory in the *Summer* months

With light and heat refulgent.  
 Thy beauty shines in *Autumn* unconfined  
 And spreads a common feast for all that live.  
 In *Winter*, awful thou with clouds and storms.  
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the World adore  
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast."

To conclude, if we carefully investigate the origin and derivation of the various names by which this Evil (d'evil) or dark genius has been known in all ages, we shall discover that they one and all turn upon the phenomena of darkness and light, day and night, Summer and Winter. Bearing this in mind, the apparent contradiction, and yet dual characters and natures, of the Devil and Jes-us, or God as portrayed in the Christian sacred books, and which is so perplexing to the ordinary reader, becomes clear and distinct. As the Seasons and periods of time revolve, so naturally does the One ESSE or Source of all, by the reflection of which these seasons or shadows thrown upon our mentality, become alternately Day, Night, Summer and Winter, &c., correspondingly God, Devil, Christ, and Satan, &c., hence, outside these phenomena which are many and varied, the Divine ESSE or God is but One and Supreme and All, even as the seven colours of the Sun's rays appear but as one.

THOMAS MAY.

Chelsea, S. W. Aug. 22, 1888.

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#### CHRISTIAN OR MENTAL SCIENCE?

In your review last month of Mrs. Gestefeld's recent work "Statements of Christian Science," you seem to include Mental Science and Christian Science under one head. As a student of the former, I beg to make a few explanations in regard to our doctrine.

In the first place, Mental Science objects as strongly to the name "Christian" being applied to the science as does LUCIFER. For although the manner of healing is the same in essence as that practised by Christ, yet he was not the first to practise it, for it was known and used centuries before his birth.

The whole doctrine of Mental (or Christian) Science is based on the belief that there is an one Universal Whole and that we are all parts of that Whole. The views of Mental Scientists, concerning the relation of matter to spirit, were well voiced by a writer on Occultism, when he defined "Matter as being latent Force" (or Spirit), and "Force (or Spirit), as being free Matter," one substance. Or as it is sometimes expressed "All is Spirit (or mind) there is no Matter," that is, matter has no real existence by itself; it being but a condition of spirit—spirit conditioned—made visible and tangible.

All our diseases can be traced to one fundamental error, the belief that we are separate entities, entirely unconnected with one another. If you will consider this point fully, I think you will agree with me that all sin (and from sin sickness) arises from this almost universal belief. Society is built on that foundation. Instead of man co-operating with man, at present he expends

more than half his energy in fighting his brother. Instead of helping those weaker than himself he looks upon them as his lawful prey.

I heard once of a distinguished physician who told his class in a large medical college that every known disease could be traced to a cold. He might have carried that statement even farther and said that every disease could be traced to a *fear*—conscious or unconscious—caused by a sense of separateness.

You ask where is the guarantee—the hall-mark by which the true Mental (or so-called Christian) Scientist may be known. "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*"\*

As to the safeness of intrusting this power to the multitude, I am not in a position to judge. But "the powers that might be expected to intervene in order to prevent Keely's inventions from becoming factors in human life" might, I venture to suggest, also be expected to intervene if "mankind is too selfish, too cruel, too stupid, too pitiless, too animal to be intrusted with minor 'divine powers,'" for such the powers of Mental Healing certainly are.†

Mental Science wars against the materialism of the age. It endeavours to make man realize that behind his material body he has a soul, that that soul is one of the rays of the sun of Infinite Spirit—distinct in itself but inseparable from that sun—that by virtue of his relation to that Universal Spirit every man is your brother in fact as well as in word.

Jesus rarely used material means when he accomplished his cures, and when he did it was but to prove their inefficacy. When he employed clay and saliva to open the eyes of the blind man, was it to support belief in material remedies?

A strong mind dominates a weaker with which it comes in contact. A child is under the dominion of the thought of those by whom it is surrounded; and, all "children's diseases" are caused by the fears of those in the atmosphere of whose minds the child lives. So-called "contagious diseases" are usually caused by the fears of communities and bodies of men. In each of these cases I have said fears because I wished to get as near the root or primary cause as possible. It may have been anger, jealousy, selfishness &c. but those are but different forms of fear arising from the false belief of separateness (personality).

*True prayer* never went unanswered. How could a whole nation possibly offer up fervent prayer when probably there was not one in a thousand who even knew what fervent prayer meant? Mental Science *is* true prayer.

\* Just so. And it is precisely because we find these fruits abortive, by reason of the ever-failing attempts—as far as we have seen and heard—to cure a really serious disease by such means, that we permit ourselves to doubt the efficacy of Mental (or Christian) Science, in its modern garb and practice. It is not mental *Science* itself—thousands of years old—that we doubt, but the Scientists, whether Mental or Christian. We doubt as little the existence of such a Science in days of old, and the possibility of its revival in our age, as we do Theosophy, and the Wisdom-Religion, of which both Theosophy and Mind-Cure are part and parcel. But what we do say is that "many are the called and (very) few are the chosen." Neither the Mental Scientist, nor the Theosophist, are such by the saying "*by their fruits ye shall know them.*" Two-thirds of the Mental (or Christian) Scientists and Theosophists are, we fear, but bad wine corked in good bottles.—[ED.]

† It is this pernicious doctrine of ever relying upon extraneous help that leads to the collapse—physical, mental, moral, and spiritual—of well-meaning, but weak and unbalanced minds. It slays the patient of the mesmeriser and the mental healer, the neophyte of the sorcerer, and the *dilettante* of Reform. Neither success nor safety is to be found outside self-development.—[ED.]

As for Bright's disease of the kidneys being produced in persons who are untruthful and practise deception, I think the assertion far too sweeping; nor would I treat a patient for deception or any like error *directly*, knowing that to be but secondary and that the primary cause was fear. Instead of cutting off one branch of the briar which happens to hang over your path, how much better to root it up and so have it out of your way for ever.

Mental Science interferes in no way with the law of Karma. In fact the majority of Mental Scientists firmly believe in it. The Healer does not change his patient, he shows him how he can change himself, he simply points out the way, he is his teacher.

In closing, I will merely say that Mental Science never claimed to be new. It is an old science reborn under a new name.

Its aims are those of Theosophy—the conquering of the lower and the development of the higher nature. It stretches forth its hand to theosophy hoping to be recognized as an old friend and that they may henceforth go hand-in-hand, accomplishing their great purpose faster and more effectually by their united efforts.\*

Yours fraternally,

REGINALD BIRNEY, F.T.S.

Hartford, Conn. U.S.A. August 6th, 1888.

\* AMEN, with all our heart—upon the condition of MUTUAL justice.—[ED.]

#### THE EMENDATIONS OF HAMLET.

In your review of my edition of "Hamlet," the reviewer politely invites me to explain "a fault in sense of rhythm." Two instances he gives; first:

"Why this same strict and most observant watch?  
*Why* so nightly toils the subject of the land?"

In all the editions these two lines are united, without any point after "watch," which is nonsense. "Why" must be *understood* or *expressed* (in the second line), and an interrogation point should evidently close the first line. If expressed, the rhythm is certainly disturbed, unless we slur "Why so" into one syllable, which would be as justifiable as treating "Marry" in this way (instances of which are not few), or "England" (also instances), as well as many other words, which are intractable enough to double up into monosyllables.

The next instance is:

And *tether* the devil, or throw him out."

As I simply substitute *tether* for "*either*," I do not disturb the rhythm here.

The reviewer says that he "notices several passages" of a similar character, but only two others will be found. The one is:

"And stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
Disasters *bred* in the sun; and the moist star,"

Apply here the ordinary treatment of "i the" for "in the," and the rhythm

is perfect. This I thought was obvious, but I did not print it so because I did not wish to depart from the text, which prints "in the."

The other is :

"The most select and generous, are chief in that."

Here, as above, the slurring of the last two words will secure the required smoothness—for "generous" is of course a dissyllable.

Shakespeare was "not sure of hand," wrote Matthew Arnold ; this should be remembered, not that I cast my faults, if any, upon Shakespeare. I hope however, that I have been able to explain what have appeared to be faults. Permit me to express my pleasure that the rest of my work has met with unqualified approval at your hands.

M. MULL.

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#### GERALD MASSEY IN AMERICA.

THE intelligent American public will shortly have another opportunity to hear that brilliant orator, poet, Egyptologist and philosopher, Mr. Gerald Massey, about to visit America for the third time on a lecturing tour. Our transatlantic brethren of the T. S. will give him, we feel sure, a hearty welcome, for his own sake, and for that of the help he has given LUCIFER, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of his views to that of the Theosophists in some respects. All our theosophists and readers remember the charming poetry and excellent articles on symbology that have graced the pages of our magazine over Mr. Gerald Massey's signature. His is a richly stocked mind, full of learning, where there is no room for narrow-minded prejudice. His noble endeavours to raise the British working-man to higher aspirations and ideals have made his title clear to ennoblement in the list of benefactors of humanity and won the respect of the greatest thinkers of our age.

The last time he was in the States, his health broke down in the midst of a course of lectures in Chickering Hall, New York, and he was laid up for some months. He is probably better known or appreciated in America than in England. At least we know of an occurrence in a London drawing-room which points that way. Two American ladies claimed that Mr. Massey was an American poet, and there was no one present who could disprove it. This is a story that Mr. Massey tells with great glee. There are, however, some reasons for this. Mr. Massey's poems have been published in a collected edition in Boston, U. S., but never in England. He is perhaps the least published of any living author. At the present time the whole of his writings in prose and verse, with the exception of his "Natural Genesis" and "Book of the Beginnings," are out of print. He is preparing to make a re-appearance with his work in the "Secret Drama of Shakspeare's Sonnets," which has lately been re-written by him in the light of later knowledge, with a reply to the anti-Shakspeareans. It is to be issued immediately from the press of Messrs. Clay and Sons in two editions, one for subscribers only, the other for the public. A foolish notice, full of errors, recently appeared in Mr. Redway's circular attached to the June number of LUCIFER. Amongst other mis-statements it was alleged that Mr.

Massey was "a ghost-seer" as well as a poet. This is simply untrue.\* Nor was Mr. Massey's work on Shakspeare based on any abnormal experience of his own. A "psychic origin for anything professedly outside the consciousness of the author" in that relationship has to be referred to the mediumship of Mr. Massey's first wife and not to his own, as explained by him in one of his lectures. Mr. Massey's later studies and researches bring him nearer to the Theosophists. He has never lectured better than he did in delivering his recent course of lectures in London. What he has to say is the result of profound research and wide experience, and is sure to be uttered in that masculine English of which he is a master. His list of lectures contain subjects that are Evolutionary, Anthropological, Gnostic, Neo-Naturalistic and Literary. A few of these are :—

Woman, as the Victim of Ancient Symbolism.

Mythical Mares'-Nests.

The Devil of Darkness in the Light of Evolution.

Man in Search of his Soul for 50,000 Years, and how he Found it.

The Coming Religion.

A Leaf from the Book of my Life.

The Historical Jesus of the Jews and the Mythical Egyptian Christ.

Paul the Gnostic Opponent of Historic Christianity, called by Tertullian the "Apostle of the Heretics."

The "Logia of the Lord," or Pre-Christian Sayings assigned to Jesus in the Gospels.

The Hebrew Creations fundamentally Explained.

The Fall of Man as an Astronomical Allegory and a Physiological Fable.

Gnostic and Historic Christianity.

Christianity in the Roman Catacombs, or the Testimony of Gnostic Art.

Luniolatry : Ancient and Modern.

Natural Origin of Spirits : Elemental, Celestial, and Human.

Mythology as a Primitive Mode of Representation.

Totemism as a Primitive Mode of Representation.

Fetishism as a Primitive Mode of Representation.

Sign-Language : From Gestures to the Alphabet.

Thought without Words.

The Anti-Shakspeare Craze ; or, Shakspeare and Bacon.

Reality and Shams in Art and Literature.

Charles Lamb : The Most Unique of Humorists.

Robert Burns.

Thomas Hood : Poet and Punster.

Old England's Sea-Kings : How they Lived, Fought, and Died.

We subjoin a sample of Mr. Massey's teaching, from the latest of his lectures, privately printed :—

Men like Jesus, or Jehoshua ben Pandira, the Jewish political and social reformer, or Gautama, or Biuno, or Garibaldi, or Gordon, or Garfield, are in a sense Saviours of the world. They set before us an illuminated image of immortal love. They pull down on themselves, and bear for us, the heavy burden of martyrdom, because of the wolfish selfishness of the world ! But there is no salva-

\* The circular was appended by Mr. Redway to LUCIFER without being submitted to the editors. LUCIFER is now its own publisher.—[ED.]

tion possible for us out of the mere act of their suffering. The only salvation is for those who range themselves on the side of these martyrs, and reformers, and forerunners, against the selfishness of the world, to work and change the crude conditions of things, which for ever demand the sacrifice of the best and dearest of women and men. When Arnold von Winkelreid took the double armful of the enemies' spears into his own breast, it was to make a way for his fellow-countrymen to pass on and widen the gap he had made—not for them to stay behind and pat him on the back, or merely subscribe to erect a statue to his memory. That the innocent *are* continually offered up on account of the besotted selfishness of the many is a fact. That they must continue to be thus offered up, until the world awakes to see this shameful sacrifice of others to save its own selfishness, is likewise a fact. But to erect this into a religious dogma, and call it the divine means of saving men, who wilfully continue and necessitate the conditions of society which cause and demand the martyrdom, is about the most immoral and damnable doctrine ever offered to humanity. Why, this doctrine of atonement is so unmanly, so cowardly, and currish, that, if put in its naked truth, the lowest rough in Whitechapel, if unperverted by orthodoxy, would be too manly to accept such an immoral mode of salvation. Any one who would consent to be saved at the expense of another, and an innocent person, ought only to escape, if at all, because he would not be worth the damning. Far nobler was the teaching of Captain George W. Pendleton of the Cleopatra, of Gloucester, Mass. His vessel was doomed and sinking fast, when the boat put off from the "Lord Gough" with a crew that volunteered to try and rescue the shipwrecked men. But with salvation in sight the American captain, by agreement with his men, hauled down his own flag of distress. He thought no boat could live in such a sea. "I said to my men, shall we let those brave fellows risk their lives to save ours? and they said 'No.' Then I hauled down the flag." And so they deliberately elected to die first! That was the gospel according to George Pendleton! But this sacrifice of the innocent to save the guilty—of others instead of self—is the religion of savages; it belongs to the most benighted conditions of the human race, and as such is doomed to die out of any state of true civilisation. The doom of Historic Christianity is sealed, because it was based upon Dognias against which the highest instincts of the race will for ever rise in insurrection, and doctrines that are certain to be rejected by the growing moral sense of humanity.

Enfranchised from what I have learned of the interior operations of natural law, such selfishness defeats its own end and aim. The only way of helping oneself is by helping others. The only true way of receiving is by giving. The fear of being lost never yet saved the soul of any man. Put aside the fable, and the foolish fraud that has been founded on it, and we are face to face with the fact that man has no power to lose his own soul or damn himself for all eternity. If man be immortal by nature, continuity is not based on morality—however much he may retard development by limiting his life to the lower self, which may be a hell to think of and struggle out of hereafter. Nor is the hereafter a heaven provided on purpose to make up for the man-made sufferings to those, who have been deluded and cheated and starved out of their life in this world. If it were so, then Providence would not only be responsible for all the mal-arrangement and the misery, through not merely allowing it, but for permitting it, and *providing for* it! Whereas we see the wrong is remediable, the sufferings are unnecessary, and the Christian way out of it is a misleading *cul de sac*. It is like some of the squirrel tracks in the forest with the trail ending up a tree.

The orthodox teachings are so false that they have made the utterance of truth a blasphemy, and all the proclaimers of truth blasphemers! Oppose their savage theology, and you are denounced as an Atheist. Expose the folly of their faith, and you are an Infidel all round. Deny their miracles, and they damn your morals. *The Christian Rock*, not knowing what to say against me that was *good enough*, charged me with having published a volume of *indecent* poetry. It was a malicious lie!—a real instance of *original sin*. But that was what the ignoramus said—mistaking me, as I suppose, for Mr. Swinburne. There was something grand in the ancient martyrdom suffered by the heralds of free thought; whereas the modern reformer has to endure the prolonged torture and ignominy of being kicked to death by butterflies, or gnawed to death by gnats. The religion, founded on misunderstood and perverted mythology, has made everything wrong, and nothing short of an utter reversal, with all Nature for our guide and on our side, can set us right. Its apotheosis of sorrow, of suffering and sacrifice is entirely false, because these are on account of that which, like the "Fall of Man," never really occurred—and weeping over that which is not real is nothing more than a waste of water. Nature offers no evidence that man was meant to moan as a miserable animal. It is true that sorrow and suffering may purge and purify the life, and add a precious seeing to our sight. That which gives the wound may deposit the pearl. The iron of a steadfast soul has frequently been forged in purgatorial fires of pain. The greater the pressure from without, the more has it evoked and evolved the rebounding spirit from within. But that is because there is a power which can turn all experience to account if our life be right in its root-relationship. And human life will always have its full share of sorrow and suffering. But nothing can be false than to try and found a religion on

sorrow and suffering, by the representation of this world as *destined* to be a vale of tears, which we are bound to grow anxious to get out of as soon as we recognise that we are in it. No! *it is not in sorrow, but in joy*, that we can *attain the greatest unconsciousness of self, and live the larger objective life for others*. We learn as we come to a knowledge of joy, that all sorrow and suffering are but the passing shadows of things mortal, and not the enduring or eternal reality. When no longer darkened or eclipsed by the false creed which has benighted our minds and totally obscured so many natural truths, we can see to the end of these shadows—we can overlook them—in the larger intellectual light of a truer interpretation of the necessities of evolution and of the human environment. If nature has one revelation of truth to make more plainly apparent than another, it is that her creature, man, is intended for health and happiness here, in this life, and not merely hereafter—on condition of suffering here! Pleasure is the natural accompaniment of our creative or productive activities, and the human likeness of life itself is conceived and imaged in delight. Health, physical or mental, means happiness. And everywhere the pull of the natural forces and elements are on the side of health, and, therefore, of consequent or premeditated happiness; children of the blind who never saw, being born to see, and the children of the deaf mutes being born to talk. That delight in life was intended by means of health and happiness may likewise be read in the stern punishment administered by nature for every breach of natural law by which we injure our health and destroy our happiness; and, lest the personal memory of the fact for *one* generation should be too short-lived, the results and effects of the violated law are kept before us, in some cases from generation to generation, *not as gibbets* for mere vengeance, but as sign-posts pointing to the way of reformation. Health is intended, and happiness is the result. It is the happy who will be moral; not the miserable. Now, the Christian scheme would make us miserable, in order that we may be moral here and happy hereafter! Whereas Nature says, be happy here and now, by learning the laws of health—individual, social, political, universal; by getting rid of all opposing falsehood, and establishing the true conditions for evolving health and happiness everywhere for all.

From a mass of the most flattering testimonials, we cull the following few, for the information of those distant admirers who have not yet had the good fortune to make his personal acquaintance.

Said the *London Review*, speaking of his poems:—

“Brave, honest, free-spoken Gerald Massey! Assuredly, it is no vain speculation to suppose that the name of such a poet will become a household word amongst millions; that his writings will be regarded as a precious jewel amongst their domestic treasures; that wherever the English tongue is spoken, and an English heart beats with paternal love, or throbs for liberty, there will the poems of General Massey be received with welcome.”

To which, the *London Quarterly Review* adds:—

“His love-poetry is very pure and sweet, and frequently rivals the most genuine strains of Burns.

“To him, indeed, we owe the sweetest songs of courtship, the merriest marriage-ditties, and the most touching lays of child-life, that have ever been given to the world.”

The most appreciative and suggestive, perhaps, of all is Walter Savage Landor's opinion of Mr. G. Massey's writings in general. Says that able critic:—

“In the first thirty-seven pages there are all these passages and many more, perhaps, of equal beauty. Here is such poetry as the generous Laureate will read with approbation; such poetry as Jeffrey would have tossed aside with derision, and as Gifford would have torn to pieces in despair; can anything more or better be said for it?”

John Ruskin gives him unqualified praise and says that it is his profound conviction that "few national services can be greater than that which you (he) have rendered."

Sir Arthur Helps thinks that Mr. Massey has entered "on the one field of Shakespearean literature which has not been sufficiently explored," and that his "Work is likely to be of permanent value."

Lord Tennyson confesses to his having read his "Book more than once and got others to read it." In the words of the *New York Tribune*:—

"Mr. Massey comes to us to lecture upon literary subjects, and he brings with him a reputation as a lecturer not second to his poetical fame. In a truer sense than any English writer he may be called the poet of the poor. But his early association with labouring people did not prevent him from becoming an ingenious scholar. He has made the most subtle and curious study of the character of Shakespeare, as shown in his writings, which has yet been put forth."

Finally one can do no better than to close our notice by quoting a few lines from the *Guardian* which so well epitomizes our own opinion:—

"In whatever part of the field of literature we meet him, he deserves recognition as a writer of earnestness and ability, who has achieved success under circumstances which, in the case of the vast majority of men, would have involved total failure."

AN OLD ADMIRER.



## INDIAN PROVERBS.

As transitoriness, like a nurse, takes first to its breast the new-born child, and afterwards the mother, what way is there then for grief?

Where are now the great lords of the earth, with their armies and chariots of war?

To-day the earth herself testifies that they have departed.

Whatever mighty deeds King Sagara and the great kings performed, even these deeds, yea, and the kings themselves, have sunk into night.

As the streams of a river flow on, and return not, so pass away the days and nights, taking away the lives of men.

C. J.

## Reviews.

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### THE SECRET SYMBOLS OF THE ROSICRUCIANS OF THE 16th AND 17th CENTURY.\*

THE reappearance of this celebrated work, in an English translation marks an epoch in the history of the theosophical movement. The original work, from which this translation is an exact copy, exists partly in print, partly in unique manuscript, and treats of the science of the *Universum*, and contains in a collection of symbols all that may be known about the spiritual aspect of the Microcosm and Macrocosm and their constitution, as a whole and in their details. It is a work whose existence is often mentioned in the writings of the mediæval philosophers, but which has been seen only by few persons living at present, all accessible copies of it having been destroyed by the Jesuits in the interests of their order; because by representing the true nature of the Christian symbols and allegories, it seriously interfered with the dogmas and the financial interests of the Catholic church.

The acquisition of "Dangerous" books by means, fair or foul, and their theft or destruction by the clergy is not a fable, as is well known to the writer of this review, who during his boyhood saw one after the other of the most valuable books on Occultism mysteriously disappear from his father's library, and when, at the secularisation of the neighbouring convent of monks of the order of St. Augustine, the monastery was taken in possession by the civil authorities, the stolen books were found in the library of the convent, they having been stolen by a member of the family, who was induced to steal and surrender them to the monks by means of the confessional.

Dr. Hartmann's translation is evidently made from a complete copy of this celebrated work, of which only a few torn and detached sheets were in my father's library, and a part of which are said to be in possession of Mr. Sachse of Philadelphia. It is a work whose importance cannot be too highly estimated by those who desire to enter the inner temple of occult knowledge. It consists of a great number of coloured plates and designs, describing the interaction of the forces existing on the spiritual, astral and physical planes, and in it may be found a representation of all the mysteries contained in the visible and invisible universe. It is a work which requires the study of a lifetime before it will be completely understood; but he who succeeds in completely understanding it, is an Adept.

For this reason it cannot be the object of the writer to write a complete *review* of the book; to do so would involve the capacity to describe in words, spiritual truths, such as cannot be described in words; but which must become

\* Translated from the German by Dr. F. Hartmann and published by the Occult Publishing Co., Boston.

clear to the mind of the student by means of interior perception and meditation. For the same reason no one but a true Rosicrucian could possibly *criticise* the work, the same being a representation and summary of Rosicrucian wisdom.

There are two ways of receiving instruction. One is to obtain information in regard to a truth; the other is to find a truth oneself. The former method usually leads only to merely theoretical results; the latter is the practical way. In external science teaching consists in answering questions; in occult science, the best method is to put questions to the student and to show him the way how he may find their solution himself. The higher mysteries are therefore taught in parables and allegories; to give their complete explanation—if it were possible to do so—would destroy their utility; it would be like publishing a *charade* or a riddle with the solution printed at the end; it would be an injury to the reader, for it would render it useless for him to exercise his own thoughts.

We are therefore thankful to the translator, not only for having saved such a valuable work from destruction and for having it made accessible to the English reader, but also for *not* having attempted to fully explain its contents, as the introduction of the work and its vocabulary of occult terms is sufficient to furnish the key to its understanding.

To the merely superficial reader this book will be merely of antiquarian interest; but to those who desire to acquire self knowledge it will be an aid to find within themselves a mine of untold treasures and of immortal wealth.

DR. A. PIODA.

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#### CHANTS OF LABOUR.

Edited by EDWARD CARPENTER. Published by SWAN, SONNENSCHNEIN & Co., London.

**T**HIS little volume would seem destined to be the Hymn-Book (saving the term) of the advanced Democracy. It contains over fifty "chants" set, for the most part, to old well-known, stirring tunes, such as "the Vicar of Bray," "Scots wha ha'e," the "Marseillaise," &c., with a few new and original airs scattered among the old favourites. A characteristic of the book is that its poems are chiefly by members of the real working-classes; for we see appended to most of the names such descriptions as "cabinet-maker," "machine-fitter," "porter," &c. But, far from this fact involving a poor quality of verse, the "chants" are most stirring in their thoughts and diction. From among the rest we may select two for special mention, the first by W. H. Dowding (cabinet maker), which runs as follows:—

"Comrade, in a world where Gold  
Is the god of young and old,  
Only hearts by Love made bold  
May its power defy!

For to-day we round us see  
 Gold's own victims abjectly  
 To the Gold-god bow the knee,  
 Prone before him lie.

“In our longing hearts we pray  
 That the dawn of Freedom's day,  
 Competition's curse, may stay;  
 And from shore to shore,  
 Every child of earth may be  
 Sharer of God's bounty, free,  
 Sloth and want and misery  
 Banished evermore!”

These words come home to us with redoubled force at the present moment, when the revelations of the Sweating System are filling our minds with horror, and rousing in us all a determination to do our utmost to strangle this demon of commercial competition.

From the second (by Evelyn Pyne), we have only space to quote one verse:—

“Young men 'reft of love, my brothers,  
 Maiden's beauty worn away—  
 Old men sore and sad with labour—  
 Children with no time to play—  
 Hearken! hearken! Oh, my brothers,  
 What the grand new time will say!”

To this “Song-book of the People,” Walter Crane has designed the frontispiece with his customary command of ornamental outline; and, with this attractive sketch to recommend it to notice, we look for a wide success of a volume which appeals to all who are beginning to awake to the evermore articulate cry of the “masses.”

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## WOMAN. VOL. II.

### HER GLORY, HER SHAME, AND HER GOD.

**I**N the above volume Saladin prosecutes the campaign against Christianity to which he has devoted the larger part of his literary work. Readers of **LUCIFER** will recall the recent review of the previous volume of the book in these columns, and the favourable criticisms which this brilliant writer then evoked. We have now simply to endorse that verdict, and, although unable to agree with the extreme conclusions occasionally arrived at by Mr. Ross, we cannot but see in the terrible indictment before us an impeachment of Christian morality which admits of no answer. Christian ethics and Christian *practice* are exposed and satirized with merciless severity, and the reader is confronted with a vast array of facts bearing on “modern civilization” which show the *total inadequacy* of present creeds to grapple with the vices and brutality of man.

"Woman" is never dull; it is, on the contrary, so sparkling and versatile as to throw a charm even over the most plain-spoken passages where English impurity is brought to light. But let no reader of a pharisaical or fastidious turn of mind peruse his work. Saladin is a pure-minded and high-souled writer, but he stops at no revelation when he intends to prove his case. The annals of vice are deliberately sifted—from the *support and legalization of prostitution* by the English *Christian* Government in the East down to the revolting secrets of "modern Babylon" at home. The exposure is not pleasant reading, it reads far worse than anything penned by Tacitus regarding Roman vice under the emperors, but it is unfortunately true. "And yet," writes the author, after unveiling one hideous sore, "the pulpit and the religious press are possessed of sufficient ignorance (?) and effrontery to declare that Christianity has exalted the status of woman and sweetened and purified the atmosphere of social and domestic life. To writers of this sort "Woman" will prove a very efficient eye-opener.

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[We copy this extract from a review of "Agnosticism and Christianity," by "Julian" (*Secular Review*, June 2nd, 1888), as embodying remarkably logical and philosophical arguments against some so-called axioms which can never be accepted as such—Ed.]

"Mr. Samuel Laing, in his new booklet, 'Agnosticism and Christianity,' begins with stating Professor Huxley's definition of knowledge. The Professor is made to say: 'A man shall not say he knows or believes that which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe.' As an axiom this is most faulty. As a universal truth it is, *me judice*, wholly untenable. It may be in part true, so far as phenomenal 'knowledge' is concerned, but certainly is not at all true of 'belief.' Belief is based solely on man's faith in the competency and credibility of the person who professes to instruct, and not 'on scientific grounds,' as the Professor states. Children do not believe on scientific grounds, but solely because they think the person who tells them is competent to know and honest to state what he knows. All our belief in history is based entirely on our faith in the historian. Nine-tenths of our knowledge is that of faith; the remaining tenth is of a very mixed character indeed, and very often inferential and most erroneous. Experiment is by no means infallible; data are by no means always to be trusted. Hasty inferences from experiment and data have led to a legion of errors, and new experiments with new data often re-write the 'knowledge' thus obtained.

"Then, again, not one in a million has any 'scientific grounds for his knowledge or belief' even in phenomena. He is taught by a master, that master by other masters or by books, and those masters or books were most of them only second-hand. Phenomenal knowledge, no doubt, must be originally based on personal observation, data, or experiment; but such science forms only an infinitesimal part of our 'knowledge or belief.'

"Then, in regard to the other dictum of Professor Huxley, quoted by Mr. Laing—'We know nothing beyond phenomena'—it is by no means clear what the Professor means. We know scores and scores of things *besides* phenomena; but of phenomena themselves we only know what our senses inform us of, or

what we believe the senses of others have taught them. Thus a blind man has no personal knowledge of the phenomena of sight; but all he knows of such matters is from faith. And very often the knowledge derived from our five senses is quite erroneous, and requires correction. Trusting to our eyes, the sun, moon, and stars are round planes like plates; but telescopes inform us they are balls or spheres. A ship at sea viewed from the beach seems quite near at hand, but may be many a long mile off the spectator.

"Sometimes these corrections are truly marvellous, as when rays of light of widely different lengths appear to be all equal: as, for example, in the sun, many thousands of miles make no difference in the apparent lengths of the rays of light, so that those from the solar equator seem no longer than those from the pole nearest the earth. Our sight, therefore, is not trustworthy; our sense of touch is equally deceptive; and so is our sense of hearing, which perpetually leads us astray in regard to the direction and source of sounds.

"If, however, Professor Huxley, by the phrase 'beyond phenomena,' means what is called 'noumenon,' then he only expresses a platitude and means by 'beyond phenomena' what the old schoolmen called 'substratum.' Thus, in a rose the petals do not make the rose, the perfume does not, the colour does not, the shape does not: all these are logical accidents, subject to change; but, when all accidents are taken away, a substratum remains, which evades knowledge and escapes detection."



## THE KING'S RING.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king  
Who upon his signet-ring  
Graved a maxim true and wise,  
Which, if held before his eyes,  
Gave him counsel, at a glance,  
Fit for every change and chance;  
Solemn words, and these are they:  
"Even this shall pass away!"

Trains of camels through the sand  
Brought him gems from Samarcand;  
Fleets of galleys through the seas  
Brought him pearls to match with these.  
But he counted not as gain  
Treasures of the mine or main;  
"What is wealth?" the king would say,  
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,  
At the zenith of the sport,  
When the palms of all his guests  
Burned with clapping at his jests,  
He, amid his figs and wine,  
Cried, "Oh, loving friends of mine!  
Pleasure comes, but not to stay:  
"Even this shall pass away."

Lady fairest ever seen  
Chose he for his bride and queen.  
Couched upon the marriage bed,  
Whispering to his soul, he said,

"Though a bridegroom never pressed  
Dearer bosom to his breast,  
Mortal flesh must come to clay:  
"Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,  
Once a javelin pierced his shield.  
Soldiers, with a loud lament,  
Bore him bleeding to his tent.  
Groaning from his tortured side,  
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried;  
"But with patience, day by day,  
"Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,  
Twenty cubits in the air,  
Rose his statue carved in stone  
Then the king, disguised, unknown,  
Stood before his sculptured name,  
Musing meekly, "What is fame?  
Fame is but a slow decay:  
"Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,  
Waiting at the gates of Gold,  
Spake he with his dying breath,  
"Life is done; but what is death?"  
Then in answer to the king  
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,  
Showing by a heavenly ray—  
"Even this shall pass away."

THEODORE TILTON.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF  
AN UNPOPULAR PHILOSOPHER

THOUGHTS

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF LUCIFER.

*Ever Onward.*

IN its ceaseless and, also, too rapid flight along the path of Eternity, Time has taken one mighty stride more: a step of twelve months' duration toward the last day of our present age; also of the lives of many of us within, and of all of us beyond—the ultimate frontier of our senile century. In twelve years more the curtain will have dropped, shutting out the foot-lights from the actors and all the latter from the public view . . . .

It is only then that many a scene enacted in the sad drama of life, and many an hitherto misunderstood attitude of some of the chief actors in that Mystery of the Age called Theosophy and its Societies, will appear in its true light.

*The Verdict of Posterity.*

In those days of the forthcoming age Solomon shall sit in judgment over David. The century that shall be born shall pass its sentence over the century which is now fast dying. And, the grandchildren of the modern theosophists will have to find a verdict for, or against their sires. What shall it be? Perhaps, there are those who know, but who of them shall tell! Those who can see into the womb of futurity and could prophesy, keep aloof from the sneers of the Philistines. In our days of Iconoclasm and prosaic realism he is no philosopher—not even an "unpopular" one—who dabbles in things unseen. Let us abstain, since Theosophists are denied the privileges granted to certain astrologers—let us rather render to Cæsar that which belongs to Cæsar; the full homage due to the eminent virtues which characterize our age. How glaringly its bright image falls on the dark screen of the Past! what a contrast between its Christian purity, fortitude, charity, chastity and unselfishness, and the vices and dissipation of—say—its long departed predecessor, the age of the Imperial and Pagan Rome! This is affirmed in scores of works, preached from thousands of

pulpits. What will be the *impartial* opinion of Century XX. about its predecessor is easy to see. Our historians are the sons and descendants of those patristic biographers who made of the Emperor Julian an apostate, and of Constantine a Saint. Fear not then the verdict of thy immediate posterity, O Century XIX. Blessed shall be the fruit of thy womb, in any case. For, whether that fruit be green or over-ripe, godly or diabolical, so long as thy rotten civilisation goes on producing historians, so long shall thy policy of plunder and bloodshed be called civic and military virtues, and sham, lie and hypocrisy stand proclaimed as Sparto-Christian ethics.

*Our "Morning Star."*

LUCIFER is one year old this month. The child is growing and waxing strong in Spirit—if not altogether as much in wisdom, as one might like it. Its temper is often complained of, and it has made enemies. But its friends are many, and in certain parts of the world it is petted and even spoiled—temper notwithstanding. Our baby is teething, in truth, and therefore subject at times to fits of pessimism and biting. But its humour will soften down with age; and as material for its food is gradually collecting for the second year, it may yet be proved, even to its enemies, a precocious and well-informed, if even an unwelcome child.

*A Wicked Charge.*

Meanwhile some subscribers have thought fit to throw a shadow on his second birthday. LUCIFER, they say, does not live up to its promises; *i.e.* it does not sufficiently "bring to light the hidden things of darkness" concerning the Book of God and the "friends of God," the Jewish Patriarchs. Payne Knight and Inman have done so far, more fully and efficiently, etc., etc.

Respected Subscribers! LUCIFER is Venus only in astronomy; nor have its editors ever bargained to equal, far less surpass, in the exposition of phallic mysteries, Inman and Payne Knight, or even their miniature "*Bijou*" edition, Har-

grave Jennings. The methods used by these gentlemen are, no doubt, very scientific; but, they are too realistic and too crude and too one-sided for us to follow. If people will have truth, then, of course, the "hidden things of darkness" in the Sinaitic Symbology have to be unveiled. Let us then *re-reveal* Revelation by all means.

But why should we go out of our way to use the Bible as a colonial store of spices with which to flavour our Western viands, or turn LUCIFER into a Scotland Yard detective staff for patriarchal delinquents? The amorous debates of the *dramatis personæ* in Pentateuchal esotericism, are very well in archæological works of research, but entirely out of place in a theosophical magazine. LUCIFER is intended to review, and preach modern not ancient ethics, and metaphysical as against materialistic philosophy. The *faux pas* of Lot and David, "the friends of God," belong, together with the poetical glyphs of "fish," "heel" and "thigh," to scriptural symbology. It was an archaic attempt at feline cleanliness, and speaks rather in favour than to the detriment of the authors of the revealed book. Those who prefer naked sincerity of language, are asked to turn to the Prophets.

#### *The Age of Ovid or Hosea?*

The word of the "Lord" unto Hosea, the son of Beerî, was surely addressed to our age of civilization. The latter is truly the reincarnation of the docile prophet, who, acting upon the advice of his God, loves "a woman beloved of her friends, yet an adulteress," looks to many gods and loves "flagons of wine."

What have we to envy in the "stiff-necked" people of Israel? From its Sodom and Gomorrah, its worship of the Golden Calf, the innocent pastimes of King Solomon, down to the practice and policy of those whom the Christian Saviour addressed as the "generation of vipers," we are the worthy followers of the "chosen people." We have made of the "upper ten" our high places wherein we worship, and the symbology of modern society is of as concealing a nature as that of the Biblical writers. Their symbology pales before ours. The magic wand of our century transforms in its astuteness everything under the sun into something else, in social, political and daily life. The hideous marks of moral leprosy are made to appear as glorious scars from wounds received on the battlefield of honour; black tresses are changed into yellow hair, and the adipose tissue of carrion metamorphosed into the poor man's butter. We live

in days of a moral (alias immoral) *flerie*, in which every Mr. Hyde puts on the mask of Dr. Jekyll. It is the latter who is the symbolism of our age, and the former its ever more and more irrepressible tendency. Thus the cloak of esotericism, which modern society, the representative and key-note of the average population in every nation, throws over its sins of commission and omission, is as thick as Biblical symbolism. Only the two have changed and inverted their rôles; it is the external cloak of ancient symbolism which has become the inner life and true aspirations of modern Mrs. Grundy.

#### *Then and Now.*

To the adept versed in the modern society-symbolism the allegories of old become like unto a transparent artifice of an innocent infant when confronted with and brought face to face with the Machiavelistic craft and cunning of what we know as Society-ways. The two symbols of modern culture respectively referred to as RELIGIOUS CANT and Drawing room PROPRIETY have reached a practical perfection under their mask, undreamt of by the Rebekahs and Jezebels, the Jacobs and even Solomons of old. They have become the two exotic, gigantic plants of modern culture. Therefore is it that LUCIFER refuses to follow in the footsteps of our modern Symbologists. He believes that the muddy water of the "Rivers of (modern) Life," ought to receive more attention than the "Rivers of (ancient) Life." The modern revealer of the archaic "things of darkness" is too much coloured with the general tendency of the age to be more than one-sided, and therefore he can hardly be correct in the interpretation of its symbolism. He sees in the smooth dark waters of these "Rivers" the reflection of his own century, when he does not actually mirror himself personally, in them. Hence, he perceives everywhere phallic worship; and primitive symbolism can represent to his distorted fancy nought but what he would find in it. Why give preference to imagined over real events? The Ahabs and Jezebels who kill the prophets are as plentiful in our day as in the days of old. The modern Mrs. Potiphar, finding no Joseph to offend her, expends her slanderous energies to the detriment of her best "lady friends." Sweet are her whispers into the greedy ear of Janus-faced Grundy, who, nodding her venerable head, listens to them drinking slander like heavenly dew. The modern Lot requires not to be made drunk with wine to give a mother to Moab; the XIXth century Epopees repeat on a grander scale the adventures of Helen and Sita. Only Homer and

Valmiki have now made room for Zola, and the modern literature of the realistic school in France, puts to blush by the sincerity of its language all the private dialogues of the "Lord" with his prophet Hosea. What have we to envy in the ancients?

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*Where are we going to ?*

*Ahimé!* We live in strange and weird times. Ours are the days of Sheffield plating on the moral plane. True silver has almost gone out of use and has fallen, like the Indian rupees, far below par. This is not a time for golden rules, for people prefer moral pinchbeck. Nature, as well as man, seems to crack on all her seven seams, and the universal screws have assuredly got loose somewhere, if not everywhere, on their hinges, after the fashion of this earth. Paradox flourishes and axioms are running to seed. Nature and man vie with each other in shams. The Lord God of our state religions is proclaimed a god of mercy, of peace and love, and at the same time he is a "man of war"; "the Lord our God" who "fights for Israel." "Thou shalt not kill," says the commandment; and on this principle improvements in murderous, man-killing engines are being invented by the "humble" servants of the said Power—for a consideration. Rev. F. Bosworth, a *man of God and peace*, has just been rewarded by the paternal Government with a premium of £2,000, for "the advancement of gunnery science."

Esoterically explained, this "advancement" means, I suppose, in political symbology a cannon possessing a ten-fold greater power and rapidity for killing the bodies of one's enemies, than the fulmination of Church canons for killing their enemies' souls. Hence, the reward to ingenious parsons. Every Christian nation is busy now with preparing guns and rifles superior to those possessed by its neighbours. Duels fought between two nations seem to be judged by a different code of honour from those between two individuals. Battles won by *trickery*, are laid down to "military genius" and regarded as "the poetical and imaginative side of the war." (*Fortnightly Review*, Lord Wolseley). Trickery in commercial or private business is punished with hard labour. In the former case, the cunning and unexpected employment of weapons of superior murderousness and devilish cruelty are lauded and their successful use made to bring the highest military honours; whereas the private antagonist who uses an unequal weapon or takes an unfair advantage in any way is counted a

murderer and a felon. So, statesmen who "lie for their country's good" and derive benefits for it by foul deception have promotion and honours; while their less culpable imitator who plays with marked cards and loaded dice, or "pulls" a race, is scourged out of decent company. So chronic and congenital is our obtuseness, that we have never yet been able to distinguish the one moral baseness from the other. But to a reflective philosopher, the difference between such a modern statesman or general and a modern blackleg and a coward is imperceptible.

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*Still more puzzling!*

And what of the inventive and Reverend "Bosworths"? Have they become so familiarized with the Salvation Army motto of "blood and fire" as to be led to pass by an easy transition to their actual shedding and use on the physical plane? They pray and repent and glorify their Lord and therefore fear nought for themselves. They are the modern Ahabs of whom the word of the Lord came to Elijah, the Tishbite, saying:—"Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? *because of that, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his (innocent) son's days will I bring the evil upon his house.*" (1 Kings xxi. 29).

Therefore do the Reverend "Bosworths" snap their fingers at *Karma* and say:—"Après moi le deluge."

Why, then, should any one object to help toward the glory of one's country through human butchery and rivers of blood? What harm can befall any one through it, provided he only *humbles* himself before the "Lord" like Ahab? And do not both the belligerent armies pray? Does any such human slaughter on a battle field begin without that Lord being almost simultaneously addressed and implored for help by both parties? . . .

Query:—Does the kind and merciful Father in Heaven—one with Him, we are taught, who said that "he who kills with the sword shall perish with the sword"—listen to both sides, or to one? And can even He, to whom all is possible, perform the miracle of sending victory to both his humble petitioners? To which of the two does the good God listen? Is it to the weakest of the two, or to the strongest? O, Problems of the Age! Who can solve them save his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury? But he will hardly pay any attention to an "unpopular philosopher" who is not even a conservative member of Parliament. What great general was it who said that Providence was always on the side of the heaviest battalions?

*By their Fruits shall ye know them.*

What is the difference between a devout Christian and an Atheist? The problem was philosophically solved by a little girl in the United States. The anecdote is told by one who heard it himself—"our mutual friend,"—the very popular American, Edmund Russel.

On the day before the funeral of Peter Cooper—the late millionaire and philanthropist—at New York, Mr. Russel went to a "bakeshop." Three little girls were serving behind the counter. It was a holiday in the city, as every one was preparing to honour the memory of one of the people's benefactors by following the procession.

"Only to think!" reflectively said one of the girls. "He," (meaning Peter Cooper) "owned a whole pew in church and never went inside one."

"Well," replied another, "he was perhaps a Unitarian?"

"No he was not," put in the third girl. "He was a philanthropist."

"Oh dear no," groaned the first that had spoken. "He was an Atheist."

To which the youngest of all the three begged to be informed of the meaning of that term. "Well, and what is an Atheist anyhow?" she asked.

"An Atheist," gravely explained the eldest—"means a man *who believes in doing all the good he can in this world and taking his chance in the next.*

#### *Uncanny Signs.*

The outlook for the British Isles is hopelessly depressing. *La boule à cancan* ("Gossip ball"), as Anatole France calls our mother earth, is losing her spin, and the Cosmic dynamo is emptying itself. The worst of all is, that we do not know who to hold responsible. What ails the divine COSMOCRATORES? India is exporting her superfluous "monsoon clouds" to Europe *via* Port Said, and the rain-God seems to have permanently established his sprinkling machine over Great Britain. Siberia sends her hyperborean frosts to the southwards, and herself flirts with the tropics. Kangaroos have appeared in Surrey; and parrots may soon be heard warbling their saw-filing *staccato*, and birds of paradise sun their jewelled plumes on palm trees in Archangel. Everything evidently is upside down, the times are out of joint, and the screws of the Cosmic "Carpenter" are working loose. In vain our men of Science waste their Greek and Latin over the problem. What is it, what can the matter be? What makes all this sidereal and terrestrial "tohu-bohu" *à la mode*, of Chaos? The

Globe is shrinking, we hear; and the firmament thickening with foreign matter of all sorts. The ceaseless soot and smoke from millions of chimneys, furnaces, railway engines and other fires may perchance have angered the Powers above. Naturally enough, for they must object to being smoked out of their Swargas and Walhalias and other pleasant detached Elysiums, by the products of incomplete fuel-combustion. As for our poor mother Earth, what with the ever extending mines, canals, and tunnels, aqueducts, drains, sewers and subways, her venerable hide is becoming so honey-combed as to resemble the skin of a morphiomaniac addicted to subcutaneous injections.

How long she will suffer her robust flanks to be thus scarified, who can tell? The astrologer on the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has just prophesied that October will bring us terrible disasters, floods, houses falling and earthquakes.

Woe to London if the latter should happen, for at the first strong shock every tall mansion within the seismic area will crumble into its own basement and cellar; at the second all the streets sink into the subways; and at the third the four and a half millions of houseless people will find themselves hoisted into cerulean space, *en route* for the starry land of Silence, by the explosion of all the gas, steam, dynamite and other expansive products of modern ingenuity. We doubt if there will be a sufficient number of ready-made wings and golden harps in stock against the *dies iræ*. But it is at least consoling to feel that there will be ample fire and brimstone for all who are "predestined" by God to migrate to tropical regions.

For myself I confess my utter incapacity to know where this exact line will be drawn. Perhaps some Daniel among our subscribers may be able to "come to judgment." Is it only Presbyterians who can be saved? The conundrum is sufficient to puzzle any philosopher when he reads something like the following, which we copy, *verbatim*, from the original handbill sent us by an American friend. The scene is at Baraboo, Wisconsin:

#### LAWN PARTY

At the Residence of

MRS. R. H. STRONG,

For the Benefit of the

EPISCOPAL BUILDING FUND,

Under the Auspices of

4—FOUR YOUNG GENTLEMEN—4  
Of the Congregation.

On Wednesday Eve, July 18th.

HAMMOCKS, ICE-CREAM,  
ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADIES,  
AND A VERY WARM WELCOME!  
Gates open at 8 o'clock.

The Episcopal Church is the American section of the Church of England; its bishops are just now preaching over here, in our cathedrals, and sitting in conclave at Lambeth Palace. What will his grace of Canterbury say to the new plan of raising funds for Church building? Is it immoral for publicans to hire "pretty barmaids" to dispense "something hot" across the counter, but moral for Episcopalians to employ "attractive young ladies" and "hammocks" to give a "very warm welcome" to visitors "under the auspices of four young gentlemen of the congregation"? LUCIFER shrouds his face in his mantle to hide the blush which his ignorance excites. He recalls the memories of previous incarnations when, as Venus, he saw the sacred mys-

teries debased into the lascivious rites of Venus-Astarté, wherein the highest ladies gave themselves to increase the revenues of the Temple, and the *Kadeshuth* of the Jews (*Vide 2 Kings xxiii. 7*) performed the ignoble duties of the depraved Vallo-becharyas of India!

Meanwhile, join us in wishing many happy returns of his birthday, to LUCIFER, "Son of the Morning." May he grow to equal in profundity his elder brother, the THEOSOPHIST of Madras; in suavity and graciousness his elder sister the PATH, of New York; and in combative zeal and daring the LOTUS which flourishes on the banks of the Seine. LUCIFER is just in time to salute the fledgling of the Theosophical literature the *Hestia*, which our brother, Mr. Sturdy, has just founded in New Zealand as a local organ of Theosophy.

That nothing should be wanting to make the birthday pleasant, our tireless old President Founder, patriarchal beard and the rest, turns up on a special mission of peace and organization confided to him by the Executive Council at Adyar. A less cool and patient man might well despair of pouring oil upon the troubled waters of European theosophy through which our ship has been labouring during the past twelve months.

*Floréal Adyar.*



WORDS FROM THE "BOOK OF FRIENDLY INSTRUCTION."

[*From the Sanskrit.*]

Let the wise think on wisdom as unfading and immortal; let him fulfil his duty as though Death grasped him by the hair.

The shadow of a cloud, the favour of the base, new corn, a bouquet, these last only a little time; so it is with youth and riches.

In this world, fugitive as tempest-driven waves, death for another is a rich prize earned by virtue in a former birth.

Unenduring are youth, beauty, life, wealth, lordship, the society of the beloved; let not the wise be deluded by these.