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"IT'S THE CAT!"

(Dedicated to those Members of the T. S. whom the cap may fit.)

"Let ignominy brand thy hated name ;
Let modest matrons at thy mention start ;
And blushing virgins when they read our
annals
Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy
legend,
And blots the noble work"

—SHAKESPEARE.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than
a lie ; for an excuse is a lie guarded.

—POPE.

"THE woman gave me of the tree, and I did eat," said the first man, the first sneak and coward, thus throwing his own share of the blame upon his helpless mate. This may have been "worse than a lie" according to Pope, yet, in truth—it was not one. LIE was not born with the first man or woman either. The Lie is the product of later civilization, the legitimate child of SELFISHNESS—ready to sacrifice to itself the whole of mankind—and of HYPOCRISY, often born of fear. The original sin for which, agreeably to the orthodox Sunday School teaching, the whole world was cursed, drowned, and went unforgiven till the year 1 A.D.—is not the *greatest* sin. The descendants of Adam improving upon their grandsire's transgression, invented lie and added to it excuse and prevarication. "It's the cat" is a saying that may have originated with the antediluvians, whenever an *actual sin* had been committed and a scapegoat was needed. But it required the post-diluvians to father on the "cat" even that which had never been committed at all ; that which was an invention of the fertile brain of the slanderers, who never hesitate to lie most outrageously whenever they feel inclined to ventilate a grudge against a brother or neighbour. Fruits of atonement, Children of redemption, we lie and sin the more readily for that. No "shame on us," but :

"Hail to the policy that first began
To temper with the heart to hide its thoughts,"

is the world's motto. Is not the World one gigantic lie? Is there anything under the sun that offers such rich variety and almost countless degrees and shades as lying does? Lying is the policy of our century, from Society lying, as a necessity imposed upon us by culture and good breeding, up to individual lying, *i.e.*, uttering a good, square unmitigated lie, in the shape of false witness, or as the Russian proverb has it:—"shifting off a sin from a diseased on to a healthy head." Oh *lie*—legion is thy name! Fibs and lies are now the cryptogamic excrescences on the soil of our moral and daily lives as toadstools are those of forest swamps, and their respective orders are as large. Both are fungi; plants which delight in shadowy nooks, and form mildew, mold and smut on both the soil of moral life and that of physical nature. Oh, for that righteous tongue:—

"That will not sell its honesty, or tell a lie!"

As said, there are fibs and fibs, conscious and unconscious, hoaxes and impostures, deceptions and calumnies—the latter often followed by moral and physical ruin—mild perversions of truth or evasion, and deliberate duplicity. But there are also catchpenny lies, in the shape of newspaper chaff, and innocent misrepresentations, due simply to ignorance. To the latter order belong most of the newspaper statements regarding the Theosophical Society, and its official *scape-goat*—H. P. Blavatsky.

It has become a matter of frequent occurrence of late, to find in serious articles upon scientific subjects the name of "Esoteric Buddhism" mentioned, and oftener still that of "Mme. Blavatsky" taken in vain. The latter circumstance is really very, *very* considerate, and—in one sense at any rate—*overwhelmingly* flattering!

To find one's humble name collated with those of Sir Monier-Monier-Williams K.C.I.E. and Professor Bastian is an honour, indeed. When, for instance, the *great* Oxford lecturer chooses to make a few big and bold slashes into fact and truth—no doubt to please his pious audience—and says that Buddhism has never had any occult or esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from the multitudes,—what happens? Forthwith, "Esoteric Buddhism" receives, metaphorically speaking, a black eye; the Theosophical Society, a kick or two; and finally, the gates of the journalistic poultry-yard being flung wide open, a vehement *sortie* against "Blavatsky" & Co. is effected by a flock of irritated geese sallying therefrom to hiss and peck at the theosophical heels. "Our Ancestors, have saved Rome!" they cackle, "let us save the British Empire from these *pretenders* to Buddhist knowledge!" Again: a lucky "correspondent" gets admittance into the sanctum of Professor Bastian. The German ethnologist, "dressed like an alchemist of the middle ages" and smiling at "questions concerning the *trances* of famous Fakirs," proceeds to inform the interviewer that such trances never last more than "from five to six hours." This—the alchemist-like dress, we

suppose, helping to bring about a happy association of ideas—leads *presto*, in the American "Sabbath-breaking paper," to a stern rebuke to our address. We read on the following day:—

"The famous Fakirs . . . however they may have imposed on other travellers, certainly did not do so on this quiet little German philosopher, Madame Blavatsky to the contrary notwithstanding."

Very well. And yet Professor Bastian, all the "correspondents" to the contrary notwithstanding, lays himself widely open to a most damaging criticism from the standpoint of *fact* and *truth*. Furthermore, we doubt whether Professor Bastian, a learned ethnologist, would ever refer to Hindu Yogis as *Fakirs*—the latter appellation being strictly limited and belonging only to *Mussulman* devotees. We doubt, still more, whether Professor Bastian, an accurate German, would deny the frequent occurrence of the phenomenon that Yogis and these same "Fakirs," remain in deep, death-like trance for days, and sometimes for weeks; or even that the former have been occasionally buried for forty consecutive days, and recalled to life again at the end of that period, as witnessed by Sir Claude Wade and others.

But all this is too ancient and too well authenticated history, to need substantiation. When "correspondents" will have learned the meaning, as well as the spelling of the term *dhyana*—which the said "correspondent" writes *diana*—we may talk with them of Yogis and Fakirs, pointing out to them the great difference between the two. Meanwhile, we may kindly leave them to their own hazy ideas: they are the "Innocents Abroad" in the realm of the far Orient, the blind led by the blind, and theosophical charity extends even to critics and hereditary foes.

But there are certain other things which we cannot leave uncontradicted. While week after week, and day after day, the "Innocents" lost in the theosophical labyrinths, publish their own harmless fibs—"slight expansions of truth" somebody called them—they also often supplement them by the wicked and malicious falsehoods of casual correspondents—ex-members of the T. S. and their friends generally. These falsehoods generated in, and evolved from the depths of the inner consciousness of our relentless enemies, cannot be so easily disregarded. Although, since they hang like Mahommed's coffin in the emptiness of rootless space, and so are a *denial* in themselves, yet they are so maliciously interspersed with hideous lies built on *popular* and already strongly-rooted prejudices that, if left uncontradicted, they would work the most terrible mischief. Lies are ever more readily accepted than truth, and are given up with more difficulty. They darken the horizons of theosophical centres, and prevent unprejudiced people from learning the exact truth about theosophy and its herald, the Theosophical Society. How terribly malicious and revengeful some of these enemies are, is evidenced by the fact that certain of them do not hesitate to perform a moral *hari-kari* upon themselves; to slay their own reputations for truthfulness for the pleasure of hitting hard

—or *trying*, at all events, to hit—those whom they hate. Why this hatred? Simply because a calumny, a wicked, groundless slander is often forgiven, and even forgotten; a *truth* told—never! Prevented from disproving that truth, for good reasons, their hatred is kindled—for we hate only what *we fear*. Thus they will *invent a lie*, cunningly grafting it on some utterly false, but nevertheless popular accusation, and raise anew the cry, “It’s the cat, the ca-a-t, the ca-a-at!” . . .

Success in such a policy depends, you see, on temperament and—*impudence*. We have a friend, who will never go to the trouble of persuading anyone to believe him on his “aye” or his “nay.” But, whenever he remarks that his words are doubted, he will say, in the quietest and most innocent way possible, “You know well *I am too impudent* to lie!” There is a great psychological truth hidden under this seeming paradox. Impudence often originates from two entirely opposite feelings: fearlessness and cowardice. A brave man will never lie; a coward lies to cover the fact of his being one, and a liar into the bargain. Such a character will never confess himself at fault no more than a vain man will; hence, whatever mischance happens to either, they will always try to lay it at the door of somebody else. It requires a great nobility of character, or a firm sense of one’s duty, to confess one’s mistakes and faults. Therefore, a scapegoat is generally chosen, upon whose head the sins of the guilty are placed by the transgressors. This scapegoat becomes gradually “the cat.”

Now the Theosophical Society has its own special, so to speak, its “family cat,” on which are heaped all the past, present and future iniquities of its Fellows. Whether an F. T. S. quarrels with his mother-in-law, lets his hair grow, forgets to pay his debts, or falls off from grace and theosophical association, owing to personal or family reasons, wounded vanity, or what not: *presto* comes the cry—whether in Europe, Asia, America or elsewhere—*It’s the cat*. Look at this F. T. S.; he is writhing in the pangs of balked ambition. His desire to reign supreme over his fellow members is frustrated; and finding himself disappointed—it is on the “cat” that he is now venting his wrath. “The grapes are sour,” he declares, because “the cat” would not cut them for him, nor would she mew in tune to his fiddle. Hence, the Vine has “worn itself *too thin*.” Behold that other “star” of Theosophy, smarting under another kind of grievance—unnamed, because unnamable. Hatred—“till one be lost for ever”—rages in this *brotherly* heart. Pouncing like a bird of prey upon its chosen victim—which it would carry far, far up into the clouds to kill it with the more certainty when it lets it drop—the would-be avenger of his own imaginary wrongs remains utterly blind to the fact, that by raising his chosen victim so high he only elevates it the more above all men. You cannot kill that which you hate, O blind hater, whatever the height you dash it down from; the “cat” has nine lives, good friend, and will ever fall on to its feet.

There are a few articles of belief among the best theosophists, the bare mention of which produces upon certain persons and classes of society the effect of a red rag or an infuriated bull. One of these is our belief—very harmless and innocent *per se*—in the existence of very wise and holy personages, whom some call their MASTERS, while others refer to them as "Mahatmas."

Now, these may or may not actually exist—(we say they do); they may or may not be as wise, or possess altogether the wonderful powers ascribed to, and claimed for them. All this is a question of *personal knowledge*—or, in some cases, faith. Yet, there are the 350,000,000 of India alone who believe since time immemorial in their great Yogis and Mahatmas, and who feel as certain of their existence in every age, from countless centuries back down to the present day, as they feel sure of their own lives. Are they to be treated for this as superstitious, self-deceived fools? Are they more entitled to this epithet than the Christians of every church who believe respectively in past and present Apostles, in Saints, Sages, Patriarchs and Prophets?

Let that be as it will; the reader must realize that the present writer entertains no desire to force such a belief on any one unwilling to accept it, let him be a layman or a theosophist. The attempt was foolishly made a few years back in all truth and sincerity, and—it has failed. More than this, the revered names were, from the first, so desecrated by friend and foe, that the once almost irresistible desire to bring the actual truth home to some who needed *living ideals* the most, has gradually weakened since then. It is now replaced by a passionate regret for having ever exhumed them from the twilight of legendary lore, into that of broad daylight.

The wise warning:—

"Give not that which is holy to the dogs,
Neither cast ye your pearls before swine—"

is now impressed in letters of fire on the heart of those guilty of having made of the "Masters" public property. Thus the wisdom of the Hindo-Buddhist allegorical teaching which says, "There can be no Mahatmas, no Arhats, during the *Kali yuga*," is vindicated. That *which is not believed in, does not exist*. Arhats and Mahatmas having been declared by the majority of Western people as non-existent, as a *fabrication*—do not exist for the unbelievers.

"The Great Pan is dead!" wailed the mysterious voice over the Ionian Sea, and forthwith plunged Tiberius and the pagan world into despair. The nascent Nazarenes rejoiced and attributed that death to the new "God." Fools, both, who little suspected that *Pan*—the "All Nature"—could not die. That that which *had* died was only their fiction, the horned monster with the legs of a goat, the "god" of shepherds and of priests who lived upon the popular superstition, and made profit of the PAN of *their own making*. TRUTH can never die.

We greatly rejoice in thinking that the "Mahatmas" of those who sought to build their own ephemeral reputation upon them and tried to stick them as a peacock's feather in their hats—are also dead. The "adepts" of wild hallucinations, and too wide-awake, ambitious purposes; the Hindu sages 1,000 years old; the "mysterious strangers," and the *tutti quanti* transformed into convenient pegs whereon to hang—one, "orders" inspired by his own nauseous vices; another, his own selfish purposes; a third, a mocking image from the astral light—are now as dead as the "god Pan," or the proverbial door-nail. They have vanished into thin air as all *unclean* "hoaxes" must. Those who invented the "Mahatmas" 1,000 years old, seeing the *hoax* will not pay, may well say they "have recovered from the fascination and taken their proper stand." And these are *welcome* and *sure* "to come out and turn upon all *their dupes* the vials of *their sarcasm*," though *it will never be the last act of their* "life's drama." For the *true*, the *genuine* "Masters," whose real names have, fortunately, never been given out, cannot be created and killed at the beck and call of the sweet will of any "opportunist," whether inside or outside of the T. S. It is only the *Pans* of the modern nymphs and the *Luperci*, the greedy priests of the Arcadian god, who are, let us hope—dead and buried.

This cry, "it is the cat!" will end by making the Theosophical Society's "scape-goat" quite proud. It has already ceased to worry the victim, and now it is even becoming welcome and is certainly a very hopeful sign for the cause. Censure is hard when deserved; whenever unmerited it only shows that there is in the persecuted party something more than in the persecutors. It is the number of enemies and the degree of their fierceness, that generally decide on the merits and value of those they would brush off the face of the earth if they could. And, therefore, we close with this quotation from old Addison:

"Censure, says an ingenious author, is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected by it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and, indeed, of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph."

Dear, kind enemies of the "Tartarian termagant" how hard you do work to add to her eminence and greatness, to be sure!



PRACTICAL WORK FOR THEOSOPHISTS.

EVERY person who enters the Theosophical Society is bound to accept its first principle, the assertion of the Universal Brotherhood of Man ; but it is to be feared that with large numbers of the Fellows the profession remains an empty phrase, too like the "dearly beloved brethren" of the Churches, without bearing on life or effect on conduct. No antithesis can be discovered which is sharper than that between the principle of Brotherhood and the Class-and-Mammon-worship of modern society ; no links of true fraternity bind together the dwellers in palaces and the dwellers in slums, no golden bands of sympathy unite the wealthy and the poor. Yet Altruism remains only a name so long as it is severed from personal service of Humanity, and Theosophy is merely a new form of glorified selfishness for those who "take it up" from curiosity, or from the desire to know, merely that the knowledge may be a personal possession and powers be attained for the sake of wielding them. At the great gate of the Temple of Knowledge stands the Guardian, and if to his question : "Why dost thou desire to know and to achieve?" there comes any answer but : "That I may the better serve Humanity," the candidate for admission should be sent back to his spelling book, until he has learned the alphabet of Altruism.

Let us suppose that all the latent powers of the Human Intellect and Will could suddenly be developed in the men and the women around us as by the touch of a magician's wand, and that they could step forth into the world clothed with supersensual knowledge and power : what would it avail, save to make this world a worse hell of contending passions than it is to-day, in which would rage Titanic contests of selfishness and greed, rendered the more horrible by the mightier powers of those engaged in the fratricidal struggle? Not until the brute in us is starved out of life ; not until the lower self is slain and only the voice of the Higher Self is heard ; not until personal desire has been lost in the desire for humanity ; not until all ambition is dead, save the ambition to serve ; not until this point is reached can power be safely trusted in human hands. Those who lightly enter the Theosophical Society, imagining that thereby they will at once spring into the exercise of the higher human capabilities, have to learn that the capacity to lead the Higher Life must precede the capacity to wield the higher powers. Hence the long probation insisted on for every candidate ; the deep study which ensures that knowledge shall precede Power ; the tests which bar the way towards the higher planes of being. And since character grows out of habits, and habits out of acts often repeated, there is no better school for forming habits of unselfishness, no surer way of moulding the

selfless character, than by doing personal acts of service to our brothers and sisters struggling in the sad environment made for them by our modern civilization.

First must come the real honest feeling of equality, not the verbal profession but the inner conviction. Unless this exists, all work among the poor tends to become demoralising both to helper and to helped, breeding self-complacency in the one and subserviency in the other. Every act must spring spontaneously from the brotherly relationship ; so that aid, comfort, counsel, whenever given, shall be the free and loving gift of brother to brother, so that respect of the highest in the lowest shall breed self-respect, and charity, in rebecoming Love, shall purify and raise and not degrade. But, I repeat, the feeling of equality must be *real*, all social castes merging into the human brotherhood, so that there is no consciousness of difference whether speaking to prince or pauper, the man and the woman becoming everything and the rank nothing.

Then comes the cleansing of one's own life in its relations to those by whose labour we are fed and clothed and housed. Every article that we use embodies so much human labour, and if we use it we are bound to render back for it due equivalent of our own labour. If this be not done, we are robbing instead of exchanging, soiling our lives by theft. And here I speak to Theosophists belonging to the "middle" and "upper" classes, for the poor, already crushed by labour, are forced to buy what they need for subsistence at the lowest rate at which they can obtain it. This is not so among the richer, and they are bound to see that they do not vicariously sweat the workers by their purchases of "cheap goods." In this matter women are the worst sinners, buying gowns and other articles of clothing at prices which they know cannot cover the cost of material and a fair wage to the needlewoman. If they would personally employ the needlewoman instead of buying her work from the shop, they would not dare to pay her the starvation wage which they pay her through the hands of the middlemen ; and they would not then be wearing garments soiled perhaps by the harlotry which has been fled to for a piece of bread. If they cannot manage this personal employment, they can easily ascertain who are fair and who are unfair employers by writing for information to Miss Clementina Black, 198 High Holborn, London, W.C., who has exerted herself to form a Consumers' League of persons ashamed to live by sweating their neighbours. It is hardly necessary to add that the personal life of the Theosophist should be frugal, simple, and free from luxury, both for the sake of his own inner development, and in order that he may live honestly, not taking more than he gives.

The personal life thus purified, there remains the active service due to our fellows. Each must here judge his own capacities and opportunities, but there are two or three lines of work in which painstaking and cultured men and women are much wanted at the present time

For instance, some might serve as managers of our Board Schools, attending to the remission of fees, supervising the tone and method of instruction, noting if the children are properly fed, organizing free meals for those in need, and giving to the teachers the sympathy and friendliness which they so sorely lack in their arduous and responsible labour. There are openings for useful and far-reaching service in this line of work second, perhaps, to none, bearing as it does on the training of the citizens of the future as well as on lightening the burdens that press so heavily to-day.

Women, with leisure on their hands, can find a way of using that leisure in the service of others by writing to Allen D. Graham, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand. Mr. Graham, some time ago, finding that invalided children were constantly being sent from the hospitals to poor, overcrowded, and often dirty homes, suggested that kind-hearted folk might each take charge of two or three of such children, visiting them, playing with them, taking them out, and, in fact, generally "mothering" them. These little ones, ailing and feeble, suffer terribly in this rough hurrying world, and much pain might be saved, much pleasure given, by a little sacrifice of time and trouble.

Another form of service, open to the wealthier, is buying shares in companies whose servants are notoriously overworked, and then attending the shareholders' meetings and insisting on shorter hours, higher wages, and better treatment all round. The dividends from the shares can be paid into the Union fund of the employees where a Trade Union exists; where there is no Trade Union, no more useful work can be done than urging the men or women to unite and aiding them in the first uphill steps of organization.

These suggestions may serve as examples of the kind of service which is crying aloud to be done, of practical profession of the Brotherhood of Man. I am not putting them forward as remedies for the evils inseparable from the present order of Society. As a Socialist, I know but too well that all such work as this can only act as palliative, not as cure; none the less will it lighten some of the darkness around us, and, in the absence of the sun, farthing dips are better than unbroken Cimmerian gloom.

It is obvious that, in addition to such duteous Service of Man as I have been glancing at, there are other duties incumbent on every member of the T. S. Those who can use their pens should answer objections or expose slanders made in the columns of our ordinary press; most editors will put in a tersely-written clear reply to attacks made in their papers. And all should study theosophical teachings, both for their own culture and for the assistance of others. It is not enough to set our own feet on the Path; as soon as we are able we should guide thitherward the feet of others; and in order that we may be competent for the task, we must study, study, study. The subtle metaphysics of Theosophy will

attract but the few ; few again are likely to feel the call to climb the rugged path to those heights on which the Masters sit serene. Neither its philosophy nor its possibilities of growth will avail much to recommend it to the superficial thinkers or to the luxurious livers of our day. But the sight of noble lives, strenuously and selflessly working for human good, battling against poverty and sorrow, the twin-daughters of Ignorance, these will justify Theosophy in the eyes of the world, proving that self-devotion can exist apart from superstition, that clear-eyed Intellect can walk hand-in-hand with the Love that saves.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.



AANROO.

(*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. ii, p. 374.)

THE time for toil has past, and night has come ;
 The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
 Worn out with labour, long and wearisome,
 Drooping and faint, we Reapers hasten home
 Each laden with his sheaves.

Lord of the labourers, Thy feet I gain,
 Lord of the harvest ! and my spirit grieves
 That I am burdened, not so much with grain
 As with the weariness of heart and brain,
 " Master, behold my sheaves ! "

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
 Bramble and flowers, dry stalks, and wither'd leaves,
 Wherefore I blush and sigh, as at Thy feet
 I kneel down reverently, and repeat
 " Master, behold my sheaves ! "

Few, light, and worthless, yet their trifling weight
 Through all my frame a weary aching leaves,
 For long I struggled with my hapless fate
 And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
 Yet these are all my sheaves.

And yet, I gathered strength and hope anew,
 For well I know thy patient love perceives
 Not what I did, but what I strove to do,
 And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
 Thou wilt accept my sheaves

W. B.

THEOSOPHY AND DOGMA.

THEOSOPHY has many aspects, and derives its inspiration not from one source only, not from one teacher merely, or from one set of sacred writings, but from all.

This is a fact which it appears most difficult to impress upon the world at large, and upon the opponents of Theosophy in particular. Men are so accustomed to regulate their opinions by some particular creed or dogma, which they suppose to rest upon some *authority* beyond which there is no appeal, that they cannot grasp the wider aspect of human duty and human destiny which Theosophy presents.

If we examine any of those exclusive and contradictory religious systems on which, in some form or another, men blindly rely, we find at once a broad distinction drawn between believers and unbelievers, between those who are within and those who are without the favour of God, between the lost and the saved. But Theosophy knows no such distinctions as these, neither any difference of race, colour, or creed.

The spiritual sun shines alike on the good and on the evil, and the water of life descends both on the just and on the unjust. It rests with each individual to make the proper use of those spiritual forces which are ever emanating from the Divine source of our being.

We must do this first by faith, and secondly by knowledge. If we have no faith in the divine spark that burns within us, we shall make no efforts to let that spark illumine and guide our life; and on the other hand if we have faith without knowledge, we shall still be groping in the dark, and will surely mistake the false light of some earth-born system of religion, for the divine light that burns only in the innermost sanctuary of our own hearts.

We must use the spiritual forces in nature in the same way that we make use of physical forces. If a man do not work in harmony with the laws of nature, he will find opposition instead of help; if he sow not in accordance with nature's law, he will reap naught but disappointment and pain. We need faith in the first place, faith in the unity and continuity of natural laws, and faith in our own divine nature, but no amount of faith will enable us to produce the desired result if we do not add to faith knowledge. Theosophy carries this principle right up to the highest spiritual plane, and does not recognise at any point the intervention of an arbitrary personal will, which can make a man other than that which he himself chooses. All are subject to the law of Karma, but Karma is that which each individual makes for himself, it is the law of cause and effect in relation to his own free will.

The will of man is as free as the will of God, and becomes, indeed, that will itself when the man has realised his divine nature, and by crucifying his lower principles has effected the at-one-ment.

It is the most common misconception, then, and the hardest to eradicate, that Theosophy consists in a belief in certain doctrines; that it is in fact nothing more or less than a religious creed.

What then we shall be asked are those doctrines which Theosophists everywhere profess to hold, and which they appear most anxious to teach the world? What is Esoteric Buddhism and the Secret Doctrine, or Reincarnation and Karma, if not a body of doctrines which are intended to supplant other religious creeds and dogmas?

The answer to this is, that these doctrines are the embodiment of certain broad generalizations concerning the history and evolution of humanity; that they are the key which enables us to harmonize certain facts which would otherwise appear isolated and antagonistic. They are in no way analogous to the dogmas and creeds of the religious sects, but answer more nearly to such generalizations of science as the laws of gravity or the conservation of energy. It is not claimed for them that they are necessary articles of belief, neither that they are in their present form accurately and literally true. They are stepping-stones to a higher knowledge of the divine element in human nature, and of the laws physical, psychical, and spiritual by which we are conditioned. If we ask a scientific man what gravity or energy are, he cannot tell us, but no one will deny that the laws which have been formulated respecting their action or manifestation have been most powerful aids in scientific investigations. Now it is precisely thus with the doctrines of Theosophy. Once these doctrines are understood they give a man an immensely wider view of humanity, and raise him above those narrow and limited conceptions of God and his dealings with individuals, of which so many contradictory assertions are made by various religions, and the innumerable sects into which they are split up.

What practical relation then has Theosophy to our every-day life? We reply that practical Theosophy is identical with practical religion. It comes from the heart and not from the head. It is the spontaneous love for one's fellow creatures, which—taking possession of a man, leads to noble acts of self-sacrifice; to right action done simply because it is right, and without any reference to the merit of the act, or any thought of recognition or reward.

Theosophy aims at nothing short of perfection of character; but character as expressed in outward acts is the result of an inward condition. The root of action lies deep down in the inner consciousness. It is the man's thoughts, desires, and innermost convictions which give rise to action. Act does not produce character, is not even a true indication of it, for a right action may be done from a wrong motive. Act is the result of character.

Right action must be based upon right thought, right motive, and right knowledge, and it is just here that the study of the doctrines of Theosophy is of such value to those who are seeking for firm ground to stand upon amid all the conflicting dogmas and controversies of the age, for it provides a basis which is independent of any religious system, and yet includes them all in their inner or esoteric meaning. There is not much difficulty in distinguishing between a right and a wrong action *per se*, but there is a great difference between the man who is merely moral through habit or temperament, and one who is actively beneficent because of the love for humanity which animates him. Moreover there will be a great difference in the actions of a man who believes in the doctrine of original sin and the atonement, and one who believes in re-incarnation and Karma.

Theosophy therefore, as a system, seeks to influence men by giving them a right basis of thought. It seeks to counteract on the one hand, the materialistic and atheistic teachings of modern science, and on the other hand, the narrow exclusive and demoralizing teachings of dogmatic and formal religion.

But Theosophy as a system is something more even than this. Theosophy does not seek merely to destroy superstition, but it seeks to build up a new edifice constructed of those very materials which have been so perverted in their uses by centuries of priestcraft and ecclesiasticism. Theosophy is based upon a deeper wisdom, a more interior meaning of those sacred books of all nations, which form the foundation of so many religious systems.

Each one must verify the doctrines of Theosophy for himself, and in doing so will probably find new light and fresh inspiration in those particular records which he has been accustomed to regard as the basis of his faith; and he will also be able to recognise the same meaning in the sacred books of other faiths, which hitherto he may have been accustomed to regard as "heathen," and as being contradictory and opposed to his own.

Theosophy, then, has two main aspects, the theoretical and the practical. These two must harmonize: practice must be based upon theory, and if the theory has been rightly understood, the practice can hardly fail to be in accord with it. Theosophy offers a motive and a moral stimulus free from fear, superstition, or lip worship, but full of divine love. It is practice that makes a Theosophist, and not profession. The Theosophical Society as a body and an organization seeks to teach the theory, while each individual member must practise so much of the theory as he has been able to assimilate, in his every-day life, in his relations with his fellow men, and in his inmost thoughts and desires.

Standing free from fear or superstition, let each one make obeisance only to the dim star that burns within. "Steadily, as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger. Then you may know you have

found the beginning of the way. And when you have found the end its light will suddenly become the infinite light."

WILLIAM KINGSLAND,
President of the "Blavatsky Lodge, T. S."



"IN MANUS TUAS!"

*Alone on the cliff of a rock-bound shore,
In the chant of the solemn sea,
In the sigh of the sea-breeze, o'er and o'er,
There came the refrain to me,
"In Manus Tuas, Domine!"*

"ALONE in midmost ocean lies my bark,
Nigh unto foundering ; star-veiling cloud
Is overhead, and sea-fog thick and dark
Is wrapped around me like a clammy shroud.
Strained beyond measure, through the gaping seams
Death creeps by inches, and I bide my doom,
And think of all the hopes and all the dreams
That go down with me to a nameless tomb.
Life ebbs away, and, face to face with Death,
Upon my brow Azrael's icy breath,
I let it go, and fold my arms, and wait,
Deeming Love lies behind the mask of Fate.
Into Thy Hands, O Lord ! *

"I know not, and I do not seek to know,
What will come next, when the cold waters close
Above my head, nor whither I may go ;
Content to know death-pangs are but the throes
Of life-birth, and that good must grow to best.
Somewhere, somehow, sometime on other seas
I shall pursue my voyage, after rest,
To the far-off, divine Hesperides.
Where, how, and when, concern me not ; the start,
The course, the end I leave unguessed ; a part
Of the great whole, that which is good for all
Is good for me, and quietly I fall
Into Thy Hands, O Lord !

* The term " Lord " is used here in a symbolical sense, as referring to the divine spark shining in every man.—[E. H.]

"Hero nor saint am I; weak, passionate,
 To siren voices I have list, and stayed
 Dallying in Circean harbours, and too late
 Mourn wasted time, spent strength, and course delayed;
 From chart-marked line to left hand or to right
 I oft have sailed astray, impelled by greed,
 Or shirking toil, nor always as I might
 Have succoured brother-mariners in their need.
 And that which I have done must bear its fruit,
 Bitter or sweet; I ask no favours; mute
 I bow the head, knowing that Law is Love,
 And put myself, here, there, below, above,
 Into Thy Hands, O Lord!

"Into Thy Hands!—yet of Thee know I nought!
 I cannot, dare not name—can only say
 That Thou art THAT WHICH IS, beyond all thought,
 Beyond all speech—the Mote names not the Ray
 In which it floats! And I can only feel,
 Dumbly and vaguely, that the All of Things
 Thrills with a Nameless Life, to Perfect weal
 Working, the Fountain whence all Being springs,
 Where ends. This is enough.—The waters rise;
 The last swift plunge is near; the night-wind sighs
 My requiem; one brief life is all but past,
 And ends with this my first prayer and my last,
 Into Thy Hands, O Lord!

*Alone on the cliff of a rock-bound shore,
 In the chant of the solemn sea,
 In the sigh of the sea-breeze, o'er and o'er,
 There came the refrain to me,
 "In Manus Tuas, Domine!"*

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F.T.S.

11th January, 1889.



EASTERN PROVERBS.

Death is a black camel that kneels at everybody's door.
 Let us open our eyes, or they will be opened for us.
 A little hill in a low place thinks itself a great mountain.
 A thousand sorrows do not pay a debt.
 Fallen flowers do not return to their branches.

AN EXPERIENCE.

THE line of separation between dreams, astral visions, astral flights and kindred phenomena is often confused, broken or incomplete, making it difficult to know positively to which class certain subjective phenomena or experiences belong, and therefore much must be left to conjecture.

Whether the recital that follows be an account of an astral visit or a dream must be determined by the readers each for himself.

In the latter part of June, 1886, about one year after I became interested in the study of the moral philosophies of the Orient, particularly Buddhism, at the close of a busy day I cast myself upon the sofa in the library and tried to recall what of practical value I had learned from these same studies.

The day had been almost as perfect as even June can produce. A light easterly wind came from off the bosom of the lake, and, as the rim of the red-orbed sun was fast disappearing below the horizon, moved by the varied influences of an atmosphere which seemed dense with winged thoughts, I made a slight effort at concentration.

Though at first futile, as the last streaks of golden light vanished like the faint strains of a closing anthem, I seemed to feel myself as it were carried away upon a beam of light. Fainter and fainter became the confused hum of earth sounds until at last I grew unconscious of all physical surroundings and became cognizant of the fact that I was upon a strange planet, with which I felt sure I had had no previous acquaintance. It was unlike the earth, except in form, and bore a resemblance to the mental picture I had formed of the moon, yet I felt instinctively it was not the moon.

I stood alone and upon a rocky height, or, more properly speaking, knoll, and was able, somehow, to see the entire surface of this mysterious planet. I seemed not in the least surprised at my peculiar and expanded visual powers by means of which I could, from one point of observation upon a large globe, view all the rest of it, and so did not try to analyse the sensation. Distinctly realizing my personality—that I was I—and also that I was absent from my former home—the earth, I began to wonder why I was in such an unknown—to me—and strange place, and asked myself the question, “What could be the nature of the revelation I instinctively felt was to come? what one or more of the many knotty problems, puzzling my soul, would be solved?”

I looked away into space. Naught could I see but blue-black nothingness. No sun, no moon, no stars. It seemed as though in all that

universe—if such it might be called—there was but the globe or earth upon which I stood and myself. And the planet itself was, to all appearances, dead. No verdure, animals or birds; no conscious or unconscious life outside the mineral kingdom. No water upon its surface, no moisture around, no clouds, no air, no sky. Mystical Silence masterful held the reins and was supreme.

Strange to say I experienced no fear. I had, in fact, no realization of any pleasant or unpleasant sensations in consequence of being so entirely isolated. One idea possessed my being to the exclusion of all else, and that was that somehow and for some good reason or purpose I was here to be taught; and I had no anxiety as to the manner or the time in which the lesson and its purport were to be revealed. I was simply in a condition of impartial passivity.

In some undefinable manner I received the impression that it was eventide; although what made the distinction between night and day I could not determine or discover. Again I looked away from this weird and apparently lifeless earth, when suddenly a point of light, like a star of the fourth or fifth magnitude, in the far distance, arrested my attention. Slowly it approached, growing gradually larger and brighter in proportion as it neared the planet, until when within respectable range of vision it resolved into form, that of a medium-sized horseshoe incandescent. Nearer and nearer it came, with slow, undulating motion, moving as it seemed at its own free will regardless of the law of gravity. As it approached I began to wonder if it would touch the earth near where I stood, and for one moment glancing around me, I observed a deep, though rather small, crevice or cavern in the ground directly to my left, and at about ten feet from where I stood. With sinuous, graceful movement the little object approached the mouth of the cavern and disappeared within.

What this phenomenon? I queried, and what does it mean? then turning round in an endeavour to find some clue to the explanation, I for the first time perceived that I was not alone, but that there were strange beings, though human, inhabiting this globe. They resembled our race in form and feature, and stood erect; they were, however, somewhat below the medium in stature, and I am impressed that different shades of greyish-brown would describe, as to colour, their complexion, hair, eyes and dress.

They looked a part of the dull grey earth upon which they lived. They were busy at some kind of work, though what its nature I could not perceive.

Accepting their sudden appearance upon the scene, or rather my recognition of it as a part of the unsolved riddle, I questioned them in regard to the recent phenomenon, and although they spake not, neither gesticulated, they nevertheless made me understand, and that without any effort on my part, that what I had just witnessed was of daily

occurrence, and that on the following evening at the same hour, in the same place, I could see a repetition of the scene. I asked them what it was and what it meant to them, to both of which questions they betrayed the profoundest ignorance, merely giving me to understand that it had always been and would always be ; accepting the fact verified from time immemorial as the poor and ignorant day-labourer does that phenomenon of the sunrise. The sun apparently rises in the morning and sets at night, which means for him but the beginning and ending of a day's work, that is all. Having little time for investigations of the marvels revealed by mother nature, he has *less* inclination.

Scarcely content with the information obtained from this strange people, I resolved to be on hand the following night, and I do not clearly remember further until I found myself watching for the reappearance of the little horse-shoe. It came, and this time I observed more closely and was surprised and mystified at the evident purity and harmlessness of the little object, for it seemed to be the vehicle of a sacred mystery, and within me was conceived the burning desire to know that mystery, to solve this cosmic problem.

A second time, with the same sinuous motion, at one instant nearer me and the next a little farther away, it entered the cavern. Nothing I had ever seen in earth-life appealed to me as so pure and beautiful as did this little horse-shoe shaped object, and the more I thought of it the more ardently I longed for closer inspection. Just as it entered the cavern a little child approached so near the edge, trying to follow its course with childish eyes of wonder, as to cause me instinctively to put forth my hand and draw the little one back lest harm should befall, and as I did so, I vowed to myself that with the utter fearlessness of the little child, I would attempt to solve this problem which so puzzled me.

No sooner had I formed this mental resolution, than I seemed to be divided within myself and two opposing voices made themselves distinctly heard to my consciousness. One whispered that it was right that I should investigate this matter, while the other reiterated, "Wait!"

Each was freighted with equally good arguments and I mentally swayed between them for some time. However, the third night found me at my post unwavering in my first resolution ; consequently a third time I saw the little luminous body come forth from the depths of space, and watched its approach in worshipful silence, deeming that when it was just about to enter the cavern I could, by standing upon the very edge and reaching far out, catch it in my hands. I did not question if I had any right to pursue my investigations in my own way, regardless of the inconvenience to which I might put the object in question, nor had I any fear as to possible consequences. I was stimulated by the thought that for ages the inhabitants of this weird, uncanny little earth had looked with indifferent eyes upon this peculiar daily occurrence without making any effort to find the reason therefor. They were in-

different, I argued because they had not dared to investigate, and now I was on the eve of a seemingly successful solution.

Now, as the little object poised for an instant over the mouth of the cavern, I exultingly seized it in both my hands, upon which act occurred a double phenomenon ; for no sooner had my hands come into contact with the apparently inoffensive little horse-shoe than it seemed to become a thing of conscious energetic life.

It writhed and twisted, struggled and fought, steamed and hissed, emitting sparks of fire in all directions, until at last I was compelled to let go of it ; whereupon, instead of entering the cave as it had previously done, it flew back into the heavens with the velocity of a cannon ball ; leaving a long train of fire in its wake. On it went until completely out of sight ; but ere I had time to resolve my chaotic emotions or comprehend in any degree what had transpired, back it came with the same velocity, moving this time in a straight line in direct antithesis to its previously sinuous course, still seething and emitting sparks as if it would burn away for ever my contaminating touch ; while with the noise of thunder it entered the cave with force as to shake the entire planet and cause it to tremble and waver in its position in space.

At the unusual and unexpected sound and motion upon this silent earth, the inhabitants, with faces white with fear, came running to where I stood, and when they understood what I had done, intense horror overspread each countenance at my desecration of a sacred mystery. And now for the second phenomenon which, it will appear, was purely subjective. No sooner had I obtained physical contact with the luminous horse-shoe than a most humiliating sense of shame possessed me to the occlusion of all other sensations, and I could have wished at that moment to have been washed out of existence, to have become non-entity ; but I distinctly remember assuming an air of bravado before the natives, saying, as I exhibited my hands, "Well, I do not care ; I have some tacks as a remembrance of my self-imposed adventure !" and, indeed, lightly imbedded in the flesh of my hands were several shoe-tacks, which, now separated from their luminous source, presented but an appearance of cold, unsympathetic iron.

What happened immediately after my arrogant speech I know not. I was next conscious of climbing a somewhat steep and rocky hill accompanied by a native, and readily understood that I was to be punished for my daring.

Arriving at the top of the hill we descended a short distance upon the other side, where, for the first time since my advent into this strange world, I saw buildings, small and much resembling the small frame houses we see upon the outskirts of a city and in the country.

These I noticed had been but recently built, as the wood was not in the least discoloured. To one of these little buildings I was led, and when within, I was made to stand against the wall opposite the door

through which we entered while my pseudo-guide proceeded to bind me with small wire in this wise.

Holding a large coil of wire in one hand, he with the other threw the wire over me, lasso fashion, letting each subsequent coil fall a trifle lower upon my person, until I was literally 'enwrapped in wire from my head to my feet.

While my silent companion was as silently manipulating the wire, through the door which closed immediately upon our entrance, and through the adjoining wall came flaming swords without any apparent damage to the wood through which they passed, and pitted their points in the wall behind me. By scores they came and formed a line of demarcation around my head, my torso and my limbs ; so that if by any chance I could have extricated myself from the wire, I could not have moved one eighth of an inch in any direction without incurring danger to my person from this sword-fence. I may here state, however, that I had not the least desire to free myself, even could I have done so. In fact I was overjoyed at the prospect of my terrible punishment, being imbued with the idea that in proper time I should evolve forth purified and qualified to investigate cosmic mysteries as much as I desired. . . .

I turned upon my pillow. The sweet gentle lake-breeze still fanned my brow and waved the curtains back and forth with gentle rustling sound, but Erebus had driven the light forth and was sole sovereign.

I rose as refreshed as if I had taken a bath with Aphrodite, struck a light and looked at the clock, wondering how many hours I had lain so undisturbed, when to my great surprise, I found I had compassed the experience of a goodly lifetime in one short half-hour, and this thought performed a series of revolutions in my brain. "Remember, O Disciple, thou must have clean hands ere thou canst anatomize the mysteries of Siva."

LOUISE JEWELL MANNING, F.T.S.



NOTICE.

THE attention of members of the Theosophical Society is particularly drawn to a notice in LUCIFER of May, regarding the formation of a staff of volunteer lecturers. Few names of those willing to take part in this work have been received, and it is earnestly desired that before the winter, so important a means of educating those ignorant of Theosophy may be got into working order. Those who have any suggestion to offer, or who will lecture or read papers, where opportunity offers, are requested to communicate with Mr. HERBERT CORYN, 7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, STRAND.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.*

HAVE you heard of this question the doctors among,
 Whether all living things from a Monad have sprung ?
 This has lately been said, and it now shall be sung,
 Which nobody can deny.

Not one or two ages sufficed for the feat,
 It required a few millions the change to complete,
 But now the thing's done, and it looks rather neat,
 Which nobody can deny.

The original Monad, our great-great-grandsire,
 To little or nothing at first did aspire,
 But at last to have offspring it took a desire,
 Which nobody can deny.

This Monad becoming a father or mother,
 By budding or bursting, produced such another,
 And shortly there followed a sister or brother,
 Which nobody can deny.

But Monad no longer applies to them well,
 They're a cluster of molecules now, or a cell ;
 But which of the two, doctors only can tell,
 Which nobody can deny.

These beings increasing, grew buoyant with life,
 And each to itself was both husband and wife,
 And at first, strange to say, the two lived without strife,
 Which nobody can deny.

But such crowding together soon troublesome grew,
 And they thought a division of labour would do ;
 So their sexual system was parted in two,
 Which nobody can deny.

Thus Plato supposes that, severed by fate,
 Human halves run about, each in search of his mate,
 Never pleased till they gain their original state,
 Which nobody can deny.

Excrescences fast were now trying to shoot ;
 Some put out a finger, some put out a foot ;
 Some set up a mouth, and some sent down a root,
 Which nobody can deny.

* From "*Blackwood's Magazine*, by permission."

Some wishing to walk, manufactured a limb ;
 Some rigged out a fin, with a purpose to swim ;
 Some opened an eye, some remained dark and dim,
 Which nobody can deny.

Some creatures grew bulky, while others were small,
 As nature sent food for the few or for all ;
 And the weakest, we know, ever go to the wall,
 Which nobody can deny.

A deer with a neck that was longer by half
 Than the rest of its family's (try not to laugh),
 By stretching, and stretching, became a giraffe,
 Which nobody can deny.

A very tall pig, with a very long nose,
 Sends forth a proboscis quite down to his toes ;
 And he then by the name of an elephant goes,
 Which nobody can deny.

The four-footed beast that we now call a whale,
 Held its hind-legs so close that they grew to a tail,
 Which it uses for threshing the sea like a flail,
 Which nobody can deny.

Pouters, tumblers, and fantails are from the same source :
 The racer and hack may be traced to one Horse ;
 So Men were developed from Monkeys, of course,
 Which nobody can deny.

An Ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,
 When the gift of the gab he had managed to gain,
 As a Lord of Creation established his reign,
 Which nobody can deny.

But I'm sadly afraid, if we do not take care,
 A relapse to low life may our prospects impair ;
 So of beastly propensities let us beware,
 Which nobody can deny.

Their lofty position our children may lose,
 And, reduced to all fours, must then narrow their views ;
 Which would wholly unfit them for filling our shoes,
 Which nobody can deny.

Their vertebræ next might be taken away,
 When they'd sink to an oyster, or insect, some day,
 Or the pitiful part of a polypus play.
 Which nobody can deny.

Thus losing Humanity's nature and name,
 And descending through varying stages of shame,
 They'd return to the Monad, from which we all came,
 Which nobody can deny.

NOTES ON CARLYLE'S SARTOR RESARTUS.

TRUTH!" I cried, "though the Heavens crush me for following her; no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy."

Such is the keynote of one of the most remarkable literary efforts of the century. "Wondrous, indeed," as the author says, "is a true book . . . talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men." The writer of the present paper had, years ago, as many others, read the life and opinions of Herr Teufelsdröckh, with some weariness and little understanding, and cast it aside. With the larger interest of a student, he has now, with infinite pleasure, read it again and hastens to place his notes in the hands of fellow students who may not yet have given it their attention.

Not only is the book itself replete with the One Science, hints of which start out in every page, but in its very treatment is a valuable lesson in practical occultism. Like the Comte de Gabalis of the Abbé de Villars, it leaves the public to waver between two opinions, in doubt whether the writer is in sober earnest or merely endeavouring a *jeu d'esprit*. A supposed editor writes a commentary on the opinions of Teufelsdröckh, and wards off the sledge hammer blows of the philosopher from the too feeble public by means of supposed practical objections, yet so as finally to leave the earnest-souled reader on the side of the Professor of Things in General of the University of Know-not-where; all the more as he is not wholly a destructive and negative iconoclast, but from the Everlasting No through the Centre of Indifference evolves the Everlasting Yea in no uncertain manner, bidding Herr von Voltaire "since he hath only a torch for burning, no hammer for building, to take his thanks and—himself away."

Many of the utterances of the philosopher are enigmatical and transcendently mystical, as indeed the commentator takes pains to show, though often himself in language but slightly less obscure. In many places, too, we have hints of the highest metaphysics and occult science; when, for instance, he speaks of "the rest of infinite motion," or exclaims, "could I unfold the influence of Names . . . I were a second greater Trismegistus"; or, "Among nations as among individuals, there is an incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect . . . regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligences of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible," a sentence, truly, which gives the very marrow of Occultism.

Students of the Universal Doctrine and its assertion of the "absolute Universality of the Law of Periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow," will read with pleasure the intuitional aphorism of Saint Simon, which Teufelsdröckh quotes, "*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est devant nous ;*" and although they may smile at the sop to Cerberus, *l'aveugle tradition*, still welcome the heralding of the new Satya Yug ; for, as Teufelsdröckh says, "if our era is the Era of Unbelief, why murmur under it ; is there not a better coming—nay, come ? As in long-drawn systole and diastole, must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial ; must the vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all opinions, Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, and again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter dissolution" ; in which, indeed, the working of the Great Breath in manifestation is clearly recognizable, and the law of Pralaya and Manvantara shadowed forth. Not that clearer reference to cyclic law is wanting and a rent made in the mysterious veil of causation, whereby the light of truth streams brightly forth, though disguised as usual into a query, in the passage, "The course of Nature's phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us : but who knows what deeper courses these depend on : what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on ?"

Students again of the Law of the Equilibrium of Contraries, so familiar to us by the pages of Eliphas Lévi, will understand the relief that the Clothes Philosopher finds to the strange contradictions within him in the discovery, "that spiritual music can spring only from discords set in harmony ; that but for evil there were no good, as victory is only possible by battle." While those who have read with understanding of the potency of sound and the mysteries of the *Verbum, Logos* and *Vach*, and who have also heard of the methods and theories of John Worrell Keely in respect to inter-etheric force, and so perceived a demonstration of that which the unaided logic of metaphysics had previously demanded, will see the same thought in the words "strangely in this so solid-seeming world, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The *Word* is well said to be omnipotent in this world ; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*."

Of omnipresence and the power of the mind he says, "is not the Distant, the Dead while I love it and long for it, and mourn for it. Here in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on?" And shortly afterwards breaks out into a magnificent passage breathing the spirit of universality and pantheism. "Has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the where and when, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought ; that the seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER. Have not

all nations conceived their God as omnipresent and eternal, as existing in a universal *HERE*, an everlasting *NOW*? Think well, thou too wilt find that space is but a mode of our human sense, so likewise Time; there is no space, no time. *WE* are—we know not what; light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!"

One of the fundamental propositions of the Clothes Philosopher as of occultism, is the oneness of the Universe. "Detached, separated! I say that there is no such separation, nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it only a withered leaf, works together with all, is borne forward on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in inverse order, else how could it *rot*? . . . Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant: all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself." In another place (students of the Kabbalah will understand the hint) he speaks of Nature and Life as but one garment, "a 'living garment,' worn and ever awearing in the 'loom of time,'" and again of this same oneness in Man, by which "all things the minutest that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so generates ever new blessing or new cursing," while those who have enquired into the mysteries of Hirany-agarba, will understand the thought in the mysterious sentence, "To breed a fresh soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg?"

Hear next what he says on Symbols: "for is not a symbol ever to him who has eyes for it some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike!" Masterly, indeed, is the introduction to this important chapter, wherein the true reason of the concealment of the mysteries is set forth. "Silence," he says, "is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. . . Speech is silvern, silence is golden: or as I might rather express it, speech is of Time, silence is of Eternity." Was ever the familiar adage so mysteriously interpreted? Its inner spirit seems to start forth into light, and our soul to be stirred by an echo of things unseen. What recollection, too, of the great philosophic and religious systems of the past. The Hindu, Egyptian, and the Greek, pre-eminently, of Pythagoras and the mysterious *Sige* (silence), sweeps over the mind!

"Of kin," he continues, "to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of Symbols. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation; here, therefore by Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a double significance. . . ."

In the symbol proper . . . there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is

made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. By symbols accordingly is man guided and commanded made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised: the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God; is not all that he does symbolical; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given force that is in him. What a masterly mind is this! How filled with divine intuition, whereby the whole of nature becomes an open book in understandable language! No writer of an elementary text book or specialist is he; but a master of the Science with mind and heart large enough to embrace the whole world and humanity. Such being the bent of our philosopher's thought, so occult its tendency, it would indeed be surprising if the mysterious doctrine of Mâyâ found no place in his system. Truly Oriental and Platonic are the many passages which, in powerful metaphor and simile, set forth this fundamental belief. Of such passages perhaps the most striking are the following. "Creation, says one, "lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake!"

"O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each future Ghost within him; but are in very deed, Ghosts! These limbs, whence had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a Shadow system gathered round our Me; wherein through some moments of years, the Divine Essence is to be revealed in Flesh." In all of which, if one but read carefully, more will appear than at first sight; and indeed the question ever rises to the lips, "Did this man know?" Or what again can be more clear than the following? "All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken is not there at all. Matter exists only spiritually and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth."

Of Natural Supernaturalism and the significance of miracles, he writes, "'But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?' ask several, whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me, perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of the Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into and by Spiritual Force even as the rest have all been brought to bear on us with its Material Force." Of which passage the whole art rests on the word "perhaps." And here we may well show the attitude of Teufelsdröckh to modern science, or as he calls it, "mechanical manipulation fasely named Science." Of orthodoxy he enquires, "what those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute Book of Nature, may possibly be?"

“‘They stand written in our Works of Science,’ say you; ‘in the accumulated records of Man’s Experience’? Was man with his Experience present at the Creation, then to see how it all went on?” Where mark well the words “with his Experience.” “But indeed man is, and was always a blockhead and dullard; much readier to feel and digest than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose; thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy or noticeable. . . . Wonder is the basis of Worship.” We therefore find that, “That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh.” And again, “Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre work and Demonology, we have now named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that still the new question comes upon us. What is Madness, what are Nerves? Ever as before does Madness remain a mysterious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether Chaotic Deep, through this fair painted vision of Creation, which swims thereon, which we name the Real.” Thus marvellously, in one short sentence, does he sum up the whole controversy between professional orthodoxy and occultism. From all of which considerations we can the better understand the following striking passage in which the Lower Man, and especially the average man of the white sub-race, is masterfully depicted. “There stands he, his Universe one huge manger, filled with hay and thistles to be weighed against each other; and looks long-eared enough. Alas, poor devil! spectres are appointed to haunt him, one age he is hag-ridden, bewitched; the next, priest-ridden, befooled; in all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Mechanism smothers him worse than any Nightmare did, till the Soul is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive, Mechanical life remains.”

Such being the views of our Clothes Philosopher on the Universe, it would indeed be strange if he had not discovered that the Macrocosm was reflected in Man, the microcosm. “Truly,” he says, “if Nature is one, and a living, indivisible whole, much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates Nature, without which Nature were not.” And again, in a still more marvellous passage, “To the eye of vulgar Logic, what is man? An omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round this mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in UNION and DIVISION; and sees and fashions for himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thousands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Garment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as

it were, swathed in, and inextricably over-shrouded. Yet it is sky-woven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; power has been given him to know, to believe; nay, does not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, 'the true SHEKINAH is Man.' Where else is the GOD'S-PRESENCE manifested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow-man?" Here, indeed, we have the very key to Occultism and true Religion.

But "who am I? What is this ME? A Voice, a Motion, an Appearance; some embodied, visualised Idea in the Eternal Mind?" Thus we are arrived at the most momentous problem of the Clothes philosophy, as, indeed, of all philosophies; the key to which is the master-key of all mysteries.

Here, as always, Teufelsdröckh is enigmatical, for, "How paint to the sensual eye," he asks, "what passes in the Holy of Holies of Man's Soul? In what words, known to these profane times, speak even afar off of the unspeakable?" Yet the story of how Teufelsdröckh passed from the Everlasting No through the Centre of Indifference to the Everlasting Yea, has been, is and will be, read with eager interest and sympathy by all true-hearted pilgrims, and, perhaps, especially by students of occultism, who will recognise the milestones of the journey with only too painful distinctness.

"The painfulest feeling," writes he, "is that of your own Feebleness." How miserably true! Who of us has not experienced the terrible longing to be up and doing something, anything, to rend the veil and hear a voice in the silence, and the following and still more terrible feeling of inability. "Our works," continues the philosopher, "are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible precept, *know thyself*, till it be translated into this partially possible one, *know what thou canst work at*. And later, "O, thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, 'here or nowhere.' couldst thou only see!" Ay, but that "only"! Yet in another passage he shows that this doing is not to be interpreted in its literal sense, for "the Man is the spirit he worked in; not what he did, but what he became." Truly the key to the right judgment of effort, which, if practised, would speedily transform the present standard of worth!

One thing alone during this terrible struggle, the labour pains of the Spirit within, remained as a rock of salvation, the dim intuition or feeling of Duty. "Thus, in spite of all motive-grinders," he writes, "and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present with me." The circumstances of trial and frame of mind

which preceded what he called his spiritual new-birth, are worthy of the closest study. "Having no hope," he writes, "neither had I any definite fear, were it of Man or Devil: nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing, could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but rise to me that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet, strangely enough, I lived in continual indefinite, pining fear . . . when, all at once, there rose a thought in me, and I asked myself, 'What *art* thou afraid of? Wherefore, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trembling? Despicable biped! What is the sum total of the worst that lies before thee? Death? Well, death, and say the pangs of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, do, or can say against thee! Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not suffer whatsoever it be? and, as a child of Freedom, though outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes thee? Let it come, then, I will meet and defy it!'"

Those who have read the Gnostic legend of Lucifer will understand the force of this passage. And yet in this Freedom there was to be no licence, for elsewhere he says, "he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable." Truly is our only Freedom in the One Law!

"Thus," he concludes, "had the Everlasting No pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being of my ME; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest. . . . It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man."

Not yet, however, had the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Well-doing*, shone out, beyond all cavil in his heart; "Pshaw!" he writes, "what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an earth; what art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing, Nobody: true; but who, then, is Somebody, Something? For thee the Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou art wholly as a dis severed limb: so be it, perhaps it is better so! . . . This was the Centre of Indifference that I had reached; through which whoso travels from the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass."

Of what religion, then, was this Teufelsdröckh, some may well ask. Can such an one remain within the narrow arms of orthodoxy? And if he have so ably solved the mysteries of highest philosophy, how does he reconcile the contradictions of received Christianity? How does he, for instance, understand the crucial dogma of the divinity of the Nazarene? How else, indeed, than as all the followers of Divine Wisdom believe: for he writes, "To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the

Tempter do grimpest battle with him; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose: with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called." Thus at length does the professor recognize his whereabouts in the ocean of trial in which he has so long been tossed rudderless, and "gets his eye on the knot that has been strangling him," not but what he still halts in the Centre of Indifference crying "fly, then, false shadows of Hope; I will chase you no more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spectres of Fear, I care not for you; ye too are all shadows and a lie. Let me rest here: for I am way-weary and life-weary; I will rest here, were it but to die: to die or to live is alike to me; alike insignificant." When suddenly the great truth streams upon him in all its splendour; "What is Nature?" he cries. "Ha! why do I not name thee GOD? art thou not the 'Living Garment of God?' O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me? . . . like soft streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike and my Father's!

"With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. . . . O my brother, my brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes! . . . the poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my needy mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first named him Brother." Thus the chord of brotherhood being struck within him, a plan and a purpose began swiftly to shape itself, and Teufelsdröckh discovers that, "there is in a man a HIGHER than the Love of Happiness: he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness!" But before such a consummation can be attained, he adds, "the Self in thee," needs "be annihilated."

Having thus arrived at the sign-post of the Path of Blessedness, our philosopher proceeds, with masterly touch, to sketch the present state of so-called civilized society, with its demoniacal competition and assertive individualism. "To me, in this our life," says the professor, "which is an internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems questionable. Hast thou in any way a contention with thy brother, I advise thee think well what the meaning thereof is. If thou gauge it to the bottom it is simply this: 'Fellow, see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the world, something from *my* share; which, by the Heavens, thou shalt not; nay, I will fight thee, rather.' . . . Can we not, in all such cases, rather say, 'Take it, thou too ravenous individual; take that pitiful additional fraction of a share which I reckoned

mine, but which thou so wantest ; take it with a blessing ; would to Heaven I had enough for thee ! ' ' "

And later, referring to that same idea of Duty which had previously been his only beacon in the Cimmerian mists of unbelief, he bids us, " ' *Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,* ' which thou knowest to be a Duty ! Thy second Duty will have already become clearer." Truly, a hint that those who have cried so loudly for practical instruction would do well to lay to heart. Here, indeed, we have the gate to the Path of Divine Self-Sacrifice, the first lesson to be learned by students of the Science of Life and, of a truth, the lowest rung of that ladder which reaches to Divinity itself.

A Socialist, too, was Teufelsdröckh, but not of the mouthing agitator stamp. " Hardly-entreated Brother ! " he cries, " for us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed ; thou wert our Conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on ; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." Such, indeed, is the spirit of true socialism, which is truly naught else but the practice of Humanity's One Religion, the manifestation of that Brotherhood which binds all men together (*religare*).

It is in this belief that Teufelsdröckh exclaims, " If the poor and humble toil that we may have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality ? These two, in all their degrees, I honour ; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth." And again, " It is not because of his toils, that I lament for the poor ; we must all toil But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out ; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly, knowledge should visit him. . . . That there should be one Man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge ; this I call a tragedy."

In such burning words does Carlyle proclaim the honourableness of labour and enunciate the duty of the so-called " upper classes," proving beyond all question that this religion of Teufelsdröckh is indeed the Evangel for which Humanity now moans, the only basis on which to rest the solution of such crying evils as the labour question, alcoholic poisoning, the social evil, and a myriad other abuses which have not yet been distinctly formulated.

S. G.



The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER X.

REVELATIONS.

THE days of the anniversary celebration came to an end ; the blue elephants had entirely lost their shape, the native musicians were dismissed, the Hierophant rested on his laurels and the guests returned one after another to their homes.

Pancho remained at Urur. His adventure with the Talking Image had strongly impressed his mind, and he desired to receive some more revelations. He wanted to know what is that "self" which one must know before it can be renounced and which we cannot possess as long as we are ourselves possessed by it ; that *Self*, to which man clings with the grip of despair and which no one wishes to lose. "What," he thought, "would become of a man who should give up his Self ; what would be left of him, if his self is all that is in him ?" Then it was that he felt the foreboding of something like a superior state in which there is all knowledge but no conception of limitation and narrowness ; a condition in which the soul is superior to all that concerns the battle of shadows taking place on the material plane ; but that state seemed to him still far away ; far more distant and unapproachable than the sun, resting tranquilly in its own self-luminous light, while his rays plays with the phantoms and shadows which they produce upon the material world. Was the rosy light that was absorbed by the Image an emanation of a superior light, in which life and consciousness and knowledge exist ? Was the ethereal form which he imagined he saw one of the Mysterious Brotherhood, or was it the soul of the Image itself ? Pancho remembered to have read in Plutarch that every man has a soul and that it does not commingle with the body in all men alike. That in some bodies it gets absorbed fully, and then the whole frame is corrupted by appetites and passions ; while it penetrates into others only partially, the purer part remaining outside.

It was said that only the vulgar think that the whole of their soul is within them ; just as they believe the image reflected from a mirror to be in the glass ; but the more intelligent know it to be without.

He asked Captain Bumpkins about it, and the Hierophant surmised that it must have been either Krashibashi or Rataraborumatchi, adding that he would investigate the matter.

"Do not trouble yourself about such questions," he said. "Wait until my new Wisdom-Catechism is published and you will then know all about it."

"A Wisdom-Catechism ?" asked Pancho, astonished.

"Yes," answered Captain Bumpkins, "a catechism about Divine Wisdom ; giving the correct explanations of all the mysteries of the universe ; a catechism that will make those who read it divinely wise."

"But," said Pancho, "how will those who read know whether or not its contents are true?"

"There can be no doubt about its veracity," said the Hierophant; "because Krashibashi has promised to attest it with his own seal."

Indeed it seemed as if a new era of light was dawning upon the world. A great deal of information on subjects heretofore considered occult was given to the world by some intelligence that spoke through the Talking Image of Urur. Whether the information thus given came from Krashibashi or from Rataramorubatchi is not positively known; but it is certain that the new doctrines astonished the world and gratified the curiosity of many; but whether those who were thus better informed, grew any wiser from it, our historian has not been able to ascertain. The new and nevertheless very old doctrines embraced the process of the evolution of the visible and invisible realms of nature, explaining not merely the origin of all gross material and visible forms, but also the cause of the existence and the manner of development of all beings in the universe, from that semi-spiritual monad "or centre of vibration," called "atom," up to a planetary spirit whose body is as large as the sphere of the planet to which it belongs. It proved logically to the mind many things that are open to the perception of the illuminated Seer alone, showing that all forms in the universe are the products of the Universal Will acting upon the ideation of the Universal Mind; while both these were merely functions of one eternal and self-existing principle, having its origin in the Absolute.

Captain Bumpkins corroborated these statements, and amplified them from the storehouse of his own experience. "It's all done by magnetism," he said. "I have seen a fakir make a mango tree grow out of a kernel merely by magnetizing it. The more he magnetized it the more it grew until it was thirty-six feet and two inches high."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Green.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

The revelations brought out by the Image showed, in a manner comprehensible even to the rationalistic mind, that there could be no such thing as "dead matter" in the universe; but that the whole world was a manifestation of Life and that this Life principle was one and indivisible, while it was merely the forms of its manifestations which differed from each other according to the nature of the bodies in which they took place.

"Life," said the voice that spoke through the Image, "is not a product of the form in which it is observed, no more than the air which a person inhales is the product of his lungs; but it is a manifestation of an unversible and universal power of Life, which produces all forms and without which no form could come into existence or continue to exist."

"Life," added the Hierophant, "is produced by magnetism. I have seen with my own eyes a fakir buried for forty days, twenty feet under the ground in a hole. I have carefully examined it. There was not even as much as a gas pipe through which he could have breathed. Anyone who saw it done would have betted ten dollars that the man was stone-dead. But when he was taken up, he recovered and ate a hearty breakfast. It is all done by magnetism."

"I have heard of a similar case that happened at Edwardsville," said Mr. Green. "A woman died at that town and two respectable doctors gave their

certificates that she was quite dead ; but when they carried her to the churchyard, the coffin struck against the overhanging branch of a tree, and dropped to the ground ; the woman then awoke and was alive as ever. It nearly frightened her husband to death."

"Such a coming back to life," said Captain Bumpkins, "can only occur with persons in possession of abnormal powers and a strong magnetic constitution."

"The husband of that woman," went on Mr. Green, "was so much convinced of his wife's abnormal powers of coming to life again, that when, a year afterwards, she again died, he made the funeral procession go by another road, to avoid the repetition of such an accident."

"I have read the story of an ancient philosopher, who was in the habit of magnetizing himself and going out in his astral form," remarked the Hierophant, "on such occasions his physical body being as dead as a door-nail. One day his wife had his body burned to ashes. You should have seen the surprise of the philosopher when he returned and found that his body was gone. It annoyed him very much."

By a series of arguments, at once logical and comprehensive, the Image proved that the divine spirit of Man is not a product of the animal form or organization ; but that it has existed in all eternity and will never cease to *be*; that forms *are not*, but that they merely *exist*, and that the spirit must overshadow and exist in a form to obtain the perfect consciousness and knowledge that belongs to such forms. It also showed that divine self-knowledge could not possibly be obtained within one short span of life : but that an almost endless chain of reincarnations or *re-expressions* in form would be necessary before it could gain all the experience necessary to attain the knowledge of good and evil and gradually grow into that higher consciousness which forms the basis of true self-knowledge. It said that those whose whole attention was absorbed by the external illusions produced by the senses, or by intellectual research into things that belonged merely to the phenomenal aspect of nature, could not attain that knowledge of the spirit which constitutes the knowledge of self ; but that to realize the eternal Reality it was necessary to fix one's thoughts and aspirations upon that which is eternal and real.

"This is perfectly true," said the Hierophant. "I once knew a *yogi* who spent several hours every day in magnetizing himself and looking at a fly-speck upon the wall. In seven years time he became so much developed that he could not tell the difference between a man and a spirit. He used to run against people in the street, supposing them to be spirits, and talked with real spirits, imagining them to be living people. He was ultimately locked up in an insane asylum."

"I wish he were here," remarked Mrs. Honeycomb, "to help us catch these black Magicians."

"The yoga-philosophy," saith the Image, "teaches the suppression of the functions of the thinking principle ; that means to say the suppression of that manner of thinking which is not in exact harmony with the perception of the truth by spiritual contemplation. There is nothing to hinder the mind from penetrating into the deepest mysteries of nature except the perception of the productions of its own imagination, which, like the vapours forming clouds within the terrestrial atmosphere that hinder a person from seeing the sun, fill

the mental sphere with illusions and prevent the light of truth from entering the soul. The perverted will of man creates perverted desires, and these call into existence the illusive images of things which have no real existence, causing him to see the truth, not as it is, but merely as a distorted reflection."

"Never think," explained the Hierophant. "The worst thing a Chela can do is to think. Think of nothing! The less a man thinks, the more he knows."

"That is very easy," acquiesced Mr. Green. "I must have been a yogi all my life, I see."

"The internal perception and understanding of truth," continued the Image, "constitutes true meditation, by which the union of the soul of man with his own real divine Self may be accomplished. The practice of *yoga* has for its object to obtain control over one's thoughts and emotions, and to penetrate by the power of interior thought, deep down into the sanctuary of the temple, where, upon the innermost altar, slumbers the divine spark which each human being has received from the power that called him into existence. Not the intellectual speculation of man, only the divine spirit within the soul can penetrate into those depths and reveal to man the mysteries of divine being. Who can know these divine secrets but he who has himself experienced the divine state? Who can form an intellectual conception of that which is inconceivable to the imagination? If anyone desires to know the truth, let him rise above that which is earthly. Let him fix his whole consciousness in the mirror of that which is eternal; let him fix his soul in the sublimity of the divine Ideal; let him fix his will in the supreme Power within and by the exercise of divine Love transform his entire being into the image of his divine Self. He will then be able to see and to hear and to feel that which can only be perceived by those who, in this world of errors, can rise above its illusions and live in that heaven of truth."

"Can you give us the astronomical direction in which the heaven is located?" asked Captain Bumpkins. "Please state the exact number of miles in regard to its distance from Urur, and how long it takes an average spirit to reach it?"

"Alas!" replied the Image, "you are too far from the truth even to conceive of the distance."

"Is it Krashibashi who is now talking?" inquired the Hierophant.

No response followed.

"I think he is gone," said the Hierophant.

"He must be an awful nice gentleman," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I could listen to him for hours, if one could only understand what he means."

"The trouble is that one is not always sure who of them is talking," continued the Hierophant. "Sometimes it is Krashibashi, at other times it is Rataramorubatchi, and then again it may only be one of the inferior Chelas. I have therefore made some arrangements with Krashibashi so that there will be no mistake. I make him give me a sign with the thumb of the Image, so that I should always know whether it is he."

"Did he give you the sign?" asked Mr. Green.

"Not this time," replied the Hierophant, "and I have my doubts as to whether it really was Krashibashi, because he spoke such incomprehensible gibberish. Who ever saw a divine spirit? What does he mean by that spirit

revealing to man all sorts of things? I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, what we want is facts and not speculations. I am a scientist. If anyone wants to make me believe that he is an Adept, let him levitate himself; let him write an occult letter or make himself invisible. We do not want to be preached at. We want something tangible."

"But then," said Mrs. Honeycomb, "he spoke so nicely about love and how it transforms one's whole being. I had some experience of that. When I was married I was an entirely different person."

Mr. Green heaved a sigh.

Such and similar conversations took place frequently at Urur, and while Pancho was astonished at the profundity of the thoughts uttered by the Image, he was equally surprised at the way in which they were received by the Hierophant and his followers. The most exalted ideas were rendered ridiculous by being misinterpreted and misapplied. The Talking Image spoke of things of which the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom could form no conception. Moreover, they had never agreed about a definition of terms, and applied the same words to things which were very different from each other. Thus the story of the building of the Tower of Babel was repeated again, and will always be repeated as long as men do not possess a true conception of the things they are talking about; for whenever they seek to build a system of thought concerned with those transcendental regions where the material perception ceases and the true ideal begins, their conceptions differ, and a "confusion of tongues" takes place.

If the doctrines of the Talking Image were misunderstood even by its own immediate followers, it is not surprising that when they reached the general public they were still more misrepresented and their meaning distorted. Especially its utterances against the abuses of so-called religion, and against the wiles of priestcraft, were looked upon by many as attacks upon the spirit of religion; its denial of the existence of a mutable and extra-cosmic God was misconstrued into a denial of Deity, that universal divine Power, pure and self-existent, which causes the attractions by which all forms are created.

There were many who saw in the Image nothing but a destroyer of their own cherished opinions, and they were not slow in denouncing doctrines which they were incapable of comprehending.

Truth is welcome to everyone so long as it does not come into conflict with one's adopted opinions or with one's own personal interests; but when it appears in the shape of an enemy seeking to destroy beloved hobbies and prejudices, which are parts of our very selves, grown into our flesh, it becomes hateful and is driven away. Thus the truths pronounced by the Image were now persecuted by the intellectual but unspiritual scribes and pharisees, distorted and crucified, as in times of old, and The Image itself was denounced by the clergy as being the instrument of the devil.

The jealousy of the African scientists became awakened, for their knowledge was to a great extent a mere belief on accepted authority. How could an Image dare to know things about which respectable bookmakers and University professors knew nothing? Such effrontery could not be tolerated. The point of view from which these scientific critics looked upon transcendental matters was far lower than that of the unknown intelligence that spoke through the Image.

They were used to stick to externalities and small details. They were not able to conceive of the Unity of the All and to follow the Image into the higher regions of abstract ideas, where form ceases to exist. Hence they soon joined the clergy in their vilifications and persecutions of the Talking Image of Urur, and spoke and wrote a great deal against it.

While the enemies of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom thus did their very best to make its name known all over the world, those who belonged to it spent all the power at their command to ruin still more effectually its reputation. There were many who, like Pancho, Mr. Green and Mrs. Honeycomb, had not the faintest conception of what self-knowledge means, and who, nevertheless, imagined it to be their duty to enlighten the world about things which were entirely unknown to themselves. They mistook "wisdom" for a belief in certain statements supposed to come from the Mysterious Brotherhood; and the rubbish published by them was often sufficiently intolerable to frighten away for ever any honest investigator. In fact the S. D. W. assumed an entirely sectarian character, and differed from other sects only in so far as it advocated more superstitions than the rest.

Mr. Green became the obedient servant of Madame Corneille according to directions received from Krashibashi. Meeting her in the garden he apologized to her for his rudeness, and begged her to become his *guru* and guide.

"I will consider the matter," said Madame Corneille, "but you will have to submit to some tests to try your obedience."

"I shall do all you command me to ;" urged Mr. Green, "because I want to become a real and accepted Chela, as soon as I can."

"Very well," she said, "bring me a stick."

Mr. Green went, and soon returned from the woodshed with a stick of dry wood, and handed it to the housekeeper.

"And now I shall throw this stick as far as I can," said Madame Corneille, "and you will pick and bring it back to me."

"But, Madame Corneille! . . ." groaned Mr. Green.

"Just as you please," she interrupted. "If you do not obey, you can leave it alone. The consequences will fall upon yourself."

"Oh, but I will! I will! . . . Certainly!" stuttered Mr. Green.

On flew the stick. "Now, *apporte!*" she ordered in French.

Mr. Green proceeded to move gravely in the direction of the stick.

"Hurry on!" she commanded.

He quickened his steps as much as his dignity would permit him, but Madame Corneille was not satisfied. She ordered him to run, and Mr. Green had to run, and to bring the stick back to her. She then threw it in another direction and made him run for it again, and she repeated her "test" several times to the great amusement of the servants who were watching the spectacle.

"Now, Mr. Green," said Madame Corneille, after he had become fully exhausted and was panting for breath, "you will have to report to me every day the exact state of your feelings. You know that Krashibashi can read all your thoughts. If you should keep any of them secret from me, he would become extremely displeased. Take good care not to forget anything in your confessions."

Mr. Green promised to obey, and henceforward he confessed his thoughts

every evening to Madame Corneille. He told her about a sweetheart whom he had left behind, in the old country, and whose name was Minnie. He had promised to marry her ; but that was before he had known anything about the Mysterious Brotherhood. When he saw opening before him the bright prospect of being selected for Chelaship, with all the rights and privileges attached to such a position, he had abandoned his Minnie. He now confessed that he was still thinking of her a great deal, and would be pleased to have her as a co-partner in chelaship ; but he had been told that this could not be done.

As Mr. Green advanced in his chelaship, he became conscious of being beset by temptations of various kinds. Some of these were as terrible as the trials through which the Hierophant himself had passed unscathed. For instance, there were a number of mango trees in the park of Urur, and as the fruits began to ripen, a negro woman of advanced age was set to watch over them lest they should be pilfered by the boys. The natural charms of that negro woman attracted Mr. Green's attention. Ignorant of the reason why she walked daily up and down in the vicinity of the small house in which he resided, and which was situated in the garden, he persuaded himself that she had been sent by the Mysterious Brotherhood as a *temptation* to test his moral character. But Mr. Green was not so easily caught in the snares as that. He could see through it all ; nor did he wish to evade the temptation. So taking his chair out on the porch, he sat on it for long hours, watching the woman, and setting his teeth—he resisted the temptation to the bitter end.

Pancho's temptations were of a different kind. He thought a great deal of Conchita and it seemed as if some invisible powers were continually trying to drag him back to his home. Still, he did not wish to return. For what little he had heard from the Talking Image seemed to him of far greater importance than everything else in life. Sometimes he feared he was not doing his duty in remaining so far away from his wife, and that the latter might be in need of him. He was, therefore, very glad when, about a month after his arrival, he received a letter from Conchita in answer to the one he had written to her from Hong Kong, and found it full of affectionate words. Among other things it contained the following passage :

“Do you know, my beloved one, how delicious it is to give oneself up entirely and without reserve to the being we love ; to be absolutely in his power, to belong to him fully, body and soul ? Surely such a love, to which one gives up one's whole being to be absorbed by him whom we love, cannot be sinful or selfish. Such is my love. My body is here, but my soul is with you. There are a thousand invisible threads which seem to drag it out of me, so that it may fly away and be united with your soul. Our spiritual seances have been discontinued, but in the place of it I am making psychic experiments. Juana has brought a man who is said to be a good mesmeriser, and who can put people into a trance so that they become clairvoyant. By his aid I hope to loosen the links which hold my soul to this helpless body, so that it may follow you across the sea and become cognizant of your presence.

“As to your returning, I will only say : Do not return before you have completed your investigations. When you return I want you to belong to me as fully as I belong to you. I am longing to see you, and waiting to welcome you back to my heart ; but I have no other will than yours. Stay as long as you

consider it necessary, and whatever you may decide will always have my entire consent."

Pancho did not exactly like the idea of Conchita having a man to magnetize her, but on further reflection he thought that, if it amused her, it might, perhaps, help to divert her mind. He felt a great relief at having received Conchita's consent to his staying as long as he wished, and in return, he was as perfectly willing to give her his permission to continue her psychic experiments if she could derive any satisfaction from them.

"How strange it is," he thought, "that we cannot love two objects at one and the same time with the same intensity of power! If we love one, the other is sure to be neglected. If I love Krashibashi with all my heart, Conchita has to have less of my love. If I love Conchita, Krashibashi will not be attracted to me as he is, and will not give me his secrets. What shall I do?"

"Simpleton!" murmured an interior voice. "Will you never be satisfied that Krashibashi exists nowhere outside of your own imagination?"

"Let his name be what it may," argued Pancho, "I know that there is some power, and a high intelligence external to myself. I have seen the rosy light absorbed in the head of the Image. Why could not the same rosy light enter my head? Why could not the Master communicate with me? There is some mystery in this, and it will be of no use for me to return to my wife before I have found it out."

By special permission of Madame Corneille, who was the chief and supreme keeper of the Shrine, hoping to clear his doubts still further, he obtained another interview with the Image. This was an extraordinary favour, for the Image was not accessible to all persons at all times, but only to Madame Corneille and to Messrs. Malaban and Ram, who were real and accepted probationary Chelas, while the rest were only titular ones (save Mr. Green, who was now a real titular and probationary one). Nor was it customary to permit anyone to see the Image alone, without being accompanied by one of the Chelas, to carry out the prescribed fumigations to keep evil spirits away.

On this occasion, however, Pancho received little satisfaction from the Image, which seemed to give forth merely a reflection of his own thoughts. It repeated in substance the same sentences that were contained in the letter which Pancho had received through Mr. Puffer, and in which it was said that "he who desires to devote his services to the Mysterious Brotherhood must do so with his whole heart, his whole mind, implicitly and without any reserve," etc.

"Why is it that the occultist is not permitted to have a wife?" asked Pancho. "Did not King Solomon have 700 wives and 300 concubines, and was he not the wisest of men?"

"It is not so much the external associations of the body as the associations of the mind, which hinder the seeker after truth to find his own divine self," replied the Image. "Let him who desires to unite himself with truth beware of forming adulterous connections with false opinions and unholy feelings. He who embraces the views of another person and imagines that he has thereby come into possession of self-knowledge is deluded. Matter is not superior to Spirit, nor Form to Principle. External conditions alone cannot prevent Spirit from rising above Matter, if it really desires to rise above it, or to obtain the knowledge of truth."

"Where can we find truth?" asked Pancho.

"He who knows the *One*," replied the Image, "knows All. He who knows the many, knows nothing."

"But who is the One?" asked Pancho. "And where will I find it?"

"The One is everywhere, and the fruit upon the tree of Knowledge does not ripen by its own efforts. Everything will be accomplished in the fulness of its own time."

"But if I can accomplish nothing by my own efforts," said Pancho, "what is the use of trying to work at all?"

"No one can give to himself that which he does not possess," replied the Image. "He can do nothing more than throw away that which is an impediment to his unfoldment. All light comes from the interior sun."

"But when will that light appear?" still went on Pancho, and the answer came:

"Blessed are those who can live in time as if they were in eternity, and in eternity as if they were in time."

"What does this mean?" he asked.

No answer followed, and no further response could be elicited from the Image.

Pancho desired very much to know who the ONE was, whom one should know to know everything. He asked the Hierophant about it.

"Can't you see," answered Captain Bumpkins, "that it is Krashibashi? If you once get acquainted with Krashibashi, he will tell you everything."

CHAPTER XI.

INTRIGUES.

WHILE Pancho is staying in Africa seeking for Light, it is our duty to see what Conchita is doing.

For a couple of weeks after Pancho's departure, a deep melancholy took possession of her mind. Even her spiritualistic séances ceased to interest her, for, however wise were the sayings of "Purity," they consisted in generalities regarding morals and religion which contained nothing new to Conchita; they did not give her any satisfactory information as to what her husband was doing and when he would return.

If she could have risen up to the clouds, and followed with clairvoyant vision the ship that carried her truant lover away, she would have been happy. She would have given worlds to have her inner sight opened even for one short moment of time, and to see Pancho's thoughts. She knew that such things could be done, there was abundant proof in the history of spiritualism, and in the annals of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, to show that persons at the moment of death had appeared to their friends in distant countries. Why could not she do the same? Why could not she die for a moment and go to see Pancho and then live again?

The idea of becoming a clairvoyant took entire possession of Conchita's mind, and began to envelop her reason. Juana had already told her of a

man who had extraordinary powers of developing mediumship and clairvoyance in others and she made up her mind to ask Juana to introduce him to her.

"Mr. Smith," answered Juana, "will be ready at any time to attend to your orders."

Mr. "Smith," who in reality was nobody else but Mr. Hagard, came, and at his first visit Conchita felt an indescribable repugnance to him. Something—was it her own clairvoyance, or intuition?—seemed to tell her that this person was dangerous. Nevertheless her curiosity overcame her repugnance; she concluded to try the experiment and "Purity" predicted that it would be successful.

Mr. Hagard was not entirely without psychological powers. He knew how to influence weaker minds by the power of his superior will, or to use a modern phrase, to "hypnotize" them without their knowledge and he often made use of this power in making bargains. Once, merely for the purpose of testing his power, he had willed three of his friends, young men of good character to go to certain place and get drunk; he watched them as they left, one after another, and before midnight, he had the pleasure of seeing that they were so beastly drunk that they had to be carried off by the police, and moreover two of these three young persons, who heretofore had not been addicted to the use of spiritual liquors, now took to drinking without any further hypnotization and were now drunken sots, unfit for business of any kind.

Conchita submitted to be "magnetized" by "Mr. Smith." Every evening Mr. Hagard would come, and putting his hands upon Conchita's head, who at first shrunk back at his touch, he would pour streams of vile and gross material thought, impregnated with evil will into her mind. In this work he was assisted by the wily Juana who acted upon Conchita's imagination by giving real or pretended "spirit-communications" and "Purity" gave her blessing to the work of destruction. Gradually thoughts and feelings which had heretofore been unknown to her began to grow within Conchita's mind, to fill her soul with desires whose nature astonished her and to load her imagination with pictures of a repugnant character. Whether or not any other means were taken to poison Conchita's will and imagination, we are unable to say; it is only stated that, incredible as it may appear, the image of Pancho became gradually less prominent in her mind, and was displaced by an inexplicable affection for Mr. Hagard. At first Conchita was astonished at this change and laughed at its absurdity; but the link was now formed and grew stronger every day until it was too strong to be broken.

Some poet says that vice, seen too often and becoming familiar, is first endured, and at last embraced, and one of the greatest modern occultists says that any inordinate desire or thought having once taken root within the mind may become developed and take form, gaining power over all other desires, thoughts and actions, clouding and enveloping the understanding and at last destroying the supremacy of divine Reason.

Conchita perceived that she was losing her own self, and that another "spirit" was taking possession of her, but it was now too late to reject the intruder. Her thoughts and her manners became changed; she began to feel pleasure in things which she had formerly abhorred, she laughed at Mr. Hagard's frivolous jokes and wept afterwards because she had been so foolish as to find

them amusing. She accepted Mr. Hagard's invitation to visit places of public amusement with him, and, to make a long story short, she became strongly attracted to Mr. Hagard, while somehow she hated him from the bottom of her heart.

Once, in the beginning of this strange infatuation and some six weeks after Pancho's departure, she received a letter from her husband, which he had written from Hong Kong and she answered it as we have seen in an affectionate manner; but after this, Juana took good care that no more letters from Africa were received by Conchita, while the communications received from the "spirits" went to corroborate her suspicion that Pancho had found another charmer in Africa. In Conchita's mind, the image of Pancho faded away in spite of her efforts to hold it and Mr. Hagard's will took possession of her heart.

At last she was attacked by a severe spell of sickness for which the doctors could find no appropriate name in their books on Pathology; but which they classified as "Hysteria." For a long time she seemed to be at the point of dying, and when at last her physical health returned, she was very much changed. But we will not run ahead of the regular course of events.

While this drama was being enacted in San Francisco and Conchita's ruin accomplished, intrigues of a different kind took place at Urur.

The Hierophant had made great friends with Mrs. Honeycomb, and Madame Corneille's authority was on the wane. She was an intelligent woman and of keen perceptions, and could easily foresee that the time was coming when Mrs. Honeycomb would oust her from her position as high priestess of the Shrine. She was cordially hated and feared by all the Chelas except Mr. Green, who in obedience to the orders received from Krashibashi was now the accepted disciple of Madame Corneille, confessing to her all his little secrets and sins and obeying her orders in all things. Thereby he expected to obtain the favour of the Mysterious Brotherhood and to have the time of his probation shortened.

Of the existence of Krashibashi he had no doubt. Not that he had any other proofs of his existence except the letter found at the foot of the Image, but was this not enough? Moreover, his existence was believed in by many respectable persons, and to doubt it would have been undeniably a grave offence, which Krashibashi would have resented. Therefore, Mr. Green did not dare to disbelieve in him. Most of the time he sat in his room, thinking of this Adept, and gradually the latter took form in his imagination. A dark-looking face appeared to him in his dreams, and was preparing to speak. Knocks and raps were heard in Mr. Green's bedstead, at which he was at first very much frightened. But one night he took courage, and asked, as loud raps were heard:

"Who is there?"

Then a faint voice, as if coming from a great distance, spoke and said:

"It is—me—Bro—brother,—Kra—shi—ba—shi."

It nearly frightened Mr. Green to death, and he hid himself under the bed-clothes. But in the morning his courage returned, and since then he became convinced that he was rapidly progressing towards adeptship.

But to return to Madame Corneille, we may also see what she is doing.

Let the reader take some of the magic salve which we herewith present to him and anoint his eyes. He will then see what is taking place in the room of Monsieur and Madame Corneille and listen to their conversation.

Monsieur Corneille is sitting on a sofa, smoking his pipe, while Madame stands near the window, watching the clouds.

"*Fermez la porte, ma chère !*" said Monsieur, "and tell me a leetal vat you know."

Madame Corneille went out upon the verandah, and examined carefully to see whether anybody was listening. Having satisfied herself that no one was near, she returned and locked the door.

"This Mr. Green," she said, moving a chair to the sofa, and seating herself by the side of her consort, "has told me that Bumpkins promised Mrs. Honeycomb to give the Image into her charge. I tell you, our position here is no longer secure."

"*Mais,*" replied Monsieur Corneille, "you can write a letter and send away Monsieur Bumpkin."

"True," answered Madame Corneille; but that would only delay the crisis, for he will return again. I am seriously thinking of accepting the proposal of the Rev. Mr. Sniff, who offered to pay me a good round sum if we will only deliver the Image to him."

"'Ow much will Monsieur Sniff pay?"

"Mr. Sniff," said Madame Corneille, "has no money; but he acts in the name of the bishop, and what Mr. Sniff promises is just as good as if the bishop had promised it himself."

"*Nezare !*" exclaimed Monsieur Corneille. "I do not believe in ze promises of Monsieur le bishop, nor in ze promises of Monsieur Sniff. I prefer to 'ave ze money in my pocket."

"I will go and see him," said Madame Corneille, "I think he will pay well if we destroy the Image."

"*Eh bien !*" answered Monsieur Corneille; "you may try a leetal."

Madame Corneille prepared herself to drive to the city, and M. Corneille went to see the coachman to order the carriage.

Mrs. Honeycomb's time was very much taken up with preparations to fight the Black Magicians. She had placed vessels with oil of vitriol not only in her own chamber, but in nearly all the rooms of the house. She had attempted to see the Black Magicians in the magic crystal which Captain Bumpkins still had in his possession, but she had seen nothing. She therefore made up her mind to buy a large looking-glass and to prepare it herself according to certain rules and incantations prescribed in an old book dealing with sorcery. She was walking across the compound, when she saw Madame Corneille coming out of her rooms fully dressed.

"Are you going to drive to the city, dear?" asked Mrs. Honeycomb.

"Yes, dear," replied Madame Corneille. "I am going to make some purchases. Can I do anything for you?"

"I think I will go with you," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I have not yet had a good look at the city, and I want to select a good mirror."

Madame Corneille did not care for company on her errand, and so she said that it was quite impossible for her to take anyone. "The day is hot and it will be too hard for the poor old horse to carry a third person besides myself and the driver," she added.

"I will wait then until to-morrow," answered Mrs. Honeycomb. "To-morrow I will go out shopping, and you can remain at home."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Madame Corneille, "but it is my business to attend to the shopping, and I would never dare to trust my horse to a stranger."

"I thought," replied Mrs. Honeycomb, "that the horse belonged to Captain Bumpkins, and that I had as much right to it as yourself?"

"It has been put into my charge," snapped Madame Corneille, "and I shall see that my animals are not ill-treated."

"Do you mean to insinuate," asked indignantly Mrs. Honeycomb, "that I am in the habit of ill-treating animals?"

"You are a stranger to me," replied Madame Corneille, "and I know from yourself the way you treated your husband."

"I must confess," cried the other, "that I am not accustomed to such language. It seems that in Africa one can learn all sorts of things. When I was at Saratoga my friend the Countess Carnivalli. . . ."

"Do not trouble yourself to give me lessons in etiquette; they are not appreciated."

"Nevertheless it seems that you need them very much," retorted Mrs. Honeycomb.

"All I have to say," replied Madame Corneille, "is, that if the looking-glasses at Urur are not large enough to show off your beautiful figure, you will have to go to the city to buy another mirror at your own expense."

"People living in glass-houses should not throw stones," hissed Mrs. Honeycomb. "I heard Captain Bumpkins say that you had goggle eyes and a crooked nose."

"My face is good enough for my husband," answered Madame Corneille; "but I doubt whether you will ever catch a man again, in spite of all the arts you may practise before your looking-glass."

"Perhaps I had a more intelligent husband than you seem to have," was the snub.

"And perhaps many more than I had," sarcastically grinned Madame Corneille.

Pale with rage Mrs. Honeycomb turned and walked away, and Madame Corneille entering the carriage ordered the coachman to drive to the city. We will follow her there.

We see her alight in front of a shop where she makes some purchases. She then motions the coachman to wait for her return and walks on foot through several streets and narrow lanes until she arrives at a stone wall enclosing a garden. There she stops at a door over which is a cross hewn in the stone. She rings the bell, and presently a Hottentot opens the door. He seems to know her, for he nods as if in answer to a question. Madame Corneille enters the house and walks directly to the Rev. Sniff's room.

Rev. Sniff is a serious looking gentleman in clerical clothes. His narrow forehead is crowned with thin blonde hair. A large mouth with thin lips, the upper of which is very protruding, seems to divide his smooth shaven face into two halves from ear to ear, while his sharply pointed nose and his projecting chin seem to be attracted towards each other, giving him the appearance of a nut-

cracker. Nor is this comparison entirely out of place ; for Mr. Sniff had cracked many a hard nut in the interest of his church, and by his eloquence and the unctuousness of his manners he had caused many an inheritance to slip away from its lawful heirs, for the benefit of his congregation.

When Madame Corneille entered the hall, he was reading a novel, but for some as yet unexplained reason no sooner did he hear a step than he hid the book under a sofa pillow and took up a ponderous bible. When he saw Madame Corneille he smiled and rubbed his hands.

"Welcome, my daughter," he said. "I am always glad to see a faithful member of our blessed church. May I ask you what brings you here this morning?"

"I just dropped in to see how you were doing," she replied.

"Thanks to the Lord," said Rev. Sniff, "my health is very good. But how are things at Urur? Are the devils there still having it their own way? Is there no sign of repentance or change of heart?"

"Some more devils have come," rudely replied Madame Corneille, "and they will soon begin tormenting you unless we put an end to their game."

"You are right, my daughter, and I see that you are in a good Christian mood. When you were here last, you seemed to have some doubts with regard to the propriety of destroying the devil's tool. I rejoice to see that the Lord has at last opened your eyes ; and hope that you have not forgotten the sacred teaching of your childhood, when at your holy confirmation you were made to promise allegiance to our blessed church. Let us destroy this framework of falsehood which the father of lies has invented the better to blind the eyes of those whose souls he would lead to eternal perdition."

"We have to make a living, Mr. Sniff," coolly observed Madame Corneille. "If we work for the church, we expect to get paid by the church."

"My dear Madame Corneille," was the soft reply. "He who serves the altar is entitled to get his living from the altar, says the Bible : will you help us to do away with the Image?"

"That," said Madame Corneille, "depends on the conditions we are offered. If we can agree. . . . How much are you willing to pay?"

"The servants of the Lord are poor," replied the Rev. gentleman. "Why should you care for silver and gold which rusts and is destroyed by the moth? What are all the joys of the earth compared with the blessings which you will receive when you appear before the Eternal ; when you receive your heavenly reward in Paradise for having been a successful co-labourer in the sacred cause of religion and gained a victory over the devil!"

"You may as well spare your breath, Mr. Sniff," said Madame Corneille. "I am not so easily discarded with fine talk. For all the jewels which pave the streets of your heavenly city I could not buy a mess of baked potatoes. It's quite right that christianity should gain a victory ; but how much are you willing to give for it?"

"O, Madame Corneille!" exclaimed Rev. Sniff. "I actually believe that the poison which these wicked heretics—whom may the Lord destroy—have poured into your ears, has not yet been eliminated from your system. But let me tell you that an influential friend of the church has put a thousand dollars at my disposal, which I may use as I see proper, to advance the cause of religion."

"A thousand dollars!" contemptuously chuckled Madame Corneille. "Why Captain Bumpkins or Mr. Green would give me twice that amount, if I would only betray the plot to them. Say ten thousand, and then we may begin talking."

"Oh, my sister!" groaned Mr. Sniff. "How would you expect to find ten thousand dollars among those who have forsaken the vanities of this world? The missionary funds are almost exhausted, and there has been no famine this year. If I do all in my power, I may perhaps bring up the subscription to two thousand."

"I shall come some other time, when you are better disposed," said Madame Corneille, turning to go.

"Stay!" cried the Rev. Sniff, "Suppose I should collect three thousand; what guarantee can you give that we shall succeed in confounding this work of the devil?"

"I will destroy the Image," she replied.

"This is not enough," said Rev. Sniff. "Above all it is necessary that you should destroy its reputation; show that all that it has done, has been accomplished by tricks, ventriloquism, and slight of hand."

"All this is easy enough."

"Then you will have to show that all its messages are the work of the devil," he continued.

"How can they be the work of the devil if they are done by ventriloquism?" inquired Madame Corneille. "The two statements are incompatible."

"That does not make any difference," said Sniff. "People do not reason so deeply. The more theories the better. Each one may then select the explanation that suits him best. Those who do not believe in the devil may choose ventriloquism, and those who do not believe in ventriloquism may go to the devil."

"I will attend to all that, but not for three thousand dollars."

"I could not give a cent more; we could not afford it, times are too bad. Doubt and irreligion are on the increase, and the number of infidels are growing at a fearful rate. Scepticism is rampant. It has ceased to be looked upon as a crime, and the authority of the church is openly disregarded. The churches are empty and contributions scarce. If we get a heathen converted, he costs us a great deal more than he is worth. There are numbers of these rascals whom I have baptized a dozen times over, whose faces I know, but who come to me each time under another name so as to get their fee. See the money they cost us. It is only by casting our bread upon the waters that we can expect to get a return.

"I will consult my husband about it," she said.

"Let me know your decision to-morrow. And now, farewell, my daughter; and may the blessing of the Lord be upon you, so that you may succeed in your undertaking."

So saying, the Rev. Mr. Sniff gave his blessing to her, and Madame Corneille went away rejoicing over the money which she expected to get. Mr. Sniff watched her through the window, and as he saw her pass out through the door, a malicious grin crept over his face, and he whispered, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip." He then snapped his fingers, and took from under the pillow the novel which he had hidden away

Had Pancho bought the magic mirror, recommended to him by the Hierophant, he would undoubtedly have been able to see that there were some disorganizing elements within the folds of the S. D. W. He would have perceived the devils of vanity, conceit, envy and avarice enter within the sacred precincts of the temple, in spite of Mrs. Honeycomb's vessels with vitriol; and that they had all one common leader—a great Black Master Magician, an expert in creating illusions, whose name was "SELFISHNESS." Even the magnetism which the Chelas had accumulated by letting their hair and nails grow to an enormous size did not prove strong enough to serve them as armour, and protect them against the attacks of these unseen enemies. Messrs. Malaban and Ram disliked all non-Africans, and especially those Europeans who were presumptuous enough to aspire to Chelaship in the Mysterious Brotherhood. This was a right which they believed to belong to Africans alone, as the Brothers themselves were said to be of the African race. Neither Mr. Malaban nor Mr. Ram had ever been outside of Africa, nor did they know the least thing about European civilization and science. As a benighted inhabitant of China looks upon all foreigners as barbarians, so these African *Chelas* considered all Europeans as inferior beings.* Mr. Malaban was a descendant of a noble family of Hottentots, while in the veins of Mr. Ram ran the blood of the Caffirs. Both of these gentlemen were co-editors of the "Light from the Shrine," a journal which expounded the views of the leaders of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. Mr. Malaban's writings were very much in demand, on account of the self-assurance with which he wrote about things of which he knew absolutely nothing. Mr. Ram wrote little, but talked a great deal. Once the flow of his eloquence had started there was no means of knowing when it would stop.

If we enter the editorial room we find Malaban and Ram holding friendly converse. Both are squatting on the floor, and smoking their pipes. Mr. Malaban had just finished writing an article for the "Light from the Shrine," and reads it to Mr. Ram. It is as follows:

"WESTERN SCIENCE AND ITS ABSURDITIES.

"Some Western 'scientists' have again dished up the absurd statement that the moon could not be inhabited, because, as they say, there is neither water nor air in it. One of our 'esteemed correspondents'—of course, a European—is innocent enough to ask us whether we believe in that statement. We will not waste our time in entering upon a lengthy examination of the question how these so-called 'scientists' can know that there is neither water nor air in the Moon, as they have never been there themselves. All we wish to say is that it has been stated over and over again and repeated in the pages of the 'Light from the Shrine,' that there are beings that can live without water and air; and we are, moreover, informed by a higher authority than ourselves, that there is a very ancient book called 'Gulliver's Travels,' which gives an exact description of the inhabitants of the Moon. The time, however, for such revelations to be given out to the world has not yet arrived; nor are we, ourselves, permitted to give out any detailed accounts in regard to the nature of the lunar inhabitants, as such mysteries are not to be divulged to the vulgar. But we

* And had they known anything they would have felt the more justified, since they would have found Europeans treating publicly as "niggers" Aryan Parsis, and the highest of our very Christian land, talking of the Aryan Hindus as an *inferior* race.—[ED.]

warn our readers that they should pay more attention to what we write. If they cannot remember what we have already said, let them search the back numbers of our journal, as our time is too precious to be wasted in answering questions which have already been answered, and plainly enough to be understood by anyone gifted with common sense. Even if the bright side of the Moon were without water and air, there is no reason why the dark side of it should not have as much of it as is desirable, if not more."

"Hit them right!" exclaimed Mr. Ram. "Unless you talk plain English with these fellows, they will have no respect for you. The style of the article is vigorous. They will think it has been dictated by the Talking Image itself. But do you know anything about the inhabitants of the Moon?"

"Not I," replied Malaban; "but I heard Madame Corneille say to her husband that he looked like the man in the Moon. So of course there must be men in it."

"These stupid Europeans," said Mr. Ram, "seem to think that Krashibashi has nothing to do but to answer their foolish questions! Here is a letter from a woman calling herself the Countess of Carnivalli, with a request to submit it to the Mysterious Brotherhood. Listen:

'MY DEAR SIR.—I cry to you from the depths of despair. I perceive with horror that I am getting older and uglier with every day. I have read your article on the *Elixir of Life*, showing how youth and beauty could be restored. I entreat you, for pity's sake, to send me a bottle of that Elixir, with directions how to use it. Send it C. O. D. All charges will be paid. Yours with the greatest reverence,

'THE COUNTESS CARNIVALLI'

"Here is another letter from London," continued Mr. Ram.

'*Office of David Solomon Hirsch.*

'MR. KRASHIBASHI ESQ., URUR.—Dear Sir.—"Light from the Shrine" received and contents duly noted. Please forward, by return mail, price list of Philosopher's Stones and samples. We hope to dispose of several gross among Members of Parliament, City and Club men. How much is the amount of commission?—Respectfully,

'D. S. HIRSCH.'

"How can we send him a Philosopher's Stone?" remarked Malaban. "I have never seen one myself."

"Here is also an application for Chelaship," continued Mr. Ram.

'DEAR SIR.—The undersigned longs to be admitted to Chelaship, and hereby promises the strictest obedience to any and all orders coming from unknown Superiors. Yours very truly,

'A. SINGLETON.'

"He is a suitable person," saith Malaban. "He must be accepted."

"Here is another from Madagascar," said Mr. Ram.

'CAPTAIN BUMPKINS.—Dear Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that I have been appointed by the "Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences,"

to go to Urur and investigate the claims of the Mysterious Brotherhood. If they prove to be satisfactory, the Brothers may be certain of the warmest support of our Society. I am here on this island for the purpose of obtaining a specimen of the Unicorn, in the interest of science; but I have not yet been successful. There would certainly be no better occasion for the Mysterious Brothers to prove their wonderful powers than by assisting me in securing a Unicorn. If they grant my request, please ask them also to let me have a specimen of the *Phoenix* for our ornithological collection. One that has already been reborn from its ashes preferred.—Yours very sincerely,

‘H. BOTTLER.’”

“We will have to submit this letter to the Talking Image,” said Ram.

“There is no need of bothering Krashibashi about it,” replied Malaban, “I am his Chela, and if I answer it in his name it is just as good as if Krashibashi had written the answer himself.”

“Malaban!” sounded a shrill voice from the top story of the temple. Malaban turned pale, and hurried upstairs to the room where the Image stood. It showed no signs of life, but from its interior sounded a voice, saying:

“Fool! Do not let me hear you say again that a letter written by you is just as good as one written by Krashibashi.”

“I did not know,” stammered Malaban, “that you were listening. I wanted to save Krashibashi the trouble.”

“Begone,” commanded the voice, “and do not plagiarize so much. It all falls back on me.”

“How about the Unicorn?” asked Malaban.

“Tell the Bottler to come,” said the Image. “Avaunt!”

Malaban retired with a reverential bow, but before he had fully descended the stairs, he heard himself called again. Once more he hurried upstairs.

“What are your orders?” he asked the Image.

“Nothing,” it replied. “I wanted to say something, but I have changed my mind.”

F. HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)



“A VOICE FROM OVER THE SEAS.”

A QUESTION has reached the Head of the Esoteric section of the Theosophical Society, regarding the alleged representation of that Section in America. This question is accompanied by a cutting from the *Press* of April 21st, 1889, which reads as follows:—

“Dr. Elliot Coues, the Founder of the Gnostic Theosophical Society of Washington, is also *perpetual* President of the Esoteric Theosophical Society of America.”

In reply, I most emphatically state that I am entirely ignorant of the origin or career of the above named “Esoteric Theosophical Society” of which Dr. Coues is said to be the “perpetual President,” and that this gentleman is in no way connected with the Esoteric Section of the T. S. of which I am the sole Head; nor can I help thinking that the said *Esoteric* “Theosophical Society” is a *printer's mistake*. The only Esoteric Society which has any LEGAL right to the name “Theosophical” is that which Col. Olcott founded and chartered in London in October, 1888, for the proofs of which see LUCIFER of that month.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

A SOCIALIST'S STORY.

(MARY MERIVALE.)

THEN turned she to some shelter, but I paced
 All night the shore, while eddying fancies chased
 Their wraith-lights thro' my brain, and I could see
 My life set picture-wise in front of me :
 I saw the ill-built cottage damp and small,
 Where scarcely room to lie might be for all ;
 I saw myself again a sickly child
 Whose weary sleepless hours some thought beguiled
 Watching the trickle of the freezing rain
 That found my limbs thro' the worn counterpane,
 And heard the weary sigh our mother gave
 As still she stitched and then I saw a grave
 And she lay in it, and my sister said
 "The old disease has killed her, lack of bread !"
 And then I saw myself grown tall and thin
 Straining each nerve amid the hellish din
 Of the vast mill, where myriad iron hands
 Were always twisting myriad threads and strands
 And where my task was to be at the call
 Of each and everyone, a butt for all
 When things ran smooth to tease and jeer at will,
 But when they tangled it was harder still ;
 'Twas always "Damn the boy !" "The lazy lout !"
 And kicks and cuffs and curses flew about
 Till truly I grew dazed, the constant strain
 Of listening 'mid that whirl had dulled my brain,
 And scarce I heeded if they spoke to me,
 The mill's hoarse raving seemed an angry sea
 That roared and clamoured, stifling soul and sense,
 Until one day an agony intense
 Pierced thro' my lethargy, and I was fain
 To wake to life 'mid bitter racking pain ;
 Bearing some load beyond my strength I fell
 Into those iron fingers twisting well
 Their daily dole of thread, and I could see
 The bleeding wreck borne forth in agony,
 Then all grew dark but slowly I was 'ware
 Of gentle hands and eyes, and tender care,
 And waking from the hideous dream at last

Wherein fresh pain marked each fresh day that passed,
I saw a clear pale face above my bed
Whose grave eyes held glad sunshine, as he said,
"Good morrow, brother! You have suffered long,
"But now your pain is over!" . . . Like a song
Of home in some far distant land, so fell
His simple words, and I remember well
His very look, the least curve of dark hair,
That drooped o'er the worn forehead bending there!
The pain had gone, but still the weakness stayed;
I cursed it then, I bless it now; it made
My life a flower else had been a weed,
For swift he learned my story and my need,
And while his deft hands made my body whole
His words were balm that healed my wounded soul.
All loved the doctor! . . . Every anguished face
Would brighten at his coming, and the place
Seemed full of light and bloom and sweet fresh air
When his kind eyes had brought the sunshine there:
His life was like a sunbeam, tho' that he
Dwelt in the shadow every eye could see;
And slowly as my strength waxed he would teach
My mind with it to climb, till I could reach
From simple facts to causes high and dim
And peer clear-eyed beyond the foaming brim
Of one life into many, and be taught
The myriad changes that the ages wrought,
Now burying truth, now bringing her to light,
Now cursing wrong, now crowning it as right;
And still deep down below these shifting things
He showed how truth lived with those folded wings
One day she would unfurl, and soar on high;
Stronger than man is man's grand destiny! . . .
And then I saw myself, with pen that flew
To bear the knowledge, marvellous and new.
My spirit daily won, for now we twain
Held converse, as of friends, with heart and brain,
Seeking what good these later days might hold.
And he his science, I my journal's fold,
Bent straining to that search, and as we strove
He preached his gospel with untiring love,
And stress of brain and hand, and then there came
A rumour, faint and vague, of Mary's name,
And I strode forth, a Socialist, to spread
The mighty tidings, for the doctor said:

" See if a perfect life needs not the twain,
 " Woman and man ; go, Christ shall come again
 " In woman's form, the lessons that he taught
 " Fall from her lips, sweetened by her sweet thought
 " That sees instinctive what our science shows ;
 " Stronger is love than hate, and whoso throws
 " All personal aims on the world's intense fire,
 " Shall find each flame a step to lift him higher,
 " And as he rises thro' the sharp fresh air
 " Of conquered sense, mightier to do and dare
 " Shall wax the race ; no personal crown we see
 " In the grand future of humanity !
 " Hath not our science, with its heart of gold,
 " Shown myriad changes, marvellous, manifold,
 " Wrought by some shadowy vapour or faint gas,
 " Or half-invisible powder, whose strength has
 " Shattered the mountains, shaken down the hill,
 " And strewn the ocean with gaunt wreckage, till
 " We marvel what strong demon lay within
 " The innocent azure ; and shall selfish sin
 " Be mightier than the hills and rocks that frown
 " From off the height of æons proudly down ?
 " No ! science is truth and love, and shall prevail !
 " Honour to all who strive, yea, tho' they fail,
 " More honour still, so they deny not truth
 " And in old age betray the dreams of youth !
 " Perchance this Mary Merivale may be
 " Light-bringer to our darkened century ;
 " Perchance her very weakness in our sight
 " Is as the hidden strength of dynamite
 " To blast all selfishness and sloth and sin,
 " And let the glory of the future in !"
 And so I left him and went forth to her ;
 Yet sought her not at once, but 'mid the stir
 Of cities, or the silence of the hills
 I studied and I dreamed ; since he fulfils
 His labour best who best has learned to know
 Its danger and its pain . . . while high and low,
 Whatever soul came nigh me, I would hail
 With " have you heard of Mary Merivale ?"
 Till folk named me " the seeker," and some few
 Followed and hearkened seeking for her too,
 And still wherever Socialists we met,
 We spake her name and mission, and we set
 As 'twere a body-guard around her way,

And then at last as we grew sad that day,
 She stood amidst us, and my soul was fain
 To follow her till death. . . .

All this gleamed plain

Before mine eyes, as pacing dreamily
 I watched the night out by the quiet sea ;
 And then I pondered o'er her words, and then
 Thought of that watcher blessed above all men
 Who waited for her in some small sweet home
 Where, tho' she yearned to, she might never come ;
 And marvelled at his blindness who could stay
 When she who loved him had been borne away
 By her great-hearted love for all the race !
 Ah how the fierce blood tingled in my face,
 " Would God some fate had set *me* by her side
 " Perchance even now " . . . I strode on haggard-eyed,
 But ere the thought was ended, lo there came
 A faint rose-light, and sweet morn's oriflamme
 Flushed all the waking east, and I was 'ware
 Another day had dawned, and here and there
 The little birds awoke, and sudden sprang
 A-singing with light hearts, and as they sang
 I saw her coming, grave and fresh, and tair,
 The invisible crown set on her yellow hair,
 And in her eyes such childlike purity
 As slew the devil in the heart of me.
 " Good morrow, brother," said she, and her face
 Had made it good e'en in hell's torture place !
 Then fared we on together, and we spake
 Of those deep-hearted things that swiftly make
 Or life-friends clinging closelier day by day,
 Or mere acquaintance drifting swift away ;
 Since all may be mere surface friends who know
 Naught of the secrets hidden close below
 The rippling stream of life, but once they reach
 The depths that hold the jewels, on the beach
 Of usual talk, the daily common-place
 No more with shallow speech their souls can pace,
 But wholly friends in hopes, beliefs, and aims,
 Or wholly aliens they, while life remains !

EVELYN PYNE.

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann.)

(Continued from the April Number.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

“**T**HOU mayest be at ease,” said Euphémie, “about all that has thrown thee into such doubt and fear; in fact, I am glad that things have happened as they have with regard to Hermogen, for now I both can and must speak with thee about several matters on which I have so long kept silence. Thou must admit that I have succeeded in conquering an exceptional mental mastery over everything that surrounds me in life, and this, I believe, is easier for a woman than for you. True, it demands nothing less than that, in addition to the nameless, irresistible charm of appearance, which Nature can bestow on a woman, there shall dwell in her that higher principle which fuses that charm into one with her intellectual power, and then rules it as she chooses. It is that peculiar, wonderful stepping outside of oneself, which enables one to look at one’s ‘Self’ from an external standpoint, as an instrument serving the higher will to attain that end, which it has set for itself as the highest which can be achieved in life. Can there be anything loftier than to rule life in life, to bind, as with a mighty spell, all its appearances, all its rich pleasures, and force them to obey the absolute will of the ruler? Thou, Victorin, wast always one of the few who thoroughly understood me; thou too hadst set thy standpoint above thy Self, and therefore I did not disdain to raise thee as my royal consort to my throne in the higher empire. Secresy added to the charm of our alliance, and our seeming separation served only to give scope to our fantastic humour, which, as though for our amusement, played with the trivial circumstances of every-day life. Is not our being together now the boldest piece of daring which, thought of from our loftier mental plane, laughs at the powerlessness of conventional narrowness? Even in thy present strange shape and being, which thy garb alone does not produce, it seems to me as though the subtler elements in thee bowed before the higher ruling and determining principle, working marvellously outwards, changing even shape and form of the physical, so that it appears quite to accord with what was fixed for it. Now with this view of things springing up from deep in my being, thou knowest how thoroughly I despise all conventional narrowness. The Baron is to me a machine, grown disgusting to utter weariness, which, worn out in serving my purpose, now lies there dead, like clockwork that has run down. Reinhold is too narrow brained for me to pay heed to him, Aurelie, a good child, so we have only to deal with Hermogen—I have confessed to thee already, that Hermogen, the first time I saw him, made a marvellous impression upon me. I held him capable of entering the higher life, which I wished to open to him, and—was mistaken for the first time. There was in him something hostile to me, something which revolted against me in constant

active opposition, so that even the charm which enmeshed others against their will, repelled him. He remained cold, gloomy, unexpansive, and by resisting me with a strange, wonderful strength, he excited my longing to begin the struggle in which he should be conquered. I had already resolved on this struggle, when the Baron told me how he had proposed to Hermogen a union with me, but that the latter had declined it on any terms. At that moment, there shone through me, like a god-like flash, the thought of marrying the Baron himself, and so of clearing away at a blow all the little conventional considerations which often cramped me most unpleasantly : but I talked often enough over that marriage with thee, Victorin ; I disposed of thy doubts by action, for in a few days I succeeded in making the old man into the most stupid and tender of lovers, so that he was forced to consider what *I* had willed, as the fulfilment of his own most cherished desire, a desire he had hardly dared to express. But deep in the background, there still lay in me the thought of revenge on Hermogen, a revenge that should now be easier and more satisfying. The blow was deferred, so as to strike truer and heavier. Did I know thy inner nature less well, did I not know that thou art able to rise to the height of my views, I would hesitate to tell thee more of the matter, now that it is over and done with.

“I set myself the task of understanding Hermogen in his inner being ; I appeared in the capital, gloomy, absorbed in myself, and so formed a contrast to Hermogen, who lived, cheerful and merry, in the active occupations of his military service. His uncle’s illness forbade all brilliant receptions, and I managed to avoid even the visits of my immediate surroundings. Hermogen came to me, perhaps only to fulfil the duty he owed his step-mother ; he found me lost in gloomy thought, and as, surprised at the marked change in me, he enquired pressing into its cause, I confessed to him, with tears, that the Baron’s bad health, which he only concealed with difficulty, made me fear to lose him soon, a thought which was terrible, nay, unbearable to me. He was deeply moved, and as I then went on to describe, with an expression of the deepest feeling, the happiness of my married life with the Baron ; as I tenderly and vividly entered into the minutest details of our life in the country ; as I unfolded more and more in its full glory the Baron’s splendid character, his whole being, so that it became more and more clearly evident how boundlessly I honoured him, nay, how completely I lived in him ; as I did this, Hermogen’s astonishment and surprise seemed to increase more and more. He struggled visibly with himself, but the power, which now like my very self had penetrated his inner being, conquered the hostile principle, which heretofore had resisted me ; I was certain of my triumph, when he came again on the next day.

“He found me alone, still gloomier, still more uneasy than the day before. I spoke of the Baron and of my inexpressible longing to see him again. Soon Hermogen was no longer the same man ; he hung on my glances and their dangerous fire fell blazing into his heart. When my hand rested in his, his often trembled convulsively and deep sighs escaped his breast. I had calculated rightly the highest summit of this unconscious exaltation. The evening on which he was to fall, I did not disdain even those arts, which are so much abused, yet ever repeated with so much effect. It succeeded ! The results were more terrible than I had pictured to myself, and yet they only heightened

my triumph, by exhibiting my power in the most striking manner. The power, wherewith I had battled against the hostile principle which heretofore had expressed itself in strange presentiments, broke his spirit, he went mad, as thou knowest, though till now thou couldst not know its real cause. It is strange that the insane, as though they stood in some closer relation to the spiritual, and responded, so to say, internally, more readily though unconsciously to the spiritual principle in others, often perceive what lies hidden in us and express it in strange echoes, so that the gruesome voice of a second "I" seizes on us with an eerie shudder. Thus it may well be, especially in the peculiar relation in which thou, Hermogen and I stand, that he, in some mysterious way, sees through, and thus is hostile to, thee; but in that there lies not the smallest danger for us. Consider, even if he broke out openly with his enmity to thee, if he said: Trust not the disguised priest; who would take it for anything but an idea bred of madness, especially since Reinhold was so kind as to recognize in thee Father Medardus? However, it is certain that thou canst no longer work on Hermogen as I had willed and planned. My revenge is full, and Hermogen is now as useless to me as a toy thrown aside, and the more burdensome since he most likely holds it for a penance to see me, and therefore pursues me with his fixed, dead-alive looks. He must disappear, and I had thought of using thee to strengthen him in the idea of entering a cloister, and at the same time to render the Baron as well as friend Reinhold, the adviser, more inclined to yield to his desire, by making them the most pressing representations that the health of Hermogen's soul required once for all the cloister. In fact Hermogen is distasteful to me in the highest degree, the sight of him often gives me a shock; he must go! The only person, to whom he appears quite otherwise, is Aurelie, the pious, childish child; only through her canst thou act on Hermogen, and I will take care that thou comest into closer relations with her. If thou findest a suitable combination of external circumstances, thou canst also reveal to Reinhold, or to the Baron, how Hermogen has confessed to thee a terrible crime, on which naturally, according to thy duty, thou must keep silence—But more of this hereafter!—Now thou knowest all, Victorin, act and remain mine. Rule with me over this idiotic world of puppets that revolves about us. Life must yield us its most glorious pleasures, without cramping us in its narrowness!" We saw the Baron in the distance, and went to meet him as though engaged in pious conversation.

Perchance it needed only Euphemie's declaration of her life's tendency, to cause me to feel the superior power which, like the emanation of higher principles, inspired my inner nature. Something superhuman had entered my being, which suddenly lifted me to a standpoint from which everything appeared to me in another shape, in another colour than heretofore. The strength of mind, the power over life, of which Euphemie boasted, was to me worthy only of the bitterest scorn. In the very moment when the miserable creature fancied herself playing her loose and thoughtless game with the most dangerous entanglements of life, she had fallen a prey to the chance or the evil fate which guided my hand. It was *my* might alone which, fired by mysterious powers, could force her in her madness to mistake for a friend and ally one, who, only wearing for her destruction the casual outer appearance of that friend, held her like the very power of the enemy, so that no further freedom could be possible.

Euphemie seemed despicable to me in her vain, selfish madness, and my relationship to her the more hateful as Aurelie lived in my heart, and she alone was the cause of the sins I had committed, if I had still held as sin what now seemed to me the highest summit of all earthly pleasure. I resolved to make the fullest use of the power dwelling in me, and thus to grasp myself the enchanted wand and draw the circles in which all the appearances around me should move for my pleasure.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Baron and Reinhold vied with one another in making my life in the castle as pleasant as possible: not the faintest suspicion of my relation to Euphemie awoke in them; on the contrary the Baron often said, as if in an involuntary outpouring of his heart, that only through me had Euphemie been quite restored to him; and this seemed to me clearly to indicate the correctness of Reinhold's suggestion, that some chance or other must have revealed to the Baron the traces of Euphemie's secret doings. Hermogen I seldom saw, he avoided me with visible fear and embarrassment, which the Baron and Reinhold ascribed to his shrinking from my holy and pious nature and from my spiritual power, which saw through his distracted mind. Aurelie too seemed purposely to shun my gaze, she avoided me, and when I spoke to her, she was shy and embarrassed like Hermogen. I felt almost certain that the insane Hermogen had expressed to Aurelie those fearful presentiments which made me shudder, but still it appeared possible to combat the bad impression. Probably at the Baroness' suggestion, who wished to bring me into closer relations with Aurelie so as to work upon Hermogen through her, the Baron begged me to instruct Aurelie in the higher mysteries of religion. Thus did Euphemie herself provide me with the means of attaining what was most glorious, in the thousand luscious pictures that my glowing imagination had painted for me. What else was that vision in the church, but the promise of the higher power acting upon me, to give *her* to me from whose possession alone the calming of the storm could be hoped, which, raging within me, flung me hither and thither on its tossing waves.—To see Aurelie, to be near her, even to touch her dress, set me on fire. I could feel the burning blood-stream mount to the mysterious workshop of thought, and thus I spoke of the wonderful mysteries of religion in fiery pictures, whose deeper meaning was the lustful madness of the most burning, craving love. Thus the fire of my discourse, like electric shocks, should penetrate Aurelie's interior, in spite of her resistance.—Unconsciously to herself, the pictures I had cast into her soul should unfold themselves wonderfully, and appear more glowing and fiery in their deeper meaning, which then should fill her breast with foretastes of unknown pleasure, till, tortured and rent with nameless longing, she should throw herself into my arms. I carefully prepared myself for the so-called lessons with Aurelie, I made my discourse more expressive; attentively, with folded hands and lowered eyes, the pious child listened, but no movement, not even a low sigh betrayed any deeper action of my words.—My efforts brought me no further; instead of kindling in Aurelie the destroying fire which should lay her open to seduction, the conflagration in myself only grew fiercer and more agonising.—Mad with pain and lust, I brooded over plans for Aurelie's destruction, and while

I feigned bliss and delight with Euphémie, there sprouted in my soul a burning hatred, that, in strange contradiction, gave to my bearing towards the Baroness a something wild, terrible, before which she herself trembled.—Far from her was every trace of the secret, that lay hid in my breast, and, involuntarily, I was forced to give play to the domination which I was ever more and more assuming over her.

It often crossed my mind to end my pain by a well-calculated act of violence, to which Aurelie should succumb; but when I saw her, it seemed to me as though an angel stood beside her, shielding, and protecting, and defying the might of the enemy. A shudder then quivered through my limbs, and my evil purpose grew cold. At last I hit on the idea of praying with her; for in prayer the glow of meditation streams out more fiercely, and the most secret stirrings awaken and lift their heads as upon roaring waters, they stretch out their polyp-like arms to seize on that unknown, which shall still the nameless longing wherewith the breast is torn. Then may the earthly, proclaiming itself as the heavenly, boldly present itself before the excited feelings, and in the highest pleasure here below promise the fulfilment of the infinite longing; the unconscious passion is deceived, and the striving after the holy, the unearthy, is broken in the nameless, never known charm of earthly desires.—Even in the fact that she was to repeat after me prayers I myself had composed, I thought I detected an advantage for my treacherous intentions. So it was!—For kneeling beside me, repeating my prayers with heaven-turned gaze, her cheeks took a higher colour and her bosom rose and fell.—I took her hands as though in the ardour of prayer, and pressed them to my breast, I was so near to her that I felt the warmth of her body, her loosened locks hung over my shoulder; I was beside myself with maddening longing, I threw my arms around her in wild desire, already my kisses burnt upon her lips, on her bosom, when, with a piercing cry, she freed herself from my arms. I had not the strength to hold her, it was as if a flash of lightning streamed down, shattering me!—She fled rapidly into the neighbouring room! the door opened and Hermogen showed himself on the threshold, he stood still regarding me with the fearful, horrible gaze of the wildest insanity. Then, summoning all my strength. I advanced boldly towards him, and cried in a tone of defiant command: “What seekest thou here? Begone, thou madman!” But Hermogen stretched out his right hand towards me, and spoke in a dull and shuddering tone: “I desired to fight with thee, but I have no sword, and thou art Murder, for drops of blood stream from thy eyes and hang in thy beard!

He disappeared shutting the door violently, and left me alone, grinding my teeth for rage at myself, for having allowed the power of the moment to sweep me away, so that now a betrayal threatened me with destruction. There was no one to be seen; I had time enough to regain my manhood; and the spirit that dwelt within me soon showed me the means of avoiding all evil consequences from this bad beginning.

As soon as it was possible, I hurried to Euphémie, and with daring rashness recounted to her all that had happened with Aurelie. Euphémie seemed not to take the matter as lightly as I should have wished, and I could understand that, notwithstanding her boasted strength of mind and lofty view of things, yet

petty jealousy could find room within her. Moreover she might well fear that Aurelie would complain of me, and so the nimbus of my holiness be dimmed, and our secret endangered. From a feeling of shrinking that I cannot explain even to myself, I concealed Hermogen's appearance on the scene and his terrible piercing words.

Euphemie was silent for a few minutes, and stared at me strangely, seemingly lost in deep thought.

"Doest thou not guess, Victorin?" she said at length, "what glorious thoughts, worthy of my mind, are now streaming through me?—But thou canst not yet unfold thy wings to follow the daring flight I am ready to begin. That thou, thou who shouldst sweep with full mastery above all life's appearances, canst not kneel near a passably pretty girl without embracing and kissing her, surprises me, little as I grudge thee the desire that sprang up within thee. As I know Aurelie, she will be full of shame and silent over what has happened, and at the outside withdraw herself under some pretext from thy too passionate teaching. Therefore, I do not in the least fear those annoying consequences which thy light-mindedness, thy uncontrolled lust might have produced.—I hate her not, this Aurelie, but her simplicity, her quiet piety, behind which lurks an unbearable pride, irritate me. Never, although I did not disdain to play with her, never have I been able to win her confidence; she remained shy and unexpansive. This disinclination to cling to me, nay this proud avoiding of me, awakens in me the most unpleasant feelings. It is a sublime idea to see the flower broken and fading away, which now so prides itself on the wealth of its gleaming colours! I grant thee the carrying out of this sublime idea, and means shall not be wanting to reach the end easily and certainly. The guilt shall fall on Hermogen's head and crush him utterly!" Euphemie spoke further about her plan, becoming with every word more hateful to me; for I saw in her only the common criminal woman, and much as I thirsted for Aurelie's destruction, since only through it could I hope to escape from the boundless agony of insane love which tore my breast, yet Euphemie's co-operation seemed to me despicable. I therefore, to her no small astonishment, refused her proposal, for inwardly I was firmly resolved to carry-out through my own strength the project in which Euphemie wished to force her assistance upon me.

As the Baroness had conjectured, Aurelie remained in her room, excusing herself with an indisposition, thus withdrawing herself from my teaching for the next few days. Hermogen, contrary to his custom, was now much in the company of Reinhold and the Baron, he seemed less withdrawn into himself, but wilder, more violent. He was often heard speaking loudly and emphatically, and I noticed that he regarded me with looks of suppressed rage, whenever chance brought me in his way: also the bearing of Reinhold and the Baron changed in a few days in quite a strange manner. Without in the least diminishing the attention and respect they had previously shown me, it seemed as if, oppressed by a wonderful premonitory feeling, they could not find that hearty, friendly tone which had hitherto enlivened our conversation. All that they said to me was so forced, so frosty, that, tormented as I was by all kinds of conjectures, I had to make a real effort to appear natural.

Euphemie's glances, which I could always interpret aright, told me that some-

thing or other had happened, which had specially disturbed her, but all day long it was impossible for us to converse unobserved.—

In the depth of the night, when all in the castle had long been asleep, a tapestried door opened in my room, which I myself had not noticed, and Euphemie entered in a state of excitement such as I had as never yet seen in her.

“Victorin,” she said, “treason threatens us; it is Hermogen, the insane Hermogen, who, put on the track by strange premonitions, has discovered our secret. By all kinds of allusions, sounding like the gruesome, terrible oracles of some dark power which rules over us, he has inspired in the Baron a suspicion which, without being clearly expressed, yet pursues and tortures me. Who thou art, that under this holy garb Graf Victorin is hidden: this seems entirely concealed from Hermogen; on the other hand, he maintains that all the treachery, all the deceit, all the destruction which will burst upon us, lies with thee, nay that, like the evil one himself, the monk has entered the house, and inspired by some devilish power, broods some damnable treachery. It cannot go on like this; I am weary of the restraint that the childish old Baron puts upon me, who, as it seems, in morbid jealousy will anxiously watch my every step. I will cast aside this toy, that has now become wearisome, and thou, Victorin, wilt the more readily bow to my wishes, as thus thou escapest at once the danger of being at last detected and so of seeing the lofty relationship that our genius has created, sink down into a vulgar, commonplace disguise! The tiresome old man must be removed, so let us consult how this can best be done, but first hear my opinion. Thou knowest that every morning, while Reinhold is occupied, the Baron goes out alone into the mountains, to solace himself in his own way with nature. Slip out before him and try to meet him at the gate of the park. Not far from here there is a wild, gruesome mass of rocks; when the wanderer has climbed them, there yawns before him on the one side a black bottomless abyss, there, jutting upwards over the abyss, is the so-called Devil’s Seat. The legend goes that poisonous gases rise from the abyss, which stupefy and drag down to certain death the rash mortal who dares to peer down into the depths, to discover what is hidden below. The Baron, who laughs to scorn the legend, has often stood upon that rock over the abyss, to enjoy the view which there opens before one. It will be easy to induce him of his own accord to lead thee to the dangerous spot; once he stands there, staring at the view, one powerful blow of thy fist releases us for ever from this feeble fool.”—“No, never,” I cried angrily: “I know the frightful abyss, I know the Devil’s Seat, never! Away with thee and with the crime that thou wouldst have me do!” Euphemie sprang up, a wild light flamed in her look, her face was distorted with the raging passion that stormed in her. “Miserable weakling,” she cried; “thou darest in dull cowardice to oppose what I have resolved on? Thou wilt rather bend to the shameful yoke, than reign with me? But thou art in my power, vainly dost thou writhe against the might that holds thee chained at my feet! Thou shalt execute my behest, to-morrow he, whose sight galls me, must have ceased to live!”

As Euphemie spoke these words, the profoundest contempt for her poor and feeble boasting came over me, and in bitter irony I laughed shrilly in her face, so that she trembled, and the deathly pallor of fear and deep dread overspread her face.

“Mad woman,” I cried, “thou who drest of ruling over life, of playing with its events, have a care, lest this toy turn in thy hand to a sharp weapon and slay thee! Know, miserable woman, that I, whom in thy feeble madness thou thinkest to rule, that I hold thee like very fate fast chained and in my power; thy sinful play is but the convulsive writhing of the fettered and caged wild beast! Know, miserable creature, that thy lover lies dashed to pieces in that very abyss, and that in his stead thou hast embraced the very spirit of vengeance! Begone and despair!”

Euphemie staggered; she was on the point of sinking to the ground in convulsive trembling, I seized her and forced her through the secret door down the passage. The thought rose within me to kill her, I abstained without knowing it, for in the first moment after I shut the secret door I believed I had accomplished the deed! I heard a piercing shriek and the banging of doors.

(To be continued.) *1891*!



NOTICE.

THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY.

THERE has long been a pressing need for a book which shall contain 1. a clear statement of the fundamental truths upon which the system of thought known as Theosophy is based, free as far as possible from technicality, and uncomplicated by the details of the evolution of men and worlds, which belong properly to a more advanced study of Theosophy. 2. A plain and frank outline of the relation of Theosophy to Religion in general, and to various modern movements. 3. The truth in regard to some of the misconceptions and calumnies which are laid to the charge of the Theosophical Society.

These objects H. P. Blavatsky has endeavoured to fulfil in a book bearing the above title, now in the press, which will be published early next month, price Five Shillings.

The work is in dialogue form, and intended as much for the general public as for Theosophists, every effort having been made to render it as clear and complete as possible.

Theosophical Publishing Co. Ltd.,
7 Duke Street,
Adelphi, W.C.

N.B.—Subscription Price, payable up to 31st July, 3/6.

Theosophical Activities.

“Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.”

—SHAKESPEARE.

“He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a
task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent
twenty more to maintain that one.”

—POPE.

“ATTENTION, THEOSOPHISTS!”

GROTESQUE contrasts and paradoxes are the very pith of our age. We might, therefore, permitting ourselves for once to follow suit, publish under the above title certain very *untheosophical activities*. But we prefer to leave the pages of our LUCIFER untainted with the recital of untheosophical backbiting, malicious calumnies and attempts to ruin our character. Those who would learn our answer (and that of trustworthy witnesses) to the slanders that find such a ready hospitality in a spiritual organ of America, are invited to turn to *Light* of June 1st, and June 8th, 1889.

All attacks would have been ignored and never mentioned could they, without danger to the Theosophical Society, but be relegated by us to that common pit of oblivion, in which crawl and hiss, struggling to come to light, all the venomous monsters bred by calumny, envy, hatred and revenge—most of them the progeny, alas, of those who, once upon a time, took pride in calling themselves, *Theosophists* (! !)

The old truism, that they whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad, is once more vindicated. Calumnies are effective only on the condition that they should not be so readily refuted. It is easy enough to bear false witness against one who is unable to establish an undeniable *alibi*. It is as easy, for a traducer to charge a person with having said or done that or the other, at a date when the accused and the accuser were both in the same country, if not in the same town. The credibility and likelihood of such accusations become, however, rather shaky if the accused party can furnish precise dates—awkward things to deal with—corroborated by numbers of persons to the effect that at the date mentioned he was 10,000 miles away, and did not even hold any correspondence with the accusing party. “One lie must be thatched with another, or truth will soon rain through,” says a proverb.

The London *Light*, always fair to all, was forced to publish—or rather to *republish* from the Chicago *Religio-Phil. Journal*—a very strange letter. We may even say two letters in one, as the reader will see for himself. We call it “strange” because it is so transparent in its animus, so very *imprudent* and so easily refuted that both the writers—intellectual, and hoary with life-experience as they really are—seem to give themselves entirely away for a mere song, for the pleasure, one would almost say, of inflicting an ugly scratch, whether it reaches the person aimed at, or simply produces a commotion among the

innocent and the credulous ones who believe all they read. So evident are the motives of this joint production—spite and revenge—that, were we certain that no true theosophist would be thereby affected, we would have never gone out of our way to refute the silly invention. It seems almost undignified to even notice it, but truth had to be shown at all costs.

We wonder, when our Theosophists and public will have read, in *Light* of June 8th, our several answers, what will remain of Dr. Coues' denunciation of one who had never at any time been anything else than a true friend and defender of his? The "hoax" with which Dr. Coues charges Mme. B. in his letter thus returns home, part and parcel, to roost with the learned President of the *Gnostic* T. S. of Washington. May it do him good!

An American paper makes a great fuss over the reception made to Dr. Coues in New York by various people, theosophists and others, who in the words of one of the daily papers "united to honour him (Dr. Coues) as a theosophist and a scientist."

As a Scientist, the Society and the public cannot honour the Smithsonian Professor too much; but as a THEOSOPHIST—Heaven save the mark!! Dr. Coues is a very eminent, world-known naturalist and ornithologist. But why should he, for all that, behave with his brother theosophists as if the latter were no better than geese, and try to *stuff* them as he does? There is a line of demarcation that has to be drawn somewhere.

And now we have a few more words to say to a *Weekly* in America. For years the R. P. *Journal* assumed the monopoly of denouncing and attacking us in almost every issue, and for years we have ignored it and kept silent. But for once, a month or so ago, we raised a mild protest in LUCIFER, simply remarking that our contemporary of Chicago repeated "unverified cackle." At this, the R. P. J., feeling very indignant, replies: "The JOURNAL does not repeat 'unverified cackle,' and unlike the Tartarian termagant has 'discretion' enough not to juggle.

Don't you "repeat unverified cackle" dear old Journal? And what do you call the lying Billingsgate of W. Emette Coleman, and above all your "Coues-Collins" letter, reprinted in *Light*, and answered in its number of June the 8th of last week? Or perhaps, you think the name "cackle" too mild and would like to replace it with the term "malicious slander"? So be it. As to your having "discretion enough not to juggle," no one has ever thought of accusing you of it. But you have constantly charged the same upon the "Tartarian termagant," and this without the slightest shadow of *real* proof. This is neither "religious" nor "philosophical."—[ED.]

Esoteric Buddhism is decidedly on the brain of our journalists. This is what we read in the *Times* of the 8th instant. Take out the qualification, and you will have some truth in this:—

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.—Colonel Olcott, whose connection with "Esoteric Buddhism" is well known, is at present making a tour in Japan. He has been well received by the Buddhist priesthood, and is delivering lectures all over the country, advising the people to maintain the principles of the Buddhist faith and not to change for western doctrines of any kind. At a lecture in Tokio on the necessity of a religious basis for education, he began by comparing the free and upright bearing of the Japanese with that of the natives of India, who seemed to have lost the sentiment of nationality. Living in an atmosphere of disregard, if not contempt, for their old traditions and customs, taught to value only foreign systems and philosophies, the Indian spirit of patriotism and

independence had been numbed. Their men had become submissive and cringing. But the Japanese bore themselves as free men, and in congratulating them heartily upon it, Colonel Olcott called upon them not to prostrate themselves at the shrine of foreign civilization. He added that the Theosophical Society had done much in India and Ceylon to direct men's attention to the faith of their forefathers and to the past of their country, and he warned his hearers not to judge Western civilization by its superficial aspects, for beneath these lay enormous misery and distress.

Colonel H. S. Olcott is decidedly a Buddhist of the Southern school, and a very convinced and earnest one; but why should the *Times* make of him a follower of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism* instead of Gautama the Buddha's Dharma? This is a trifle, however, and the above extract does give some faint idea of the really great work which our President has been doing in Japan. Of course a *Times* writer cannot be expected to fully understand what Col. Olcott's real mission has been, and he forgets entirely to mention that the main idea was to weld together the Buddhists of India and Japan by showing them that the true fundamental character underlying all the Buddhist religious schools is the same, and by making Theosophy the connecting link. In a letter just received from Col. Olcott he says that he has delivered 49 lectures, and expects before he leaves to give a dozen more—that his travels have extended over 900 miles of territory, and that his addresses have caused a deep and permanent excitement. The students of the Tokyo Imperial University Higher Schools of the Metropolis have formed a Young Men's Buddhist Association *à la* the Y. M. C. Associations of the West. Several magazines have sprung up, and to his horror, one is called *Olcotti*!

Our President will probably reach England in August, and during September and October he hopes to take a lecturing tour in England and Ireland. The arrangements for this will soon be commenced, and much assistance can be given by Theosophists in various parts of the country, who will kindly send information to Herbert Coryn, Secretary of Theosophical Lecturing Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. as to the opportunities of obtaining halls (with terms, etc.) in towns where audiences are likely to take interest in the subject of Theosophy.

THEOSOPHICAL LEAVEN.

NEARLY two months after date of publication, the February number of LUCIFER has reached me in the out-of-the-way corner of the world where my lot is cast. The whole devoured with customary eagerness, there is one article in particular which has impressed me deeply, and suggested many thoughts. I refer to the second article, by Mrs. J. C. Ver Planck, entitled "Theosophy in Daily Life." I should like to be permitted to express my sense of indebtedness to the writer, and to thank her warmly for the soul-stirring appeal which, as the mouthpiece for the time being of the Cause, she has made to her fellow-members. May the response be swift and abundant! Surely no Theosophist worthy of the name can read Mrs. Ver Planck's glowing words without responsively catching fire, without being roused to do more, and more practical, work for the race he professes to love so well.

The whole spirit and tenour of the paper is so admirable that it would be no easy task to discriminate between part and part in respect of stimulative and energizing value. But if the distinction had to be made, I should feel disposed to give the award to the latter part of the second paragraph on page 451. For the writer there emphasizes that aspect of practical Theosophy which of all is perhaps most frequently forgotten or neglected by the Fellows. To live in the world while not being of it, has in all ages been the task of tasks. How often the ardent aspirant feels as if it would be a comparatively light thing to "leave all, rise up, and follow" the Truth! But to remain amongst low and degrading associations, chained to occupations which involve constant contact with some of the unloveliest aspects of poor humanity, obliged to hear and see much the very hearing and seeing of which deadens and dulls the inner ear and eye—to be thus, without hope of escape, and yet to feel called to a higher and nobler life, is an experience as painful as it is common. And the *crux* lies in the attempt to reconcile the following of the lofty aim with the due discharge of the responsibilities laid upon us by Karma. To steer a straight path between the two extremes of abuse and neglect is the first, and, in some points, the hardest lesson.

As the passage referred to indicates, the true Theosophist is in danger of forgetting, in his aspirations after spiritual development, that he is still a man among men, bound to his fellows in a thousand ways and solemnly called upon to discharge properly the ordinary duties of life. To discharge them *properly*, mark; not perfunctorily, anyhow, so only that they be got rid of with the least possible expenditure of time and energy. It is the failure to apprehend this, a failure springing from a misconception of what constitutes that august reality called DUTY, which is the cause that the charge of iciness, unhumanness and stony-heartedness is so often brought against those who strive to purify themselves, whether they be Theosophists in name or only in spirit. And, as pointed out, it is a terrible mistake, a sorrowful pity. The world wants melting not freezing. For its redemption it needs, it is true, the gods above; but it also needs warm and loving hearts of flesh below, by the side, at the right hand and the left. As I heard it well expressed by a brother-Theosophist lately, the ideal at which we ordinary folks should aim—we, who are not within reach of even the lowest rank of Chelaship by a hundred incarnations or more!—is to be wholesome men and women, taking our part outwardly with willingness and without reserve in the occupations proper to humanity in its present stage of development, good citizens, good business men or housewives, good companions, able to play with the children, to laugh at the innocent jest, to lighten the gloom of life by tiny candle beams of cheerfulness as well as by flashes of revelation; and yet at the same time to strive in the silence of our hearts after enlightenment and purification with all the ardour of which we are capable. Inwardly let the Theosophist be aspirant, student, disciple, ascetic if he will—and wisely may; outwardly let him be cheerful,

bright, natural, human. Otherwise, he will only repel where he longed to attract ; do harm where he most wished to do good.

As to the exceptional cases mentioned by Mrs. Ver Planck in the next paragraph but one :—It may perhaps be asked by someone, “How can I be sure that I am not one of those exceptional persons who ought either to withdraw wholly from the world, or at any rate to have nothing to do with it beyond what they must for purposes of obtaining mere sustenance or making direct spiritual effort for its improvement ?” Good friend ! do not worry, as our American brothers would say. That you can ask the question is proof positive that it is not as you surmise may perhaps be the case. If you were so called, be very sure that the call would be most unmistakably plain. If, studying the workings of Karma in the lines of our life (broadly, without attempting the precise analysis of details which only a very high degree of knowledge could enable to be made with accuracy and profit)—if, so studying, we find that our path lies naturally along the beaten tracks of daily life, from which we can diverge only at the price of duties neglected, hearts wronged, work left undone—then we may be perfectly certain that we are not yet ripe for anything but the ordinary human lot, that we are not yet fit to be . . . other than what we are. If dissatisfied with what we are—why ! it is open to us to change ourself, in the sure faith that change of environment will follow “as the night the day.” But, while thus seeking to change our “specific gravity,” do not let us forget that in the meantime we are *HERE*, and not *YONDER* ; and that the time has not yet come for us to renounce companionship with the “common crowd.” We can share their honest work without being worldly, their innocent pleasures without being frivolous.

So cordially do I endorse the spirit and most of the letter of Mrs. Ver Planck’s article that it is with some hesitation I venture to express doubts as to the wisdom of the suggestions for practical Theosophical work made at the foot of p. 453 and head of p. 454. Hesitation—lest I appear to be lacking in sympathy with her aims ; an appearance which would indeed be a delusion, “*Maya*” ! For I am wholly at one with her as to the *end* to be striven for. The difference is merely as to the *means*.

Mrs. Ver Planck urges the formation of such distinctive agencies for social progress as “Branch Sunday Schools,” “Branch Free Libraries,” and the like. The following extract fairly summarizes her position :—“Not only should we join with outsiders in such good deeds as they have found to do, but we ought to have some distinctively Theosophical work of our own, first as individuals, next as Branches.” If she enunciates this as a rule of universal application, I must differ from her.

Putting on one side India, one might count upon one’s fingers the number of places where such distinctively Theosophical work could be commenced with any reasonable prospect of success—*i.e.*, of doing good

proportionate to the time, energy and money expended. India, of course, offers special advantages and facilities for such enterprises. Her children are already familiar with most of the foundation truths of Theosophy, The Society's work amongst them is one of revival, of resurrection; whereas amongst Westerns it is but too often a work of construction almost *ab initio*. And India is not honeycombed with already existing organizations of all kinds, as is the case with most European nations and their offspring. So that different standards of judgment must be applied to such dissimilar cases.

Turning from India and the East in general, we see in Europe, America, and elsewhere a few small groups of "True Believers," often separated from each other by long distances, and in only a few places—such as London and New York—so large in numbers and of such influence and resources as to be in a position to start purely Theosophical work on a scale worth the cost. Now, that in *these* places the Branches ought to boldly dare and grandly do is a proposition which is simply axiomatic. And the two centres above named, in producing "Lucifer," "The Theosophical Publishing Co.," and "The Path," have furnished comforting proof that our Fellows are sufficiently hot-hearted to burst into spontaneous flame when civilization rakes together a sufficient number of them. But I must demur to the proposition that the Branches ought one and all thus to "distinguish" themselves, in the literal sense of the word; and to the converse proposition, that the absence of such markedly Theosophical activity is an indication of apathy and indifference. *Dii avertite omen!*

What is the position of nine out of ten of the ex-Asian Branches? They are in cities, where social machinery of every kind—alike for damnation and salvation—abounds even to redundancy; where exist organizations of every conceivable kind for every conceivable purpose, supplied with funds, buildings, and trained workers. Now, would it be wise for a mere handful of men—perhaps some thirty or forty out of a population of as many thousands—to attempt to start new associations of their own, when the scale upon which they could build would of necessity be so limited, so insignificant? Would it not be much better for the Cause that they should throw themselves heartily into the already existing organizations (but only where, of course, they could do so conscientiously) and—without Jesuitry or deceit of any kind—*endeavour to permeate them with the leaven of Theosophical truths?* "The kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

. We should not too readily assume that, because our Branches are not engaged in enterprises which are openly and avowedly Theosophical, therefore the members are lukewarm and indifferent. Though it may be so in some places, it surely is not in all; nor can I believe it is so in most. For the Hidden Wisdom takes hold of a man firmly, if at all; and once penetrated with its influence, external manifestation of that influence in

some mode is surely almost inevitable. But it is a marked characteristic of the benign radiance which springs from the Wisdom of the Ages, that it inspires prudence as well as zeal, discretion as well as enthusiasm, patience that can wait, devotion that can achieve the crowning triumph, and efface itself. In many places the Branch, for a long time to come, can only be the *rendezvous* where members shall meet to encourage themselves and each other; to kindle afresh the fire of aspiration; to learn by teaching, and to teach by learning. But outside the lodge walls their influence will have to be exercised for the most part gently and imperceptibly, even as the sun softens the hard earth—I trust my brother members not to misunderstand me. Of course I do not say that we are to be afraid to speak out. The man who does not do so when the occasion is suitable, the opportunity fitting, is a coward and a *fainéant*—or worse. But I do say that when members are so circumstanced that overt action would be ineffectual as the dashing of waves upon the rock, it will be better for them to saturate the earth upon which the rock rests and so to undermine it. To the average Philistine certain names act as the red rag to the bull. Then let us humour his amiable little weakness—drop names for the time being—and get him to take medicine out of unlabelled bottles. And . . . do not let us hastily conclude, because we see little, that little is being done.

Before we build, we have to lay
Foundations in the stubborn clay,
And spend ourselves for many a day
On work that never shows.

The last page but one of Mrs. Ver Planck's paper remarkably confirms the position I have taken. The "Credit Foncier of Sinaloa" (on learning of which I "thank God and take courage!" for I was a Socialist before I was a Theosophist, and Theosophy has purified but not emasculated my Socialism)—could such an enterprise have been established by Theosophists only for many long years to come? And could a Theosophist do better than fling his life with sublime recklessness into such a glorious undertaking, by whomsoever inaugurated? Better, beyond doubt, to have the Theosophical spirit in a Theosophical body; infinitely better! But when and where that cannot be done, and till that can be done, let us make the best use we can of existing agencies. Let us make modern thought "ferment" with the "leaven" of Theosophy, and in due time all we desire will follow.

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F. T. S.



Correspondence.

“MODERN SPIRITUAL HISTORY” AND THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.*

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

No doubt many of your readers will be aware that, for some considerable time, there has been published week by week in the *Medium*, what purports to be a “history” of the most imposing personages of Modern Spiritual History; but instead of a clear record, with a general view of both sides of the question being presented, it is only a reiteration—of what might appear on the surface—the most damaging points against the claims, as “Teachers” and “Leaders” of certain expressions of Modern Spiritual Thought. Whether it has succeeded in its object of vilification of the persons concerned, is more than doubtful.†

A careful perusal by your readers of the following correspondence will reveal that the “Editor of the *Medium*,” with a generosity and charity characteristic of him, has refused to insert in his Journal a criticism on the conduct and motive for action of the “Author of Modern Spiritual History.”

It is somewhat reassuring to learn directly from the “Editor of a Journal,” after so much vilification, and so much smoke, that there is *no fire*, and *no accusation* intended against the personages named in “Modern Spiritual History.”

It is more gratifying still to find, that the one-sided view of “Modern Spiritual History,” as unfolded by William Oxley, had no purpose in view, and no object to serve; in other words, that the collection and presentation of only the assumed most damaging points against the personages figuring in “Modern Spiritual History,” was purely a labour of Love on their behalf, and in the cause of Truth. How far any reasonable Being will accept from the “Editor of the *Medium*” such an explanation, it is not for me to say.

After more than twenty years’ experience of the Journal in question, it is not strange to me to find such a source or avenue of public expression as in the *Medium*. It is so entirely antagonistic and averse to “Organization,” “Personal Unfoldment,” and “Personal Expression—in any form whatsoever,” that no one, with ordinary powers of perception, who have week by week, and year by year, watched the gradual decay of the various efforts, under various names, made by the “Editor of the *Medium*” to found successfully “a Spiritual Institution” of light and leading, with himself as its despotic “head,” (and possibly its “tail”

* We must apologise to our correspondent for the omission of part of his letter, as well as of some passages from the accompanying documents. This correspondence has been awaiting publication since March last, and the great pressure on our space renders its insertion *in extenso* QUITE impossible.—[ED.]

† We can assure our esteemed correspondent that the attempt made has proved a sad failure—in our case, at any rate. For years we have not read a single paragraph in the *Medium and Daybreak*, and feel as indifferent to its abuse or praise as the moon to the nocturnal howling of jackals.—[ED.]

too), can but perceive in these things THE CAUSE for the action it now pursues in such a wholesome manner.

Had the efforts of the assumed "head" of the "Spiritual Institution," been crowned with successful life as an "Organization," and as "a leading power of Spiritual Thought and expression," instead of a gradual decay of power and influence, we should have had no one-sided review, and no vilification of the life and labours of the personages named in "Modern Spiritual History," by William Oxley.*

Truly! How birds of a feather will flock together, and unite in a common cause, will only be too apparent by a careful perusal of the correspondence sent you herewith.

Both "Writer" and "Publisher" of "Modern Spiritual History," have much in common for the basis of their action. And while we cannot but seriously regret the failure of their noble and personal efforts to stamp a record "in history" as "Leaders" and "Teachers" of some kind of "Spiritual Thought," we cannot, in fairness to all parties, *admit their failure*, as a charitable ground of action, to denounce everything and everybody who make bold attempts with better success materially.

* * * * *

No one can deplore more than ourselves the claim of a "Material Ego" to co-equal rights and powers with the "Godhead," or "Soul"; and while we may seriously regret—according to our unfoldment—such an injudicious claim and expression, we cannot lose sight of the fact, that we all possess in some degree a portion of that "divinity" which called us into Being.

The following letters are commended to the attention of your readers.

Believe me, yours,

A. D. BATHELL

TO MR. JAMES BURNS.

SIR,—

April 24th 1889.

Will you kindly accept the enclosed letter for insertion in the "Medium."

Of course! If you cannot in your judgment see your way to its early publication in your Journal, will you please oblige by returning the MS. to me by next post in the enclosed stamped envelope.

Every person connected with the Theosophical Society, and Mr. Oxley in particular, are undeniably unknown to me in a material sense—by any personal contact whatsoever, so that my letter is purely the outcome of an independent condition; being brought forward entirely in the interests of truth and justice as perceived by myself, and to reveal to the readers of your Journal the cha-

* The petty spite shown to us by Mr. W. Oxley, an *ex-F.T.S.*, is very natural. An ardent Theosophist at first, but a still more ardent Spiritualist, this tender-hearted gentleman began by writing letters to one of our Masters, whose neglect to notice him, and his *Angelic Revelations*, hurt his feelings. Moreover, the criticism which *Busiris*, the ancient Aryan "Spirit" and SAGE in his "Philosophy of Spirit" received at the hands of Mr. Subba Row and other Hindus in the *Theosophist* (*Vide* No. of May, 1882 *et seq.*) was not calculated to make the flame of brotherly love burn brighter in Mr. Oxley's bosom. He would be more than an average Spiritualist, verily a sage or an Indian philosopher himself, had he accepted the just criticism in a brotherly spirit and never retaliated. But Mr. Oxley is not a philosopher, still less a sage! hence this laborious though vain attempt at *mud throwing*. We hope he will not catch cold during the operation.—[ED.]

acter of the "Accuser," thereby enabling them to judge for themselves the worth and value of a condition of things in Spiritual matters, which is much to be regretted.

Believe me, &c.

A. D. BATHELL.

15 Southampton Row.

London April 25th 1889.

TO MR. A. D. BATHELL.

SIR,—

Certainly you are no "thought reader," or you would never have wasted yourself by supposing I could find time to read a childish and malicious rigmale like enclosed. If I wished to damage the Theosophical Society, I would put forward such an apologist. No *accusation* has been brought against the T.S., or Madame B. in *MEDIUM*; only a "history" derived from the *public life* of the Society.

Mr. Oxley never put himself forward as a *Messiah*. Nor as the Recorder of a Circle did he take the responsibility of the proceedings. The "Mighty Power" operates through all mankind according to the measure of the man to receive it. Which may account for your scepticism on the point.

Don't bother me with any more of your nonsense. What you have learnt "without personal contact whatever," is only the evolution of your own uncrucified individuality.

Your obedient servant,

J. BURNS.

To the Editor of the "Medium, etc."

April 26th 1889.

SIR,—Please accept my sincere thanks for your kind letter of yesterday.

You are quite correct in your surmises. Facts are more valuable to-day than mere "thought-readings."

It was the *most distant thought* in my conceptions, to believe, after such a long experience of your Journal, that the "Head of the Spiritual Institution," and the "Editor of the Medium," would condescend to read and comprehend such "childish and malicious rigmale" as documentary facts, based upon actual experience. For such things as these are by nature foreign to most selfish influences, who see in themselves only a reflection of "Perfection."

My wish is in no wise to damage the Theosophical Society, or any other Society, but to speak the Truth as far as it is known to me. And at the same time to have something more tangible than mere empty words for a foundation upon which my Thoughts are developed. Such procedures, based upon actual experience, and borne out by documentary facts, need no apology, and fear no recoil.

"No *accusation* has been brought against the Theosophical Society, or Madame Blavatsky in the 'Medium,' only a 'history,' derived from the public life of the Society." Certainly not! It would have been more to the point and consistent with honour, had a direct charge been formulated against, not only the Theosophical Society, but those other noble men and women, who have endeavoured

—perhaps you would say, abnormally—to attract around them influences to unfold their alleged conceptions. Truly! This is a point far wide of the mark. The word “*accusation*” is not used once in the whole of my communication. There is a vast difference, in my opinion, between “a direct accusation” and “a gross vilification.”

In matters of “history,” it is usual to present a general view of both sides of the question. Whether Mr. Oxley has given a fair comment of matters in his “Modern Spiritual History,” is open to grave debate.

How far the “Recorder of Angelic Revelations,” *did* take the responsibility and sway of the proceeding of that assumed “Angelic Circle” is a matter of opinion, strongly open to question.

With an utter recklessness, and a total disregard of the commonest rules of moral procedure, YOU AVER, in the face of an undeniable documentary fact to the contrary, “that William Oxley never put himself forward as a ‘Messiah,’ or ‘the Agent, or Actor, of a Mighty Power.’” By what Spiritual or Material Law can *you* answer for a Being apart from yourself? How do *you* know what Mr. Oxley has done? Are *you* the keeper of his Thoughts? Are *you* the governor of his actions? The unerring Guide and Counsellor of his life and Spiritual unfoldment? *If you are all these in reality, your averment* would not in the least efface from my mind those memorable words, written by Mr. Oxley himself, now before me:—

“I also have a work in that direction, as the Agent, or Actor for a Mighty Power, that you may, or may not, reckon with or without, as the case may be.” And your wild assumption and vague generalities, that the “Mighty Power” referred to by Mr. Oxley was a “*general power*, operating through all mankind according to the measure of the man to receive it,” is flatly contradicted by Mr. Oxley’s own words. Otherwise, why does he state “That it is a *power* whom we may, or may not, reckon with or without, as the case may be”? If it were a general and universal power, operating through *all* mankind, it is beside the mark to question its right of action and influence in any degree whatsoever. Such a universal influence would be paramount and primal in all things. The “Mighty Power” referred to by Mr. Oxley, was NOT a *general power*, but one presumed by himself to be specially in the ascendant to-day, and interested in his unfoldment and his material workings. To wit: The influences claiming to be the Authors of the expressions of “Angelic Revelations.”

And with regard to my scepticism on this point of a “governing power,” Mr. Oxley will tell you a very different tale. Perhaps it might be as well to aver on my own behalf, that the whole constitution of my Being has perfect confidence in the powers of the “Spirit and Soul, even to unfold a Material World, and to change its ultimate course of action by the mere flash of a single thought.

Beyond this communication, it is not my intention, at present, to “bother” you with any more documentary facts.

Whatever it has fallen to my lot to learn, “without any personal contact whatsoever,” fortunately, is verified by hard, cruel facts, which you cannot truthfully gainsay. Hence, having no defence and no case, you deal in vilification instead of *Truth*, in empty words instead of Facts.

Whatever you may mean by saying “whatever you have learnt without personal contact is only the evolution of your own uncrucified individuality” is best

known to yourself. To my unfoldment, such a sentence has neither sense nor meaning. . . .

Now let me enlighten you with a few words of Truth.

Although my communication was addressed to the "Editor of the *Medium*," it was neither written nor intended for insertion in your journal, but for publication in another quarter.

Your states were so well known to me, that to attempt to question your despotic judgment—in any form—would be treated with the greatest discourtesy.

It was to obtain a document in your own handwriting, which the world could not gainsay, embodying your refusal to publish both sides of the question at issue.

It was further to prevent Mr. Oxley, and yourself, too, from being in a position to say that my communication was purposely published in a journal in which you could claim no right of reply or explanation.

Many thanks for having fulfilled to the letter both my wishes and the estimate of your character as to the justice and charity which you wisely bestow towards all classes of Thinkers and Writers.

Believe me, Yours most faithfully,

To James Burns.

A. D. BATHELL.

To the Editor of the "Medium and Daybreak."

SIR,—

As a reader of the *Medium* since its very first inception—a copy of every issue being in my keeping—it is hoped that you will give me that latitude of public expression which you have so faithfully accorded to others.

My theme is in reference specially to the latest phases of "Modern Spiritual History" as unfolded in the *Medium*, by William Oxley.

It will be as well at the very outset of my remarks, so as to remove all false impressions, to state most distinctly that no more determined opposition, upon every plane of Being, was for years ever offered to some of the modes, expressions, and procedures of Theosophists, than has been offered by myself, and my attracted states. Yet, in deference to this long and continued opposition, there is no doubt now, that a climax has been reached, the limits of fair play and justice trampled under foot. That Society had been outraged, and the true facts of "Modern Spiritual History" somewhat violated, by an assumed "Leader of Spiritual Thought"—a veritable "Messiah," who, in his bitterness of spirit, and his jealousy, has seen fit to denounce in no unmeasured terms, co-workers like unto himself. And what are the facts of the case? Simply these:—

In the year 1873, there was formed in Manchester, a Spiritual circle, best known by the name of the circle of "Angelic Revelations." And many of your readers will remember, that in the year 1875, with a great flourish of trumpets, was published the first volume of those alleged "Angelic Revelations." Subsequent volumes followed until five had been issued. In the meantime, what about this "Circle of Angelic Revelations?" This mighty avenue of expression and Spiritual unfoldment? This generator of a "Male Messiah" in human form? Why! it had collapsed—fatally collapsed. Never more again to meet

in the material world. And what does Mr. Oxley say to me in his letter dated January 11th 1885, with respect to this particular point—this fatal and ignominious collapse. “I know sufficient to cause me to acquiesce in the wisdom and love of the course adopted.” It is a grand thing when difficulties beset us and our passions recoil upon us, to acquiesce in the wisdom and love of a power that removes from our path what might develop into a serious rival.

Were these the whole of the considerations involved, the matter might rest and be left in oblivion ; but they are not. There are graver issues, graver considerations, so deep and so damaging to the “Messiahship” of Mr. Oxley, as to demand, in the interests of Truth, that the world should know them, should know the man, and the value of his expressions.

[Mr. Bathell here details the circumstances under which his correspondence with Mr. Oxley began, and points out the discourtesy of the latter’s subsequent conduct. He then proceeds]:—

Mr. Oxley in a letter dated January 20th 1885, says:— “Your reference to Madame Blavatsky is quite in accordance with what has been told me, and which is stored up with other documents, referring to my association with the Theosophical Society, and what the result is to be.”

Now, it is evident from this documentary fact, that in the year 1885, William Oxley was in association with the Theosophical Society. And there is a document in my possession from an official of the Theosophical Society, distinctly stating, “that Mr. Oxley had considerably bothered Mr. Sinnett, and entreated to be taken as a Chela,” it being well known that his application had been declined. This was the result that he was waiting for, and to which he refers. How different would have been the issues, had his application been accepted by the Theosophical Society, is more than apparent.

Again! Mr. Oxley being incompetent to deal with my communications himself, wrote me as follows on February 10th 1885. “The present overture is for the purpose of asking Mr. A. D. B. if he would object to have the correspondence continued with another in the place of the writer, and Mr. A. D. B., may possibly know who the third party is.”

A most astounding application. A most astounding admission of my being able to read “Thought states” correctly, and this, from a “Leader of Thought,” a veritable “Messiah.”

[The gentleman referred to by Mr. Oxley was, says Mr. Bathell, a member of the T. S. and our correspondent complains of the treatment he received from both of them.—ED.]

From long experience, Mr. Oxley reminds me of a man with a great sorrow ; a man who has miserably failed in his own pretensions to “Messiahship.” He is so laden with his sorrow, that he can find no better balm for his wounds than attempting to destroy by the most sweeping and unfounded assertions, based upon irrelevant matter, the noble, but somewhat crude attempts of those bold men and women, who, whatever their creed, whatever their unfoldment, have made a deeper imprint on the minds of men than the “Recorder of Angelic Revelations.”

It would be as well, in the interests of Truth and justice, while Mr. Oxley is

publicly unfolding matters of "Modern Spiritual History," if he were asked to give a few facts concerning that alleged circle of "Angelic Revelations." What about the birth of a child from the surroundings of that assumed "Angelic Circle" presuming to be the "New Messiah in Male Form," but which, unfortunately, afterwards turned out to be a Female. Such points as this, and the serious and fatal collapse of that assumed "Angelic Circle," &c., &c., would form an interesting episode, a very crowning point for that "Modern Spiritual History," which Mr. Oxley, in his bitterness of spirit, has thought well to hold up to ridicule, and to say nothing of the merits the various "Leaders" may possess for minds less *subtle* than his own.

Verily! who should throw stones? Certainly not the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations."

Where are Mr. Oxley's direct documentary facts for his "Modern Spiritual History?" In his own possession? Certainly not.

What is the basis from which Mr. Oxley draws his assumed facts of "Modern Spiritual History?" From actual experience and contact with the persons concerned? No. Verily! most of them are gleanings from the fields of antagonistic states, mere surface effusions from interests involved in the highest degree. Far be it from my wish to uphold in their entirety any of the injudicious workings of those noble men and women, whose claims the "Recorder of Angelic Revelations" has already publicly considered. But let me be distinctly understood, in the interests of the common cause, to aver in all charity, that he who would cast the first stone at the great impulses and noble attempts—however crude—to unfold the Godhead anew, should at least be prepared with a conception of Thought, and a system of expression, more worthy of emulation than those they seek to destroy.

Madame Blavatsky (in a material sense a complete stranger to me), whatever her faults, whatever her unfoldment, can at least claim to have directed in some degree towards a spiritual shrine some of the greatest intellects of the age. She stands to-day, as she has always stood, the very expression and combination of an unfoldment, unique in its character, almost unfathomable in its process. A great and a mighty contrast to the "Recorder of Angelic Revelation."

Verily, extremes meet. On the one hand we have before us an influence, seeking by all the powers it possesses, both in craft and intellect,* to draw around her, by the most peculiar and subtle metaphysics, a galaxy of minds, to unfold her alleged conceptions of the Godhead. On the other hand, we have before us an influence, "the Agent or Actor of a *Mighty Power*," a "Recorder of certain alleged Angelic Revelations"—which it is more than apparent have utterly failed to attract material states—seeking by all the powers he may possess, with borrowed plumes, and hearsay evidence, to destroy the unfolding thoughts of a co-worker, whom he can never hope to equal, either in Spiritual conception or modes of construction and destruction.

These are the issues before us, and had they come when the flame of the East was high in the ascendant, brilliant in the extreme in its attractiveness and delusiveness, they might have been worthy of consideration; but as they come now, when that Eastern flame has been reduced by long persistent efforts

* Surely such an influence made up of "craft and intellect" must be the devil? We trust it is a *lapsus calami* of our kind defender.—[Ed.]

to its proper limits and conceptions, it is only adding insult to injury for any one to seek to gain popular applause—the shouts of the mob for the trumpet of fame—as Mr. Oxley is doing, but attempting to vilify, under the name of “Modern Spiritual History,” those bold men and women, who, regardless of the world’s sneers, have made a greater mark on the world’s record than he has himself been able to imprint upon it.

There is another point to which attention should be directed. Where was this valiant warrior, this “Agent—or Actor—of a Mighty Power,” this “Recorder of Angelic Revelations,” this assumed noble defender of the unfolding Spiritual Thoughts, when the battle was raging, when the fight was the fiercest, between what is termed “Spiritualism and Theosophy.” Why! he was alternating himself in the direction of Theosophy, actually pandering to and in contact with—almost as a brother—a certain Mr. L—— (of Manchester) a prominent member of Theosophical Society, thereby hoping and entreating to gain power and position in that very Society, which he now denounces as a fraud and a delusion. Whether there are in the wide, wide world, such Beings as “Initiates,” “Adepts,” or “Mahatmas,” in Occult and Spiritual Science, or men and women with a deeper knowledge and a greater understanding of the hidden mysteries than falls to the lot of the common humanity, is not in this letter under direct consideration. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Oxley, who claims himself to be the Agent, or Actor, of a “Mighty-Power,” believes in the existence of such unfoldments and avenues of superior expression; for it is a fact, proved by documentary evidence, that he repeatedly addressed communications to the “Mahatmas” who have an interest in the Theosophical Society, and to Madame Blavatsky. But, with a wisdom and tact, and a keen sense of perception which the very letters unseen carried with them, and which some of us in the Western world might wisely emulate for the sake of our peace and contentment, they declined to answer him, on the grounds that he was not an influence to be trusted, and had done nothing to entitle him to their special confidence and consideration.

Such procedures as are detailed in the foregoing, mark the man, and reveal to all honourable and consistent men and women what little value should be attached to such an inconsistent state and expression as the “Recorder of Angelic Revelations.”

My communication is in nowise to uphold the procedures of Theosophy to the detriment of the Spiritualistic cause, for each, in their own particular domain, have as much right to live as the other; have purposes to fulfil, and knowledge to unfold, of which the world will do well to take note.

We have had the character of the *accused*, week by week, most freely ventilated in the columns of the “Medium,” and as a matter of honour and justice to your readers we claim to present in public form, so far as we know it from actual experience and documentary evidence, the character of the *accuser*.

In conclusion, let me say that, to my mind, the *accuser* has committed as grave an outrage upon the public sympathies as he claims for the *accused*.

When we seek to lead the way, and to redress a wrong, we should at least have clean hands, a pure motive and a noble purpose. Can the accuser claim, in all honesty, one of those sentiments? If documentary evidence is worth

anything at all, the vilifications contained in "Modern Spiritual History," by William Oxley, are mere surface effusions, the reflections of a jealous mind, who, having miserably failed in his own pretensions to "Messiahship," or the "Agent of a Mighty Power" seeks, in the greatness and the bitterness of his fall, to destroy broadcast every other influence with like pretensions.

It is evidently a case—"As I have failed, none others shall succeed."

A. D. BATHELL.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As we are very little concerned with either the pop-guns shot at us, or those who amuse themselves in shooting them, we at first hesitated to insert the above. Having so many of our own quarrels on hand, we were unwilling to meddle with those of others. We have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Bathell personally; but since his letter throws independently such a flood of light on the *true causes* of the animus of some of our *ex-Fellows*—ever the most relentless in slandering the Society—we publish it most willingly.

Personally, we feel very grateful to Mr. Bathell for his considerate defence. As, however, the experience of several years has proved to us that every slander on the T. S. has only led to the increase of its members, and every direct attack against the Founders and lie about the modest editor of this journal, have invariably brought to the front unexpected and devoted friends, we feel rather unwilling to lose our dear and faithful detractors and slanderers. May they prosper and increase, the charitable and *truthful* souls! As the Khalif of the tale, who would not part with a beloved boil, for the latter helped to purify and keep his blood in good order, so we would not part—if it can only be avoided—with our active and amiable calumniators. They are the generous and volunteer scavengers of the Theosophical Society, so to speak, its vernal blue pill and black draught. Every malicious fib of theirs is an additional bar furnished to us *gratis* toward the erection of our Theosophical Eiffel Tower, and the future eminence of its architects. Dearly beloved enemies, pray let yourselves be entreated not to turn your backs upon us!

THE THIRD EYE.

The teachings contained in the second volume of the Secret Doctrine, respecting the Third Eye, throw a light on the problems which have aroused comparative anatomy and zoology, and bring these sciences directly in face of the teaching of the "Masters." If this had been done before, much trouble would have been saved, and the paper on which "Koot Hoomi Unveiled" was printed might have been applied to some more useful purpose. Let us see how modern science has laid down a foundation from which the Higher Teaching may be spread.

We have to consider the important memoir, which Sir Richard Owen published a few years ago.* In it he describes the conario-hypophysial tract, in detail, and traces out the pineal and pituitary bodies from man downwards, until in *Amphioxus*, where the cerebral expansion of the myelencephalon is too

* Aspects of the Body in Vertebrates and Invertebrates. 8vo. London, 1883. I may say that the word "conarium" which has been used by Professor Owen, is in every way more convenient than that of pineal gland. As the object is not a secreting gland, and (except in man) is unlike a pine cone, it is better to return to the old and in every way more elegant terminology.

feebly indicated, the homologue of any part of the tract in question has baffled Sir R. Owen's quest, unless the pore or ciliated canal leading thereto may be in such relation.

In the mammalian series it may be observed that in the lower and smaller members, as the brain loses in relative size and complexity, the "pineal" or conarial and pituitary or hypophysial bodies and connections show a relatively larger size, with a less parenchymatous and a less interrupted tubular structure than in the human brain. In the lower, if not lowest forms of the feathered class, Sir Richard Owen has noticed a groove in the basisphenoid bone, which leads to a foramen opening into the seat of the pituitary body. In Reptiles, however, the proportions of the conario-hypophysial tract to the cerebral hemispheres become greater, and a vascular chord is continued up from the hollow "pineal" part of the tract, beyond the cleft between the pros—and mesencephalon, to a contiguous opening in the bony cranial roof in a proportion of the class, which proportion is greatest* in the extinct members.† This "pineal" production perforates as a rule the parietal bone, but in some species the suture between that bone and the frontal, rarely the frontal bone itself, and then near the suture, always opposite the interval between the fore and mid-brains. Beyond this hole, commonly called *foramen parietale*, but which may preferably be termed *foramen pineala*, the upward continuation of the conario-hypophysial tract or tube is closed by the scalp or supracranial integument. The characters of the parietal or "pineal" foramen in the genera *Galesaurus*, *Petrophryne*, *Dicynodon*, *Ptychognathus*, *Oudenodon*, *Kistocephalus*, and *Procolophodon* are described by Sir Richard Owen in the below cited work. In some of these genera the hole is unusually large. Similar characters are shown by *Trematosaurus Brauni* and by *Rhinosaurus Jasikovi*.‡ H. P. Blavatsky§ gives a reference to a work by Ferscheldt on *Labyrinthodon*, in which the "third eye" is stated to have existed. This statement is extremely probable, but I have not seen Ferscheldt's work, the original type specimens of *Labyrinthodon* are in Germany, I believe, and the figures by Jaeger are not clear. *Ichthyosaurus longifrons* shows it distinctly, and it might be well expected to exist in *Labyrinthodon*.

Swedenborg, who as a comparative anatomist ranked higher than as a theologian, considered that "the pineal gland, the infundibulum and the pituitary gland elaborated the white or lymphatic blood of the brain."|| Henle described the pineal as a lymphatic gland. Meynert regarded it as a ganglion originating the pigmentum cells, which are of two sizes. Magendie concluded its function to be mechanical; that the pineal acted as a kind of a plug, obstructing the communication between the third and fourth ventricles. Balfour¶ states that no satisfactory suggestions have yet been offered as to the nature of

* Owen, R. Monograph on *Ichthyopterygia* (Palæontographical Society, 4to. p. 94), plate xxiii. fig. 1, f).

† Owen, R. Descriptive and Illustrated Catalogue of the Fossil Reptilia from South Africa in the British Museum.

‡ Bronn, Lethæa Geognostica, Stuttgart, 1855. Atlas, pl. xiii. fig. 12. Atlas, pl. xxv. fig. 1.

§ Secret Doctrine, vol. ii. p. 249.

|| Swedenborg. The Brain considered Anatomically, Physiologically and Philosophically. By R. L. Tafel.

¶ Balfour. Comparative Embryology, Vol. ii., 257-258.

the pineal gland, but referring to its position external to the skull in Amphibia, he says that it there "forms a mass originally described by Stieda as the cerebral gland."

From a careful examination of the above facts, it may be concluded that the colossal Triassic reptile of South Africa, the great fish lizards of the Mesozoic age, and perhaps the Labyrinthodon, had a "third eye." In some of these animals the foramen through which the pedicle passed that supported the eye, was of large size. An examination of this foramen is sufficient to show that it was not produced by any deficiency in the formation of phosphate of lime in cartilage. It is in no wise comparable to a "fontanelle."

It may be assumed that the third eye of Ichthyosaurus may have been as richly endowed with sclerotic plates as the two other eyes. A restoration of the Third-Eyed Reptile, like those in the Crystal Palace, would give a peculiarly fearful idea of the features of the old saurian, which we could scarcely describe as

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

The pencil of a good artist like the late Waterhouse Hawkins or E. W. Cooke, R.A., could have drawn such a Thing. The present generation is as deficient in elementary anatomy as in artistic taste.

Mr. W. H. Spencer's memoir was certainly the most brilliant contribution to the zoology of the subject. His scientific exactitude is beyond all praise, though his paper is certainly injured by the imaginary diagrams, which pledge the author to the evolution theory. He gives a diagram to show the development of the epiphysis from an internally placed eye in the "brain" of an ancestor common to *Tunicata* and higher *Chordata*. Those who from the standpoint of occult or anatomical knowledge, are unable to realise such an ancestor, cannot admire this diagram.*

However, the historical notices alone "endow" Mr. Spencer's paper "with artistic merit." Brandt,† in 1829, seems to have been the first who recognised that an internal modification existed in *Lacerta agilis* corresponding to the special scale. The external modification was also figured in Milne Edwards ‡ and Dugé.§ Forty years after, the Germans halting with tardy steps in the race for discovery, Leydig || described the organ with clearness and described it as *Lacerta agilis*, *L. muralis*, *L. vivipara* and *Anguis fragilis*. Rabl Ruckhard, in 1882,¶ considered that the organ was devoted to recognise the presence of heat. The first to suggest that it was a rudimentary eye was ** Ahlborn. Van Wijhe *† contributed important facts on the development of the epiphysis. De Graaf *‡ was the first to show the resemblance between this structure and the invertebrate eye. Mr. Spencer, with praiseworthy exactitude,

* On the Presence and Structure of the Pineal Eye in *Lacertilia*. Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science. 8vo. Lond. 1887, pp. 165—238.

† Medizinisch Zoologie. Bard i., p. 160.

‡ Histoire des Lézards. Ann. Sci. Nat. xvi., 50.

§ Genre Lacerta. Ann. Sci. Nat. xvi., 337.

|| Arten der Saurier, 1872, p. 72, pt. 12.

¶ Entwicklung des Gehirns der Knochenfische. Arch. für Nat. & Phys. 1882, p. 111.

** Gehirn der Petromyzon. Zeitschrift für Wissenschaften, 1882, 230.

*† Canalis Neurentericus der Wirbelthiere. Zool. Anz. 1884, 683.

*‡ Epiphyse bei Amphibien & Reptilien. Zool. Anz. 29.

has investigated the history of this organ in twenty-nine (at least) different species of living reptiles.

He comes to the conclusion that "the pineal eye in *Lacertilia* is a rudimentary structure ; that at the present time it is not so highly developed as it must have been at some previous period, when fully functional. It is indeed difficult to ascertain whether the structure is now functional at all."

Wiedersheim,* in a paper mentioned by Mr. Spencer, but which I have not yet seen, has argued that in *Varanus*, at least, the organ is functional and not rudimentary. Of Mr. Spencer's diagrams of the eye, I can say nothing but praise. A series of longitudinal vertical sections across the eye, within the parietal foramen and the pineal stalk, have shown that the eye, in whatever condition it exists in reptiles, is a structure that exhibits a true eyeball, a retina and an optic nerve. In a large proportion of lizards this internal structure is associated with the modification of an outward scale, which indicates the position of the third eye in living reptiles. The teacher who has inspired the author of the *Secret Doctrine* has told us of the races in which this third eye was in functional activity. It is indeed significant that it is in existing lizards, and serpent-like forms, that the *nahash* (נָחָשׁ) should have preserved the traces of the third eye.

Cope has pointed out that in the cast of an extinct reptilian of the Permian, the cavity within the parietal foramen, presumably filled through life by the epiphysis, is of enormous size. In addition to this, Professor Cope points out a large posterior process, leading back towards the optic lobes and roof of the thalamencephalon which, without doubt, as Mr. Spencer indicates, represents the flattened pineal stalk. The conclusions of Mr. Spencer are emphatic. Pointing out the differences which exist between this eye and that of the Tunicates, he shows that there is not sufficient evidence to prove or disprove the existence of the organ within the group *Pisces* ; it was present in extinct *Amphibia*, and is found among living forms only in *Lacertilia*. In all forms at present existing it is in a rudimentary state, and though its structure is better developed in some than in others, it is perfectly functional in none. "THE THIRD EYE ACTED NO LONGER." † It was present, most highly developed, in extinct *Amphibia* (*Labyrinthodonta*) and the large group of extinct forms, as *Ichthyosaurus*, *Plesiosaurus*, *Iguanodon*, some of which may possibly be regarded as ancestors alike of living *Reptilia* and *Aves*. Mr. Spencer's last word breathes the spirit of truth, for he says, "The pineal eye may probably most rightly be considered as peculiarly a semi-organ of pre-Tertiary periods."

Here we are brought at once to consider the light that comparative anatomy and palæontology are beginning to throw on the formation of the Third Eye, and we may carefully investigate whether or not it will be found that this teaching is perfectly on all fours with that of the Occultist. To the student of human nature, who thinks with Mephistopheles that the world does not advance except spirally, and that the great mind-thinkers of the present only reach points that have already been sculptured by their predecessors, the manner in which the "evolutionists" have let themselves down is sufficiently comic. For the appearance of a third eye was sufficiently startling. Had it been at all like that of a

* Spencer loc. cit., p. 216, March 1886.

† Secret Doctrine, vol. ii. 20, 289.

Tunicate, it might have been a satisfactory bit of evidence. But as it differs from a Tunicate eye, it is difficult to know with what care even such evolutionists as Sir John Lubbock * will tackle the ill-fitting and unpleasant subject. For it is quite on the *tapis* that it is the teaching of the Secret Doctrine that may help the teachings of the Zoologist. If we have a *raison d'être* for the existence of a third eye, its modifications have a value.

I therefore respectfully ask the Editor of LUCIFER :

I. What evidence is there of the existence of the Third eye, other than in *Ichthyopterygia*, *Sauropterygia*, *Anomodontia*, *Labyrinthodontia*, but among existing forms ?

II. Outside the *Lacertilia* described by Mr. Spencer, is there any other living animal which shows the "Third Eye" ? C. CARTER BLAKE, *Doct. Sci.*

EDITOR'S NOTE.—As three-eyed men are no longer extant, what evidence can be expected other than of a circumstantial character ? What evidence is there, we may ask in our turn, that men were once upon a time apes with tails, or men with tails, except that of Hæckelian and Darwinian inferences based on the fact that the human spine ends with what seems the stumped root of a tail. The one inference is as good and as *scientific* as the other.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

DOES not the statement about the materialist not having a self-conscious survival after death, in your important article "On the Mysteries of the After Life," require some qualification ? There is a difference between the natures of many who are called materialists—and some who call themselves such are not materialists at all, but really agnostics. They are men of great soul—men of the broadest sympathy and love of their fellows, who thus practise in life the first great precept of Theosophy ; Universal Brotherhood. Their mental attitude is due to the unfortunate influences that have guided their education ; trained under materialistic conditions, their reason has accepted the logic of these conditions, but in reality their heart knows better than their brain, and in talking and associating with such men I have been impressed by the fact that they were indeed unconsciously Theosophists in their fundamental conceptions of life, even though they might laugh if they would so, not understanding in the least. Are not such men the converse of the many professed Christians, who are content with a verbal adherence to their doctrines, simply telling themselves that they believe, and then thinking no more about it—deeming a spoken or written word of assent all that is essential to their salvation ? The latter, of course, are true materialists.

An illustration appears in the brief article in the same number of Lucifer : "Another Automatic Writing." The gentleman is spoken of as "as great a materialist as ever lived," and while to be sure he may be a professed materialist, were he not at heart something quite the reverse of a genuine materialist would he be capable of receiving such psychic influences ? S. B.

ANSWER.

THE qualification of the general statement which our correspondent quotes is implied in the article itself. It is there explained that it is the deep and sincere

* Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals. 8vo., London, 1889. p. 126.

conviction in a man's mind that there is no life after death which is the *cause* of his having no such conscious life. It does not matter what a man *calls himself*; the vital question is what he *really believes* in his inmost heart.

The key-note to the whole question of the Devachanic existence is that a man *creates*, in the literal sense of the word, his own future.

EXISTING ATLANTEANS.

THE subjects discussed in the *Secret Doctrine* bring anthropologists face to face with the sources of their scientific knowledge. There is much which, though proceeding from a high source of Eastern intelligence, yet is found, on examination, to accord, in every respect, with the teachings of erudite and careful Western reasoners from purely inductive methods of thought. The extinction of the immediate predecessors of our fifth race, either by sudden or gradual processes, is a fact which tends very closely to the speculation of the more advanced anthropologists of England.

What if the Atlantean race still survives among us? The researches of Professor Rhys * have shown that the Welsh were a divided nation. Professor Rudler † has supported this opinion. Mr. Bonwick, ‡ in his investigations, "Who are the Irish?" has shown that the waves of successive invasion have destroyed all hope of being able to predicate of a given individual, "This is a pure-blooded Irishman, with such and such cranial characters." Dr. Beddoe § has pointed out the problems that we have to solve. He says, "I think some reason can be shown for suspecting the existence of some Mongoloid race in the modern population of Wales and the West of England." He gives as a proof the "Chinese eye," and other characters. This type seems to be common in Wales, in West Somerset, and especially in Cornwall. No instances of this type have turned up among the heads from the East of England, and very few from Ireland. Dr. Beddoe believes, however, that specimens of it might easily be found in the mountainous parts of Connaught, especially on the borders of Sligo and Roscommon. There is an Irish type, known to Mr. Hector Maclean, and described by him, || which Dr. Beddoe derives from the race of Cromagnon, and that none the less because, like some other Irish types, it is evidently common in Spain. It is said to be pretty common in the Hebrides, but rare in the Highlands. Beddoe has frequently observed it in the West of Ireland, but it is curious, psychologically, that the most exquisite examples of it never would submit to measurement. Though the head is large, the intelligence is low, and there is a great deal of cunning and suspicion. While Ireland is apparently its present centre, most of its lineaments are such as lead us to think of Africa as its possible birth-place; and it may be well, provisionally, to call it Africanoid, applying the name Atlantean, which has been suggested, to the widely-diffused Negro-Berber race type. Though Beddoe believes this Africanoid type to be of very high antiquity, it must be acknowledged that we have no evidence carrying back its presence in the British Isles, beyond the polished stone period.

* Lectures on Welsh Philology. 2nd Edition. 8vo., London, 1879.

† Address to Department Anthropology. Report, British Association, 1880, p. 615.

‡ Who are the Irish? 8vo., London, 1880.

§ The Races of Britain. 8vo. Bristol and London, 1885.

|| Anthropological Review, vol. iv., p. 218.

Speaking generally of Ireland, we may say that the "index of nigrescence" * oscillates between 14 and 78. A population akin to that of England occurs in the east, while the Western, and more especially the Southern counties are especially dark. Three localities, however, are *ipsis Hiberniis Hibernior*. These are Mallow, county Cork, with an index of nigrescence of 80.6, Castlemaine, county Kerry (I. N. 81.7), and Clifden, county Galway (I. N. 89.5). We have in this an exceptional population existing in the British Isles.

It behoves me, therefore, to ask you :

1. Is it not possible that this race may be the descendants of the old Atlanteans, and, like them, of diverse origin from the populations of the rest of Ireland ?

2. On the theory that these people existed at a former time in greater number, may such a fact in any way account for the legends of great magicians having lived in the West of Ireland ?

The sources of knowledge possessed by the respondent to these questions is greater than that which modern anthropology can bring to bear. *Davus sum, non Œdipus*.

C. CARTER BLAKE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—It is a tradition among Occultists in general, and taught as an historical fact in Occult philosophy, that what is now Ireland was once upon a time the abode of the Atlanteans, emigrants from the submerged island mentioned by Plato. Of all the British Isles, Ireland is the most ancient by several thousands of years. Inferences and "working hypotheses" are left to the Ethnologists, Anthropologists and Geologists. The master and keepers of the old science claim to have preserved genuine records, and we Theosophists—*i.e.*, most of us, believe it implicitly. Official Science may deny, but what does it matter ? Has not Science begun by denying almost everything it accepts now ?

A FEW QUERIES.

As you kindly invite questions relating to Theosophy, I make free to put forward some doubts, which I should feel very thankful if you would solve.

1. How are the *nine* actually known planets to be reconciled with the *seven* of Theosophy ? †

2. How may it be possible for any one who has no independent means to subsist upon to enter upon Chela-ship ? It seems as if the very first indispensable rules laid down in the April number of LUCIFER, would render it absolutely impossible for any person, who has to earn his bread in any way, save perhaps that of writing books, to mount even the first steps of the ladder. Or does it mean, perchance, that some other human being should always sacrifice himself, should toil and labour many years of his life in order to facilitate the sublime aspirings to Adeptship—of another ? One would think, in that case,

* It is, perhaps, necessary to say that this ready means of comparing the colours of two peoples or localities is obtained by subtracting the number of red and fair-haired persons from that of the dark-haired, together with twice the black-haired.

Thus, $D + 2N - (R + F) = \text{Index}$.

† The reasons are stated in the *Secret Doctrine* in several places.

that the humbler brother or sister (humanly, not kindredly speaking) was on the righter track to perfection according to the precepts of Theosophy.*

3. Has any woman ever attained to Adeptship proper? Will her intellectual and spiritual nature and gifts permit it, even while supposing that her physical nature might endure the hardships therefrom indispensable? It should seem that the ultimate fate of "Fleta,"† in this her incarnation tends to demonstrate the negative answer to this question. But, on the other hand, it would testify of a, least said, curious partiality on the part of the "All-love" and All-wisdom" to have denied woman, that half of humanity which is said to be the counter-type of even that Wisdom—*Love* being the masculine, *Wisdom* the feminine, principle in Deity—the means and possibilities to claim and attain the same high wisdom which is attainable for men.‡

Hoping for an elucidating answer in the pages of LUCIFER.

C. S.

Stockholm.

We copy the following curious advertisement from the *Two Worlds*, a spiritualistic paper.

"Mr. Joseph Blackburn, of Keighley, has taken a course of study in anatomy, physiology, the general principles of pathology, the science of fine forces, including the nature of electricity, magnetism (of various kinds), light, colour, mind, cure, magnetic massage, and other natural forces. Therefore, we, acting under the sanction of a charter granted by the State of New York, do hereby award this diploma, conferring upon the above named person the honourable title of Doctor of Magnetics, abbreviated by D.M., whereby it is signified that he is duly qualified to administer sun-baths, water baths, massage, mental and psychological forces, electricity, suncharges, substances, and other refined natural agencies for upbuilding the system.—Signed, E. D. Babbit, M.D.; F. G. Welch, M.D."—[Advt.]—From the current issue of THE TWO WORLDS.

Modest young students of the mystic who may be tired of standing behind a counter have here a fine opportunity offered to them. To become suddenly, and without any transition, a "Magus" in possession of the universal *panacea*, one has but to apply for a diploma, signed by two well-known "M.D."s of New York, conferring on one "the honourable title of Doctor of Magnetics." But what is a "Doctor of *Magnetics*"? qualified to administer . . . "substances," and what are these "substances"?

In a country where such quack advertisements are possible, and where people peck at them like sparrows at cherries, no one ought to laugh at Theosophists,

* Chelaship has nothing *whatever* to do with means of subsistence or anything of the kind, for a man can isolate his mind entirely from his body and its surroundings. Chelaship is a *state of mind*, rather than a life according to hard and fast rules on the physical plane. This applies especially to the earlier, probationary period, while the rules given in *Lucifer* for April last pertain properly to a later stage, that of actual occult training and the development of occult powers and insight. These rules indicate, however, the mode of life which ought to be followed by all aspirants *so far as practicable*, since it is the most helpful to them in their aspirations.

It should never be forgotten that Occultism is concerned with the *inner man* who must be strengthened and freed from the dominion of the physical body and its surroundings, which must become his servants. Hence the *first* and chief necessity of Chelaship is a spirit of absolute unselfishness and devotion to Truth; then follow self-knowledge and self-mastery. These are all-important; while outward observance of fixed rules of life is a matter of secondary moment.

† Fleta is a picture of a black magician, hence her fate. She is the Queen of Dugpas, selfish to the core and sacrificing all and everything to her desire for power.—[ED].

‡ Woman has as good a chance as any man has to reach high Adeptship. Why she does not succeed in this direction in Europe is simply due to her early education and the social prejudice which causes her to be regarded as inferior to man. This prejudice, amounting to a curse in Christian lands, was mainly derived from the Jewish Bible, and man has profited by it.—[ED.]

who seem the only people, so far, who *thoroughly* see through them. And yet, it is such Doctors "Dulcamara," who are the bitterest enemies and persecutors of Theosophy—*sub rosa*, of course. It is they who bring the true mystic science and philosophy into disrepute. In support of this, we append a queer letter out of two just received from a trustworthy correspondent, which form a suggestive commentary on advertisements of the type of the one quoted above. One is a private letter; therefore all we can say of it is, that the writer calls himself a Brother of "the Dew and Light," and signs "Magus" (? We know several *Maguses*, "which is which?") This one claims acquaintance with many illustrious personages from the "Astral plane," with whom he holds councils; and he snubs the person whom he addresses as one whose presence has never been recorded therein, because, perhaps, as he adds he is "not sufficiently developed to meet in council on the astral plane." Forsooth, an illustrious correspondent this!

The other comes from a *Victim*, apparently. Here it is:—

"THE DEW AND THE LIGHT."

There is a certain bogus occult society known by the name of "Ros. Crux. Fratres," or the Order of the "Dew and the Light," whose headquarters are at Keighley, and which has members in almost every town in England.

The above society is trying to seduce all young students of the occult to become members of their society, and in order to impress them with its importance, the leaders say "Send us your time of birth (and so on) and if found suitable you will be admitted into the Society."

They profess to teach students of the occult the following subjects, viz. :— 1st, Alchemy; 2nd, The Philosophy of Life; 3rd, the Divine Art of Astrology; 4th, the Herbs and their value as medicines; and 5th, the Astral influences. But when the student becomes a member, he finds that they are incapable of teaching any of these subjects, and that they have imposed upon him with mysterious words and high-sounding phrases. They profess to be in the possession of much knowledge which they cannot give to the student, until he has attained to their state, and this knowledge is copied from books, which they either possess, or borrow or steal, and when they descend to originality it is simply one mass of error and nonsense. One man who is more learned in Black Magic than the rest, tries to project himself on the astral plane and beget astral children. (? !)

* * * * *

They also derive their learning from Elementals and Spirit-guides (Francisco, the monk, Mr. Sheldon, and Abdalla Ben Yusef, the latter professing to have been an Arabian Adept, are the names of their three guides).

The members boast that they sacrifice kids and they have already sacrificed two. One of the members keeps a goat that is heavy with kid at the present time, no doubt intended for this use.

When the members meet in Lodge, they transact no business except talking rubbish, if that can be called business. Thus the students, whom they have beguiled, are left famishing for knowledge which they cannot give. They are also untiring in telling how they can raise Elementals, and they are on the point of forming a circle for obtaining information of a forbidden kind.

The Society is composed chiefly of Spiritualists, and bogus Astrologers, who delight in taking money from servant-girls, and there are men in the Society who are blind followers of Hiram Butler of America.

In the beginning of the year 1888, they started a magazine entitled "The Lamp of Thoth," which they issued monthly, price one shilling. It existed for seven months, and then fell through. Nearly all the matter that it contained, was copied from occult books, and that which was said to be original was nothing but Black Magic or nonsense.

ONE WHO HAS BEEN DUPED.

ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

HAVING been informed of the existence of a body of men in the North of England, styling themselves "Ros. Crux. Fratres" or the "Order of the Dew and the Light," and further that they claim to be the true and only descendants of the mediæval "Fraternitas Rosæ Crucis," I feel it my duty on behalf of the Metropolitan College of the Rosicrucian Society of England to make this public disclaimer of any connection with these pretenders.

The Soc. Ros. in Anglia has four colleges in England, whose head-quarters are in London, York, Lancaster, and Bristol; it is in alliance with other societies of the same stock in Scotland, Australia, and the United States. The "Supreme Magus in the outer" of England is Dr. Wm. R. Woodman; of Scotland the Earl of Kintore; of the United States C. E. Meyer of Philadelphia. The object of these societies is the study of the Occult Sciences according to the Western or Kabbalistic School. The lowest grade of Zelator is alone worked in the *regular* assemblies, at which the fratres meet to read and discuss lectures on mystical subjects; any higher knowledge or occult practice is the privilege of a few earnest and successful Initiates who certainly never publish their rank or attainments. If any person in this country be found trading on the title "Rosicrucian," or using it for gain, he is certainly in no way connected with the Society: and even if he have been admitted to Zelatorship in the United States has *ipso facto* forfeited his membership.

The Theosophical Society is in amity with the Rosicrucian Society of England, and believes in its bonâ fides, although, as representing the Eastern Wisdom, the T. S. naturally differs in some of its views from the Soc. Ros.

The Secretary General of the Society, Dr. Wynn Westcott, Hon^o. IX. will be pleased to give further information as to the true status of any claimant to high rank among the Rosicrucians: letters should be sent to the High Council Office, 396, Camden Road, London.

Hoping you will kindly insert this in the pages of LUCIFER,

I have the honour to be, &c.,

S. L. MAC GREGOR-MATHERS, 8^o,

Secretary of the Metropolitan College, and Member of the High Council of England.

Our correspondent adds the following :—

The Hermetic Students of the Rosicrucian G. D. in the outer.

THE chiefs of the Second order fearing that the proceedings of certain men in the Northern Counties of England may by exhibition of pretended powers and Rosicrucian dignities lead students away from the Higher Paths of Mysticism, into Goetic practices, desire that all Fratres and Sorores of the G. D. will accordingly warn the unwary and uninitiated that no such persons hold any warrant from us, nor possess our ancient and secret knowledge.

Given forth from the M . . A . .

of

Sapiens dominabitur Astris.

Deo duce comite ferro.

Non omnis moriar.

Vincit omnia veritas.

Published by order of the above : Sapere Aude : Cancellarius in Londinense.

IS THE BUD(D)HIST AN ATHEIST ?

ON p. 203, May No., your contributor states “. . . Chinese or Japanese Buddhism, for the religion of those Countries is so hopelessly distorted by the intervening of Confucianism, Taoism and Shintoism—as to present but little interest to the student of the pure doctrine”—this is followed by more that I need not quote as to the Greater and Lesser Vehicles.

The entire paragraph is itself so hopelessly awry that I protest emphatically, though briefly, against its acceptance.

China received Buddhism from India ; Japan from Corea, China and India direct. The Mahayana (Greater) and Hinayana (Lesser) doctrines are well-known in China and in Japan, as well as the Secret Doctrine, called in Japan, *Ji mitsu*, *Hi mitsu* or *Mitsu*, derived from India—and I venture to assert that nowhere will be found more interesting material by the competent student than in Japan and its Budhistic literature.

I am etc.,

C. PFOUNDERS, late of Japan.

Corr. Memb., Geogr. Soc., Japan, etc.

TO THE BRITISH THEOSOPHISTS.

I AM most desirous of obtaining the co-operation of all Fellows of the Theosophical Society in a special branch of work which I have undertaken in connection with the Theosophical movement.

As Theosophy becomes more widely known we find an increasing number of references to it in the daily and other papers. Some of these notices are favourable, others quite the reverse, while many mistakes and mis-statements

are inserted, which it is highly important should not be allowed to pass without protest or correction.

In order to bring influence to bear upon the press generally, and more particularly to correct the erroneous statements which are becoming so frequent, I have undertaken, with the assistance of several Fellows of the Society, a systematic work in connection with the press. By this means it is intended to secure the insertion of articles explanatory of Theosophy generally, in as many journals as possible, and also to correct whatever may be published which is prejudicial to the interests of the movement.

Every Fellow of the Society can give valuable assistance in this matter, if only to the extent of supplying information. Your co-operation is therefore earnestly desired in one or more of the following ways :—

- (a) By sending me information concerning the names, addresses, etc., of any editors or journalists who are favourably inclined towards Theosophy, and who would be willing to publish articles thereon.
- (b) By writing short articles explanatory of Theosophy in general, or notices of Theosophical publications, or explanations of any one aspect or point in connection with Theosophy, to be sent to me for insertion in one or more of the journals which I have on my list. Editors are often willing to insert short reviews or notices of a publication or book, even if they will not insert an article specifically connected with Theosophy. I am at present greatly in want of short reviews of the "Secret Doctrine."
- (c) By sending to me cuttings from any paper you may happen to come across containing any reference to Theosophy. If the reference is one which requires an answer, it would be of great assistance if you were also able to write the reply, and send it to me along with the cutting.

Trusting to receive your assistance in this matter to whatever extent you are able, and that you will bear this in mind whenever an opportunity occurs,

I am,

Yours fraternally,

A. A. M. DE PALLANDT.

36, Bryanston Street, Hyde Park, W.

A GRAND EVENING CONCERT.
THE PROCEEDS TO BE DEVOTED TO THE SPREADING OF
THEOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1889, AT PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TO COMMENCE AT 8.15 O'CLOCK.