

LUCIFER

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OUR THREE OBJECTS.

“All the performances of human heart at which we look with praise or wonder are instances of the resistless force of PERSEVERANCE. It is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. . . . Operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded by the slender force of human beings.”

—JOHNSON.

“SO it is, and must be always, my dear boys. If the Angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven and head a successful rise against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest which the poor old world groans under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with upholders of the said vested interest, but with the respectable mass of people he had delivered.”

—HUGHES.

Post nubila Phœbus.—After the clouds, sunshine. With this, LUCIFER enters upon its fifth volume; and having borne her share of the battle of personalities which has been raging throughout the last volume, the editor feels as though she has earned the right to a period of peace. In deciding to enjoy that, at all costs, hereafter, she is moved as much by a feeling of contempt for the narrow-mindedness, ignorance and bigotry of her adversaries as by a feeling of fatigue with such wearisome inanities. So far, then, as she can manage to control her indignation and not too placid temperament, she will henceforth treat with disdain the calumnious misrepresentations of which she seems to be the chronic victim.

The beginning of a volume is the fittest time for a retrospect; and to such we now invite the reader's attention.

If the outside public know Theosophy only as one half sees a dim shape through the dust of battle, the members of our Society at least ought to keep in mind what it is doing on the lines of its declared objects. It is to be feared that they overlook this, amid the din of this

sensational discussion of its principles, and the calumnies levelled at its officers. While the narrower-minded of the Secularists, Christians and Spiritualists vie with each other in attempts to cover with opprobrium one of the leaders of Theosophy, and to belittle its claims to public regard, the Theosophical Society is moving on in dignity towards the goal it set up for itself at the beginning.

Silently, but irresistibly, it is widening its circle of usefulness and endearing its name to various nations. While its traducers are busy at their ignoble work, it is creating the facts for its future historiographer. It is not in polemical pamphlets or sensational newspaper articles that its permanent record will be made, but in the visible realisation of its original scheme of making a nucleus of universal brotherhood, reviving Oriental literature and philosophies, and aiding in the study of occult problems in physical and psychological science. The Society is barely fourteen years old, yet how much has it not accomplished! And how much that involves work of the highest quality. Our opponents may not be inclined to do us justice, but our vindication is sure to come later on. Meanwhile, let the plain facts be put on record without varnish or exaggeration. Classifying them under the appropriate headings, they are as follows :

I. BROTHERHOOD.

When we arrived in India, in February 1879, there was no unity between the races and sects of the Peninsula, no sense of a common public interest, no disposition to find the mutual relation between the several sects of ancient Hinduism, or that between them and the creeds of Islam, Jainism, Buddhism and Zoroastrianism. Between the Brahmanical Hindus of India and their kinsmen, the modern Sinhalese Buddhists, there had been no religious intercourse since some remote epoch. And again, between the several castes of the Sinhalese—for, true to their archaic Hindu parentage, the Sinhalese do still cling to caste despite the letter and spirit of their Buddhist religion—there was a complete disunity, no intermarriages, no spirit of patriotic homogeneity, but a rancorous sectarian and caste ill-feeling. As for any international reciprocity, in either social or religious affairs, between the Sinhalese and the Northern Buddhistic nations, such a thing had never existed. Each was absolutely ignorant of and indifferent about the other's views, wants or aspirations. Finally, between the races of Asia and those of Europe and America there was the most complete absence of sympathy as to religious and philosophical questions. The labours of the Orientalists from Sir William Jones and Burnouf down to Prof. Max Müller, had created among the learned a philosophical interest, but among the masses not even that. If to the above we add that all the Oriental religions, without exception, were being asphyxiated to death by the poisonous gas of Western official science, through the medium of the educational agencies of European administrations and Missionary propagandists, and that the Native graduates and undergraduates of India, Ceylon and

Japan had largely turned agnostics and revilers of the old religions, it will be seen how difficult a task it must have been to bring something like harmony out of this chaos, and make a tolerant if not a friendly feeling spring up and banish these hatreds, evil suspicions, ill feelings, and mutual ignorance.

Ten years have passed and what do we see? Taking the points *seriatim* we find—that throughout India unity and brotherhood have replaced the old disunity, one hundred and twenty-five Branches of our Society have sprung up in India alone, each a nucleus of our idea of fraternity, a centre of religious and social unity. Their membership embraces representatives of all the better castes and all Hindu sects, and a majority are of that class of hereditary savants and philosophers, the Brahmans, to pervert whom to Christianity has been the futile struggle of the Missionary and the self-appointed task of that high-class forlorn hope, the Oxford and Cambridge Missions. The President of our Society, Col. Olcott, has traversed the whole of India several times, upon invitation, addressing vast crowds upon theosophic themes and sowing the seed from which, in time, will be garnered the full harvest of our evangel of brotherhood and mutual dependence. The growth of this kindly feeling has been proven in a variety of ways: first, in the unprecedented gathering of races, castes and sects in the annual Conventions of the Theosophical Society: second, in the rapid growth of a theosophical literature advocating our altruistic views, in the founding of various journals and magazines in several languages, and in the rapid cessation of sectarian controversies; third, in the sudden birth and phenomenally rapid growth of the patriotic movement which is centralized in the organisation called the Indian National Congress. This remarkable political body was planned by certain of our Anglo-Indian and Hindu members after the model and on the lines of the Theosophical Society, and has from the first been directed by our own colleagues; men among the most influential in the Indian Empire. At the same time, there is no connection whatever, barring that through the personalities of individuals, between the Congress and its mother body, our Society. It would never have come into existence, in all probability, if Col. Olcott had suffered himself to be tempted into the side paths of human brotherhood, politics, social reforms, etc., as many have wanted him to do. We aroused the dormant spirit and warmed the Aryan blood of the Hindus, and one vent the new life made for itself was this Congress. All this is simple history and passes unchallenged.

Crossing over to Ceylon, behold the miracles our Society has wrought, upon the evidence of many addresses, reports, and other official documents heretofore brought under the notice of our readers and the general public. The castemen affiliating; the sectarian ill-feeling almost obliterated; sixteen Branches of the Society formed in the Island, the entire Sinhalese community, one may almost say, looking to us for counsel, example and leadership; a committee of Buddhists going over to India with Col.

Olcott to plant a cocoanut—ancient symbol of affection and good-will—in the compound of the Hindu Temple in Tinnevely, and Kandyan nobles, until now holding aloof from the low-country people with the haughty disdain of their feudal traditions, becoming Presidents of our Branches, and even travelling as Buddhist lecturers.

Ceylon was the *foyer* from which the religion of Gautama streamed out to Cambodia, Siam and Burma; what then, could be more appropriate than that there should be borne from this Holy Land a message of Brotherhood to Japan! How this message was taken, how delivered by our President, and with what magnificent results, is too well known to the whole Western World to need reiteration of the story in the present connection. Suffice it to say, it ranks among the most dramatic events in history, and is the all sufficient, unanswerable and crowning proof of the vital reality of our scheme to beget the feeling of Universal Brotherhood among all peoples, races, kindreds, castes and colours.

One evidence of the practical good sense shown in our management is the creation of the "Buddhist Flag" as a conventional symbol of the religion apart from all sectarian questions. Until now the Buddhists have had no such symbol as the cross affords to the Christians, and consequently have lacked that essential sign of their common relation to each other, which is the crystallizing point, so to say, of the fraternal force our Society is trying to evoke. The Buddhist flag effectually supplies this want. It is made in the usual proportions of national Ensigns, as to length and width, and composed of six vertical bars of colours in the following order: Sapphire blue, golden yellow, crimson, white, scarlet and a bar combining all the other colours. This is no arbitrary selection of hues, but the application to this present purpose of the tints described in the old Pali and Sanskrit works as visible in the *psychosphere* or aura, around Buddha's person and conventionally depicted as chromatic vibrations around his images in Ceylon and other countries. *Esoterically*, they are very suggestive in their combination. The new flag was first hoisted on our Colombo Headquarters, then adopted with acclaim throughout Ceylon; and being introduced by Colonel Olcott into Japan, spread throughout that Empire even within the brief term of his recent visit.

Calumny cannot obliterate or even belittle the least of these facts. They have passed through the fog of to-day's hatred into the sunshine which lights up all events for the eye of the historian.

II. ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE, ETC.

No one unacquainted with India and the Hindus can form a conception of the state of feeling among the younger generation of college and school-bred Hindus towards their ancestral religion, that prevailed at the time of our advent there, ten years ago. The materialistic and agnostic attitude of mind towards religion in the abstract, which prevails in Western Universities, had been conveyed to the Indian colleges and

schools by their graduates, the European Professors who occupied the several chairs in the latter institutions of learning. The text books fed this spirit, and the educated Hindus, as a class, were thoroughly sceptical in religious matters, and only followed the rites and observances of the national cult from considerations of social necessity. As for the Missionary colleges and schools, their effect was only to create doubt and prejudice against Hinduism and all religions, without in the least winning regard for Christianity or making converts. The cure for all this was, of course, to attack the citadel of scepticism, scientific sciolism, and prove the scientific basis of religion in general and of Hinduism in particular. This task was undertaken from the first and pursued to the point of victory ; a result evident to every traveller who enquires into the present state of Indian opinion. The change has been noted by Sir Richard Temple, Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. Caine, M.P., Lady Jersey, Sir Monier Williams, the Primate of India, the Bishops and Archdeacons of all the Presidencies, the organs of the several Missionary societies, the Principals and Professors of their colleges, the correspondents of European journals, a host of Indian authors and editors, congresses of Sanskrit pandits, and has been admitted in terms of fervent gratitude in multitudes of addresses read to Col. Olcott in the course of his extended journeys. Without exaggeration or danger of contradiction, it may be affirmed that the labours of the Theosophical Society in India have infused a fresh and vigorous life into Hindu Philosophy ; revived the Hindu Religion ; won back the allegiance of the graduate class to the ancestral beliefs ; created an enthusiasm for Sanskrit Literature that shows itself in the republication of old Encyclopædias, scriptures and commentaries, the foundation of many Sanskrit schools, the patronage of Sanskrit by Native Princes, and in other ways. Moreover, through its various literary and corporate agencies, the Society has disseminated throughout the whole world a knowledge of and taste for Aryan Philosophy.

The reflex action of this work is seen in the popular demand for theosophical literature, and novels and magazine tales embodying Oriental ideas. Another important effect is the modification by Eastern Philosophy of the views of the Spiritualists, which has fairly begun, with respect to the source of some of the intelligence behind mediumistic phenomena. Still another is the adhesion of Mrs. Annie Besant—brought about by the study of Esoteric Doctrine—from the Secularist party, an event fraught with most important consequences, both to our Society, to Secularism and the general public. Sanskrit names never previously heard in the West have become familiar to the reading public, and works like the *Bhagavad Gita* are now to be found in the book-shops of Europe, America and Australasia.

Ceylon has seen a revival of Buddhism, the circulation of religious books by tens of thousands, the translation of the *Buddhist Catechism* into many languages of the East, West and North, the founding of

theosophical High Schools at Colombo, Kandy and Ratnapura, the opening of nearly fifty schools for Buddhist children under the supervision of our Society, the granting of a national Buddhist Holiday by Government, and of other important privileges, the establishment of a vernacular semi-weekly Buddhist journal in Colombo, and one in English, both composed, printed and published from the Society's own printing-office. And it has also seen us bring from Japan seven clever young Buddhist priests to learn Pali under the venerated High Priest Sumangala, so as to be able to expound to their own countrymen the Buddhistic canon as it exists in the Southern Church twenty-five centuries after the nirvana of Buddha.

Thus, it is not to be doubted or denied that, within its first fourteen years of existence, the Theosophical Society has succeeded to an extent beyond all expectation in realising the first two of its three declared objects. It has proved that neither race, nor creed, neither colour, nor old antipathies are irremovable obstacles to the spread of the idea of altruism and human brotherhood, Utopian dream as it may have been considered by theorists who view man as a mere physical problem, ignoring the inner, greater, higher self.

III.—OCCULTISM.

Though but a minority of our members are mystically inclined, yet, in point of fact, the key to all our successes as above enumerated is in our recognition of the fact of the Higher Self—colourless, cosmopolitan, unsectarian, sexless, unworldly, altruistic—and the doing of our work on that basis. To the Secularist, the Agnostic, the Sciolistic Scientist, such results would have been unattainable, nay, would have been unthinkable. Peace Societies are Utopian, because no amount of argument based upon exoteric considerations of social morals or expediency, can turn the hearts of the rulers of nations away from selfish war and schemes of conquest.

Social differentiations, the result of physical evolutions and material environment, breed race hatreds and sectarian and social antipathies that are insurmountable if attacked from the outside. But, since human nature is ever identical, all men are alike open to influences which centre upon the human "heart," and appeal to the human intuition; and as there is but one Absolute Truth, and this is the soul and life of all human creeds, it is possible to effect a reciprocal alliance for the research of and dissemination of that basic Truth. We know that a comprehensive term for that Eternal Verity is the "Secret Doctrine"; we have preached it, have won a hearing, have, to some extent, swept away the old barriers, formed our fraternal nucleus, and, by reviving the Aryan Literature, caused its precious religious, philosophical and scientific teachings to spread among the most distant nations.

If we have not opened regular schools of adeptship in the Society, we

have at least brought forward a certain body of proof that adepts exist and that adeptship is a logical necessity in the natural order of human development. We have thus helped the West to a worthier ideal of man's potentialities than it before possessed. The study of Eastern psychology has given the West a clue to certain mysteries previously baffling as, for example, in the department of mesmerism and hypnotism, and in that of the supposed posthumous relations of the disincarnate entity with the living. It has also furnished a theory of the nature and relations of Force and Matter capable of practical verification by whomsoever may learn and follow out the experimental methods of the Oriental schools of Occult science. Our own experience leads us to say that this science and its complementary philosophy throw light upon some of the deepest problems of man and nature: in science, bridging the "Impassable Chasm," in philosophy, making it possible to formulate a consistent theory of the origin and destiny of the heavenly orbs and their progeny of kingdoms and various planes. Where Mr. Crookes stops in his quest after the meta-elements, and finds himself at a loss to trace the missing atoms in his hypothetical series of seven, Adwaita Philosophy steps in with its perfected theory of the evolution of differentiated out of undifferentiated matter, Prakriti out of Mulaprakriti—the "rootless root."

With the present publication of the "Key to Theosophy," a new work that explains clearly and in plain language what our Esoteric Theosophy believes in and what it disbelieves and *positively rejects*, there will remain no more pretexts for flinging at our heads fantastic accusations. Now the "correspondents" of Spiritualistic and other *Weeklies*, as well as those who afflict respectable daily papers with denunciations of the *alleged* "dogmas of the Theosophists" that never had any existence outside our traducers' heads, will have to prove what they father upon us, by showing chapter and verse for it in our Theosophical publications, and especially in the "Key to Theosophy." *

They can plead ignorance no longer; and if they would still denounce, they must do so on the authority of what is stated therein, as every one has now an easy opportunity offered him of learning our philosophy.

To close, our Society has done more within its fourteen years of life to familiarize Western thinkers with great Aryan thought and discovery than any other agency within the past nineteen centuries. What it is likely to do in the future cannot be forecast; but experience warrants the hope that it may be very much, and that it will enlarge its already wide field of useful activity.

* By H. P. Blavatsky. The Theosophical Publishing Company Limited, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C. Price 5s.



“AN OVER-SHOT MARK.”

“He who has made a beginning has half of his work done : have the courage to be wise ; begin : he who puts off the time of living rightly, waits, like the rustic, till the river may flow by, but it flows on, and will flow on, with rapid course, for all eternity.”

“Unless the vessel be pure, whatsoever you pour into it grows sour.”—*Epistles of Horace.*

DURING the last four years, and, perhaps, during the ten which preceded them, the Theosophical Society has had to fight against, and work in the face of repeated attacks from its avowed enemies, and it has also had to suffer, time after time, by the desertion from its ranks of some who were for a while its active friends and supporters. These last have done, indeed, some little damage to their whilom Society ; but the injury brought about through them to the outside world has been far more serious ; within the ranks their dissentient voices have been appraised at their true value. But the number and variety of their charges must be bewildering, to say the least, to even impartial observers. For this reason it seems well that those who have received benefits, great or small, from the T. S. (their capacity alone forming the limit to these) should endeavour to give to the world some of the reasons why numbers of our F.T.S.'s drift away, and, after a few years, the place thereof knows them no more.

If the charges brought against the T. S. and Theosophy in general were uniform, then, indeed, the case would call for serious investigation from all who have the welfare of their fellow-men really at heart. As it stands, however, the reports of treachery in the camp are so varied that we may reasonably look for some other explanation than that of a “Great Hoax.”

If, during a famine, a Society were formed to provide food for those perishing from hunger, and the viands provided were repeatedly declared by numbers of the people to be unsatisfactory, nay, even an immediate cause of illness and death, our first thought would be, naturally, that the food must be unwholesome ; if, however, on interrogating the various grumblers it were found that, while some of them said, “The food is good, but the cuisine abominable,” others complained of the want of cleanliness, declaring the food “most skilfully dressed,” and yet others maintained the “*chef* to be an adept, the tables invitingly spread, but the food itself so poisonous as to produce deadly sickness

sooner or later,” we would begin to suspect that with the guests themselves the real fault lay ; and at once two probable solutions of the difficulty would present themselves : either that the debilitated condition of their digestive organs prevented the famished crowd from assimilating pure food, or owing to their greedy habits they had brought on a surfeit, with its attendant unpleasantness. If it is allowable to alter slightly one of the sayings of the proverbial “Wise Man,” we may write, “Truly all is vanity, and the *suppression* of spirit.”

For more than 14 years the founders of the T. S. have worked to provide—from the stores to which they had access—moral and intellectual food for the starving crowds who are daily deserting the threshed-out beliefs of earlier ages, no longer content to be fed with chaff. They offer, and have offered, to all comers as much as they can take ; asking for themselves in return—nothing. Yet, these facts notwithstanding, every few months we hear of this or that more or less prominent fellow of the T. S. having unfrocked himself, as it were, and not content with this, spending much of his time and energy in vilifying his late leaders and comrades to the best of his ability. Why this sudden and complete change of front ? Is the T. S. one gigantic fraud ? “Vanity of vanities, *all* is vanity,” saith the preacher ; we do not like to confess ourselves in fault, therefore a scapegoat must be found ; as of old, we say, “The woman gave to me” or “the serpent beguiled me and I did eat.” But this is not worthy of our humanity ; it is base ingratitude to a society through which our lives have been enriched, our chains broken, our freedom from conventionality and dogmatism, both scientific and theological, assured, which has opened out to our view nobler ends and loftier heights—possible of attainment to perfected humanity—than even our most idealistic dreams shadowed forth. It is unjust to our fellow workers who remain firm, because not alone is our neglected work laid on their shoulders, but they have constantly to combat the prejudices and mistaken beliefs, largely increased by the news that another F. T. S. has given up the whole affair. And yet this is not the worst evil of which many of us have been guilty. We have placed a stumbling block in the way, over which many blind and lame among our brothers and sisters must inevitably fall, some of whom, perhaps, will rise and struggle on, whilst others may give up trying to realise for themselves a purer religion, a more altruistic life. And to the debit side of our account much of their failure ought to be added.

And all this evil results from our *Personal Vanity*. We cannot find courage to confess *ourselves* at fault. It may be that we, having perhaps joined the Society with the object of acquiring powers and knowledge beyond those of our fellow-men, find that at the end of a few months, or years, we have not learnt *all* the wisdom of the Egyptians, that we cannot raise the dead or perform other mighty works ; that, in fact, we have not found *in* the T. S. any more than out of it, the secret of pro-

ducing good harvests from badly tilled lands. And in a fit of temper we leave the Society. At once we are assailed with a volley of *whys*? Can we stand up and confess that *we*, the would-be Adepts, Saviours, Philosophers, have failed *because* we were made not of gold, but of common clay which cracked when fired? Certainly not! We will swear rather that the whole T. S. is humbug, Divine Wisdom a lie, our quondam teachers, dupes or cheats, and we, unusually clever and virtuous for discovering the fraud, and courageous for throwing dirt at our late companions in arms.

This ought not to be. Let blame fall on him who is guilty, *we* will stand before the world and confess—that if we cannot become chelas, it is not because Mahatmas are a figment of H. P. Blavatsky's prolific imagination, but because the passions of animal man cling to us so firmly that if we tore them out we should bleed to death. If we are not living up to the higher life of which we read in Theosophic writings, it is not because this higher life is a myth, nor because we do not consider it far better than any other manner of life could be—this pure, impersonal altruism—but because that we, in spite of all that we could do in order to live at all or do any work for the race of which we form a part, have had to begin, it may well be with shame, to take the "lower room" of the parable. Truly, some of those who have found books published by the T. S. unpalatable, might, with profit to themselves, devote some time to studying the teachings of the Adept of Galilee.

Besides this constitutional unfitness to assimilate Occult and Oriental lore, there is yet another potent cause of failure, namely, mental gluttony. Instead of reading and studying in order to live, in order to help our fellow men to be better, wiser, and consequently happier, we have *lived* to study; our ordinary work, our less interesting duties, have been slurred over or altogether neglected, in order that our intellectual greed might be indulged the more fully. At first wisdom was pursued that our whereabouts might be learned, our daily life set right, and our fellow men benefited; we were content to sacrifice in the Temple of Isis our own follies and our own leisure; but later, forgetting why knowledge ought to be sought, we have offered up the comfort, happiness, leisure, perhaps even the moral health of those around us, to satisfy our selfish craving to *know*. Making of ourselves the vanity-flattering objects called scarecrows, as a warning against the dire results obtainable if the god-given fruit of the Tree of Knowledge is sought not for its own sake nor to benefit others, by making us better able to help them, but merely because the sensation of learning, to us a new thing, soothes our self love and flatters our vanity. And so, like a plant which being forced has shot up unduly, we are bent or uprooted by the first storm which touches us, Altruism alone being able to stand firm in spite of the pain and trouble, which naturally result from attempting life

under new conditions. What then is to be done? Are we—having declared that we alone are to blame, that Theosophy is to us a beautiful star beyond the hilltops—are we to sink back into the old, selfish materialistic ways of living, and wait, in the hope that some future incarnation will find us endowed with more strength and courage? Surely not! those who are unpledged fellows have still work enough for a life time in trying to form the nucleus of a sometime-to-be universal brotherhood; in working in any, or all, of the ways possible to them, so that in some small measure evil may be driven out from the hearts of men peace, health, purity, and happiness gradually taking her place; they can also study during quiet intervals the beautiful, wise, Eastern books, with their moral and philosophic teachings, even a tenth of which brought into men’s minds, hearts, and lives would banish anger, fear, and sorrow to the far corners of the earth.

And those who have taken the pledge which appeared in last November’s number of LUCIFER? There is nothing in it which cannot be fulfilled by a man, or woman, living and working amongst men and women; the very terms of the pledge itself prove this—“So *help* me my Higher *Self*.” This expression reminds us that whilst we live the ordinary life of humanity, yet we have felt an assurance that an inner life is possible; that it is this inner life—this “quiet wise perception,” which is the only asceticism possible for us while we are such as we are. We have tried honestly and earnestly to attain detachment, and have learnt that though it is possible for us to kill out our love for individuals, the *universal love* does not take its place, but only a cold selfishness, which says to our fellow men, “do not come close to me, lest my purity be soiled;” our passions, our human nature have not yet been destroyed or surmounted, but only suppressed, and we are afraid to mingle with others lest a chance word or look may arouse our lower self to a state of ungovernable fury. And this is *Folly*; if we cannot restrain our desires, if we cannot help a longing to live among our race and share the joys and sorrows of the ordinary life of humanity, does not this prove to us that we are still unfit for anything higher? We are assured that “he who is not prepared to share his last morsel—is no Theosophist.” Does this apply to bread alone? Are not we who possess any intellectual or moral quality of worth or value seriously to blame if we do not endeavour to share what we have with others less well endowed? It is well if we do not directly increase the evil in the world, either by a parade of austerity and an absence of the virtues of humanity—without the Living Divinity which ought to replace them; thus by our hypocrisy slandering the Society to which we in name adhere, or by causing our desires to find their outlet in the thought world, sowing seeds of ragwort and thistles, which may bear a plentiful harvest in the minds and actions of those less strong ones with whom we come in contact.

“If he should ask what I may be doing, tell him that I, projecting many

and fine *schemes*, live neither rationally nor agreeably: because less strong in my mind than in my whole body, I am willing to hear nothing, to learn nothing which may alleviate my melancholy; *because* I am displeased with my faithful physicians; *because* I am angry with my friends, that they should use expeditious means to repel me from the baneful lethargy; *because* I follow after the things which have been injurious; and avoid *those* which I may conceive to prove beneficial; *because* when at Rome, fickle as the wind, I am in love with Tibur, when at Tibur with Rome." *Epistles of Horace*, Book I., viii.

G. A. H. JOHNSTON, F.T.S.



WHY BU(D)DHISM ? *

BECAUSE it does not try to define the indefinable.

Because it does not make itself ridiculous by projecting its own image and calling this the Creator.

Because it does not deny the brotherhood of man by making a distinction between rich and poor, high and low, strong and weak, learned and unlearned.

Because it does not lower woman by teaching her submission to man and his motherless, wifeless deity.

Because it does not propagate itself by cheat, torture, sword and fire.

Because it does not insult the mind by demanding its submission to "god-made" dogmas.

Because it does not incite to tyranny, greed and sensuality, by the promise of power, riches and glory.

Because it does not paralyze the mind by picturing before it an endless hell.

Because it does not brutalize the mind by holding forth an endless, corporeal heaven founded on an endless, corporeal hell.

Because it does not deny justice to any living creature by slaying it.

Because it does not insult the human soul by placing mediators and priests between it and the divine Spirit.

Because it does not take away Reason by the prescription of stupefactive drugs and intoxicating liquors for sacred purposes.

Because it does not affront Reason by teaching that the mystery of life can be solved by one incarnation.

Because it does not abet corporealisms by denying the involutions and evolutions of the Soul and its final absorption in the divine Spirit.

* From the first number of *the Buddhist Ray*.

"LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES."

"While the child was yet alive I fasted
and wept, for I said: 'Who can tell
whether God will be gracious to me that
the child may live?'"

—II. SAMUEL, xiith ch., 22 verse.

IN another planet of which earth-folks can see nothing even at night-time except by means of strong telescopic lenses, a species of creature much resembling man makes his dwelling-place, and to him other attributes of body are given than man possesses. He can live under water and mount into air without artificial appliances, therefore his environment is wider and less circumscribed. His face more resembles a hawk's in shape than yours, and his skin is finer and whiter by several degrees. Yet he has many things in common with you—speech, the power of walking, wrestling, running, and lying asleep.

And as one of these creatures, not unworthy the name of man, was walking through the spacious precincts of his highly cultivated domain, he chanced upon a certain weed which was unknown to him in name and shape; therefore he called his servants, saying:

"Know ye the habits of this plant which hath bewildered me? for the flowers of our planet always turn their heads towards the East; but this hath its stamen set due West. Yea, and of so strange a shape and colour is it that I know not by what name to classify it." And the servants kneeled and peered into the flower with wonder in their eyes, for never so strange a phenomenon of Nature had appeared to them. And one said: "Perchance, my Lord, it is a plant which groweth in darkness beneath the river, for then it would most likely turn its head Westward, because the Eastern Sun could not be observed from the deep bed thereof."

And another said: "Perchance it is a plant which groweth in some other world which holdeth westward—for none of like dimensions have I seen since I was born."

Then said the Master to him who had first spoken: "He who seeks shall find. Go thou beneath the rivers and bring me from their beds specimens of what flowers are blossoming there"—and likewise to the other servant said he, "Go thou to the planet which lieth westward and ask their wise men for account of all the plants which bloom at this season."

Therefore the servants left their lord, and went faithfully upon their errands. And he sat down beneath the shadow of the flower which caused him such concern.

And as he sat pondering, he became aware that One stood by him who was not of like proportions as himself, but nobler and of finer building.

Then said he : " Behold my lord is welcome—wherefore cometh he to hold converse with his servant ? "

And the Spirit answered : " A messenger of thine crossed my path as I came hither, else had he been spared the journey westward ; but as *thy* word to him admitted not of his return I even let him take his way unchecked.

" The plant at which thou wonderest is no rare exotic, but a fair specimen of those which at this planet's launching into space was ancestor of all the present vegetation thou beholdest."

Then said the man : " Thou speakest marvels, for not in any flower can I perceive the faintest resemblance to this curious plant."

And the Spirit answered : " Have not thy plants *roots*, then ? "

And the man said : " Yea, long delving roots dividing into many queer-shaped suckers, and spreading like the points of several arrows in all directions whithersoever they will."

Then said the Spirit : " Thou shalt see this also hath the queer-shaped suckers," and with these words he wrenched the plant out of the soil.

Then said the man : " Thou hast done evilly by me, for behold, the plant shall wither now that thou has wrenched it from its nourishment. Yea, and the blossoms that were so gracious to look at already begin to droop upon their stems. It grieveth me to see how wantonly thine hand has slain it."

Then the Spirit answered, not heeding his reproof, " Of what colours are the flowers of your land ? "

And he answered : " Crimson, golden and azure."

Then said the Spirit as he plucked a blossom, " Behold !"—and there-with he passed his hand over its petals and they were azure—and he said, " What seest thou now ? "

And the man answered, " The brightest, *most* celestial blue that ever flower possessed. Behold, this plant is rarer than I thought. Thou hast done ill to pluck it by the roots."

Then said the Spirit, as he passed his hand from left to right over it : " How seest thou now ? "

And the man answered : " Even the purest golden yellow—like the sunset clouds dying in glory. Verily it irks me sorely that thou hast slain the life thereof."

Then said the Spirit, as he passed his hand from right to left over it : " What seest thou now ? "

And he said : " The richest, purest crimson—like the blood that floweth in the veins of an infant. But I give thee no thanks for all thou hast shown me—for if thou hadst not come hither, then had my flower been preserved to me—whereas now—Thou hast revealed its beauties only to rob me of them."

Then the Spirit answered : " Of what shapes are the flowers of your land ? For though thy nature is too miserly to pay for truth when it

shall cost thee loss of material value, yet is my heart turned straight towards thee because thou art ignorant."

And the man answered: "Thou tradest on mine ignorance and makest believe it is for *love* of me. Yet that I may get somewhat for my flower seeing that thou hast slain it, I'll take it out in knowledge, so please thee. The blossoms of our land are star-shaped, cup-shaped and pitcher-shaped and three-corner shaped. There may be others, but I know them not."

Then said the Spirit, pulling apart the petals of the flower: "Here is thy star—seven-pointed like the brilliant disc of Mercury; and here is thy cup—like the flagon of Jupiter; and here the pitcher, which lieth like a mask over the ball of Saturn; and here the triangle, through which Uranus sends his ten-yoked oxen with their plough. Art thou satisfied that *this* is the progenitor of all thy flowers?"

And the man answered: "Yea. Yet because thou hast killed my plant for my better instruction, am I more sore at heart than if thou hadst left it still living beside me, ignorant of its secret excellence."

Then said the Spirit: "Yet behold, I have more to teach thee. Of what perfume are the flowers of thy land?"

And he answered: "There are many essences of so subtle distinction that I cannot name them, yet so far as may be I will try and make myself understood. There is a pernicious smell which makes him sick who comes within its effluence. There is another which makes one faint, for its odour is poisonous; and there is one which makes people sad, and another exhilarates. All these I know rather by their effect than by their names."

Said the Spirit, as he held the flower towards the man: "What is this?"

And he answered: "The sickness hath seized on me. Would'st thou slay me also as well as the flower? Behold thou art evilly inclined towards me."

And the Spirit removed the flower one hand's breadth from him, and asked: "How dost thou now?"

And he cried: "Faint—faint as the dying petals of the flower thou hast slain."

Then the Spirit removed the flower one other hand's breadth from him and said: "What now?"

And he answered: "My heart is like to break within me for sorrow that I knew not the virtues which were hidden in this plant, then had I kept thy hand from slaying it—now, there is no hope. My treasure is lost."

Then said the Spirit, holding it yet another hand's breadth farther from him: "How art thou now?"

And he answered: "Is there therefore no hope because the leaves hang flaccid, peradventure if my *lord* place the plant again in earth, it shall derive nourishment and its healthy ducts be opened once more to receive heaven-sent moisture. Behold, my heart rejoiceth exceedingly,

that so great wisdom has made itself perceived by my dull brain through thy excellent teaching. Therefore, I pray thee, Let thy breath renew the vigour of my flower—then will I bless thee for thy treble grace ; first, for condescending to appear before me, who am so small and of such mean account, and second, for the wisdom thou hast brought to me, and third, that thou hast given back to me a thrice blessed life in this, by which thou hast instructed me.

And the Spirit answered : “ Thy prayer is granted,” and breathing on the plant he thrust its flaccid roots once more in earth, and behold—it held its blossoms westward, with a fairer show of vitality than before.

Therefore was the man glad, and asked the Spirit, that he would bestow a parting blessing on him.

And the Spirit said, “ What wilt thou ? ”

And he answered, “ Further knowledge, for it hath come to me to see that thy words and acting are but the outer vision of an inner glory.”

Then said the Spirit, “ The flower is a symbol of thy lives. Its root, thy body, with its underground delvings of intelligence, searching for nourishment, and each succeeding state growing up as from the root, come up stem, leaf and bud. At last the flower or soul spreadeth its petals of three attributes, and four distinctive shapes or conditions which are subject to the influences contained within, mingling with those outside, and thereby producing two good and two evil systems or circles of evolution, one removed from the other but a little space, and these are typical of the astral planes and the planes of Higher Vitality in which Spirits exist.”

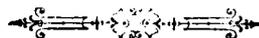
And as he said these words, the light gathered on his face and shaded his limbs so that the man was dazzled by the swift motion caused in the air, and closed his eyes. And when he opened them again, he was alone. And the plant turned its petals westward and seemed not aught the worse for its uplifting.

Presently the messengers returned, each with four flowers. One pitcher-shaped, one star-shaped, one triangular and one cup-shaped ; but none of these resembled that which their master had found in his garden. Therefore were they sorrowful, that their labour brought no profit unto him they desired to serve.

Then, said he, “ Verily ye have done well, for hereby see I that wisdom hath filled the empty coffer of my mind. Behold a new thing hath happened to us, for the Gods talk soul to soul with men, and I wil' even teach you that which hath been known unto me.

Therefore he set down his conversation with the Spirit in words such as all might understand.

EMILY C. READER.



Numbers, their Occult Power and Mystic Virtues.

PART II.

PYTHAGOREAN VIEWS ON NUMBERS.

THE foundation of Pythagorean Mathematics was as follows :

The first natural division of Numbers is into EVEN and ODD.

An EVEN number being one which is divisible into two equal parts, without leaving a monad between them. The ODD number when divided into two equal parts leaves the monad in the middle between the parts.

All even numbers also (except the duad—two—which is simply two unities), may be divided into two equal parts, and also into two unequal parts, yet so that in neither division will either parity be mingled with imparity, nor imparity with parity : the binary number two cannot be divided into two unequal parts.

Thus 10 divides into 5 and 5, equal parts, also into 3 and 7, both imparities, and into 6 and 4 both parities ; and 8 divides into 4 and 4 equals and parities, and into 5 and 3 both imparities.

But the ODD number is only divisible into uneven parts and one part is also a parity and the other part an imparity, thus 7 into 4 and 3, or 5 and 2 ; in both cases, unequal, and odd and even.

The ancients also remarked the monad to be "odd" and to be the *first* "odd number," because it cannot be divided into two equal numbers. Another reason they saw was that the monad added to an even number, became an odd number, but if evens are added to evens the result is an even number.

Aristotle in his Pythagoric treatise remarks that the monad partakes also of the nature of the even number, because when added to the odd it makes the even, and added to the even, the odd is formed.

Hence it is called "evenly odd." Archytas of Tarentum was of the same opinion.

The Monad then is the first idea of the odd number ; and so the Pythagoreans speak of the "two" as the "first idea of the indefinite duad," and attribute the number 2 to that which is indefinite, unknown, and inordinate in the world ; just as they adapt the monad to all that is definite and orderly. They noted also that in the series of numbers from unity, the terms are increased each by the monad once added and so their ratios to each other are lessened, thus 2 is 1 + 1, or double its predecessor ; 3 is not double 2, but 2 and the monad, sesquialter ; 4 to 3 is 3 and the monad, and the ratio is sesquitertian ; the sesquiquintan 6 to 5 is less also than its forerunner, the sesquiquartan 5 and 4, and so on through the series.

They also noted that every number is one half of the total of the numbers about it, in the natural series ; thus 5 is half of 6 and 4. And

also of the sum of the numbers again above and below this pair, thus 5 is also half of 7 and 3, and so on till unity is reached; for the Monad alone has not two terms, one below and one above, it has one above it only, and hence is said to be the "source of all multitude."

"Evenly even" is another term applied anciently to one sort of even numbers, such are those which divide into two equal parts, and each part divides evenly, and the even division is continued until unity is reached, such a number is 64. These numbers form a series, in a duple ratio from unity: thus 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32. "Evenly odd" applied to an even number, points out that like 6, 10, 14, and 28, when divided into two equal parts, these are found to be indivisible into equal parts. A series of these numbers is formed by doubling the items of a series of odd numbers, thus:

1, 3, 5, 7, 9, produce 2, 6, 10, 14, 18.

Unevenly even numbers may be parted into two equal divisions, and these parts again equally divided, but the process does not proceed until unity is reached; such numbers are 24 and 28.

Odd numbers also are susceptible of being looked upon from three points of view, thus:

"First and incomposite," such are 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 19, 23, 29, 31, no other number measures them but unity, they are not composed of other numbers, but are generated from unity alone.

"Second and composite" are indeed "odd," but contain and are composed from other numbers, such are 9, 15, 21, 25, 27, 33, and 39; these have parts which are denominated from a foreign number, or word, as well as proper unity, thus 9 has a third part which is 3; 15 has a third part which is 5; and a fifth part 3; hence as containing a foreign part, it is called second, and as containing a divisibility, it is composite.

The Third Variety of odd numbers is more complex and is of itself second and composite, but with reference to another is first and incomposite: such are 9 and 25; these are divisible, each of them that is second and composite, yet have no common measure; thus 3 which divides the 9 does not divide the 25.

Odd numbers are sorted out into these three classes by a device, called the "Sieve of Eratosthenes" which is of too complex a nature to form part of a monograph, so discursive as this must be.

Even numbers have also been divided by the ancient sages into Perfect, Deficient and Superabundant.

Superperfect or Superabundant are such as 12 and 24.

Deficient are such as 8 and 14.

Perfect are such as 6 and 28; equal to the number of their parts; as 28—half is 14, a fourth is 7, a seventh is 4, a fourteenth part is 2: and the twenty-eighth is 1; which quotients added together are 28.

In Deficient numbers such as 14, the parts are surpassed by the

whole; one seventh is 2, a half is 7, a fourteenth is 1; the aggregate is 10, or less than 14.

In Superabundant as 12, the whole surpasses the aggregate of its parts; thus the sixth is 2, a fourth is 3, a third is 4, a half is 6, and a twelfth is 1; and the aggregate is 16, or more than 12.

Superperfect numbers they looked on as similar to Briareus the hundred-handed giant, his parts were too numerous; the deficient numbers resembled Cyclops who had but one eye; whilst the perfect numbers have the temperament of a middle limit and are the emulators of Virtue, a medium between excess and defect, not the summit as some ancients falsely thought.

Evil is indeed opposed to evil, but both to one good. Good, however, is never opposed to good, but to two evils.

The Perfect numbers are also like the virtues, few in number; whilst the other two classes are like the vices, numerous, inordinate and indefinite.

There is but one perfect number between 1 and 10, that is 6; only one between 10 and 100, that is 28; only one between 100 and 1,000, that is 496; and between 1,000 and 10,000 only one, that is 8,128.

Odd numbers they called Gnomons, because being added to squares, they keep the same figures as in Geometry: see Simplicius, liber 3.

A number which is formed by the multiplication of an odd and an even number together he called Hermaphrodite or "arrenothelus."

In connection with these notes on parity and imparity, definite and indefinite numbers, it is to be noted that the old philosophers were deeply imbued with the union of numerical ideas with Nature—in its common acceptation, and also to the natures, essences or substrata of things.

The nature of good to them was definite, that of evil indefinite; and the more indefinite the nature of the evil the worse it was. Goodness alone can define or bound the indefinite. In the human soul exists a certain vestige of divine goodness (Buddhi), this bounds and moderates the indefiniteness and inequality of its desires.

It may be demonstrated that all inequality arises from equality, so that obtaining as it were the power of a mother and a root, she pours forth with exuberant fertility all the sorts of inequality; and did space and time allow it could be also shown that all inequality may be reduced to equality.

Iamblichus in his treatise on the Arithmetic of Nicomachus throws another light on numbers; he says some are like friends, they are Amicable numbers, as 284 and 220.

Pythagoras, being asked what a friend was, said *ἑτερος ἐγώ*="another I." Now this is demonstrated to be the case in these numbers, the parts of each are generative of each other according to the nature of friendship.

Ozanam, a French mathematician, A.D. 1710, gives examples in his "Mathematical Recreations" of such Amicable Numbers. He remarks

that 220 is equal to the sum of the aliquot parts of 284, thus $1 + 2 + 4 + 71 + 142 = 220$; and 284 is equal to the sum of the aliquot parts of 220, thus $1 + 2 + 4 + 5 + 10 + 11 + 20 + 22 + 44 + 55 + 110 = 284$.

Another such pair of numbers are 17,296 and 18,416.

Very curious speculations as to the relation between Numbers, and marriage and the character of offspring from it, are to be found scattered through the writings of the Philosophers. Plato in his Republic, has a passage concerning a geometric number which divinely generated will be fortunate or unfortunate. Nicomachus also speaks of this same number, and he calls it the Nuptial number; and he passes from it to state that from two good parents, only good offspring can come: from two bad parents only bad: and from a good and a bad parent only bad: whence he warns the Republic against wedlock in a confused or disorderly manner, from which the progeny being depraved, discord will result. Simplicius in his commentary on the 2nd Book of Aristotle "on the Heavens" remarks that Pythagoras and his followers claimed to have heard the music of the Spheres, to have heard an harmonic sound produced by the motion of the planets, and from the sound to have calculated by numbers the ratio of distance and size of the Sun, Moon, Venus, and Mercury. To this Aristotle objected, but perhaps the difficulty might be solved: in this sublunary sphere all things are not commensurate, nor is everything sensible to every body alike. Animals can be scented, and their presence definitely known by dogs when at great distances from them, and when man is in complete ignorance of their existence. Some of the ancients thought the soul had three vehicles the terrestrial body, an aerial one in which it is punished, and an ethereal one luminous and celestial in which the soul abides when in a state of bliss. It may be that some one by purification of the senses, by hereditary magical power, or by probity, or by the sacred operations of his religion, may perceive, with a terrestrial body laid aside, things imperceptible to us, and hear sounds inaudible to us still in bondage; or with mantle partly unfolded some adept or truth-seeker may perceive, with eyes upraised, sights invisible to mortals, whilst yet his ears are deaf to the sounds beyond us both. For why do we see the stars, while yet we hear not their motion:

Why come not angels from the realms of glory
To visit earth, as in the days of old?
Is heaven more distant
Or has earth grown cold?

PART III.

THE KABBALAH ON NUMBERS.

Many nations of antiquity made use of the letters of their alphabets as substitutes for any independent signs to typify numerical conceptions. It

is with the Hebrew letters as numerals that we are chiefly concerned, and to a smaller extent with the Greek. Ancient records show that the Greeks used their numbers almost exclusively for every-day purposes; while the Jewish Rabbis added to their practical value special peculiar purposes, and looked to them to furnish deeper views of nature, existence, and doctrine. No doubt can exist that the ancient Egyptians were fully aware of the wondrous mysteries which numbers are able to disclose, so considering that Greece, and neither Judea nor Babylon, succeeded to the empires of ancient Egypt, it is a curious fact, how little knowledge of the dogmas of the Hierophants of Sais, Memphis and Thebes, Greek literature has transmitted to us.

The Jewish Rabbis discovered so much of interest and importance behind the merely superficial value of numbers and of words as their representatives, that they gradually developed a complete science of numerical conceptions apart from mathematics; this took the name of Kabbalah or Qabalah, Cabbala, or even Cabala, words variously misspelt from QBLH—the Received doctrine, from the root QBL meaning to Receive.

The Greeks as aforesaid did not develop nor use their letters as numbers for mental conceptions, yet in the Middle Ages we often find Greek letters used to transliterate Hebrew similars, and so there was formed a bastard Greek Kabbalah on the Hebrew type.

It must be constantly borne in mind that all Hebrew words or numbers are read from right to left, or the reverse of English words; but in their English transliteration, they are here in English order.

The corresponding numerals, Greek and Hebrew letters, are here given with their English names, and the English synonym letters are also added.

A	B	G	D	H	V	Z	CH	TH
Aleph	Beth	Gimel	Daleth	He	Vau	Zain	Heth	Teth
א	ב	ג	ד	ה	ו	ז	ח	ט
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alpha	Beta	Gamma	Delta	Epsilon	<i>Episemon</i>	Zeta	Eta	Theta
α	β	γ	δ	ε	ϵ	ζ	η	θ
Y or I or J	K	L	M	N	S	O	P	
Yod	Kaph	Lamed	Mem	Nun	Samekh	Ayin	Pe	
י	כ	ל	מ	נ	ס	ע	פ	
10	20	30	40	50	60	70	80	
Iota	Kappa	Lambda	Mu	Nu	Xi	Omicron	Pi	
ι	κ	λ	μ	ν	ξ	ο	π	

Tz	Q	R	SH	T
Tzaddi	Quoph	Resh	Shin	Tau
𐤛	𐤒	𐤑	𐤏	𐤎
90	100	200	300	400
<i>Koppa</i>	Rho	Sigma	Tau	Upsilon
Ϟ	ρ	σ	τ	υ
K	M	N	P	Tz
Final Kaph	Final Mem	Final Nun	Final Pe	Final Tzaddi Dotted Aleph
𐤌	𐤍	𐤎	𐤏	𐤐
500	600	700	800	900
Phi	Chi	Psi	Omega	<i>Sanpi</i> Alpha dashed
φ	χ	ψ	ω	ϱ

Note that there were no proper Greek Letters for 6, 90, and 900, so they used special symbols, *episemon* (vau, or bau, digamma) for 6; *koppa* for 90; and *sanpi* for 900—Ϟ Ϟ ϱ

At some periods the five finals were not used for the hundreds, but instead Tau was written for 400 and other hundreds added; thus 500 was TQ. Another point of importance is that the Jews never write JH Jah for 15 because it is a Deity title, they use instead 9, 6 thus TV: the Kabbalists did use JH because they desired to call attention to the holy name in the number.

In some cases we find the Greeks to have used their letters in direct order for purposes of numeration, as may be seen in some copies of very old poems (the 24 books of the Homer's Iliad and Odyssey for example) in which the stanzas bear the letters consecutively, in a similar manner to the Hebrew letters heading the portions of the 119th Psalm in our Bibles.

The word Kabbalah includes the Hebrew Doctrines of Cosmogony and Theology as well as the Science of Numbers. The former is specified as the Dogmatic Kabbalah, the latter as the Literal Kabbalah.

By means of associating the ancient doctrines of Numbers with the letters of the alphabet, the Planets, Stars, Zodiacal signs and other Astronomical terms, a form of divination became practised, by which the professors attempted to foretell the future, life and death, good and evil Fortune, detection of theft etc., an ample explanation of which may be studied by the curious in the "Holy Guide" of John Heydon.

With this system is associated the practice of pure Astrology, the divination of Fate by means of the Heavenly bodies, especially the formation of the so-called Horoscopes—schemes of the arrangement of the Planets at the moment of Birth, from which all the important phases of the life can be inferred—by some few persons.

W. W. WESTCOTT, M.D.

(To be continued.)

TRACES OF INDIA IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

[FROM MANU AND HERODOTUS.]

“Who is the God to whom we shall offer worship?
He whose shadow is Immortality!” —*Rig Veda.*

“The Egyptians are the first of mankind who have taught the Immortality of the Soul!” —*Herodotus.*

EGYPT has no Stone Age. Her civilization is as perfect at the dawn of her history as when she ceased to be a nation.

Like Athene, sprung full-armoured from the brow of Zeus, the old race of Egypt appear fully equipped in arts, religions, and sciences.

This ready-made perfection must be the flower of some older nation's growth; and that older nation, says the author of *Isis Unveiled*, is Ancient India; and Menes is the Manu-Vina of Kalluka Bhatta, who was driven from his motherland, and colonized the Valley of the Nile.

Besides the evidence quoted to support this view, there is much in the history of Egypt, deciphered from the *papyri* and collected from the writers of Greece, that may lead to its demonstration.

We shall bring forward from one of these, Herodotus, such facts as may shew a connexion between the Egypt he described, and the laws, religions, and customs of the India of Manu's Code.

The hierarchies of India and Egypt were alike dominant: in both, a hereditary caste, strong, learned, guardians of the sacred books, monuments, and sciences; hierophants of the divine mysteries.

Ceremony and ritual, the inheritance of a still greater antiquity, are all-important to the Brahman of Manu's Code; and in Egypt, Herodotus tells us:

“It would be difficult to enumerate all their religious ceremonies, all of which they practise with superstitious exactness.”*

Many of these ceremonies are described by Herodotus, and many are identical with the Brahmanical ceremonies of the Mānava Code.

Both priesthoods are appointed to sacrifice to the Gods; they both slay the sacred animals on certain specified days; and both use as food the flesh of the bulls they have sacrificed. Both study their sacred scriptures, and the lives of their Gods and divine ancestors, both have certain customs on the death of their relations, and for both a system of dress is prescribed.

The Brahman of Manu is to bathe at regular periods, to wear only clean linen, to cut his hair short, to abstain from certain foods, and to avoid impure contacts. He is to purify himself by washing if contami-

* Herodotus: Euterpe 37.

nated, to clean his brass bowl before eating, and to purify it by fire if polluted by an unholy touch.

From Herodotus we learn that :

“The priests of the gods in Egypt wear their hair short.” *

And, as in India :

“One of their customs is to drink out of a brazen goblet, which it is the universal practice among them to cleanse every day.” †

In Egypt, as in India, bathing was a religious rite, and the tank and the temple were equally sacred. Herodotus says :

“The priesthood of Egypt wash themselves with cold water twice a day, and as often in the night,” ‡ to enter clean into the service of the Gods.

Further, Herodotus tells us :

“The Egyptian priests are so regardful of cleanliness that they wear only one vesture of linen, and that newly washed.” §

The picture in these passages is a perfect counterpart of the Brahman of Manu :

“With hair and beard clipt, passions subdued, his mantle white, and his body pure.” ||

The religion taught by these sacred castes was not less identical than their raiment. Setting aside their theology, and turning to the mysteries of human life, we find that both had reached the same great solutions.

The greatest and noblest doctrine in the world was common to both, and though Herodotus tells us that :

“The Egyptians were the first of mankind who taught the Immortality of the Soul.” ¶

We cannot doubt that this belief was as old, if not older, in India, for it appears in the earliest Veda.

To this doctrine of the Immortal Soul, both nations added a belief in its development through many lives. The Egyptians held that the Soul—

“After three thousand years, enters a second time into a human body.” **

And the doctrine in Manu, as in all the Hindu Shastras, is the same ; †† and to complete the parallel, in both countries the pure doctrine of re-incarnation was debased into transmigration through animals, in the popular religion.

In both countries there was a sacred succession of hierophants :

In Egypt,

“Each was a Piromis, the son of a Piromis.”

As in India, at Aringiri,

“Each hierophant is a Sankarâcharya, the son of a Sankarâcharya.”

For the meaning, and Indian analogies of the Egyptian

* Her. Eu. 36.

† Her. Eu. 37.

‡ Her. Eu. 37.

§ Her. Eu. 37.

|| Manu, v. 35.

¶ Her. Eu. 123.

** Her. Eu. 123.

†† Manu, xii. 16—22.

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“Twelve great Gods that ruled before Amasis, and the eight from whom they were produced,”*

Readers must refer to the Secret Doctrine.

The processions of Jaganâth are identical with what Herodotus describes :

“The priests attendant upon the statue place it upon a four-wheeled car, and begin to draw it.”†

A curious triple parallel may be made out in the reverence paid to the cow, the sacrifice of bulls, and the meat eaten by the priests.

In both countries the cow was sacred and never sacrificed. ‡

In both countries the bull was sacred and used for sacrifice. §

And in both the flesh of the bull, though used in sacrifice, was eaten by the priests. ||

And further, both priesthoods were forbidden to eat the flesh of the hog, and permitted to eat geese.

It is difficult to see how these parallels can be the result of independent growth, especially when taken together with the coincidences already given, and to be given.

The Egyptian who touches a hog is enjoined to plunge at once into the nearest water, and the Brahman whom the touch of any unclean thing has defiled, can only be purified by repeated bathing.

Here a slight digression must be permitted. Isis, says Herodotus, is represented as a woman with horns upon her head, because the cow was a sacred animal ; but Isis more often bears a crescent moon on her brow. Further, certain sacrifices connected with generation were celebrated only on certain days of the moon.

This connexion between Isis, the moon, the sacred cow, and the phallic sacrifices, can only be understood, apparently, by using the triple key, “Diana in heaven, Lucina on earth, Proserpine in hell.”

Diana is the moon, whose crescent, the symbol of re-birth, appears on the brow of Isis, the Goddess of wisdom and spiritual re-birth. Lucina is the Goddess of birth, and of the process of gestation, measured by lunar periods. Proserpine, daughter of Ceres, Persephone, daughter of Demeter (Isis) is the Goddess of the under-world, and of the Eleusinian and other mysteries in which the under-world was represented. Demeter-Isis is the Goddess of spiritual birth, as Lucina is of natural birth.¶ The sacred associations which bound together the ideas of birth and re-birth in spirit, re-appear in the question of Nicodemus,** the representative of the learning of the Rabbis.

In the laws of Moses, who was “learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,” there are many traces of the influence of the sojourn in Egypt. Amongst these are circumcision, and the classification of clean

* Her. Eu. 43.

† Her. Eu. 63.

‡ Her. Eu. 41, and Manu, v. 30.

§ Her. Eu. 38, and Manu, v. 41.

|| Her. Eu. 37, and Manu, v. 41.

¶ Her. Eu. 41 and 47.

** St. John, chap. iii.

and unclean animals ; and Herodotus tells a story of Hercules that has a close parallel in the history of the Hebrew Law-giver.*

“The God Ammon[†] they say, was long averse to the solicitations of Herakles to see his person ; but in consequence of his importunity, the God used the following plan : he cut the head off a ram, and clothing himself in its skin, shewed himself in that form to Herakles.”

The Hebrew and the Egyptian allegories have both doubtless several meanings, the chief being the manifestation of God in nature ; another refers to the initiation of Moses and Hercules—a son of Jupiter—into the wisdom of the Logos—the Shechinah—the visible glory of the hidden God.

Another story of Hercules, who allowed himself to be bound with the sacred fillet, and on being led forth to be sacrificed,

“Exerted his strength and put his enemies to death,” †

is repeated in the history of Samson.

To return to the Egyptian and Indian parallels :

In both countries the crocodile was a sacred animal, and in both the lotus is a type of immortality.

Herodotus tells us that :

“The Egyptians first imagined what month or day was to be consecrated to each deity ; they also, from observing the days of nativity, venture to predict the particular circumstances of a man’s life and death.”

The antiquity of Indian *Moti-shastras*, calendars, and astrology, can hardly be established with exactness, but cannot be less than 5,000 years, and is very likely much older, so that India may well be the source of the Egyptian sciences.

Having thus traced the similarities in the priesthoods and religions of these two sacred lands, we may turn to their common customs and social life.

“The men have two vestures, the women only one.” ‡ Herodotus tells us :

The Hindu women wear only one “vesture,” draped most gracefully around the whole form, and covering the head. The Hindu men wear two, the one fastened round the waist, the other over the shoulders.

The Hindu women have an uncleanly practice in collecting the habitual fuel of the country ; the same practice in another race seems to have struck Herodotus, who says :

“The Egyptians do not scruple to use their hands in the removal——” of the substance in question. And yet both nations are religiously clean in other particulars.

“The Egyptians are so regardful of neatness that they wear only linen, and that newly washed,” §

As do the Hindus.

“Their laws compel them to cherish animals,” says Herodotus,

* Exodus xxxiii, 20 ; and Her. Eu. 42.

† Her. Eu. 45.

‡ Her. Eu. 37.

§ Her. Eu. 64.

And *Ahingsatâ*, "indestructiveness," or kindness to animals, is continually urged as a virtue in the Hindu *shâstras*.

"The Egyptians are attentive to the memory beyond the rest of mankind."*

The Brahmans were also "attentive to the memory"; Brahmans learned the Vedas by heart, and the *Sutras* are a regular system of *versus memorialis*.

The high proficiency of both nations in surgery, and their skill in weaving can only be mentioned. Both nations used palm-wine, and planted palm-trees round their temples.

Herodotus heard a story about the sources of the Nile.

"I have only met with one person who pretended to know the sources of the Nile. This was a priest at Sais. He informed me that there were two steep mountains, Crophi and Mophi. He informed me that sources of the Nile, of unfathomable depth, flowed from the centres of these mountains; that one of these streams flowed through Egypt to the north, the other flowed south."

It may be suggested that this story, from the temple of Sais, though not true of the Nile, may be true of another river, and may be a reminiscence of the motherland of the race that colonised Egypt.

For in this motherland, if it be India, there are two sacred mountains, lofty and steep, and from their centres rise two great rivers, the one flowing north, and the other flowing south, and the name of the one is *Nila*, the deep-blue Indus.

But more remarkable than all the coincidences we have cited, is the practical identity of the Caste systems of Chemi and Arya Varrtta † an identity to which it is hardly possible to attach too great importance. In both we have pre-eminent a sacerdotal class, the possessors of all the wisdom, learning, and science, and the mysteries in both lands; two hierarchies the like of which no other land has seen; both hereditary, both holy, and identical in many of the details of their life and ritual.

In Chemi and Arya Varrtta a soldier class stood next to the priests, a hereditary class of nobles and warriors, the administrators and defenders of the State.

In both we have a mercantile and servile caste, or group of castes. And though Manu divides his people into only four classes:

"Priests, Warriors, Traders, Labourers," ‡

While Herodotus mentions seven:

"Priests, Warriors, Traders, Interpreters, Pilots, Herdsmen and Swineherds," §

the two first (and probably the rest) being as strictly hereditary as in India. But, of these seven, the traders, interpreters, and pilots naturally

* Her. Eu. 77.

† We leave untouched the author's spelling, as it more closely represents the phonetic value of the syllables than the commonly accepted one of our Western Orientalists.—[Ed.]

‡ Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaishya, Shudra.

§ Her. Eu. 164.

fall under one Mercantile class, while the herdsmen and swineherds may well form a servile caste, if the latter be not outcasts.

But in connection with these seven castes it may well be pointed out that another Greek traveller, almost a contemporary of Herodotus, in describing the actual system of castes in India when he visited it, gives these also as seven instead of four :

“Priests, Warriors, Counsellors, Inspectors, Husbandmen, Shepherds, and Artisans.” *

When we note this and further perceive that in both lands “the priests and warriors were the only classes honourably distinguished,”† the grants of public land given to both classes in India as in Egypt, the duty of warriors to serve in rotation as royal guards in both, and their strict heredity ; we cannot fail to conclude that these two Greeks, Megasthenes and Herodotus, were observing and describing identical systems in the two countries, India and Egypt.

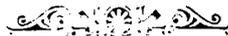
It is hard to leave the Father of History without touching on some of his wonderful stories of Egypt, his golden-winged crimson phoenix, his flying serpents, his “sacred reasons,” his “admirable Egyptians, the most ancient of mankind,” his measure of twelve months and 360 days, a measure used in the Puranas of India, his theories of deltas, of soundings, of raised beaches, and geology, of inundations, his oracles, the two black pigeons of Dodona, his sacred dynasties, his race of black pigmy magicians, his hints of the mysteries, and more, but space forbids.

Herodotus’ picture of Egypt and the evidence of customs, castes, and ritual to be drawn from his history, have far more weight than any modern reconstructions ; for when the Historian visited Chemi twenty-four centuries ago, the old sacerdotal system was still full of life. Piromis still succeeded Piromis, as Hierophant and Priest ; the Worship of Isis, and Ammon-Ra still lingered in their sacred temples ; he saw the holy processions of Horus and Osiris, the midnight ceremony on the sacred island, in the Lake of the Dead. Herodotus had been initiated into those sacred mysteries whose echoes only reach us through Plato and Iamblichus ; he had talked with the scribes of the hieroglyphics, and had listened to the history of their Celestial Rulers. Egypt was then alive, and not as now, only a sacred ruin.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

* Megasthenes Indika.

† Her. Eu. 168.



A MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE HIMALAYAS.
PART II.

ALTHOUGH after what had taken place, had I been differently situated, I should certainly have postponed the projected expedition in order to institute a thorough investigation of the mysterious occurrence which had so aroused my curiosity, still, under the actual circumstances, my great desire to push on now that the goal was almost within my grasp, and the uncertainty of a continuation of the phenomenal weather we were enjoying, decided me not to delay starting at the hour agreed upon.

My time was actively employed during the next day in making the necessary preparations for our start; still my mind kept continually reverting to the strange adventure of the preceding night, and the more I dwelt upon it the more inexplicable did it appear.

There was not shadow of a doubt in my own mind but that the body was lifeless, and although my examination of it had of necessity not been thorough, yet the sunken abdomen, and the apparently pulseless heart, were indications amply sufficient to confirm me in this opinion. Taking, moreover, the surroundings into consideration, death must inevitably have resulted from exposure and starvation.

Several times during the day I spoke to Rimaye about it, and asked for particulars as to what had occurred during my absence. He seemed, however, not to understand my meaning in the least, but muttering compassionately something about fever and the sun, endeavoured to dissuade me from starting for a day or two, saying he would go out alone and complete the preliminary observations of the route we had determined to essay.

Notwithstanding his suggestions and the earnest appeals of my native servant, I insisted that we should be under way an hour after the moon had risen.

Accordingly, at about 11 p.m., we made our start, informing my servant, under whose charge everything was left, that our absence would probably not exceed twenty-four hours, but that possibly we might be detained the following night on the mountain. Wishing to reduce our impedimenta to the smallest amount compatible with safety, in order to be the least possibly embarrassed during the hard work we had before us, we made no preparations for a night out, and merely carried food and drink in addition to the ropes, ice-axes, and aneroid barometer which I had had carefully re-adjusted in Calcutta.

The bright moonlight made it nearly as clear as day, and we found no difficulty in advancing rapidly over the comparatively open ground which sloped up to the ridge of broken crags from which we had made

our observations. To reach the huge glacier we had noticed at our feet from that lofty perch, we were obliged to cross the ridge at its lowest depression, and then descend some twelve or fifteen hundred feet of loose *débris* and moderately steep, dry grass slopes. We accomplished it as easily and rapidly as we had often done the somewhat similar walk from the Riffel Hotel to the Gorner Glacier, and it was still some hours before sunrise when we finally stood on the glacier itself.

Before us stretched the broad ice stream, gently flowing at first, then rising in a series of frozen cataracts and tumbling ice-falls, broken here and there by tremendous black precipices of living rock, until in the distance, far, far above our heads, the final ice-covered cone of the mighty giant curved grandly and glistened in the silver sky.

The huge crevasses were so well defined and clearly visible that Rimaye deemed the use of the rope unnecessary until we had reached the precipitous walls of the first ice-fall. Here we were roped together, allowing sixty feet between us, and began slowly and carefully to ascend the frowning blocks and pinnacles of greenish ice. Even at this early hour ominous cracks and occasional crashes resounded on all sides, giving warning of the death and destruction that would ensue when the warm sun should have melted away the ice supports and caused the huge pyramids to lose their equilibrium. After a couple of hours of this anxious work we held a short consultation and determined to take to the rocks on the left of the ice-fall, which, although exceedingly steep, would present fewer dangers than the region where we were at present climbing. As my hands and feet touched the clean, cold rocks, my strong passion for a steep scramble got the better of me, and looking down at the dizzy depths below, I fairly screamed with joy. Even Rimaye departed from his usual reserve, and rent the dreary solitude with shout after shout, which were echoed back by cliffs which had probably never heard a human voice before.

The eastern sky was glowing with the flush of dawn as we neared the summit of the rocks and made for a ledge of snow-covered glacier separating us from another and higher shoulder of the mountain.

We stood upon the edge of a ridge running down to the glacier far, far below, and as the glorious sun shot up three-fourths of the horizon were visible to us. Mount Everest, the King of Mountains, raising his pure snow-cone nearly thirty thousand feet above the sea, towered in unequalled grandeur to our right, while peak after peak and range upon range of snow and ice, nameless and unknown, stretched on all sides as far as the eye could reach. Of human life no trace was visible; no gleaming church spire, or yellow corn patch in the deep green valleys; no cuttings in the forest which clothed the foot-hills. On all sides Nature, and Nature alone. Our elevation, as registered by my aneroid barometer, read at a fraction under twenty-two thousand feet. The summit of Mont Blanc, that Swiss giant, would have lain seven thousand feet below us!

Neither Rimaye nor I felt seriously inconvenienced by the rarefied atmosphere, although we both noticed a shortness of breath when under exertion. But I anticipated that during the seven thousand and odd feet which remained for us to ascend, our distress would increase in a ratio altogether disproportioned to that we had experienced in climbing to our present altitude.

After breakfast and a short rest we again started forth. The precipice we now began to scale was about the steepest, and the rocks composing it the most difficult I have ever attempted. Anyone who has been on the west face of the Dent Blanche when covered with black ice, will have an idea of our position. Still we laboured bravely on, alternating in leading, and stopping frequently to rest and refresh ourselves. For over six hours we toiled, and crept cautiously along the ledges over hanging the appalling precipices. Only one of us moved at a time, the other meanwhile bracing himself by clinging to the slight inequalities of the rocky face until his companion had secured a foothold. It was slow and anxious work, but we were advancing nevertheless. The distress on making any exertion had certainly increased very perceptibly, but when in repose neither of us had any particular difficulty in filling our lungs, although my barometer indicated twenty-four thousand and three feet the last time I consulted it.

It was while thus creeping steadily upwards (Rimaye leading at the time) that I suddenly heard a sharp crack above us, and glancing up beheld a goodish-sized piece of rock, detached no doubt by the melting of the ice, crashing towards us.

"Lie flat, Rimaye; for God's sake lie flat," I screamed. A rather superfluous admonition, as we were both fairly "spread-eagled" on the rocks.

Hearing my voice, but not having seen his danger, Rimaye turned carefully in his foot-holes, and looked enquiringly down at me. At that moment the rock struck him, and the shock loosening his grip, tumbled him over in such a manner that the whole of his weight fell directly upon me.

In a twinkling I felt myself jerked from my foothold and bounding downwards. A couple of bumps, a thud, a rush and swirl in my ears; and I knew no more.

PART III.

THERE was a dull, dazed feeling in my head when I opened my eyes; blood trickled from my face and hands. When after a little I raised myself to a sitting posture, I found my left arm hung limply at my side and that I was powerless to move it. Close beside me lay the torn and lifeless body of Rimaye, to which I was still attached by the rope.

How long I had lain unconscious I can never tell, for my watch was broken in the fall. On examination I found we had fallen on a little ledge of soft snow, but the thick mist which surrounded me prevented any guess as to what the height of our fall had been. Above and below the narrow shelf on which I lay were sheer precipices, their gloomy cliffs gradually fading till lost in the driving mist, and it needed but a glance to convince me that escape, even were I not alone and hampered with a broken arm, was impossible.

Both my own knapsack and that of my poor companion had become unfastened in the fall, and had either remained caught in the rocks above or had bounded to the depths below. A miserable death by starvation stared me in the face, even could I survive the exposure of that fearful height, and as I realised this fact and glanced at the pallid, blood-stained face of my dead friend, I envied him the merciful blow which must have ended his life almost without suffering, if I could judge from my own sensations during that period of our fall while I remained conscious.

In the overwhelming anguish of despair, I bowed my head upon my knees and sobbed aloud.

The sense of my utter loneliness was so absolutely crushing that it seemed to deaden my faculties; I was incapable of analysing my thoughts, but the one intense longing for the companionship of a human being overpowered all else.

I had been in this position some time when, impelled by the force of this longing, I turned my head towards the body of poor Rimaye. Kneeling over it I beheld the form of an old man.

Yes; surely there was no mistaking that noble face, which had remained deeply engraven on my memory, and of which even an instant since I had been confusedly thinking. It was the same I had seen two days ago lying lifeless on the hill-side!

The owner of it raised it slowly till his glance met mine. Oh! the glory of those eyes—the unutterable kindness, sad withal! They held me enthralled.

“Your friend is dead,” he said gently, speaking in Bengali. “His neck is broken, and both legs. It was a terrible fall.”

I was too astounded to find a word in reply, and could merely gaze at him in blank astonishment.

At last the words half-formed themselves upon my lips, and I muttered hoarsely:

“How came you here?”

“By the concentration of will-power,” he answered, smiling kindly. “You thought to perform an act of charity lately when you found what you supposed to be my dead body, and wished to preserve it from the desecrating clutches of the beasts and birds. My knowledge warned me that you were now in great danger, and I have come to help you.”

“Then you are !”

“What the world calls a Yogi,” he interrupted. “My soul was only absent from the body you would have buried : when I returned to it and found your companion guarding it, I was forced to have recourse to magnetic influence, as you would call it, in order to be relieved of his presence. Accordingly by the concentration of a certain will-fluid upon his mind, I caused all memory of what had occurred, from the time of his leaving the mountain till he again met you, to be completely obliterated.

“It seems a supernatural feat to you,” he continued, after a pause, during which I gazed in speechless amazement, “yet the latent psychic forces exist in your being as well as in mine, only the material existence you have led, and the lack of esoteric knowledge, have caused them to remain undeveloped. But come, you are hurt, and it is dangerous for you to remain here.”

While speaking he had torn a strip from his white raiment and had fashioned a sling for my broken arm.

“How can I go?” I exclaimed impatiently, for I felt I was holding converse with a figment of my fevered brain.

“That power of which I spoke must come to our aid,” he gently replied.

So saying he again rivetted his wonderful eyes upon me, and I felt a soothing, dreamy sensation gradually creeping over me. I tried to speak but could only smile, and half form sentences in my over-mastered brain. Then !

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When I again opened my eyes I found myself lying at the road side near the bamboo suspension bridge over the Rungeet river. Above me, in the scudding mist, gleamed the bungalows and green lawns of Darjeeling.

My servant was deftly re-arranging the sling of white linen about my arm.

He assisted me to rise and enter the litter that some coolies were bearing.

As I did so something fell from my pocket ; he stooped and gave it to me. It was the palm-leaf fragment of Sanskrit that I had picked up beside the Mahatma's lifeless body.

REMSAN WHITEHOUSE, F.T.S.



The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XIV.

DISCOVERIES.

ON the evening preceding the day of his departure from Africa, Pancho took once more his accustomed walk to the seashore. Again the moonlight played with the frolicking waves and the stars shone in tranquil glory in the sky, quietly and indifferently, as if they knew nothing about blasted hopes and destroyed illusions. They dotted the ethereal dome that covers all nature, filling the air with a soft effulgence of light, causing it to appear as if all this ethereal realm were one grand and universal temple of the Holy Spirit, containing all beings without exception and lovingly embracing them all in spite of their follies, vices and miseries.

It was a night fit for meditation ; a breath of peace, invisible, spiritual but nevertheless substantial seemed to pervade the breeze that came from the ocean, and a spirit of happiness seemed to linger around the shadows of the trees ; while Pancho, by means of some undefinable inner sense felt or believed himself to feel that all this glory in nature was not dead, but living ; that a consciousness of some kind filled all space and it even appeared to him as if he could see ethereal forms of great beauty moving through the shadows and lingering in the light, looking at him and smiling at the inferiority of his material senses, which enabled him to perceive only that which is of a gross and sensual character.

The stories which he had read in the Book of Mystery passed in review before his mind. True, they were childish and silly ; but they seemed after all to contain certain truths. "What," asked Pancho himself, "if Spirit were actually something substantial and real, in spite of our incapacity to see it with our material eyes ? Is not love something invisible and nevertheless we can feel it ; not with our fingers but within the soul. But where can we find the true nature of spirit ? Alas where can we find real Truth ? I have in vain sought for it in our churches and schools and at the feet of the Hierophant. I have heard it described in various ways and still I know nothing about it. Where can I find the power to perceive it myself ?"

Pancho stood still, looking out upon the moonlit waters, seeking for an answer to his question. Suddenly the sky became illuminated with a bluish light, a meteor flashed in the sky and descended into the ocean where it was extinguished in the waves, and then the thought struck Pancho that the light of wisdom might descend in a similar manner within the soul and be extinguished in the carnal mind. It was a new idea to him ; but on considering it he found that it was unscientific and not supported by any recognised authority. He dismissed it as deserving no further attention.

He continued his way. The road led along the beach between clusters of cocoanut palms, swinging creepers and vines. Pancho listened to the sound of

the waves as they rolled over the sandy shore and returned again into the bosom of the deep when they perceived that the earth was not their appropriate element. This reminded him of the days of old when he walked along the beach with his beloved Conchita, but now Conchita was dead. Perhaps her spirit was near. He often thought that he could feel its presence, although he had seen no more her ethereal form nor had she spoken to him since that memorable night when he and Mr. Green practised *yoga*.

Suddenly Pancho stopped, for he heard the sound of a voice. It was a sweet female voice, singing in tones clear and strong an Italian song. The song was suggestive of the power of love and the longing of the soul for the unknown. The words translated into bad English might perhaps be rendered as follows :

“Star of the evening ! Can you not tell
Where my sweet darling, my lover doth dwell ?
Why does he linger away from his bride ?
Why does he not hasten to come to my side ?
Queen of the sky ! O bid him to come
To his beloved, his sweetheart, his home.
Send him a ray of your glorious light ;
Tell him to come in the hush of the night.”

“Murmuring billows, softly and sweet,
Tell me when I my dear lover shall meet.
Roll to his feet and sing him a song ;
Ask him, I pray, not to tarry so long.
Speak to him sweetly, lull him to sleep ;
Kiss him for me, O you waves of the deep !
Whisper to him a message of love ;
Greet him you earth and you starlight above.”

“ Ah ! now I hear what the wavelets say ;
‘ Your own dear lover is not far away.
Deep in your heart is his dwelling of bliss ;
He cannot leave it, earth’s daughter to kiss.
There he is sleeping, dreaming a dream
Of the gentle young bride that is coming to him.
There you must seek him ; there you will find
Your dearly beloved, your——’ ”

“ Ma-a-a-ry ! ” sounded a shrill voice from the interior of the building ;
“ didn’t I tell you not to stand out in the night air and catch cold ? Come in,
quick ! ”

The song suddenly stopped and as Pancho emerged from the grove of trees where he had been listening, he just caught a glance at the singer before she disappeared from the balcony. She was a young girl ; her hands were folded and her long dark hair fell over her shoulders. If he had not been convinced that Conchita was dead, he actually might have believed that this was herself.

“What does this mean?” thought Pancho. “What kind of a lover would that be, whom one could expect to find within one’s self? What an absurd idea!” Nevertheless some internal feeling, some intelligence within the soul, such as has not yet been classified or recognised by science seemed to tell him that if a person only knew all the spiritual treasures within one’s own self, he would have no desire to seek for their imperfect semblances on the external plane. But again Pancho rejected this thought on account of its being unscientific and not supported by well-known facts.

“Can there be a higher consciousness than that of the mind?” he asked himself. He remembered that there are things which at certain times may be recognized, although the reasoning mind can form no conception of what they are. Beauty, Love, Truth, Justice, Majesty; all these are things which must be existing, else they could not be recognized by something which men call “the soul;” nevertheless they are invisible and intangible and the reasoning mind can form no conception of them. “What is music?” he said.

“According to science it is air in a certain state of vibration, producing a succession of sounds; but what is the harmony that distinguishes music from noise? A noise acts upon the emotions”—he knew that very well, for more than once it had happened that he could hardly restrain himself from flinging a boot-jack at the organ grinder at his door—“but in music there is language and thought, although it would be difficult for one who knows nothing about the language of music, to translate the separate sounds into words. Can anyone recognise harmony in the universe, if he has no harmony in his soul? What then is this harmony which exists within oneself? Is it a spiritual power, such as the Alchemists use, and if so, how can there be a power unless there is a substance? Is it merely a state of the material atoms which compose the physical body? Are wisdom, love and intelligence, justice and truth states of polarity of what we call ‘matter’ without any addition of something higher? If so Captain Bumpkins is right and all men may be magnetized into virtue.”

This method of reasoning might have satisfied Pancho’s mind; but it did not satisfy his heart and the heart persuaded the mind to continue the investigation. “Is then,” said the mind, “harmony not superior to disharmony, and how can anyone raise himself into a higher state, unless there is a higher power in him, to enable him to do so? How can anyone give to himself a thing which he does not possess? We know that man has the power to render his mind harmonious and to control his will and emotions. If so, there must be something in man superior to the mind and superior to the emotions. What, if it were in the power of mortal man to become conscious of the nature of that divine power and to know what it is?”

It seemed to Pancho as if he had made an important discovery. It was a new thought to him and he received it in his heart; and as he did so, a new field of consciousness seemed to spread out before his interior perception, joy filled his heart and all the intellectual powers in his mind seemed to join in one grand anthem of jubilee, such as may have been sung when the Saviour entered Jerusalem riding upon a heretofore untrained ass; a feeling of happiness such as he had not experienced before, pervaded his soul and a flash like that of the meteor illuminated his mind; but immediately Doubt, the destroyer, appeared; he began to reason and persuaded himself that all this was merely the effect of

a morbid imagination, a product of the association of previously received ideas, unauthorised by science and not sufficiently proven by well established facts.

The Italian song to which Pancho had listened awakened in him a desire to go to Italy. Not without some regret did he take leave of his friends at Urur. Mr. Green bore the separation with stoical fortitude, Mrs. Honeycomb wiped an unborn tear from her eye. As to the Hierophant, he had not yet returned from his search after the subterranean hole, leading to Kakadumbola, the city of the Adepts.

We will not worry the reader by describing the voyage to Italy. Nothing remarkable occurred on this occasion, except that Pancho received his first lesson in occultism through the guruship of a monkey. It happened in the following manner :

There were two large-sized apes on board, a male and a female, belonging to the species Ourang-outang. They were quite tame, and allowed the liberty of the deck. They were very fond of each other, and played together all day, to the amusement of the passengers and the crew. One day, however, the male monkey fell sick, and refused to play, and then the female monkey seemed to be in terrible distress. All her efforts to cheer her mate were in vain, the male monkey grew worse and died. His body was thrown overboard. Then the female ape exhibited human emotions. She looked the very picture of grief, and would surely have wept if shedding tears were in the power of monkeys. She refused to eat, and three days afterwards she likewise died, and her body followed that of her mate into the watery grave.

All the passengers felt sorry for the poor animal ; but Pancho asked himself : "What, if monkeys have the same emotions as men, and if they have, likewise, the power to reason ; what, then, is the difference between a man and an ape, except in degree of intelligence, and in the form of his organization ? If there is nothing else save thought and emotion in the bodies of men and of monkeys, and if these things are immortal, then surely a monkey is just as immortal as a man. If the animal consciousness of a man survives after the death of his body, the consciousness of a monkey must likewise survive." Then the solution of the question came to him in some way, such as has not yet been explained by science, and, incredible as it may appear to the sceptic, he saw clearly, and was convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt that there was a power superior to the mind, and superior to the emotions ; the same in men and in monkeys, and capable of producing emotions and thoughts ; but that this power in an average monkey was not as highly and intelligently active as it is in average men. In making this discovery, Pancho knew he had found the way to the solution of the mystery of the divine knowledge of self. It was now clear to him that there is one eternal and universal power, manifesting itself in perishing forms in various ways, according to the conditions which these forms represent, and that while these forms, with all their thoughts and emotions, are passing away, the power which produces them continues to be, as is proved by the fact that it continues to bring new forms into existence.

"What if this divine power could become self-conscious in man ? If man could unite his consciousness with the power that moves the universe ? Would not this be the true Yoga, and the fabled union with God. It was thinkable that such a state could exist, but surely it could not be attained by magnetizing

or hypnotizing oneself, nor by breathing through one nostril and then through the other, nor by feeding on asses'-milk, nor by swallowing a ribbon for the purpose of purification. It surely could be produced by nothing less than by the awakening of the divine consciousness within the secret regions of the soul. He was now sure that God was immortal, and surely the soul could only become immortal through God."

Pancho arrived at Naples. He wandered through the silent streets of ancient Pompeii and the sight of these remnants of the glory of former days awakened in him thoughts about the impermanency of forms. "Where," he asked himself, "are now the gay ladies and gentlemen that thronged these streets and enjoyed the sights of the arena? Their bodies have vanished into dust, their thoughts have faded away, their emotions are for ever at rest; but the spirit that deposited within their forms the germs of life and love and intelligence cannot have perished, for there are other men and women who did not exist in the days of Pompeii. This spirit must be something substantial, else it could not act upon substance, it must be superior to thought, else it could not produce thoughts; it must be superior to all the highest attributes of matter which we know, else it could not produce these attributes in the forms which it calls into existence. It is invisible to us and yet it appears to us in thousands of various forms, and, while the forms which it produces disappear, it seems to remain for ever the same, unchangeable, self-existent and independent of any other conditions except those that exist within its own self."

Thus Pancho loved to take aerial flights into the higher regions of thought, but something happened to draw his attention again to the world of illusions. One day, while reading the *Giornale di Roma*, the following article attracted his attention :

"An Unexplained Mystery.

"If in these days of modern enlightenment we dare to present to our readers an account of certain mysterious occurrences, said to have taken place in the vicinity of this city, we feel it our duty to preface our statements with the remark that the fullest right to believe them or not must be reserved to the reader. Our tale is so wonderful that we would not have dared to bring it before the public, if we had not received our information from a number of highly respectable eye-witnesses, whose veracity, sanity of mind, honesty and intelligence cannot be doubted.

"It appears that not long ago a well-known artist, whose residence is in one of the suburbs of Rome and whom we will call Michaele, made the acquaintance of some sailors that had just arrived from Africa. They had brought with them a very curious thing, such as has never before been seen in this country. It was a statue representing a woman. The figure was of life size and of beautiful workmanship, but what seemed to be most remarkable about it was that it was fitted out with some very ingeniously constructed mechanism, which enabled it to speak like a living person. Whenever a crank was turned,* it gave answers to questions; but these answers were not after one pattern, like those of a parrot, but varied and intelligent like those of a being capable of reasoning.

"Michaele was delighted with his discovery, and bought the Image for a comparatively small sum. He put it up in his studio and showed it to his friends;

* This was an editorial mistake.

but soon the trouble began. The statue told Michaelae what his visitors thought about him, and to the latter it said what he thought about them and the artist had to fight several duels, in some of which he was wounded. This was, however, not the worst. Michaelae had painted a large tableau, his masterpiece, of which he was very proud and which he desired to sell. It represented the temple of Fame, and in the centre was the goddess standing upon a cloud and distributing diplomas to all the celebrated persons that ever existed in the world. These were standing around in appropriate groups, waiting to be diplomatized. There were Socrates, Plato and Pythagoras in long white gowns, talking with General Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Benjamin Franklin, dressed according to the costume of their times, while Napoleon Bonaparte in high boots and spurs was standing near with arms akimbo, listening to their conversation. He was accompanied by Madame Pompadour, Joan of Arc, and Hypatia. In another group were Christ, Moses and Mohammed waiting for their diplomas; Beethoven and Mozart, each of them holding a little toy organ in his hand, while Fulton with a miniature locomotive, and Saint Laurence with the gridiron upon which he was roasted, were watching another group, composed of Sappho, Semiramis, Cleopatra and Messalina, who seemed to be flirting with Bismarck and Garibaldi. Raphael and Michael Angelo had brought their brushes and tools, ready to do a job, and were looking at Noah with a model of the ark in his hands, who was talking with Nero, Caligula and Julius Cæsar; while at a distance were Adam and Eve in their strictly historical costume, gathering apples seemingly to the great amusement of Pope Alexander, Richard Wagner and Nebuchadnezzar, who were attentively watching them. There were Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Columbus, Thomas Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Don Quixote and many other historical persons, whom space forbids us to mention. Michaelae prized the picture very highly.

“One day a Russian gentleman came and offered a considerable sum for this picture. Michaelae, however, asked for more, and at last they agreed to let the statue decide how much the picture was worth. They asked the statue about it, and it answered:

“‘The whole idea represented by that picture is so absurd, that no reasonable person would give a penny for it. He who works for fame works for nothing. Diplomas are playthings for unripe minds, useless for anything except to tickle the vanity of the selfish. Those who love the truth for its own sake ask for no other reward. Those who are in possession of wisdom need no external sign to prove that they are wise. Beauty does not require certificates to show that it is beautiful; but the fool needs a mask so that those who might meet him may be deceived.’

“After hearing this speech, the Russian refused to buy the picture at any price and went away.

“Michaelae became very angry and came very near destroying the statue in his rage; but he finally resolved to sell it to one of his friends whose name was Antonio and who kept a tavern at T . . . a place visited by many strangers. Antonio showed it to his guests who were at first very much amused with it. Especially his wife was very pleased and offered many questions which were all answered by the statue. Among other things she asked: ‘Tell me, statue, who loves me best?’ and the statue answered: ‘Signor Giulio; and you know

it well enough, for you have his love letters hidden away in a pot on the top shelf in the kitchen.' The husband became nearly frantic. 'He went to the kitchen and found the letters of Signor Giulio, who is a lieutenant of the Carabinieri. A row was the result, and it is still doubtful how it will end.'

"This can be none else but the Talking Image," exclaimed Pancho after reading the article. He was now certain that some invisible power had guided his steps to Italy, so that he might recover it. He hunted up the editor of the *Giornale di Roma* and asked him to divulge the address of Antonio. This the editor peremptorily refused to do, adding moreover that Antonio had sold the statue and threatened to kill the first man who mentioned that subject to him. It had created—he said—a good many more troubles besides the one with his wife. It had caused a great many quarrels among his guests, who at first enjoyed the fun; but as it told them plainly what they thought about each other, they became very angry and one after another left the hotel in a fury. The matter soon became known and crowds of people came to ask questions. Those who received answers became angry because it told them the truth; those who did not receive any answer said it was a swindle devised by Antonio. The clergy heard of it and said as usual that it was the work of the devil. The Capucines came to exorcise the statue; but did not improve the state of things. They then excommunicated Antonio and nearly ruined his trade. Had he not removed the statue in time, he would have been either killed or would have had to leave the town. It is said that he succeeded in selling it to a German professor. It cost him a great deal of money to become reconciled with the church and to hush up the matter.

Such was the account which Pancho received from the editor, but all his attempts to find out the name and address of that German professor were unsuccessful. The professor was evidently only a traveller in Italy and had probably returned home.

The disappearance of the Image had not only caused a public excitement in Africa, but the newspapers in Europe also took notice of it and gave many garbled accounts of it, not one of which was correct. Thus one of the leading Italian journals contained the following article, translated from a London paper:

"A daring robbery in a Buddhist temple.

"Information has been received from Africa that a Buddhist temple at Urur has been robbed of one of its most valuable relics, the statue of a goddess. It appears that a European by the name of"—(here Pancho's name was given in full)—"took up his residence in the vicinity of the temple and entering the Shrine without being observed carried away the idol, said to be of inestimable value, it being made up of one single block of amethyst set with rubies and diamonds. It is reported that he made his escape on a steamer going to Naples. Detectives are on his track."

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

(To be continued.)

VISIONS IN THE CRYSTAL.

I.

A BEAUTIFUL woman lies dreamily gazing from out an open window. The moonbeams pour through and envelop her in a luminous sulphur flood. Beautiful she is, with that indescribable grace that eclipses beauty, that is inseparable from high breeding and courage. She is the spirit of love, which hides itself deep down in her fathomless eyes, sea-grey, opaline, mystic, like the shimmering moonstones that encircle her ebon hair. Her delicate features are set and still, like a chiselled cameo, or a Greek head on an ancient coin.

A robe of pale grey velvet imprisons her, held tight by an ancient silver girdle. Like a weird grey mist she lies, the wraith of some stately Egyptian, sphinx-like and mystic. Below, calm as death, stretches the ocean, the moon's reflection, like a silvern serpent, spanning the horizon to the white shore. Faintly green shine the stars, through the languid veil of night. Now and again comes floating a strange and ecrie note of music, wild and weird as a sea-bird's cry. The world lies hushed like a dreamy lotus-flower, sleepy with the intoxication of its own perfume. As the woman looks, a dusky hand is laid on the casement, and clasping hers, a gorgeously-dressed Eastern draws himself into the room.

His dark face is of superb beauty, his flashing eyes kindle like live coals, and pierce the semi-gloom. Jewels glitter and flash on his scarlet dress, in his hands he holds the keys which unlock the world's pleasures. His step is subtle and soft as a panther. Around his head hovers an aura of blood-red hue. . . He is "Illusion" "MAYA," the genius of spiritual death, subtle, seductive, enthralling, the embodiment of the descent from the region of spirit to that of matter. Suddenly the heavy silken draperies part, and a girl enters of magnificent physique, with a halo of red gold hair about her earnest, spiritual face. She wears no ornament of any kind, for hers is the radiance of the heavens. Her name is "Truth," and truth is for spirit only.

The flowing transparencies of her draperies disclose the symmetry of the perfect form beneath.

With slow and stately tread she advances to the woman in grey. She throws her strong young arms about her, and the golden aura from her auburn hair blends with the faint grey haze encircling the other. The earnest, fervent gaze, from her blue eyes, pierces deep down into the soul of "Love" and awakens there a tremulous echo which thrills her very being, like a living crystal flame. The clasp of her encircling arms

kindles a fierce magnetic strength, and the slender form of "Love" trembles and sways under the electricity of her powerful magnetism. The silver thread of pure intuition seems magnetically attached to intellect, in the power of true religion, for "there is no religion higher than truth."

The three confront each other, the silence of a sleeping world is without. The heavy Eastern perfumes clog the air within by their overpowering seductiveness. The room is Oriental in its brilliant magnificence, and appears to partake of all worlds. The simple elegancies of Persia blend with the quaint characteristics of Japan. Kaga jars and great creamy Satsuma bowls, gorgeous Eastern plaques, ornaments of gold and silver, and the rude potteries of Burmah, Giant gourds and the coarse ceramics of the savage, the heavy carvings of the Eastern deities, and the barbarisms of the South Seas. Exquisite bronzes, and the enamels of Cloisonné, tables lacquered and inlaid, brasses, and billowy silken divans, all the rich luxuriance of the Orient, blended in a varied maze of dazzling colour.

The Eastern advances into the middle of the room, and raises a rod carved with the three serpents or tempters, who seduce the inward reality to abandon itself to outward appearances, and accept the symbols for the verity. With this he draws the eternal circle, whereon gleam the seven sacred planets.

Suddenly a blind slave, "Sin," the servant of "Illusion," enters, naked, save for a cloth of gold about his loins, unutterable misery stamped upon the darkness of his visage. With a low obeisance, he offers round a dish of gold, whereon lie three "hubble-bubbles," filled with many grains of haschisch.

They each choose one. The girl crosses the room and lies down on a low divan. The woman in grey sinks amongst the pillows of a tawny couch. The Eastern goes round and lights the pipe of each, with the glittering magnetism streaming from his slender, supple fingers. They smoke in silence—the Karma of each sweet life. For a moment the girl sleeps peacefully, whilst "Love" lies with eyes half-closed, in semi half-restless consciousness. For a moment the Eastern stands gazing down upon "Truth," then mutters, "She is safe," and bends down with his arms about the lissom form of the woman in grey. She is but half asleep, but she turns and rests her head upon his breast. And he sees it is the flower of fearless innocence that has blossomed in her beautiful breast, and looking into her eyes, he sees a lily reflected in their opal depths. Fortified by the crystal purity of "Truth," she knows not, fears not, evil, and in anger he throws a bean into the world circle, and, behold! a lamb and a dove appear. And the dove of spiritual intelligence flutters to the shoulder of "Love," where he finds a peaceful

abiding place. And the lamb lays its head upon the breast of "Truth," having no will of his own, but doing the will of the Father. "Love" looks up into the gleaming orbs of "Illusion," and asks, "Show me thy treasures, I long to taste of them." Then vision after vision of exceeding beauty pass before her eyes.

"A paradise of vaulted bowers
Lit by downward-gazing flowers."

Thickets of flowering trees, and verdant glades. Sparkling streams, vineyards, and rosy bowers. Luxuriant halls, draped in Grecian stuffs, and the shimmer of jewels, silver and gold. And through the halls come singing houris, lovely as those in Mahommed's paradise, seductive, and intoxicating as the sparkling wine in the jewelled goblets. Pleasure and joy breathing from out the soft-stringed lutes and silver-chorded harps. The melodious song of birds, the murmur of living streams.

But "Love" turns away her head, and murmurs "I thirst, give me to drink but the crystal purity of water." And "Illusion" is angered again, and casts yet more grains into the pipe, and a tornado crashes through the temple halls and the voices of singing die away in a long wail of anguish. And clouds of yellow dust arise and the storm breaks and bends the marble pillars like reeds, and great rocks slide roaring and hissing down into the valley. Beautiful pitiless eyes looking out of amber clouds, and the blood-red sun sinks behind the arid desert, where lie the bald bleared skulls of former worlds rotting in the scorching glare. The sands drift over the marble temples, where the "Logos" is hidden and obliterated, but not for ever, and a whirlwind of glittering minerals and ores fall around into the moaning sea, and the divine spark flickers and then goes out. Then the woman crouches low, her hands like pink-lined shells, crossed upon her breast, she bends her slender neck before the fury of the storm. And she says, "It will surely pass and Love can endure," her eyes wandering with unutterable trust and tenderness to where lies "Truth." But she sleeps on, having passed long since the World's allurements. But as "Love" is steadfast and can endure, and does not stretch forth her hands to grasp "Illusion," the Eastern rises and worships her as he would the genius of Wisdom, power, and truth, the Spirit of God. He fastens a necklace of gems about her slender throat, with stones of various colours, wherein mingle the topaz and the sky-coloured sapphire, and disappears before the coming dawn. And the glittering Planets upon the World Circle begin to fade out and leave only Wisdom, Sanctity and Love, which is the sphere of Mind wherein Mercury (Intelligence) and Venus (Love), are united. For God is Love, and Love conquers the World. . . .

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II.

THE UNSEEN.

A MOTHER knelt by the bed, on which lay her dying boy. Her face buried in the covering, showed nothing but the crown of the golden head. Now and again her shoulders shook with the anguish of her sobs. All that constituted her earthly happiness lay there, momentarily growing more stiff and stark ; soon to be an empty shell, an illusion, a mask. Around the child hovered a grey, shroud-like ether, a faint blue shadow floated above the head, growing each moment more perfect in shape with each faint, dying sigh. From out the ethereal haze appeared a bright and beautiful face, smooth and fair, like a pictured angel, and as the last gasping sigh echoed through the room, the shadowy astral form was perfected and fluttered softly up into the land of shadows, amid the myriad presences that hovered through the room. In the corners, amongst the carven oak, crouched shapely shadows, a grey obscurity veiling the painted ceiling. The last fires of evening threw gorgeous prisms from the stained windows, where the stately cardinal stood with the uplifted finger of Rome. The cherub faces filling in the corners smiled mournfully, and encircled with an aura of gold the dying head. The castle was wrapped in a solemn hush save when the impatient gusts swirled round the gables, or the hollow voices of the spirits of unrest called plaintively—some singing, some sighing.

The draught filtered through the old oak carvings, mournfully swayed the faded purple velvet of the state bed, whereon in tarnished gold the quarterings were emblazoned.

Outside, the setting sun had slashed the horizon with streaks of blood, and luminous sulphur. Slowly, before the woman's eyes, arose the visions of the past—the vague and lofty aspirations of the soul—the fervid fever of unanswered prayer, the icy chill of her marriage vows, that seemed to peal and vibrate through the oaken roof of the old church at home. The living death of the succeeding years, until this one great star arose from out the dead hearth of her life, shone for a while, and then set for ever. Faces, long dead and forgotten, arose once more in stately resurrection, and smiled or frowned down upon her. Every milestone of the past seemed to have the years written in fire. Before her stretched veiled futurity, pointing out the blood-red plans of life. Hark ! Listen ! Gently from out the gloom steal solemn strains of music, as with a grand, tumultuous swell peals forth the organ from the chapel, in a solemn mass for the dead. The woman raised her set, white face and listened. The room was now in darkness, save where a wan moon lit up a smirking court dame, or a mailed warrior, and drew gleams from the silken hangings upon the walls. But as she gazed a luminous haze seemed to envelope all in a mystic radiance, and she beheld before her a

thousand aerial phantoms, marching in stately tread. The solemn cadence reverberated through the gloom, and the shadowy host moved in perfect accord with the theme. Slowly the solemn chords crashed out and branched into plaintive wailings, and the multitudinous shadowy forms danced eerily in their black, funereal garb. A wild burst of sounding grief floated through the room, dying off in an eerie, sobbing sigh.

Whilst the woman listened to the grandeur of the crashing chords wrung from the organ, she saw her boy hovering above her, only more glorified, more spiritual, more perfect, than she had ever known him. The body lay on the bed, but the spirit stood before her. And her eyes were opened and she beheld that he smiled with ineffable sweetness. And she asked herself as she gazed in rapture, "Can this be purgatory? this wondrous astral world wherein my son now rests?" His soul purified from all its astral dross stood glorified, in glittering, snowy light surrounded by the crystal purity of the spirits that enshrine the innocent as with a halo. Around, and yet apart, hovered shades of every form and kind, some more material, some more ethereal. Empty formless shells of those departed into "Devachan." Restless shadows and electric vapours, all blended in one ever-changing, restless, multicoloured maze. Now they shaped themselves, and again dissolved into ether. For a second a shadowy face appeared, but ere the eye could mark, had vanished. Blood-curdling, horrible, thrilling faces gazing down with intensest craving for earthly re-incarnation. Mournful visages with a horrible fascination, dark with unsatisfied longing, alive in all but the body, generating new "Karma," and panting for the earth life. Streaming on rushed the "elementals" from all worlds, some gross, some spiritual, some radiant, some seraphic, spirits old in this earth life, ready for the future changes, visions of surpassing beauty, God-like, lovely. Children who have known no evil ready for the earth once more. The unspiritual sage with brow knit down, dull, weary, dead to life and hope and joy. Fiends of hideous visage, thrusting themselves from out blood-red vapourous fire-mists, the thoughtless maiden, the careless youth, the ascetic monk, the saintly nun, types of every form and kind, heavenly, grotesque, hellish, satanic. Tongues of ruby fire, and silvern electric flashes. Infant-angel faces, fiends with lovely forms, saintly visages with devil's bodies, writhing in ghastly confusion in the Astral light. And a great fear of the unknown rushed over the woman, as the deep loneliness of earth encompassed her around, and with a low wail of great agony, she stretched forth her arms crying: "Oh blessed Mary! Mother of Christ! I ask thee give me back my child." But a triumphant pæan of aerial voices, floating along the life-wave, drowned her cry. With a smile her angel boy faded into the silver clouds, and as the woman sank down into unconsciousness, a vision of the future now become impossible passed before her.

A small oak wainscotted apartment lit by fluttering candles ; a weird, cold dawn, struggling in through the chinks of the shutters. By the table two forms sit playing, gambling. The one her dead child, grown to man's estate, flushed, haggard of face, and reckless. The other a woman she does not know, with a hectic spot on either cheek and a hard glitter in her eyes. The play goes on, the woman is gaining, her gaze is concentrated upon the cards. She stakes for the last time, and wins. The man rises roughly and dashes the cards upon the table, making the glasses rattle and dance. The woman rises too, with a low laugh of triumph on her beautiful mouth. He sends a warning look as she comes to his side. She looks into his eyes, with a cruel gleam in hers, and in an instant his hand is on her throat. He forces her down, down, whilst around him wildly dance in mad career the demons of crime and lust. Her face grows dark, and ever darker, as his clutch grows ever tight and closer, for a devil is at his elbow. A wild gurgle, a long, low, stifled shriek. The cry awakes the fainting mother, cold and lifeless. The chill day is at hand, and the dawn maidens usher in the light, making pale the candles which are burning at the feet and head of the dead.

VIOLET CHAMBERS, F.T.S.



FRATERNITAS.

COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER, Dr. Pioda, Prof. Thurman, and Dr. Hartmann, have a work in hand which promises well. They are organising a company, with a capital of 50,000 francs in 500 francs shares, to build and maintain a Theosophical House of Retreat, upon a hill overlooking Locarno, in Switzerland, whither students of Theosophy and Occultism may betake themselves to pursue their work, far from all distractions. The shares are to bear no interest, any profits to be used in offering hospitality, gratuitous or on lowered terms, to earnest but impecunious Theosophists. Dr. Pioda has given the land on which the house is to be built, and a beginning will be made as soon as the funds have been subscribed. A fifth of the capital is to be kept in hand for preliminary expenses, and as soon as the house is built and furnished, a shareholders' meeting will be called to receive the report of the interim committee. At this meeting the proposed rules of the Society, to be called "Fraternitas," will be submitted to the shareholders, decisions being taken by vote. Each share carries a vote, and absent shareholders may delegate their powers to any of the shareholders present at the meeting, but no one shareholder must hold more than a fifth of the voting power of the meeting. The share list will close on December 31, 1889, and as soon as a sufficient number of signatures have been received, the secretary will send out the first call. Communications should be addressed to the Hon.-Sec., Dr. (jur.) A. Pioda, F. T. S., Locarno, Switzerland.

We wish the scheme all success, if it can be carried out in the spirit of the Prospectus.

WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's lecture on the above subject reported in our August number, the following debate took place.—[ED.]

THE Chairman having invited questions or speeches which he said must be in opposition and very brief

A gentleman asked why Mrs. Besant as a Theosophist, in spite of the enormous mass of evidence from men like Crookes and others, denied the possibility of the existence of disembodied spirits. On more than one occasion he had seen and been touched by a person he knew to be dead, and there could be no question of imposture at all. Then as to reincarnation, what was the use of it if they did not remember their previous experiences?

MRS. BESANT: The first question is why I do not believe the evidences of what is generally called spiritualism. My reason is, that in my opinion investigation has completely broken down the theory of it being a disembodied spirit of the dead who was attending the séances. I have done a good deal in that way by personal investigation. I have been to a few séances, I made a number of experiments, and in a few cases I got a great many results. I did not find, putting the whole of them together, that they led in the direction of the presence of disembodied souls. Sometimes the things said were absolutely untrue, sometimes the statements when verified did not work out. Sometimes they did. I came to the conclusion, after patient investigation, that the phenomena fell rather under the head of magnetism and thought transference, with probably the working of some forces outside, which I did not understand, but which I was not going to call disembodied spirits of the dead until I had definite proof. The Theosophists explain those occurrences not as being cases of disembodied spirits of the dead, but as being very often projections of some person who has mediumistic capacities. They put the view that it is not likely that spirits shall be at the mercy of everyone who wants to call them back to earth, so that they should be continually in trouble from the interruptions. To the other question asked I say: if you believe it is so, it will clearly be of this use, you would be extremely careful what you do now. Remember you would have to reap your harvest in the future, just as in many cases you do now, although you don't remember the whole of your past; and there is still brain record enough of the forgotten experience to guide you in your present actions. So, the Theosophist would say, you store up those experiences, and although you may have forgotten the exact circumstances, as you have forgotten so many facts, still there is the result of the experience which remains for your guidance; and so it is when the sleep of death takes the place of the sleep of night.

Another gentleman wished to ask whether the lecturer believed that every human being had a distinct separate individualised soul or spirit, or as she said in her lecture, a disembodied soul: and whether those disembodied souls when they went from the body joined all together, or were they kept separate as in some Safe Deposit Company (Laughter).

MRS. BESANT : I am asked whether I believe that a disembodied soul is kept separate or goes into a mass after death. I thought I said very carefully I don't believe in a disembodied soul ; but if the gentleman means do I believe that the individuality persists and is separated from other individualities, yes I do, because otherwise it is not individuality. The word implies separation.

The same gentleman asked what Mrs. Besant called that existence separated from all others when the body was buried and there was still persistence of individuality.

MRS. BESANT : I do not know that I can give it any other name except existence. It is a life under different conditions.

Another enquirer asked whether Theosophy was a system suited and adapted to the needs and requirements of the human race, such as could be attained to and comprehended by the majority of a people ; or was it not one which had been developed among mystics with more time on their hands than they knew what to do with, but where the conditions of the country were such as to develop the latent cunning, as well as the mysticism, which was in every one.

MRS. BESANT : Put shortly, what the gentleman asks is whether Theosophy is a system which can be grasped by the majority of people ; whether it has not been developed in the East where people have more time on their hands than they have here, and where (I think, if I caught him rightly) there is more cunning. It is a system that in its broad outlines can be grasped by the majority. In its more subtle philosophy it will always remain in the hands of the minority. That is the same with every philosophy and every scheme of religion. You may take out certain rules of conduct, but the speculative part which needs careful mental training must of course remain in the hand of those sufficiently educated to follow it. So that I should say it is available for the mass of people in its broad outline, but a large part of the philosophy would not be understood by them.

Another gentleman wished to know where the Ego was between the periods of reincarnation.

MRS. BESANT : In a condition to which the nearest physical analogy would be that of sleep, the sleep with dreams.

MR. KING in a long speech declared himself by profession an Atheist and one who had had a large amount of experience in mesmeric phenomena. As a scientific student he could only accept that of which he had proof, and what proof had Mrs. Besant given of the existence of an Ego ? Because some hysterical women or men happened to see something which did not exist, which was explained in Huxley's *Elementary Physiology*, was that a proof that there was such a thing as an Ego which was only another word for soul ? He honoured Mrs. Besant because she had done for Freethought what no other woman had done ; but being pledged to Freethought himself he was bound to take up the cause of Freethought and Mrs. Besant must go. It would have been better far if the details of the Theosophical Society had been put before them. Where did the Egos come from ? maybe some good woman and some good man joined and afterwards a little human being came into the world and it might be that the spirit of the late Charles Peace had gone into it. Was not such a theory very remarkable, not to say ridiculous. What had Mrs. Besant given them ? Beautiful words, poetry in prose, but no shadow of truth.

MRS. BESANT: The last speaker said he never found among mesmeric experiments anything done which the human being in his normal state could not do. I can only put against his want of knowledge the enormous number of recorded and verified cases, which I certainly did not think it worth while to load my lecture with because they are familiar to everyone who has made a study of the subject at all. But if he has been the least successful, he must at least have found some phenomena very different from those of normal organisms. I have seen a person mesmerised having pins run into various parts of the body and remaining completely unconscious all the time. I don't fancy anybody in the normal condition would remain quiet while that operation was being performed (Laughter). But the gentleman says what proof is there of the existence of the Ego? I gave last week a very large number of cases in which explanation was lacking unless this Ego was supplied; when, in experimenting, you find that you can explain effect after effect by cause after cause, when you find that one effect remains always unexplained and one cause which does not seem to work out, when you have repeated that experiment over and over again, changing every condition except the one, then by the rules of logic you relate that one as cause to the effect. Practically that is the line of argument along which I went; I gave the effects last week for which no cause was apparent amongst the ordinary causes. I supplied this week the lacking cause, and showed that was at least a defensible hypothesis in face of the difficulties which were suggested. Then the gentleman showed he did not quite appreciate the whole argument, by referring to the well-known cases of illusion which are given in Huxley's *Elementary Physiology*. Those were cases of illusion of the eye, or of the ear, of which you may get dozens of cases with very slight bodily disorder. It is disorder of the senses, of the organ, seeing things where nothing existed. That throws no light on the phenomena I was putting to you. I dealt specially and carefully with psychical phenomena, not with physical ones. He answers me: the physical ones are to be found in a certain book and explained, therefore I am to accept an absent explanation of the psychical phenomena. Then I am told the gentleman does not appreciate the difference between a reincarnating Ego and the transmigration of souls. The rough difference is this, although I thought it was pretty well known. In the transmigration of souls the soul is supposed to pass from human beings to animals; with the reincarnating Ego it is taken along a long chain of evolution in which the individual passes from stage to stage. It is taught that having once attained the human he cannot pass backwards out of it, but only onwards and upwards as we find evolution working around us on every side. Then the gentleman complained that I had not given enough details. I told you what I was specially concerned with, and that was about Theosophy rather than the Society into which, as I think you know, any one may pass without becoming a Theosophist at all. I grant I have not given a very large number of details; as it was, I went considerably over my time. One has to take a subject as best one can, and one can only regret if the audience wishes one had gone on a different line. I am told that into a child born now might pass the soul of the late Charles Peace. No Theosophist would say so. An assertion of that sort shows quite naturally that the gentleman is not acquainted with what Theosophists teach on the subject. They always teach there is normally an immense period of time intervening between these different

earth lives, so that no such possibility would arise. Even supposing it might, I do not know that it would have been any more ludicrous or terrible than the effect of the physical inheritance from a murderer or thief, which foredooms a child to a life of shame, as we see every day amongst us in our present civilization (Cheers). Then I am told that the musical genius can write music without a knowledge of harmony. That does not tell me what the musical genius is. We can all use a word, but what we want in science is the explanation of the word. I know genius can do it, and I want to know how it is done; and my special reason for pressing that point was that knowledge of that kind means a certain education from the normal point of view, that is that the brain has received certain impressions and that those impressions come out in the actions of the individual. In this case there can have been no opportunity for the impressions at all, and the whole picture which was drawn about the generation of hydrogen does not help us in the least. I want to know what genius is and how it comes to pass that the child's brain has knowledge which it does not acquire during the present existence. I want to know how it is possible it can have that, inasmuch as ideas cannot be transmitted by the ordinary physical parentage; you can only transmit brain formation by physical parentage, and that does not give knowledge of laws of harmony.

The Chairman announced that an Ex-Indian judge had sent up his card to say he wished to speak, and as we were on an Eastern subject he, the Chairman, thought the audience might perhaps like to hear him. (Hear, hear.)

The Ex-JUDGE said he came from India where the subject of Theosophy had been well discussed, perhaps more so than it had been in this country. He had not the slightest intention of taking part in the discussion at that meeting, but when Mrs. Besant mentioned at the conclusion of her lecture that the whole subject of Theosophy would be thoroughly understood but by a minority, then it appeared to him pertinent to know what the component personages of that minority who undertook to teach them the subject were. In India Madame Blavatsky was supposed to be the high priestess of Theosophy, and through her Mr. Sinnett and Colonel Olcott became leading lights. If Madame Blavatsky was to be one of this minority, it behoved him, as an Indian, to put before the audience a few facts in connection with that lady. When Madame Blavatsky was in the height of her power certain accusations were brought against her by a person intimately associated with her in all the conjuring tricks to which Mrs. Besant had alluded, a lady named Madame Coulomb, an intimate friend of Madame Blavatsky. She was approached by a body of Christian missionaries in India, who knew Madame Coulomb was in possession of certain information regarding Madame Blavatsky which would go to her discredit. They succeeded in their object and Madame Coulomb not only made statements but produced documents and swore they were written by Madame Blavatsky. What did those letters contain? They went to show that there were pre-arrangements between Madame Blavatsky and Madame Coulomb by which certain phenomena which were intended to be brought about at some future time were beforehand arranged. A body of psychical investigators sent over a gentleman to investigate the question, and he decided that certain manipulations had been indulged in by which these phenomena were brought about. Madame Blavatsky was accused in mystic periodicals times without number and was also given an opportunity

to prosecute Madame Coulomb for these letters. (A Voice, "That is a gross mis-statement.") The charges were serious. Madame Blavatsky had the opportunity to prosecute, but did not avail herself of it, and it was thought necessary that an independent body should sift the whole matter. An English gentleman belonging to the judicial service of Madras was appointed to examine the letters, and make his own report to the spiritualist body who had selected him. The sum and substance of his views was that Madame Blavatsky was guilty, so to say, of tricks. The question they had to put to themselves was if this great knowledge which Theosophy professed to disclose was confined in the first instance to a minority of which Madame Blavatsky was one, and to his own knowledge Madame Blavatsky had imparted her knowledge to Mr. Sinnett and others; if all this knowledge had permeated through Madame Blavatsky, against whom such scandalous charges were levelled in India and which she was called upon to meet and disprove in her own way, what did Madame Blavatsky do? She simply left the country "For the benefit of her health." He denounced this conduct as disloyalty to the truth which she professed to follow. He admired Mrs. Besant for her following of the truth through evil and good report; but he only mentioned her as so contrary to Madame Blavatsky. If it was true then that Madame Blavatsky's doctrines were tainted by conjuring could they expect any intelligent being to follow her as long as that grave charge was impending against her. He thought not. The evidence against her was sufficient to go before a grand Jury, and certainly much stronger than the evidence was in the case of Mrs. Maybrick. In conclusion he said, "If you skulk from investigation of this sort you surely bring discredit upon the doctrines which you teach."

MRS. BESANT: There is a well known rule of law: "No case; abuse the plaintiff's attorney." The gentleman appears to have entirely followed that rule of law. I shall be compelled of course to follow him, although permit me to say at the outset that were all the lies told about Madame Blavatsky as true as they are false, Theosophy would remain. I do not say she would not be discredited, but Theosophy does not rest alone on her, great and noble as her life has been. It would be a terrible shock to many of us who know her, and who knew these charges, and know them as well as the speaker. But I may give you now the other side. Madame Blavatsky is a Russian lady born of wealthy parents of high rank. She left Russia—having a strong desire to investigate the line of thought I have put to you to-day—giving up all the advantages she might have had, throwing aside all the ordinary enjoyments of life for the great desire to find out truth. Permit me to say to the gentleman who admires me so very much that he ought to extend some of this admiration to this lady who gave up far more than I did (Cheers and slight interruption from the ex-judge). I listened in silence, absolute silence, to words spoken against a woman who is very dear to me, and I will ask the gentleman to listen to me in the same silence. Madame Blavatsky found the truth she sought, and she began to teach it, as honest people do when they believe they have found the truth. Amongst others who came to her near the close of her stay, there were two people, M. and Madame Coulomb. They were destitute and they were starving. She took them in, fed them and sheltered them, placed them in a position of half housekeeper, half friend, in her house. She kept them there for a considerable time. After

a while she was called away from India to Europe. She left the keys of her room with these people. They apparently thought they had got all out of her they could, and some mis-behaviour of theirs had already made their tenure of office doubtful. Christian missionaries approached them and offered them money if they would fabricate charges which would discredit Madame Blavatsky in the eyes of the world. Naturally they hated her, for she worked against the missionaries in India, and they were maddened with the success she had had. What Christian missionaries can do in the way of scoundrelly conduct, bribing servants, &c., you, who have some knowledge about similar people here can imagine. The Coulombs earned their money.* I do not mind giving the details which the speaker did not appear to like to give. They made up a story about a shrine in the house which had a false back to it. They made up stories about men who went about with bladders on their heads and pretended to be the masters. Rather curious that about the walking bladders, but such stories are told when missionaries' money is wanted. The Psychical Research Society was interested in these phenomena, but it was not that body which examined; it was one young man, Mr. Hodgson, a smart young man but *young*. He went out and investigated these stories, and he found what he was sent to find. I have read his report very carefully, all of it, and weighed it. I found evidence that the back of this cupboard which was supposed to have been there was evidently newly made, and the doors in it moved with such difficulty that it took a man's strength to move them although they were all supposed to be sliding backwards and forwards repeatedly. I found the whole story rests on the unsupported evidence of these two people, purchased by Christian missionaries in order to discredit a Theological antagonist. But then we have got the Indian judge, who gives it as his opinion that the letters were authentic.

The EX-JUDGE: I simply said they were alleged to be hers.

MRS. BESANT: Then I can hardly see what is his reason for bringing forward evidence into which he has not searched. I understand exposing a fraud, but you ought to examine, and you ought not, where you know a woman is unpopular, to take third-rate evidence about letters, give it forth as if it was true, and then come forward and say "I did not say it." What were those letters? Letters that bore forgery on their very face. Letters that no woman of ordinary intelligence could possibly have written to a person in Madame Coulomb's position. Letters that would show Madame Blavatsky to be a fool. The very man who brought the charges against her, says she is the very greatest impostor history has ever known, a woman of marvellous skill. Such a woman does not write perfectly silly letters and send those letters through the post, knowing, that, as she was suspected of being a Russian agent, they might be opened and published to the world. There are some things rather too silly. Then we are asked why didn't she prosecute. It might have been at least fair if this gentleman had told you that it is one of the rules of Theosophy, that you must not use your power merely to defend yourself. (Laughter.) Permit me to say there is nothing laughable in that. You may not have the courage to do it, you

* The Coulombs "earned their money," well, this is undeniable. But that they *never got it all* is as undeniable; those who had not scrupled to bribe, did not stop at cheating people who had so well served them.—[ED.]

may not have the heroism, but there is nothing greater than those who can stand attack and remain silent under it. (Loud applause.) She believes it to be right and she was bound to follow it, whether it injured her or brought her good. Not only so; but had I been beside her, I should have advised her to treat it with silent contempt, as I have done in similar cases over and over again. The gentleman has been good enough to say he has heard nothing against me. Well, he could not have been much amongst Christian Evidence people (laughter) or amongst the friends of the Christian missionaries who slandered Madame Blavatsky. I have heard much worse things said about me. I have been accused of the vilest life a woman can lead. Have I prosecuted? No. A strong woman and a good woman knows that her life is enough to live down slander. (Loud applause.) Madame Blavatsky would no more prosecute this woman than I would prosecute Tarry or Goodship. There is one other piece of evidence the last speaker did not bring forward, and that was the evidence of the experts about the resemblance of the writing of Madame Blavatsky to that of some of the masters. When the letters were first submitted, they said there was no likeness, and it was only a long time afterwards they said the writings were in the same hand.

Friends, I am almost ashamed to have to deal with a question like this in a debate on a lecture in which I dealt not with personalities, but with a theory of the universe, which, right or wrong, is worthy of consideration; but I could not hear a friend slandered without showing how base the slanders were, and I tell you I read that account very carefully, all that had been said, and gave it the best thought I could, and the day after I read it I went and joined the Theosophical Society. (Cheers.) I wanted to know the worst that had been said against Madame Blavatsky, I wanted to read the strongest attack. You may judge how strong I felt it to be when I joined the Society the day after I read it, and the result of that attack has been on many minds the same. The Society has grown stronger since it was published. From all parts of the world people have shown the Christian missionary people what they thought of it. I say to you, from personal experience, of all the persons I have met I know no life more laborious, more earnest, more self-sacrificing and more devoted than the life of Madame Blavatsky. This gentleman says, why did she leave India? I answer because she was dying. I have seen her, and she is still now weak and feeble, and will be all her life. She has ruined her health in the work she has done. It is a poor cause which cannot enter into argument except by attacking an individual, and there is not much likelihood of finding truth if the few people in the search for it merely take third-hand evidence, and then, before a great audience like this, throw mud broadcast in the hope that some of it may stick.

[The audience, by their applause, seemed to endorse this defence, and then the meeting dispersed].



A proof is better than an argument.

The truth floats on the surface of lies.

He who does not recognise bread and salt is worse than a dog.

(*Turkish Proverbs.*)

The Astral Plague and Looking-Glass.

HOW SOME PEOPLE THINK THE SHADOWS OF THEMSELVES ARE OTHER FOLKS.

A SYSTEM of thought, new to the Western hemisphere, but old as the world itself, embracing in one synthesis religion, science and philosophy, is brought before our notice and claimed by its introducer to have been received from certain sources. It succeeds in arousing wide interest, in creating a new train of ideas, in attracting the attention of men and women of the most diverse nationalities, beliefs, tastes, gifts and attainments in every part of the civilized globe. And this simply in its broad outlines, by its ideas and innate force.

The introducer of the system says: "This is not my invention. I was taught it by others; neither do I know it in its entirety nor its last word. But even if you think me a deceiver, there's the system. Judge it on its own merits. What you have is but a sketch; work out the details for yourselves."

The study is fascinating even for the superficial, and the curiosity of numbers is fiercely aroused. They would give worlds to know all, to work out the ideas in externals. "The key is within you," says the system. That was the great difficulty. Few could understand it. "If we had only a scientific primer with easy experiments!" they cried.

So there was a great demand for primers, and trade became brisk; and some worked it out this way, and some that, and there was a great disputing. And some clever but unscrupulous persons who did not love their brother students, arose and worked it out to their own satisfaction; plausibly enough to all seeming, but cunningly devised to pander to the ambitions and desires of the curious ignorant; and howled that they were greater, wiser, purer, better far than the original teachers, nay were the only true guides.

So these precocious and uninvited pupils set up a school of their own, and in the delirium of the plague which had now obtained firm hold upon them, began to spread abroad the insane charge that their late brother students in the original school were but poor dolts and weak past mentioning, and the teachers iniquitous depraved Satanities.

Perhaps it had not been so totally unpardonable if the system of these pretenders had been new and borne the stamp of essential difference from the school in which these ignoramuses had been such sorry outside surface pupils. That, however was beyond their attainments: they could not construct, they could but throw into confusion, destroy. Therefore with subtle ingenuity they stole and plagiarised, heaping together gold and silver, brass and iron and abominations, and threw over it a cloak of specious fascination and decent exterior. And by flattering the race-prejudices, pride, persons and presumptions of their victims, drew an eager crowd of flies around the garbage-bin which they had smeared with the sweet adulterated honey of falsehood and self-deception.

One thing alone they could not hide: abominations, as is their wont, must putrify, and the odour which thus arose, was most unsavoury.

The following is an extract from the New York *Path* of August :

“THE LIGHT OF EGYPT,”

OR THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS.

Some few years ago was started (about 1884) an order called “H. B. of L.”—or Hindu, Hermetic, or Hibernian Brotherhood of Luxor, as one may choose—which, under pledge of secrecy, pretended to give occult information and teaching to its members. The “private secretary” of this was Mr. T. H. Burgoyne, of whom a short biography has hitherto been written. The instructions were to be free. In August 1887, a circular was received by the members^s of the order reading thus :

“TO THE AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE H. B. OF L.

Dear and Esteemed—”

[The first paragraph, for which we have no room, stated that because the order was not sufficiently united the Private Secretary had determined upon a plan of instruction, and then proceeds. ED.]

“Those members who have read and *thought* upon the work just issued to them, *The Mysteries of Eros*, will see that I have therein but briefly outlined a few of the first principles, as it were—the ALPHABET only—of Occultism. I am, therefore, preparing an elaborate course of lessons giving the theoretical and revealing the practical secrets of the science, which I am about to teach in connection with a series of lessons on the *Ancient Chaldean Astrology*. This system of Chaldean Astrology constitutes the basic principles from which ALL doctrines, theories, systems and practices radiate, and cannot be found in published works. I have thoroughly elucidated this science in the lessons, after eighteen years of incessant labour, study and practice.* Apart also, from this series of lessons, I have in preparation a Special Course upon Egyptian and Chaldean Magic, which will follow as a natural sequence.

“The actual teaching alone, connected with these lessons, will absorb the whole of my time for at least twelve months, hence it is impossible for me to attempt this work without remuneration. I have, therefore, decided to form a Special Class within our Order, for those who desire this sublime knowledge. My terms to each will be \$60 for the complete course, payable quarterly in advance (viz. \$15). Therefore, all wishing to subscribe will do me a special favour by sending their names at once, so as to enable me to make the necessary preparations.

“In conclusion, I desire to impress upon each individual member who desires to attain unto actual imitation [so printed and altered to *initiation* in ink. ED.] the great necessity of subscribing for this Elaborate Course in Occult Instruction, as these teachings are not simply metaphysical speculations, but ACTUAL FACTS, each and all of which have been verified by actual experiences in the great astral soul-world of nature ; further, each fact and theory advanced is issued with the

* This guru must have begun then his “incessant labour, study and practice” when ten years of age[?] For, in the “Extract from a report of the proceedings at the Leeds Borough Sessions in the Leeds Mercury of January 10, 1883,” before us, we find that one Thomas Henry Dalton, later alias d’Alton, alias Burgoyne, alias Corrini, Stella,” etc., etc., grocer, was in that year 27 years old. We have undeniable proofs corroborated by a photograph that the “Burgoyne” of the “H. B. of L.,” Dalton the enterprising (grocer) of Leeds, and the author of *The Light of Egypt*—helped of course by several others whom we know—are identical.—[ED.]

knowledge, full consent and approval of our revered Masters, *the Hermetic Adepts* and guardians of '*The Wisdom of the Ages.*'

Fraternally yours,

T. H. BURGOYNE,

Private Secretary.

Address, P. O. Box () Monterey, California.

SYNOPSIS OF THE COMPLETE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION
EMBRACED IN THE FOREGOING LETTER.

PART I.

OCCULTISM AND HERMETIC PHILOSOPHY.

"A full and complete course of twelve lessons, embracing the most arcane doctrines of the Hermetic Wisdom. This course is subdivided into *three* principal divisions containing *four* lessons each.

FIRST DIVISION. Containing "*The Genesis.*" "*The Alpha.*"—viz :

I. "The Involution of Spirit."

II. "The Evolution of Matter."

III. "The Laws of Crystallization—*the production of Forms.*"

IV. "The Origin of Life."

SECOND DIVISION. Containing "The World of Phenomena." "The Transition."

V. "Reincarnation"—Its truths, its *apparent* truths, and its *delusions.*

VI. "The Hermetic Constitution of Man." *Apparent contradictions reconciled.*

VII. "Karma"—Its real truths revealed and its oriental delusions exposed.

VIII. "Mediumship"—Its nature, laws and mysteries.

THIRD DIVISION. Containing "The World of Realities." "The Omega."

IX. "The Soul and its Attributes," and *the method of their unfoldment.*

X. "Mortality and Immortality," and *the processes of its attainment.*

XI. "The Dark Satellite," and the laws of the soul's annihilation.

XII. "The Triumph of the Soul." Adeptship—what it *is*, and *how* attainable.

N.B.—In the above lessons all argument or superfluous matter will be strictly omitted, and the laws, teachings and principles briefly and concisely stated. They will therefore contain the real gist and substance of what would otherwise be a very large book. The contents of Part I. contains about 100 pages. Part II, 260 pages. They will be *clear lithographs of the original*, produced by "*the Autocopyist.*"

PART II.

THE ASTRO-MASONIC SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

"Embracing a most thorough and complete course of 26 lessons, containing an elaborate exposition of the arcane mysteries of ASTROLOGY, giving also, in

detail, *The Ancient Chaldean System* of reading the stars. Scores of Horoscopes (chiefly those of public and historical characters) will be given as examples to demonstrate the absolute truth of planetary influence, according to the laws and rules contained in these lessons. The student will then *see for himself* how we read the past, *realize* the present, and *anticipate* the future.

PROGRAMME.

“The lessons will be issued with strict regularity, as follows, on the first Monday of each month, commencing with October. One lesson of the Occult series will be issued, and all questions thereon answered during the interim.

“Commencing upon the same date, the first lesson of the Astrological series will be issued and continued *fortnightly*. Consequently each student will receive one lesson upon Occult Philosophy and two lessons upon Astrology each month. The whole course occupying exactly one year.”

The private secretary signed all his letters to the order with the symbol found on the title page of “The Light of Egypt.” An inspection shows that the book is mostly a reprint of the instructions which were “lithographs of the original produced by the Autocopyist.”

It will therefore be instructive to quote from the preface and give the table of contents of the “*Light of Egypt*.”

“For nearly *twenty years* * the writer has been deeply engaged investigating the hidden realms of occult force, and, as the results of these mystical labours were considered to be of great value and real worth by a few personal acquaintances who were also seeking light, he was finally induced to condense, as far as practicable, the general results of these researches into a *series of lessons for private occult study*. This idea was ultimately carried out and put into external form; the whole, when completed, presenting the dual aspects of occult lore as seen and realised in the soul and the stars, corresponding to the microcosm and the macrocosm of ancient *Egypt and Chaldea* and thus giving a brief epitome of *Hermetic philosophy*.

At the conclusion of the first part, we read—“We have written during the past *twelve months* probably as much as the ordinary human mind will be able to realise.”

PART I.

SECTION I.

THE GENESIS OF LIFE.

- I. The Realm of Spirit,
The Involution of the Divine Idea.
- II. The Realm of Matter,
Evolution and the Crystallisation of Force.
- III. The Origin of Physical Life,
Progressive Expressions of Polarity.
- IV. The Mysteries of Sex.
Differentiations of the Biune Spirit.

SECTION II.

THE TRANSITION OF LIFE.

- Incarnation and Re-incarnation,
Its truths, Its Apparent truths, Its Delusions.
The Hermetic Constitution of Man,
Principles versus Results.
Contradictions Reconciled.
- III. Karma,
Its real nature and influence.
- IV. Mediumship,
Its Universal Nature, Laws and Mysteries.

* The italics are mine.—[G.R.S.M.] By comparing them with the synopsis of the H.B. of L., just quoted the reader will be edified.

SECTION III.

THE REALITIES OF LIFE.

- I. The Soul,
Its Nature and its Attributes.
- II. Mortality and Immortality,
Nature's Processes.
The Appearance and the Reality.
- III. The Dark Satellite,
The Sphere of Failure and Undeveloped Good.
- IV. The Triumph of the Human Soul,
Adeptship, Its Nature and *how* attainable.

PART II.

THE SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

To quote from the H. B. of L. instructions would be simply to reprint the "Light of Egypt."

It is interesting to notice that H. B. C., the private secretary of M. Theon the "Adept," signs himself with the identical "dilapidated swastica" of the "Author" of the "Light of Egypt." The object of the present paper is first of all to prove the source of the volume beyond refutation, and then to deal solely with the book itself and prove the perniciousness of its teachings. Burgoyne, d'Alton, H. B. Corini, M. Theon, Stella the Astrologer &c. &c. (all these being permutations and combinations of aliases of persons unfortunately too well known by many of us), with their schemes, occasional forced retirements from public life, rapid change of residence, mediumship and avowed practice of the foulest black magic, may be left to Karma.

And what is this "Light" which presumption, with reiterated claims of knowledge, professes to throw on the problem of being?

"Where now, O Egypt, where are thy diviners and ordainers of the hour? . . . Thou shalt not, therefore, know what the Lord Sabaoth shall do. For this Egypt is the inefficacious Hyle."

Throughout the whole book the claim of having verified their assertions by actual experiment is again and again brought forward.

We recognize here the disease which has overtaken so many who have contacted the Astral Light. Do they not know that there are states far more material still than this external world of ours?

The skeleton of their body of doctrine is plagiarized wholesale from what they understand of Eastern cosmogenesis.* We read of (Re) incarnation, Karma, septenary rounds, principles, races, &c., the eighth sphere, cyclic progression, involution, evolution, the One Life and its two aspects, &c., &c. But what a tangled skein they have made of it! The threads are all thrown into inextricable confusion, and the spirit of the original gives place to excuses for the exercise of passion and indulgence. On this framework are patched together scraps from Swedenborg, the *Perfect Way*, the works of Lake Harris, and pre-eminently of the P. B. Randolph school, making, as a unity, I know not what sorry *olla podrida* of absurdities and obscenities. The word "obscenity" may perhaps

* In the H. B. of L. instructions (1884) we find a statement that the Races and Rounds are not taken from Mr. Sinnett's Esoteric Buddhism, but were written by a young student in 1882. Granting this to be true, which is by no means sure, the *Fragments of Occult Truths* published in the *Theosophist* since 1881, containing the substance of *Esoteric Buddhism*, may account for the fact.

startle the general reader of the volume under examination. The public exposition of their "Love" doctrine has been made in such generally guarded language that it may well deceive those who read in good faith and without a knowledge of the authors and their "secrets." We hope, however, to enlighten the public on some of these "mysteries."

Two subjects will be sufficient examples of their method. (i) Reincarnation and (ii) Karma.

(i) "In no case does the soul monad commence as a mineral and attain unto the animal or human upon the same planet, but it becomes latent on each alternate orb. For instance, the mineral atoms upon this earth will undergo a purely impersonal cycle upon *Venus (1)** which is their next sphere, and then become incarnated within the vegetable circuit upon the next planet, and so on; while the mineral atoms of the planet *Mars (1)* when they reach this planet, are purely impersonal beings and do not incarnate here as objective forms, but pass their cycle in the astral spaces, then enter material conditions again upon *Venus*."

"The talented author of 'Art Magic' and 'Ghost Land,' who *for years* had investigated the various unseen realms of life for himself, gives the world the brief results of his *life-long* research in the latter work. Speaking upon re-incarnation the writer says: 'To my *dim apprehension*, and in view of my long years of wandering through spirit spheres, where teaching spirits and blessed angels guided my soul's ardent explorations, this brief summary of pre-existent states explains all that the re-incarnationists have laboured so sedulously to theorize upon. . . . *the universal and reiterated assertion of myriads of spirits in every stage of a progressive beyond*, convinced me there was no return to mortal birth, no retrogression in the scale of cosmic being, *as a return to material incarnations undoubtedly would be*,† and all the demands of progress, justice and advancement, are supplied by the opportunities offered the soul in the sphere of spiritual existence."

Oh the Summerland, the harps and streets of gold! But why should the author who elsewhere insists on the *Cyclic* law of progression, quote the opinion of his "adept" friend to support his pet theory.

Is this the materializing of the spiritual or not? To this there can be but one answer. If such chaos-makers could have their own way, they would poison the pure spiritual state with the mephitic exhalations of their passionate lower natures, and make a "Hell" of "Heaven." If they could have comprehended the idea of the word *plane* or sensed the mystic meaning of the term *planet*, they would never have been guilty of such "inversive" delusion, or have so bedaubed the pure garments of spirit with the mire of matter.

As long as an attraction to the material exists so long will the monad return under the Law. These, on the contrary, would project the gross matter of their lower natures, unpurified, into the realm of Spirit. It is true that the Fixed must be transformed into the Volatile. But many processes and many days are necessary for the transformation, and every atom must be transmuted, the operator continually watching and aiding the Great Work. And this he must do alone. And, therefore, must he sleep and wake again and again returning to the task.

All such material schemes have an attraction for surface-skimmers, as presenting a mind-picture which the vulgar can easily follow. This is not the method of true Occultism. The mystery of *Man* can never be told in words. One facet only at a time of the Stone of the Philosophers can be glimpsed at. Its unity must be sensed by the spirit.

(ii). Karma for Theosophists is a *law* affecting both spirit and matter. The School of Misrepresentation informs us that we believe that

* The Italics in all quotations are mine.—[G.R.S.M.]

† The "Adept" apparently places planes one above another and traces progress in a straight line [?].

"Karma at death remains somewhere or other down upon the astral planes of the planet, like an avenging demon, waiting anxiously for the period of Devachanic happiness to come to an end, in order to re-project the poor unfortunate soul once more into the magnetic vortices of material incarnation, where, with its load of bad Karma hanging like a mill-stone round its neck, it will, in all human probability, generate a still greater load of this theological dogma, and, consequently, at each re-birth it will sink deeper, unless the spiritual Ego can bring it to some consciousness of its fearfully sinful state."

This will be news for most of us. Surely we live and learn (mostly lies)! Now hear what comfortable words the "Hermetic" doctrine teaches.

"Karma is not an active principle, but, on the contrary, it is a *crystallized force*."

"*Karma is the offspring of everything*. . . . Races of men, species of animals, and classes of plants also evolve special racial Karmas which constitute their astral world.

"*Karma is absolutely confined to the realms of the astral light*, and consequently is always subjective. . . . *When the soul leaves the planet the Karma disintegrates*. (! !)

"When the soul enters the spiritual states of the soul world (which Buddhists term Devachan), the power of its earthly Karma can never re-attract it to earth; *its influence over the soul is for ever lost*."

Astral, very astral! The result of indigestion. And to think of credulity paying sixty dollars for so pernicious a disease! And if they will give sixty dollars for an acute attack of astral dyspepsia, what would they not pay for an indulgence in astral aphrodisiacs? Here we have a brew of such abominations from the astral materia medica. Those who have in their possession the MS. notes to *Eulis*, circulated by the H. B. of L., will recognize the hand of the same crew.*

* Extracts from the *Mysteries of Eulis*, by Dr. Pascal Beverley Randolph, 1882.

These *mysteries* were the most secret instructions of the H. B. of L.

"*Conclusion*. These are the fundamentals and all that is absolutely essential to anyone, for their application is as broad and varied as life itself; a list of over one hundred powers attainable is given in the A—M—,† which see. But there are certain sexive applications not therein given, amongst which is that of life-prolonging through a peculiar *rite* which usually weakens health and destroys life, but which, under proper conditions, absolutely strengthens and prolongs both; this mystery is that of MAHICALIGNA—or the sexive principle of Eulis, and comes into active use in many ways, but principally in these seven:

- I. For purposes of increasing the brain and body power of an unborn child.
- II. Influencing one's wife or husband and magnetically controlling them.
- III. Regaining *youthful beauty, energy, vivacity, affectional and magnetic power*.
- IV. Prolonging the life of either the subject or actor, or either at will.
- V. Attainment of supreme White Magic of Will, *Affection or Love*.
- VI. For the furtherance of financial interests, schemes, lotteries, &c.
- VII. The attainment of the loftiest insight possible to the earthly soul.

These seven constitute a *crowning glory* of the System of Eulis."

Here follow long and detailed instructions, unfit for publication in any country. A hint or two may be given to show their general tendency. The seven problems are characterized as a "radical soul-sexive series of energies"; further on we are told that "the great intent" is to be executed through the magic use of gender. "The mystery of Life and Power, seership and forecast, endurance and longevity, silent energy and mental force lies in the SHE side of God, the love principle of human kind and in the sexual nature of the homos. Outside of it all is cold and death, in it resides all Fire, Energy, procreant power (spiritual and all others) and the key unlocking every barred door in the realms that are.

"Fix this first principle firmly in your memory. Its basic form is 'Love lieth at the formation,' and love is convertibly Passion, Enthusiasm, Heat, Affection, Fire, God, 'master that.' Now I will teach you the grandest truth you ever dreamed of. It is this. Remember that the essence of all power, of whatsoever nature, character or kind ever resides in evolves out of and derives its impulsive energy from the *She* side of God" "You cannot master what is herein written in a day or month, for it requires long and severe study and *practice* to thoroughly comprehend it."

† *Ausirretic Mystery*, a work by the same author.

"The twin souls are related to each other primarily as brother and sister, and finally as man and wife. In this latter state their true meeting place is the plane of embodied humanity. . . . But whenever the two halves of the same divine Ego do meet, love is the natural consequence; not the physical sensations produced by the animal magnetism of their sexual natures, but the deep, silent emotions of the soul. . . . this Spiritual love is the outcome of their Divine relationship, and should never be set aside nor crushed by any worldly considerations. But, on the contrary, wherever possible, these pure intuitions of the soul should be obeyed. . . . If a female should marry under these circumstances and become the mother of children, it will frequently transpire that the actual germs of spiritual life will be transmitted by this absent one, the external husband only provides the purely physical conditions for the manifestation of the spiritual offspring of the true lord. The rejected soul-mate, the spiritual bride-groom, is the real father, and very often the child born will resemble the image of its true parent."

"To suddenly and completely suppress the natural functions of the sexual organism will do a great deal of physical and spiritual harm, because the re-action will create violent discord with the ethereal constitution. In fact, the complete suppression is almost as bad as the excessive use or sensual indulgence."

"No foreign or outside influence can absorb or annihilate the sexual qualities of the soul. It is therefore true that the masculine and feminine attributes of the soul cannot be destroyed as a whole. But the masculine portion may attract its feminine portion or soul mate, and the intense selfhood of its own dominant forces virtually destroy her manifested existence. This absorption, however, is a very rare occurrence and only transpires in the case of those magical adepts of the astral plane who have attained their psychological powers by a complete polarization of all the truly human elements of their internal natures. Such magical adepts become the concentrated centres of spiritual selfishness, but teach the external masses that self is the very demon they have conquered. . . . It is from this magical school of thought that mankind have received the doctrines which teach that sex is only the appearance of matter, and not a spiritual reality, whereas, nothing in this mighty universe is so manifest and so eternal as the male and female expressions of the Divine soul. These adepts profess to have blended the two; but they have simply polarized the one, and created a conscious selfhood of the other."

"Celibacy is a method that should be discouraged in all cases wherein the spiritual constitution of the organism is in a negative condition, and under the most favourable circumstances it is a very questionable practice unless the spiritual nature is sufficiently active to absorb and use the etherialised atoms of the seminal fluid which has become dematerialised by the magnetic activities of Occult training.* Celibacy, then, must only take place when the animal nature has been so far evolved upward toward the higher principles that the sexual propensities are susceptible of extending their vibrations to a higher plane of action. In this case celibacy becomes an absolute necessity of further Occult progress."

"The human soul must be wholly evolved up out of the animal soul, i.e., the sphere of undeveloped good in man's constitution must be developed, the animal forces and appetites, instead of being conquered and chained like a wild beast as sought by oriental mystics, must be gradually developed and transformed or evolved into the human."

Very subtle indeed.† Love is a union of souls: a most excellent and righteous precept. But souls are male and female and each individual soul ever remains so and continues to aid in procreation, for "it frequently transpires that the actual germs of spiritual life will be transmitted by the absent one. . . . And very often the child born will resemble the image of the true parent." So

* Truly one may say "I smell all horse pond, at which my nose is most indignant."

† The reader must bear in mind that the views brought forward in the present paper to combat the pernicious doctrines of these pseudo-teachers and pretended "Adepts" are meant only for those who believe in Occultism as a living fact and who seek to model their lives on its teachings. That the majority of us are capable of speedy success is extremely doubtful—still we can try; we may advance a few steps on the journey and not sit still with folded hands in passive lethargy; and so alone shall we gain courage to move boldly on, for face the task we must some day. But indeed in these latter times, that the doctrines of the great teachers of the past on this momentous question should receive even a just hearing is highly improbable. The two views contrasted are diametrically opposed to one another. It is for those alone who have made up their minds, to choose the Right or Left Path. The Middle is for those who doubt. Those therefore who do not yet believe in Occultism and that every act of their lives leaves its mark indelibly upon their moral atmosphere, cannot of course be expected to fully agree in the strong view brought forward, and for them it is not intended.

that these souls may prostitute their bodies wholesale, for "during the present cycle very few of these spiritual unions take place," and this, no-doubt, is quite to the satisfaction of such Don Juans. And thus we have a doctrine to encourage elective affinities; sympneumata triumphant, astral prostitution preached as the divine law. And still these inconsequent babblers proclaim that when "the animal is evolved," celibacy becomes compulsory. But when shall the evolution of this monster cease? we cry. This is the momentous question. Shall it be now and within, or shall it be further indulged? Shall the "Kingdom of Heaven" be put off to a dim and distant future, and "Hell" continue to reign triumphant, or shall the cry go forth "Choose ye, *this day*, what gods ye shall serve"?

No doubt it is less damnable to their fellows that man and woman should weaken the passion of their thought sphere by an expression in act, and as legitimate a gratification as the self-preserved laws of society may provide. But to say such thoughts and acts are a *necessity* for man is a pernicious and frantic lie. The act is merely a curbing of the animal strength of the weak.

The pure in heart shall see, the pure in mind shall know, the pure in act shall be clad in the breast-plate of righteousness.

Marriage, it is true, is sanctified by the Churches; and in this they show a practical common sense and a desire to keep the animal within certain bounds, but not even they preach its *necessity*.

True love of Humanity, the one religion, shows a nobler ideal, so that the *higher* ethics of Theosophy, as also the lives and teachings of the Nazarene and the Buddha, incalculable absolute purity, the virgin state, both of thought and act.

The crew of the piratical craft, sailing under the stolen flag of Egypt's hoary wisdom, with brazen impudence proclaim aloud that the exercise of the sex function is a *necessary* step in the conscious development of "Adeptship"! Indulge the animal, they howl, develop it, do not suppress it; do not slay the dragon, fatten it up, give it to eat! Such is their creed. St. George shall no more slay the Dragon, nor Bellerophon the Chimæra, nor Hercules the Hydra; the Mysteries are overthrown and Chaos returns to its primeval slime. Progress is throttled and hurled into the yawning gulf of lust, and red Anarchy raises high its standards among the tents of men.

My brethren, can such things be?

And so at this time, when the "budding spirituality of the West" begins to feel a surfeit of this same animal, and to "get its eye at length upon the knot that strangles it," begins to see this "Love" in its true colours and its poisonous influence on young and old; this band of knaves would drag the pure white maid of Love down into darkness and chaotic mire, and cooing out an *ignis fatuus* of lust would send it forth to hover round the noisome fens of passion. Pure Love is love for all Humanity, "Divine Compassion." This love alone can teach man Justice.

It is indeed "Jehovah-God" whose constant exhortation was "Increase and multiply," that spreads such dire delusions. Thus the world is taught to look on such an act as Divine and God-appointed.

It is true that this function is a *fact* in nature, but by no means a divine fact any more than any other of the natural functions. Simply an animal fact, owing

to the evolution of matter, nothing more; but from the standpoint of that which is above the animal,—infernal. By this means, say these subtle tempters, the god within shall be strengthened. Aye, the false shadow "Jehovah" * but not "The God."

Man must be a perfect animal. Quite so: all his animal organs must be perfect. He has then the power of choice at every moment whether his body shall be the playground of the animal or the temple of the God.

It is sometimes argued that from physiological considerations, the exercise of every function is necessary and to refrain from the use of any function harmful. In extraordinary cases, when the individual is suffering from a veritable disease, it may be so, and then only if it is entirely beyond the control of the patient and becomes a sort of madness. But in the great majority of ordinary cases, a large percentage of the medical faculty, in one country at least, has declared the exercise of such functions unnecessary to health.† This is, of course, a purely material judgment, but why need we any further witness?

But indeed the perniciousness of preaching such an indulgence as *necessary* and its deadly attraction, especially for those who hanker after the occult, is by no means the prejudiced imagining of sentimental prudery, but an actual fact of experience. The poison is subtle. Astral alcohol is of finer aroma and taste than the destructive fire water of modern commerce.

The sanctified spilling of Abel's blood ‡ is the corollary of the doctrine of Twin Souls and biune sentimentalism. That sex is the outward expression of a law is true. But that there is anything of the nature of sex relationships in higher states within this material veil of appearances, of this absurd union which breeds multiplicity and is therefore a descent into matter, is absolutely false and unthinkable. Is this then the path of progress which leads to *Unity*; this a means to At-one-ment? §

But let no one imagine that we call the sex function unnatural. It is natural beyond a doubt: but natural to the animal; natural to man, while the animal predominates—but no longer than that.

" Love, pure and divine, is the grand keynote according to which all the harmonies of the Infinite Universe are tuned. Love is life and immortality, while the teachings and practice which insidiously or openly produce a contempt for *sex and love*, all tend toward the dark satellite and death, in its

* *Jod-hevah.*

† See reports of the White Cross Society in America, and also *Clinical Lectures and Essays* by Sir J. Paget, p. 291; *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, 1865, vol. i. p. 389, an article by G. M. Humphrey, M.D.; *Medical Times and Gazette*, 1872, vol. i. p. 239, article by Dr. Neale; *Vanguard*, Aug. 1889, article by T. S. Clouston, M.D.; *Ethics and Natural Law*, by Joseph Rickaby, 8vo. Lond. 1888.

‡ Use the physiological key of esoteric symbology. *Vide Secret Doctrine*, vol. ii. p. 125.

§ The reader will now be able to appreciate the brazen-faced impudence and falsehood of Hiram E. Butler of G. N. K. R. and "Esoteric" notoriety, a further development of the H. B. of L. imposture. In the *Press* of Boston for Feb. 3, 1889, the promoter of the "Call to the awakened" and "Esoteric College" is reported to have made the following answers to his interviewer's question: "Are the Theosophists throughout the country favourable to this movement?" "No, they hate us," responded Butler. "They hate us for our many virtues. Do you know, I am convinced that all the Theosophists, not excepting Mme. Blavatsky herself, cling to the pernicious doctrine that the way to conquer the passions is to exhaust them through gratification. For an organization that embraces so frightful a heresy there is no hope, absolutely none." After this it is somewhat astonishing to find a favourable review of the "Light of Egypt" in *L'Initiation* of Paris, presumably a publication for the furtherance of Theosophy and Occultism.

awful and occult sense ; for just in proportion as *love* is displaced, *self* rushes in to fill the vacuum. . . . the whole teaching of Re-incarnation and Karma as taught by Buddhism, esoteric (?) or otherwise, is purely dogma ; it is *materialism* run to seed, combined with oriental speculations. It is a huge system of *selfishness*, to *work out good here for the sake of greater good hereafter.*"

And Theosophy inculcates selfishness ! That which teaches the divine Brotherhood of Man, the one religion, the sole bond of union between humanity, Divine compassion, is selfish ! Cannot these disloyal traitors to the truth, unloving sons of one fond mother, realise however vaguely the meaning of Sacrifice of-Duty ; are they still too blind to see the narrow way that leads across the mountain peaks of self unto the smiling plains of sweet Compassion. As long as sorrowing human kind remain on earth, so long must we continue to think and do and speak for it, for therein we live and move and have our being.

So that at length, when possible and endurable, we may refuse the heavenly bliss of Devachan, to crucify ourselves afresh, most willing victims for our brothers' woes, and bearing the ever-growing burden of responsibility reach at length the Christ State of Nirmanakayas, to sorrow on until the feet of the last pilgrim soul have passed the narrow way.

These are they, who having suffered all and won through countless years Nirvanic bliss and an eternal rest ; yet when the prize is now within their grasp, refuse Nirvana for their great large love, not to another soul of sex, but to Humanity, a sexless unity, and on this most delusive plane their sad and weary brothers in the flesh ; and so in sympathy beneath this crushing weight of pain continue, till the Great Day " Be with us," when all shall be in Paranishpanna, where " We are one and the same and thou art one and the same ; this is the First Mystery, the Mystery of the Ineffable, before he came forth."

And all this sorrowful and weary waiting to help a few at most from time to time ; for even they are under the Great Law, the Absolute, and deaf mankind will neither hear nor yet perceive it. What work of Love can be compared to this, what higher ideal can be set before man as he is ? What story of earthly suffering, or of the cruel crying woes of those great souls all born before their time, lost children* of our mother, or even of the more familiar scene on Calvary, can ever shadow forth this love of *man* which passeth all understanding ? †

G. R. S. MEAD, F. T. S.

* *Infanti Perduti.*

† Those who desire to know how high an ideal of unselfishness theosophy can teach should read the "Voice of the Silence," translated by Mdm. Blavatsky and now in the press. It is impossible to imagine that so high an ideal can meet with one dissentient voice.

NOTICE.

American Theosophists who may have read in the August LUCIFER in "A Puzzle from Adyar" a reference to a report copied in the *Theosophist* from the *N. Y. Times*, and called by us "bungled and sensational" are notified that the qualification has no direct reference to that particular article, which is *not* "bungled up" and was written by a *friend*. Our remark was due to an oversight, the article was not read in the hurry, and was mistaken for some speech by Dr. Keightley at the Chicago Convention ; the editor having in mind shorthand reports in general, and having no idea of the identity of the two.—[ED.]



Theosophical Activities.

THE CONVERSION OF MR. CHARLES POWELL

(of America) TO BUDDHISM.

(From the Colombo Buddhist.)

ON Monday last our esteemed brother Mr. Charles F. Powell arrived by the s. s. *Himalaya* (from Madras) and on Wednesday evening, after taking *pansil* from the High Priest Sumangala, he delivered his first address at the Theosophical Hall, Colombo, before a crowded audience. On the platform were the High Priest and the Priests Subhuti and Heyyantuduwe, and there were also many Priests among the audience. The proceedings opened with *pansil*, after which the High Priest said :—

“One of the attributes of our LORD is described in the title *purusa-dhamma*—the Subduer of men; and many instances of His displaying the power here referred to will readily occur to the memory. On several different occasions He is recorded to have converted many learned Brahmans who had before held various wrong opinions; and this power of conversion was not confined to Him alone, but is inherent in His DHARMA, and has often manifested itself throughout the ages. For example, as you no doubt remember, the great Brahman pandit Chandrabhârati, who came to Ceylon four hundred years ago, was converted by the Chief Priest Rahula, and surely it is the very same inherent power that causes the remarkable conversions of our own day. Within the last few years many able Europeans and Americans have embraced our holy religion; the names of Colonel Olcott, Madame Blavatsky, Mr. Lane-Fox, Dr. F. Hartmann, and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater will readily occur to you. And now this evening we have the pleasure of welcoming an important addition to this band in the person of Mr. Charles F. Powell of America. Much fuss is made in certain quarters about the perversion of a few ignorant coolies to Christianity, but it is surely worthy of notice that while all the so-called “converts” of the Christians are of the lowest and most ignorant class, those gentlemen who give up Christianity for Buddhism are invariably men of culture, education, and ability. The adhesion of one such man is of more importance to the future of Buddhism than would be the defection of a thousand of the other class. I call on you all to welcome Mr. Powell, and to assist him in his work for Buddhism.”

Mr. Powell then rose and said :

“It has been suggested to me that it would be appropriate for me on this occasion to explain the motives which led me to do what I have just done—to make a public profession of the Buddhist religion. Thirty years ago, when I was a little boy, I one day picked up a book in my father’s library. In this book I found a picture of a figure sitting cross-legged on what I could see was intended for a flower; and the wonderful expression of peace and love

in the face of that figure made such an impression on my mind that I used to retire to an unoccupied room in the house and seat myself in the same position as the figure and try to compose my features as much as possible into the same expression which it wore. When I asked whose picture it was I was told that it was that of one of the heathen gods, and it was some years before I even knew the name of the great Master whose image attracted me so strongly. Being naturally of a religious turn of mind, and being also intended by my father for the clerical profession, I was early grounded carefully in the tenets of the Church of England, but the absolute contradictions and glaring absurdities of the orthodox Christian belief soon forced themselves upon my notice. The idea of any kind of deity or law-giver who could be appealed to or placated, or was in any way a changeable being, very early appeared to me as the height of absurdity. I felt that the law that ruled the universe must be an absolute and inexorable law; I knew that if I did wrong, it was I who did it, not some one else, and that therefore I only was responsible: and I felt that a just law must recognize that fact. I very soon discovered that if I controlled my thoughts, the result showed itself in my words and actions, and so far I was already in agreement with the principles of Buddhism. But what I could not discover for myself was the reason for the difference of position among men—why one was rich and another poor—one so happy and another so miserable. If this were done at the caprice of a personal god, then certainly he was a very unjust one, and no god for me. Agnosticism, which is something of a fad now, was no refuge for me; indeed, it seems to me only the refuge of a coward. I remained for years in that unsettled state until—I was going to say ‘by chance,’ but I do not think that anything happens by chance—a copy of *The Light of Asia* fell into my hands. I wish I could make you understand what a revelation that was to me. Really it was *then*—immediately upon reading that book—that I took refuge in the LAW, though I did so publicly only to-night. The two glorious truths of Karma and Re-incarnation cleared away every doubt from my mind, and showed me what life really was. As soon as my own mind was fully made up on these subjects I took every opportunity of communicating my ideas to others, and I may say that I left behind me in America a group of practical Buddhists who are probably at least equal to any you can show in Ceylon. Two days ago, directly after my arrival, I heard it said that Professor Monier Williams had written a book against Buddhism, and that it would have to be answered, or a bad impression would be produced upon the minds of the people here. Now I want to say at once, and to say it very plainly, that in my opinion the man who allows any attack to affect his faith in the smallest degree—when that faith has once been firmly based on reason—does not deserve to be a Buddhist. Such a man is dropping from the plane of pure truth to the level of our poor unfortunate brothers the Christians, who require endless apologies to bolster up an already dead faith. I hope you will remember that and I hope also that as you go away you will remember who and what you are, so that we may make Ceylon a centre from which the Light of Asia may radiate over East and West. The West is ready to receive it, and that revival of Buddhism is approaching; it lies in your power to say whether you of Ceylon will be ready to lead the way when the day comes.”

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater then spoke a few words showing that Mr. Powell's

arrival was as it were a first fruits of the work of the Theosophical Society, an earnest of the future that awaits us, and asking all true Buddhists to receive Mr. Powell as a Brother and help him in his work for the religion.

The High Priest, in closing the meeting, said that the fact that more successful work had not been done for Buddhism in Ceylon was mainly due to the unhappy divisions which prevailed among us: he hoped that the work of the European and American Buddhists among us would tend to do away with these differences, and so to promote the honour and glory of our noble religion.

Extracts from the *Buddhist*, of the 13th *Pura Nikini* 2433 (August 9, 1889), Colombo, Ceylon.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S RECENT VISIT TO CEYLON.

We subjoin the names of the new Branches of the Theosophical Society founded by our President during his last visit to the Island :—

Maha Mahindra Theosophical Society, Anuradhapura, established 20th June, 1889.—*President* Relapanawa Ratemahatmaya; *Vice-President*, D. Godage Muhandiram; *Secretary*, A. Uluwita; *Treasurer*, D. H. de Silva, Deputy Fiscal.

Uyaya Lokartha Sadhaka Theosophical Society, Matale, established 25th July, 1889.—*President*, L. Corneille Wijayasinha; *Vice-President*, H. Siman Appu; *Secretary*, W. Stephen Silva; *Treasurer*, G. H. de Alwis.

Ananda Theosophical Society, Mâwanella, established 25th June, 1889.—*President*, Wategama Disamahatmaya; *Vice-President*, Walgama Gansabha President; *Secretary*, L. B. Kobbekaduwa Ratemahatmaya; *Treasurer*, Dâswatte Korâlê Mahatmaya; *Assistant Secretary*, Attanagoda Korâlê Mahatmaya.

Maliyadeva Theosophical Society, Kurunegala, established 26th June, 1889.—*President*, C. J. G. Hulugalle Ratemahatmaya; *Vice-President*, G. W. Dodanwela Ratemahatmaya; *Secretary*, U. Daniel; *Treasurer*, G. W. A. Bakmiwewa.

Sariputra Theosophical Society, Kataluwa, established 4th July, 1889.—*President*, Don Abran de Silva; *Vice-President*, K. R. A. Dharmapala; *Secretary*, P. E. Wickramasinha; *Treasurer*, D. J. Abhayagunawardana.

From the *Buddhist* of the 6th *Pura Nikini* 2433 (2nd August, 1889).

The formation of these five new Branches and the conversion of our Brother Mr. C. Powell to Buddhism do not look as if the number of those "willing to sign themselves F. T. S. (nor of Protestants willing to embrace Buddhism) might be almost counted on the fingers of one hand" according to the latest fib of the Methodists about the T. S. It looks rather as if, indeed, "A NEW RELIGION (WAS) WANTED." It is under the above startling title that we read a paragraph in the *New York Herald* telling us that—

"The Rev. R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls' protestant episcopal church, New York, started people thinking by his sermon delivered on Sunday last, in which he laid down the dictum that the need of the present age is a new religion. His bold and uncompromising way of handling so ticklish a subject, and the earnest manner in which he avowed his belief that Christianity in its present form does not satisfy the spiritual aspirations of modern progressive humanity, have caused a sensation in the religious world, and there are those that believe that the fearless independent clergyman has got himself into hot water with his ecclesiastical superiors by his utterances on that occasion. The future will show

whether there is any basis for such a belief; but, meanwhile, the sermon just preached by the pastoral head of the fashionable All Souls' congregation is affording plenty of food for thought and comment among those that have followed the course of Mr. Newton during the last few years."

We do not believe that the Rev. Mr. Heber Newton could find a "religion" or we rather say "religious philosophy" that would answer more to the needs of mankind than—THEOSOPHY.

OM, so be it. Meanwhile, we have in the *Theosophist* for September :—

NEWS OF DAMODAR.

[The following letter has been forwarded to the *Theosophist* for publication. It is the reply of the Sriman Swamy, the Secretary of "The Cow Memorial Fund" (a movement for the protection of cattle and the improvement of agriculture that promises to become national), to the enquiries of a friend of Damodar, who had heard that the Swamy had lately visited Tibet, and was anxious to know whether he had heard or seen anything of our absent brother. Since then I have had two conversations with the Swamy, in the course of which he corroborated what he had said in his letter, and left on my mind the impression of being an able and sincere man, imbued with patriotic sentiments, and perfectly loyal to the Empress and her Government; anxious only that the true state of affairs should be understood, and perfectly willing to trust to the justice and generosity of the English people to institute remedies for the evils that he believes to exist.

RICHARD HARTE.]
(Acting Editor of the *Theosophist*.)

Madras, August 7th, 1889.

To

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

In reply to your enquiries I may say that I certify on my word as a *Sanyassi* that I have twice visited Tibet since the year 1879; that I have personally become acquainted with several Mahatmas, among whom were the two known to the outside world as Mahatma "M" and Mahatma "K. H."; that I spent some time in their company; that they told me that they and other Mahatmas were interested in the work of the Theosophical Society; that Mahatma "M" told me he had been the (occult) guardian of Madame Blavatsky from her infancy.

And I further certify that in March 1887 I saw Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar at L'hassa, in a convalescent state. He told me, in the presence of Mahatma "K. H." that he had been at the point of death in the previous year.

(Signed) SRIMAN SWAMY.
Hon. Sec. Cow Memorial Fund of Allahabad.

ARRIVAL OF COL. OLCOTT.

Pursuant to his agreement last year with the British Section, the President of the Theosophical Society has returned to London from India to undertake a lecturing tour, of which the programme is now being arranged. Local Societies and groups in Great Britain who may desire his services, should at once apply to the Hon. Secretary, British Section of the Theosophical Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, London, as Colonel Olcott will be returning to Madras probably in December. Our President is looking very well indeed after his epoch-making and arduous tour in Japan.—[Ed.]

SALUTATION TO INDIA.*

BHARATAVARSHA, Holy Mother, object of our prayers, our aspirations, and our efforts, Hail !

Once more in joy my feet press thy sacred soil, and thy spirit passes again into my heart. Once more the veil lifts, and I see thee recovering thy life and receiving the homage, withheld so long, of thy sons ; thy sons, who had been beguiled by strange syrens,—thy blinded sons, who had forgotten their ancestors and their duty to Thee.

Thy divine voice called me from across the oceans ; I came : but alas ! to find the fire on thy altar covered with ashes, the ancient faiths contemned, the courage of thy children gone, and mistrust and dissension keeping them apart from each other.

By the blessing of the Rishis and Mahatmas, who gave to us willing ones the power to persuade and arouse, we have broken the spell of selfish indifference, touched with the flame of truth the torpid hearts, and made the divided kinsmen know, trust, and love each other.

We have begun to purge thy desecrated shrines, to revive thine archaic religions, to vindicate thine ancient philosophies, to draw into the golden net of universal tolerance the long antagonistic peoples of the Orient. Though professing different creeds, they are beginning to discover that all are derived from the common source of eternal truth that sprang from thy nourishing bosom. Old hatreds are fading away, the darkness passes, the day is breaking once more.

Strengthen me, O Mother, to perform my task ! Give me the courage to suffer all, to endure neglect and treachery, to forgive ingratitude and disloyalty, and to persist until Thou can'st spare me. And then take my ashes and hide them in thy bosom, or scatter them with the sacred dust of those generations of noble ones who made thy wisdom a beacon of hope to mankind, thy name the most precious heritage of the ages.

Cradle land of sages, heroes, arts and creeds, Hail !

And you, colleagues, co-workers, trusted allies, companions in labour, brothers, Hail ! Returning from a far country to which duty called me, I greet you in love. *Namastæ. Om tatsat.*

H. S. OLCOTT.

ADYAR, 17th July, 1889.

“Going To and Fro in the Earth.”

(Our Monthly Report.)

IN the days when Satan was the great Angel of Judgment, one of the Sons of God, ere yet he was fallen from heaven, it was his duty to report in the

* Upon his return the other day to India from Japan, Colonel H. S. Olcott sent to a few friends in the form of a circular letter, the above touching and eloquent apostrophe to India, personified as the genius of the ancient Aryan Bharatarvarsha. It was immediately published and went the round of the whole Indian press, with a running accompaniment of blessings and home-greetings from the Hindu public to whom he is universally endeared.—[ED.]

heavenly courts on the doings of earth-born men. This function we shall discharge here month by month, touching on the events of the month that are of interest to Theosophists, so that our readers may have a permanent record of matters that bear on our movement. We begin our first record by saying to our beloved enemies:—

“LIE NOT ONE TO ANOTHER.”

—*Colossians*, iii. 9.

“A wicked man who reproaches a virtuous one, is like one who looks up and spits at the sky; the spittle soils not the sky, but comes back and defiles his own person. So again he is like one who flings dirt at another when the wind is contrary, the dirt does but return on him who throws it. The virtuous man cannot be hurt, the misery that the other would inflict comes back on himself.”

—*Sutra of the Forty-two Sections*.

THE earnest recommendation of the Apostle of the Gentiles seems to fall flat on our Christian friends of the clerical persuasion, and *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi* appears to have become the motto of their public organs.

And yet all things differ in this world, even clerical papers. While a few of the type of the *Church Reformer* jubilate and almost glorify Theosophy for the pleasure of crowing victory over the discomfiture of Secularists; others, pre-eminent among them the *Methodist Times*, jump at the opportunity to exhume dried up mud for use against Theosophy and its leaders. This they do, we are told, with the object of opening the eyes of those who may have remained hitherto blind, and to refresh the public memory. But here again the Christian *modus operandi* varies in process and intention. When the God and MASTER of the Christians wanted to restore sight to the blind man “he spat” on the parched soil of a street in Jerusalem “made clay of the spittle and anointed the eyes” of the patient, thus restoring his sight. The editor of the *Methodist Times* proceeds on other lines. He spits also, but it is only his venom, into the now fossilized mud of the *Report* of the S. P. R. He opens with it no one’s eyes, but relieves his Christian heart of some of its heavy weight of narrow sectarian bigotry and hatred for the freethinking Annie Besant, at the expense of the no less-hated H. P. Blavatsky. So empty is his own mind of any original conception that, in order to *crush*, as he fondly hopes, the latter individual, the man of God actually uses as weapons the arguments and expressions *ad literatim* of his mortal enemy—G. W. Foote, the editor of the “Freethinker”—and in his rapture conveniently forgets the quotation marks. The “notorious Infidel,” as Mr. Foote is generally called by the orthodox “Faithful,” having written in his pamphlet* that Mdme. Blavatsky was now presumably Mrs. Besant’s “guide, philosopher and friend,” the reverend editor of the *Methodist Times* forthwith proceeds to repeat the lucky expression and to build thereupon an editorial

* “Mrs. Besant’s Theosophy.”

which he calls "Mrs. Besant's New Teacher, Madame Blavatsky, and her Indian Record." This "record," in the *Methodist Times* consists of two kinds of fibs ; of false hypotheses emanated from the prolific brain of a young Australian gentleman, a kind of "Jack-the-medium-killer," who served the Psychical Researchers in the triple and quadruple capacity of detective, counsel for prosecution, judge and jury ; and of equally false hallucinations of the said "Editor, Missionaries & Co." Thus while he carefully repeats the stale and long exploded speculations of the *Report*, he adds to them such undeniably false statements as this, "So complete was this evidence (of fraud, if you please) . . . that this remarkable (theosophical) movement collapsed as speedily as it has risen, and to-day the number of men in all India willing to sign themselves F. T. S. might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand."

If the correctness of Mdme. Blavatsky's "Record" is to be judged by this item in it, then is she fully vindicated. With the five newly-formed branches at Ceylon there are now in India 144 Theosophical Societies,* *i.e.*, many thousands of "Fellows" added to those of 1884.† Not half-a-dozen of F. T. S.'s resigned in consequence of the "Report," "Mr. Sinnett, Dewan Bahadur, Ragunath Rao, the Rai Bahadurs and Ananda Charlu," etc., all whose names are so carefully enumerated by the editor, are still F. T. S.s, still members of our Society and as alive as ever. On the other hand, new members have steadily increased in number, and the T. S. is now assuming gigantic proportions—it we consider the incessant opposition, persecution, slanders and deadly warfare against the Theosophical Society.

Thus, one finds that what the *Methodist Times* quotes from other people's writings is false ; and the little that it adds as variations—is untrue. But even the latter sensational news about the collapse of the T. S. in India is a very stale invention. It appeared several months ago in the same *Methodist Times* when they had to defend themselves and their missionaries in India from the but too truthful accusations that Mr. Caine, M.P. brought against them.‡

But now comes the comical side of the situation. The good Christian editor quotes from the "Hodgson Report" a sentence which makes of Madame Blavatsky "an accomplished forger of *other people's* handwriting." This looks ominous as it stands. It might have led the writer of it four years ago to the dock of slanderers, wherein he would have to make good his calumny before jury and public, and it contains a libel gross enough to place the reverend editor of the *Methodist Times* in the same predicament now. But when one analyzes the "terrible indictment," what does one find? Why, that those "other people," whose handwriting Madame Blavatsky is accused of having forged, are *not people at all*, according to the "Report." They are not even *materialized spooks*, or astral forms, but simply "fictitious personages," and "*supposed*" astral forms. How in the world, then, can one be accused of forging a *non-existing* handwriting?—the handwriting of *something which does not exist*, and *has, therefore, no hand to write with?* This is something that passes our comprehension.

Reverend satirists ! Don't you think that for the family honour of your caste

* "The hundred and forty and four . . . which were redeemed from the earth," and its missionaries, verily ! (Rev. xiv. 1-3.)

† *Vide* the official records of the T. S. and the *Supplement* to the *Theosophist* for January, 1889.

‡ *Vide* our *Reply* in the March LUCIFER of 1889, page 83. "Thou shalt not bear false witness. . . ."

you should invent something new, some fresh slander and accusation a little less stale and improbable? The famous *Report*, upon the willows of which you hang your Æolian harps, made to groan by every passing wind—cannot be all true on strictly logical grounds. For, the wicked “Jezebel” of the T. S. has either invented the “Mahatmas,” in which case she had also to invent their *supposed* handwritings, and thus committed no forgery, or *she has not*, and in the latter case the *Report* falls to pieces. If she has fabricated these “Beings,” and written letters in their names, then she did not forge “other people’s handwriting” As you have to catch a hare before you can make soup of it, so a “handwriting” has *to exist as well as the hand* to which it belongs before it can be imitated. One may fabricate a *bogus* letter, but then it is not the handwriting of “other people.” At best, if true—*which it is not*—she would have followed the pious example of numerous Church fathers and ecclesiastics of the “divine miracle” kind throughout these 18 centuries.

Fantastic proofs of Mdme. B.’s fabricating genius have been, so far, furnished but by one man with the help of revengeful missionaries. Proofs of the fabrication of the Gospels and Christian dogmas are advanced on all sides. Does the latter shake your robust faith, O, Methodists? Have the *nine reasons* of Bishop Lardner, adduced by him to show that the only and solitary proof that Christ was an actual living man, known in his day to people outside his followers’ fancy, was a clumsy forgery by Eusebius—who *did* forge the handwriting of Josephus—have *they* weakened your faith in Jesus?

And here comes the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*. The *Methodist Times* is careful to quote from the *Report* of the S. P. R. that the “communications from a being named Koot Hoomi . . . are undoubtedly written by Mdme. Blavatsky,” and they (the S. P. R.) give the emphatic testimony to this effect of Mr. Netherclift, “the well-known expert in handwriting,” who, by the bye, was at first of a different opinion. But they are as careful to conceal the as “emphatic testimony” TO THE CONTRARY, *given under oath*, by Ernst Schütze, “an expert in handwriting,” as well-known in Berlin as Mr. Netherclift is in London. And the latter having made his examination (first from two letters, respectively written by Mdme. B. and “Koot Hoomi”) as “complete as possible,” writes to Mr. Gebhard, of Elberfeld, who had submitted to him the letters, to assure him “most positively” that if he “believed that both letters came from one and the same hand,” he has “laboured under a complete mistake.” And here we quote from Mr. Sinnett’s pamphlet.*

“After receiving this report, Mr. Gebhard sent to the (Berlin) expert another letter (marked C) in the handwriting of the Mahatma, and asked whether, on an examination of this, he, the expert, would adhere to his opinion. The reply was as follows:—

“ Berlin, 16th Feb., 1886.

“To Commerzienrath Gebhard, Elberfeld.

“I have the honour to enclose the desired testimony on the second letter. This letter was written by the same hand as the letter B; and there is not the remotest similarity between A and C,” etc. (Signed).

The testimony concludes by affirming that:—

* See also “Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky,” by A. P. Sinnett, pages 323 and 324.

“The letter A (from Madame Blavatsky), which is written in ink, has not the remotest resemblance with the letter B (from Koot Hoomi), according to the standpoint of a calligraphist, and *they are of different handwritings*. This, my expert testimony, I give on the oath, taken by me, once for all, as an expert in handwriting.”

(Signed) ERNST SCHÜTZE.
*Calligrapher to the Court of H. M. the
 Emperor of Germany.*

Useless to dwell on this any longer. If it is thus that honest investigations are conducted, and on such evidence that people's reputations are for ever blasted in God fearing, Christian England, then the sooner all unpopular characters take themselves off to some deserted island, the better for them.

Let us pass on now to a different kind of—

SUPPRESSIO VERI SUGGESTIO FALSI.

Nothing more comical than to read the wild jubulations in clerical papers over Annie Besant's alleged secession from, “infidelity” and her “conversion” to Theosophy. From *Satanism*, the latter has suddenly bloomed into “a belief in God” and become *almost* respectable in the sight of some Christian Sectaries. Yet, it is a matter of great doubt whether such rejoicings—in Christian organs, at all events—are not due more to the supposed discomfiture, occasioned by that “conversion” to the hated Secularists and Freethinkers than to an honest feeling of satisfaction at finding one of the most intellectual women of this age publicly announcing her failure to find truth in the current materialism of the day. The fact is, that the *odium theologicum* felt by Churchmen and Dogmatists towards Mr. C. Bradlaugh's Secularism and the “Foote-Wheeler” *Freethought*, so-called, has led our traditional enemies and persecutors to suddenly discover in theosophical Pantheism beauties hitherto branded by them as heathenish falsehoods and Satanic snares!

But for the present moment all is changed. Cautiously as it is worded, yet the glorification of Theosophy over the head of Freethought—fondly imagined as prostrate and in the dust—appears prominently in several *Christian* papers, and chief among them is the miniature but aggressive organ of the Rev. Z. B. Woffendale. The *Light of the World*, published “for the spread of Christianity and the *cure* of Infidelity” (*sic*)—(*esoterically*, “cure” should read “abuse”)—sends to the “Light of Asia,” like Jacob to Esau after having deprived him of his birthright, “presents for his brother,” she goats and rams, “ewes and milch camels,” in the shape of rather forced preference for theosophy over free-thought. Pious Jacob bows seven times to his injured brother. Shall Esau run to meet him and weep, falling on his neck? Alas, no; *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!* The *Light of the World* may exhaust its capitals to print as it has done in its August issue in inch-long letters about “MRS. ANNIE BESANT'S CONVERSION FROM ATHEISM TO GOD” (? !); withal, it fails to hoodwink anyone but those who find it convenient to remain blind. If Theosophy was no better than “Satanism” only yesterday, it cannot have suddenly become “theism” and even “God,” to-day—and this owing only to the said and so-called “conversion.” Nor does the pious editor of this little monthly believe anything of the kind in his heart of hearts; he must know as well as we do that Mrs. Besant

is, as a Theosophist, as far from the God of the Theists and the dogmatic Churches to-day, as she ever was, when a Secularist. Nay, the reverend editor ought to be told something more. He has to be informed without one moment's loss of time that Annie Besant is *much more of a Freethinker* now, than she ever had a chance of being, before she joined our ranks. And the reason for it is this: because Modern Freethought shows itself in the persons of some of its chief public representatives in England—we exclude, of course, Mr. Bradlaugh from this group—as stubborn in its fossilized views, as bigoted in its special ideas, and as ferociously vindictive and unscrupulous, as any Church sectarians can be. And Theosophy, kind enemies, is the reverse of all this.*

Judging indeed by the attitude of a few of Mrs Besant's late colleagues, now her open enemies, they wanted to see her following them as a bondswoman rather than as one made free by the recognition of fact and truth. If to be considered a modern English Freethinker it is held absolutely necessary to be bound hand and foot to the so-called *scientific* materialism of the Vogt and Haeckel school,—that crass materialism which destroys all, without ever creating anything lasting—and especially to hold to the vituperative canon of Messrs. Foote and Co. then, we doubt whether Annie Besant was ever a Freethinker at all until she joined us. But now she is one by birthright. As well remarked by herself, some Freethinkers neither “keep open a window towards new light,” nor do they refuse—as they ought to if they were *real* Freethinkers “to pull down their mental blinds.” † And seeing all this, and to be consistent with herself, she joined Theosophy, and thus became a true Freethinker.‡ Now Mrs.

* The difference that exists between the policy of the editors of theosophical magazines and that of the conductors of the London FREETHINKER is clearly marked by the respective attitudes of their editors and the contents of their journals. The *Theosophist* and LUCIFER for instance, are ever ready to publish a well-written philosophical article or even a skit against the Society if it contains some truths—as witnessed by the (August) *Theosophist* in the article called “About the Kabbalah” and our serial story “The Talking Image of Urur.” But it remains to be seen whether the *Freethinker* would ever insert one line against the personal views of its editors. We invite anyone to try. Again, neither LUCIFER nor the *Theosophist* has ever breathed one word against the extreme views of the editor of the *Freethinker*, and our Madras journal has even defended and expressed sympathy with him in his great trouble when “Blasphemy Law” had, like the car of Jaggernath almost crushed him. But, if anyone would find scurrilous abuse of Theosophy and especially slander of, and brutal insults offered to H. P. Blavatsky, caused by Mrs. Besant's joining our ranks—let him open the FREETHINKER and learn what Freethought is like in *its* columns.—[ED.]

† Pamphlet “Why I became a Theosophist.”

‡ It is interesting as an answer to some who persist in accusing us of shifting our views in order to “compass converts,” to quote here a few lines from an article we have written in the *Theosophist* as early as August 1882.—It is just seven years ago, when Mrs. Besant misled by a misstatement of our views as to the so-called “Supernatural,” pointed out that belief in the supernatural was not consistent with Secularism. To this we replied as follows:—“ . . . We beg to assure the *radical* editors of the *National Reformer* that they were both very strangely misled by false reports about the equally radical editors of the *Theosophist*. The term ‘Supernaturalists’ can no more apply to the latter than to Mrs. A. Besant or Mr. C. Bradlaugh. Our Society is neither a set of jumping Shakers who invite the ‘Spirit’ to move them, nor a band of Spiritualists who hold communion with the ‘Spirits’ of the dead. Most of our members decline to believe in second-hand testimony, even of the well-proven phenomena of mesmerism. . . . We doubt whether the ‘scientific materialism of Secularism’ can ever hope to reach, *let alone surpass the philosophical materialism of Buddhism*,” etc. We closed our reply with the hope that our secularist “colleague and Brother” the editor of the Madras *Philosophic Inquirer* “would remain for ever true and loyal to his principles of a Freethinker and—a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.” (See *Theosophist*, Aug. 1882.) Where's the difference between what we said then, and now (See Editorial in the July LUCIFER), to the editor of the *National Reformer*. Did we seek to “compass a convert” then also?

Besant has entered upon the one royal highway of Freethought. Now she stands on a secure spot, wherein every collateral path lies in the sunlight of truth and fact in nature, as much as these can ever be unveiled by human and finite intellect, and where no personal preconception, no partisan fanaticism are ever permitted to overshadow it.

Aye, reverend sir, none can know better than you do, that it does not at all follow because Annie Besant has become a Theosophist that (as you say in your August Number) she,

“one of the cleverest of the Infidel advocates, has suddenly hauled down the black banner of Atheism and trampled its folds ignominiously beneath her feet.”

For, she has done nothing of the kind. Nor has she turned “from Atheism to God,” if *atheism* means simply denial of an anthropomorphic god and refusal to recognize or bow before an *extra-Cosmic* deity. If so, then the Theosophical Society is full of “Atheists.” Nor could Annie Besant be a *Theosophist* were she to turn round on any belief or school of thought she happened to disagree with and trampling it “under her feet” damn and anathematize it. Theosophy, moreover, as shown in our editorial of July a reply to Mr. Bradlaugh and others, was never synonymous with belief in God—*i.e.*, a personal Being. Our “God” is not even an *intra* cosmic deity but the COSMOS itself, the soul of nature, its spirit and its body, our creed being, therefore, transcendental PANTHEISM. Is this, reverend sirs, *your* god? You admit the contrary yourself, moreover, for you further say that:—

Mrs. Besant acknowledges that she has joined, and has “reasons for joining, THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,” a Society, she remarks, in which “a somewhat subtle form of Pantheism is taught as the Theosophic view of the Universe.”

And she is right in this. Our Deity is a universal, absolute Principle manifesting in Humanity as in Nature, the Spirit in both being one and inseparable—hence the *true* Spiritual Brotherhood of Man. With us, man *is the offspring of the GODS* (not of God), and *the forefather in the present cycle of still greater gods, in a future cycle*. Such is the creed of our philosophy.

It follows then that if Mrs. Besant has somewhat modified of late her Secularistic opinions with regard—not merely to “another life and world,” but—*to other lives and other worlds*, she may still repeat as sincerely now as she did then, when writing the sentence quoted by the *Light of the World* from the “National Secular Society’s Tracts”—“We drive the God idea (of theology and the Churches) back from off the ground we have won.” For the majority of the Theosophists are with the Secularists—in this, at any rate. Otherwise how could we ever be really philosophical and logical?

Theosophy, and the *rules* of its Society if not the embodiment and practical demonstration of the widest tolerance and of the broadest Catholicity would be but a farce. Freethought, which in the views of the lexicographers is only unbelief “which discards revelation” and “undue boldness of speculation” according to Berkeley is, in the rules of our Society a *sine qua non* of true theosophy which being liberty of thought untrammelled searches for and accepts truth, and nothing but the truth, sacred to every lover of Wisdom. Hence, while laughing at this absurdly sudden change of front, evanescent as it is, on the part of several of our Christian contemporaries in our favour, we cannot but feel at the same time, indignant at the strenuous though fruitless attempts made by the

Light of the World to use us, Theosophists, as convenient weapons in its warfare against (if not altogether for "the cure of") Infidelity. It would fain profit by the darkness thrown over the heathen word "theosophy" through the fanciful etymology it has been given in the Dictionaries compiled by *monotheistic* lexicographers, and use the term now, as a sledge-hammer to break the heads of Secularism and Freethought. Against this—we protest. We may not be in sympathy with materialism, and may even abhor it; yet the Theosophical Society ought never to forget that which it owes to Freethinkers. It is to the unceasing efforts of a long series of adherents to Freethought—almost every one of whom has been made a martyr to his convictions at the hands of bigotry—that we, in the present century owe the very possibility of our existence as an organized body. And the fact that none of us has been or can be now roasted alive in Trafalgar Square—to the greater glory of that God to belief in whom Annie Besant is now alleged to have been converted—is due to the long battle of Freethought against Superstition and dark fanaticism.

Yes, we protest, and Mrs. Besant, we feel sure will protest along with us. It is just because "her eyes have been opened," that she can never be converted "to a belief in (a personal Moloch of a) God." Hence we repudiate any such dire results of her "conversion" to Theosophy as fondly hoped for by the editors of the *Church Reformer* and the *Light of the World*. It may have "fallen like a bomb-shell among the London Infidels" in the sense that it took them by surprise. But, we have too much sincere respect for Mr. Bradlaugh and genuine sympathy for Mr. Foote—as a man who has greatly suffered for his convictions*—to ever admit the possibility that one of them "is filled with *alarm, dismay and despair*," and the other (the dauntless and fearless editor of the *National Reformer*!) "rendered almost prostrate by this sudden secession of Mrs. Besant from the Freethought ranks."

This is simply inane gush and malicious exaggerations, O pious contemporary.

Mr. Bradlaugh having made the mistake of saying that from his point of view a consistent Secularist cannot be a Theosophist, the editor of the journal for the "Cure of Infidelity" now repeats it, assenting thereto with spasmodic joy. But what next, ye gods of the older Heaven! After the painfully absurd and illogical deductions from Mrs. Besant's "conversion" by some Christian papers we would not really feel *too* much surprised at finding General Booth's *War-Cry* claiming her as a convert, and the Salvationists boisterously proclaiming Annie Besant a candidate—as a Hallelujah Lass—for a "harp" in the "Sweet By and Bye."

* Those who had the opportunity of reading the latest pamphlet—"Mrs. Besant's Theosophy," by G. M. Foote, and remember his uncalled-for and shameful attacks upon "Madame Blavatsky," may wonder perhaps, at this *sympathy*? Let the reader attribute it neither to forbearance, nor desire to render good for evil, but simply to theosophical principles. The editor of the *Freethinker* may become ten times more vulgar and brutal than he has already shown himself on more than one occasion—it does not matter to us in the least. If instead of following the sunlit paths of freedom of thought he prefers to drag its noble car along the miry ruts and furrows of his own personal and narrow bigotry, prejudice and likes and dislikes—it is the look out of the Freethinkers of the better kind and does not concern us at all. It is not his *personality* we sympathise with, but only the "Freethinker" (in its abstract sense) who was made to suffer for his convictions, however much they had run off from the right track, that has ever inspired us with a feeling of sympathy. What we think of him personally may be found in our REPLY to "Mrs. Besant's Theosophy," "*The Thersites of Freethought*," at 7 Duke Street, Adelphi.—[Ed.]

We feel sorry to nip the hope of so many reverend writers in the bud, but truth compels us to do so. We have the courage of our opinions and we can pander to no one, even if occasionally we do fail to carry out theosophical injunctions and our philosophy practically. It is always dangerous to sail under false colours, especially for those whose recognized motto reads—

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

ADVERSARY.



Reviews.

“THE LIGHT OF EGYPT,” OR “THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL AND THE STARS.”

A BOOK with the above title has been recently published in America. The work is issued somewhat anonymously, though all who are familiar with the ear-marks and methods of would-be leaders in occultism, those who *for a consideration* are ready to instruct the ignorant, gull the gullible, and “impart occult power” to Knaves, will find little difficulty in locating the source or sources of this book. The prospectus of the book was itself something remarkable. The author, an “Adept” had been dragged from his seclusion much against his will, and by the dire necessities of the times been compelled to reveal the great secrets of which he is the special custodian. This “Adept” claims to belong to that select few “who possess the spiritual right to say ‘I know.’” This claim so modestly uged at the outset is of great significance and immense value. In the first place, it sounds well, and overawes the “neophyte” in the land of Egypt; prevents ignorant contradiction and impertinent questions. In the second place, it tides over a weak argument, helps out the juggling sequence of facts, and finally shifts the burden of proof to the shoulders of the neophyte who is ashamed of his ignorance in the presence of an “Adept.” When the book was printed this prospectus became the preface, and at the putative author’s special request the title of “Adept” was changed to “Initiate,” the inference being that while an adept is an initiate, the initiate is not necessarily an adept. The author need not have been so modest, as every intelligent reader would in time have saved him such a humiliating confession, even though his basis of dogma, “*I know*,” remained as it does unchanged.

After alternately cuffing and cuddling the “snow-white locks of old Hindustan,” the author goes straight for his mark, viz. “*Buddhistic Theosophy (esoteric so-called)*.” “In India,” he says, “probably more than in any other country, are the latent forces and mysteries of nature the subject of thought and study.” Then fearing that he has admitted too much, he adds, “But alas! it is not a progressive study.” This note of warning is both timely and judicious, as it prevents the neophyte from giving too much credit to the benighted members of the “effete” civilizations of the East. It had been long ago “revealed” to this “initiate” that “long ages ago the Orient had lost the use of the true spiritual compass of the soul as well as the real secrets of its own theosophy.”* It is

* He must then have revealed the fact, couched in precisely the same words, to “Nemo,” the author of *Theosophia*, a pamphlet issued some months ago by the notorious Hiram Butler & Co. late of Boston. Or is it “Nemo,” who revealed it to him? At all events it connects the two noble “adepts” both so well *initiated* into the mysteries of the *transmutation* of human gullibility into hard cash.—[Ed.]

quite evident that this "Initiate" has found the "true spiritual compass of the soul," and that this "compass of the soul" had at last become "an instrument of torture to the flesh" of our adept initiate, or initiate adept, howsoever he spells his secret title.

"External circumstances having compelled" the diffusion of this Light of Egypt, for the special purpose of overthrowing the "subtle, delusive dogmas of Karma and Reincarnation," and more especially to destroy "Buddhistic Theosophy esoteric so-called," we are grateful to our "initiate" for leaving us in no doubt as to the circumstances of his inspiration, or the goal of his ambition. If it be the Karma of Buddhistic Theosophy to die the death in this battle of the windmills, our knight-errant initiate has given fair warning, like the noble knight in days of old.

The reader who expects to find in the Light of Egypt either proof or argument against the "subtle delusive dogmas of Karma and reincarnation" is, however, doomed to disappointment, and has only himself to blame for having carelessly read and inadequately considered the "Preface." He has forgotten that our "initiate" "possesses the spiritual right to say, *I know*," and that either proof or argument are henceforth superfluous. Of course our author (?) who mounts his Rosinante to overthrow "subtle and delusive dogmas," "possessing the spiritual right to say, *I know*," reserves to himself the sole and exclusive right to dogmatize. One is reminded of the "Adepts" of the H. B. of L. of sainted memory, and innumerable *aliases*, marks of "Master-Initiates." The aforesaid adepts have been dead three days and the flesh already leaves the bone, but now the grip of an Initiate will raise them. Reincarnation; impossible! For shame on you, "Buddhistic Theosophists, esoteric so-called!"

As one approaches, with shaded eyes and bated breath, the central orb of this Light of Egypt, he comes upon familiar ground. The light is seen in patches, and if one can summon enough courage to look around him in the presence of an initiate he will find these patches of light to be made up of excerpts from theosophical writers, and even suspiciously tintured with "Buddhistic Theosophy, esoteric so-called." Those unfamiliar with Esoteric Buddhism, and *Trithemius* may have heard of a less ancient "adept in astrology," at once known and concealed under the very poetic and star-lit cognomen of "R. A. Stella." The Light of Egypt is not a solitary "twinkler," nor yet a vulgar "double-star." It is not even an unresolved nebula; it is a whole constellation, though it has yet been celebrated only in the *esoteric* zodiac. The vulgar scientific telescope, sometimes designated by the knowing ones, who are neither adepts nor initiates, as the Light of Truth, may one day be pointed at this star initiate that illumines Egypt, and the *star mists* may disappear. Whether each particular star will then bear a different name, or one star be able to carry a half-score of names, the Astronomer Royal of those days may have to consult certain records at L —, not Luxor, to determine.*

The opinions of this *initiate* on the "dogmas" of Karma and re-incarnation are not worth reciting, since he says he *knows*, claims to destroy these dangerous doctrines, and then, with certain qualifications, endorses and accepts them. His thesis thus fails, in spite of his avowed animus, and he has neither the ability to discover, nor the ingenuity to invent, a new "*dogma*." If the book contained

* The "Records at L. —" have been consulted and the results may be found in the article called "The Astral Plague" in the present number.—[Ed.]

only a re-hash of the Hermetic cosmogony, the theology of Pymander, and the astrology of Trithemius, every student of occultism, and especially every theosophist, could well afford to turn his back on it. What the author demolishes is insignificant; some things that he introduces are pestilent. Evidently drawing his inspiration from "The Mysteries of Eulis," and profoundly ignorant of the commonest laws of physiology, he deals with "The Mysteries of Sex" in a separate chapter. A single quotation will show how this "initiate" *à la* P. B. Randolph, comprehends the "Mystery of Sex." "The Buddhistical conception of man and woman rounding out until sex becomes obliterated, is probably the most transcendental delusion that ever originated within the Oriental brain—therefore we will take no further notice of such mystical folly." Having thus disposed of this "transcendental delusion," our initiate declares that "To obey the laws of nature is the only safe and sure road to the spiritual evolution of the senses of the soul, and one of these laws is the rightful union of the sexes." Even so preached and practised the "initiate," P. B. Randolph. Like the works of Randolph, the "Light of Egypt" contains some fine passages, but even these contain nothing new, nothing unfamiliar to students of "Isis Unveiled," "Ghost Land," "Pymander," and the old astrologists. To palm off the work upon the ignorant and credulous, therefore, as the special revelation of an adept or "initiate," is a delusion and a snare, which would at once disappear were we to name its real author or authors, for the text plainly shows patch-work, not only as to matter, but manner. Had the "Light of Egypt" been modestly and honestly put forth without vicious animus or specious pretence, it might rank with several compilations we could name, and the author under an honest name might have deserved consideration, even in the face of his errors and false teachings. But in its present form, and with its avowed animus, it is a failure. Its plagiarisms are old, and its novelties worthless where they cease to be pernicious.

U. S. A.

J. DEWEY.

TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH.

THE hold that has been taken by occult phenomena on the public mind, is, perhaps, shewn by nothing more plainly than by the way in which they dominate the fiction of the day. Novel after novel contains some curious event, explicable only by occult science, and the old-fashioned ghost at Christmas has retired in favour of astral bodies all the year round. "Twixt Heaven and Earth" is a tale which turns on hypnotic phenomena of a now well-known type. The villain is an unprepossessing young man, of jealous, malignant character, who, unfortunately for his neighbours, finds himself possessed of hypnotic powers. These he uses for his own purposes, finally robbing a man who had been his host of a valuable Indian magic stone, and then throwing the blame on a woman, against whom he brings as witness her lover whom he has hypnotised. The heroine of the story, the aforesaid falsely accused young woman, is a Theosophist, and we must quarrel with the author for the curious doctrines put into her mouth. When she tells her pupil about man's fall and "God in His anger" taking certain action, we feel that we are not in a Theosophical atmosphere. One blunder ought to be corrected if the book reaches a second edition: the son of a second marriage cannot be the elder brother of the son of a first.

* 'TWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH. By MRS. SIDNEY ROSENFELD. Washington and New York. '

Correspondence.

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

TO MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

SYMBOLS are not to be judged in themselves, but in the effect or in the impression they make on those who believe in them. A symbol is necessarily something different from the reality it represents, otherwise it would not be a symbol but the reality itself; and, if it is to represent reality, there must be some analogy with it. Now, where can you find that analogy? In the object? No; because it is indifferent. Then in the subject, or in the heart of the believers.

But is the Atonement of Christ a symbol or a superstitious fancy without *raison d'être*? Well: I think that generally, when we are before an object of faith, we may assume that it is a symbol, and then analyse it to see what is the reality it contains. We may find nothing at all. That depends either on the folly of that particular belief or on our incapacity to find out the hidden thing. So we must be very prudent, that is, sceptical in the scientific sense, before rejecting wholly any belief whatever. The same caution must be applied to the details of what we already recognize as a symbol; because it is true that it often happens that a symbol is such on the whole, but the details are a superfluity in respect to reality. At the utmost, they are a logical complement of the symbol in itself. On the other hand, it happens sometimes that even those details have an importance of which a student of symbology must take account in his interpretations.

Moreover, beliefs important for the large place they occupy in religions, for the stress which is put on them and for their diffusion through time and space, may safely be considered as symbols of important realities. The slightest practice in symbology will prove the truth of my assertion. Then, too, I must subjoin that it is quite anti-scientific not to give due value to the *consensus* of the *majority*, on the ground that such *consensus* has sometimes proved erroneous, as, for instance, in the case of the Ptolemaic system. First, because even the most unrefined man has this in common with the most subtle scientist—mind and its functions; and old humanity may be excused for the Ptolemaic error, as the deceiving appearance was and is so constant, seeming to be reality itself. Second, they have also another thing in common—they live in the same inclosure, they see the same show, they weave on the same loom—reality. And do not accuse me of accumulating illustrations, if I say that the products of both these men, apparently so far from each other, appear very much like two clay figures made the one by an accomplished artist, the other by a little member of the *Kindergarten*. The one figure is, perhaps, a little four-footed monster meant to be a horse, while the other is a cleverly-sketched reproduction of the same noble animal. What a difference between the two works, and yet what intimate resemblance. Mark that both had a horse for their model, and both thought of making a horse. The *Kindergarten's* product has not the shape of a ball or of a stick, though the legs might look like sticks; and if it does not convey the idea of a horse proper, it conveys pretty well that of a generic quadruped. I mean that the difference is not in the model nor in the intention; and that the re-

production may be primitive or refined, but not essentially different from each other. Symbol and scientific explanation stand related, as do the rude attempt to reach the shape of a horse and the work of the artist. And again, symbol is the unrefined man's view of reality; scientific explanation that of the refined one. Both agree, however, in having at least the same object before them.

So, through symbology, we may understand how, even in very old and barbaric notions, there may be a soul of reality. We learn, also, how to deal with the *consensus* of majorities, which must by all means be considered as an index of some reality, if we do not choose to accept the Erasmian hypothesis that insanity is the characteristic of humanity.

Finally, it must be observed that the value of the *consensus* of a whole race, or of a single nation, or of a large group of men, is not destroyed by the fact that all the rest of humanity think differently; for men may look at different aspects of reality which are not necessarily contradictory. Buddhism and Christianity, for instance, are in several most important respects alike. This may be explained by the probable fact that the latter proceeds from the former; but I am sure that Christianity has not taken into account many valuable aspects of reality which Buddhism has noted and *vice versâ*. However, the *consensus* is a more or less reliable index in proportion to its bulk; and a wide-spread *consensus* should cause us to seek for some important fact which has arrested the attention of so many minds.

Now who can deny that the *consensus* about the Christian doctrine of the Atonement belongs to that class? Then, if it is not a reality (and it is not), it must, at last be a symbol. At a superficial glance, it may be called a false, an absurd, an immoral, or cruel doctrine; but I venture to say that it is not so, if we look at it from an earnest, impartial standpoint. There is even much beauty, pathos and grandeur about it. Yet that is not my point, as it is evident that if we are to consider it as a symbol, the absurdity, &c., &c., of the symbol itself does not affect the question; and we must turn all our attention to the impression that symbol makes on the faithful Christian, for whom it is something all-important.

Therefore suppose a state of moral anxiety and dissatisfaction, which, in my opinion, is at the basis of every new moral life, as intellectual discontent is the inevitable starting-point of a renewal in intellectual life. That state may become a morbid state and last all through the life, especially in a person whose conscience is sufficiently awake, but who is not helped by scientific thought; and, what is worse, such a half-developed soul, through persisting in that state, becomes ever more incapable of being useful to itself and to others. "He weeps over his past, while the moments are flying by on which depends the future of individual and the race." But let the day come when the helpless soul acquires the surety that "Christ died for us," and an internal transformation will take place; he will feel and say with that great Christian Paul: "*forgetting* the things which are behind, and *stretching forward* to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal . . ."; he will, in fact, take hold of that most precious requirement for virtue and virtuous action—moral serenity. "He learns experience from the past, he does no more weep over it," just like the wise man in Mrs. Annie Besant's beautiful article, "Karma and Social Improvement," (LUCIFER, August 15, 1889).

You may object that this moral serenity is the fruit of illusion. It does not matter. I repeat, once more, that we must look at results. And the results in this case, though not perfect, depending as they do on imperfect knowledge, are pretty well the same as those drawn from more exact notions, that of Karma for instance, as Mrs. A. Besant explains it.

But what good can be derived from an illusory belief? That question may be replied to with another. Are sincere Christians, viz. : believers in the Atonement of Christ, so utterly useless in society? I think the contrary; all impartial people will think the contrary.

Yes, it is indeed a boon for society that peoples who have no scientific notions about a moral life, should have a chance to be virtuous even through an illusion. If it were not for the persuasive power of the gentle Buddha of Nazareth, they would, undoubtedly, be so much the worse. For babies milk or—inanition.

With the moral serenity which flows from the special belief in the Atonement, there is also a deep feeling of gratitude, viz. love for love. And, as the object of their love is really great and holy, and has really loved and benefited humanity (though in another sense than that implied in the doctrine), who does not see that we have another factor of morality? Are we not delivered from evil by love? Is not love the living and life-giving soul of good works? And are we not indebted to all the great benefactors of humanity, to Jesus as to Gautama, if through their example, through the love and admiration they so much deserve from us, we succeed in being good for something?

So let the pious Christian repeat to himself, "Christ died for us"; let him add, "a man is justified by faith (love) apart from the works of the law; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." If sincere, he is not so far from the "Kingdom of God" as we might imagine at a first glance; on the contrary, he is very near to Theosophy and to "Whatsoever things are of good report."

Perugia (Italy).

"ABELARDIUS."

THE THEOSOPHIST'S RIGHT TO HIS GOD.

THESE are days when a far-reaching discontent with barbarous or stupid theories is impelling many to the search for a better faith, and when souls of fine fibre and high aspiration are finding in Theosophy a copious provision for all their needs. The Theosophical Society is growing, and daily come testimonies that in its teachings has been met a peace absent from all prior experiences. All around it are scattered true men, very lightly held to the faiths in which they were born, and ready to gravitate to it if only sure that they lose none of the essentials of human devotion, while gaining truth and motive unknown elsewhere. At such a time could there be a greater error than to insist on the conception of a class as a doctrine of the system, a greater evil than to repel all other classes who do not hold to that conception and who will reject the system if believing such to be its doctrine?

Now for some time past, warm Theosophists within the Society, as well as warming enquirers without, have been disturbed by the confident intimations of Theosophical writers that Theosophy discountenances a God. The term "God" is here used as expressing a Supreme Being, a term abundantly clear for the purpose in view, and as to which scholastic or metaphysical quibbles may be waived. Sometimes these intimations are given in contemptuous references to

believers in a "personal God," sometimes in pantheistic phrases partially veiled, sometimes in bold assertion of "our Pantheism (for real Theosophy *is that*)."

Sometimes belief in God is treated with charitable good-nature as an orthodox inheritance which has not yet been discarded, and sometimes as an amazing and odious abomination, setting aghast all rational and Theosophic thought.

Theosophy is not a creed, nor does it enforce one. No man at the entrance-door of the Society is asked to be or not to be a Theist, an Atheist, a Pantheist, or any other "ist." His unqualified right to his religious opinions is not only conceded, it is proclaimed. Hence not a word can be said against any member's privilege to believe in one God, many, or none. And what is true of the whole Society must be true of any Section of it, for a part cannot be greater in authority, any more than it can in size, than the whole.

But if the Society disclaims dogma, and if the Pantheist has as much right within it as the Theist, why has not the Theist as much as the Pantheist? Whence does any one obtain authority to say that "real Theosophy" is what he himself believes, and hence that contrary believers are not "real Theosophists?"* And if such assertion contravenes the very platform of the Society, is not a loyal member of the Society bound to vindicate his rights and that platform? To insist that Theists shall be tolerated is not enough; he is to insist that they are as truly Theosophic as are Pantheists.

It is by no means to be supposed that the Theistic Theosophist adores an anthropomorphic God. His conception of a Supreme Spirit, infinite in Wisdom, Goodness and Power, free of every human infirmity, of Whose ideation cosmic evolution as expounded by Theosophy is the expression, immanent in every atom of the universe, ever present, percipient, sentient, will never shrink to the dimensions of a Jewish Jehovah. But neither will it, on the other hand, be content with the corpse of an Unconscious It,† or abandon intelligent worship of an intelligent Deity for the mere contemplation of the Ishwara within, the "Male aspect of illusion," whatever that may mean. (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i. page 332.) His sense of logic and his sense of humour form abiding restraints.

Our Pantheistic Brethren—for, as has been said, the fraternal embrace of the T. S. excludes no seeker after Truth, however, vague or misty his yet attainment of it—may do well to ponder upon the three great facts subjoined.

1st. The utter inability of the finite mind to apprehend or to expound the Infinite. Mansel has shown, in his *Limits of Religious Thought*, that this inability inheres in the very constitution of man's intellect; and of course it cannot be transcended by living in Madras instead of London, and by calling The Absolute "Parabrahmam."

* No one having real authority has ever said so. Nor is that which one believes in necessarily a truth but to himself. But *real* Theosophy—*i.e.* the Theosophy that comes so us *from the East*—is assuredly Pantheism and by no means Theism. Theosophy is a word of the widest possible meaning which differs greatly in Eastern and Western literature. Moreover, the Theosophical Society being of Eastern origin, therefore goes beyond the narrow limits of the mediæval Theosophy of the West. Members of the T. S. can, therefore, subscribe to this Western idea of Theosophy. But as the vast majority of these members accept the Eastern ideas, this majority has given us the right of applying the term *Theosophist* only to those members who do not believe in a "personal" God. Therefore, again, it would be better, in order to avoid confusion, that a member believing in such a God should qualify the term "Theosophist" by the adjective "Western."—[Ed.]

† In such a case our esteemed Brother would have to invent a new philosophical conception. Neither Eastern nor Western philosophy has yet postulated an intermediary between the *Finite* and the *INFINITE*. Parabrahm means "*beyond* Brahmā," and no better term can be invented.—[Ed.]

2nd. A brilliant Unitarian * once remarked that "when men get their heads into the clouds, they are apt to get the clouds into their heads." Every treatise applying Metaphysics to the Supreme seems to verify this. The confusion of terms, the chaos of thought, the juggling with words, the contradictions, disorders, unthinkables are not only appalling, they are maddening. The treatment of "Consciousness" is one of the best illustrations. Any one who has followed an Oriental philosopher in his route to the conclusion that "Absolute Consciousness is Unconsciousness" is not more aghast at this goal of thought than at the steps to it, and perhaps wonders whether these steps can have been taken while in a state of "consciousness." Naturally enough, the philosophers agree least in the very region where Unity is most desirable. Mr. Subba Row (*Discourses on the Bhagavad Gita*, page 13) speaks of "the power and wisdom of Parabrahmam." † But wisdom is impossible in a subject not conscious, and so Parabrahmam must be conscious—a state of things regarded by opposing schools are most undignified and belittling.

3rd. Comparative Theology exhibits, not only the Theosophic dictum of the fundamental unity of religions, but the certainty of severances and sects as a consequence of speculation on the Ultimate. Christianity and Brahminism, West and East alike, differentiate off into opposing groups as soon as metaphysics are applied thereto. There are excellent reasons why this should be so. Of a region as to which we know nothing, it is as easy to deny as to assert; and that we do know nothing Madame Blavatsky makes clearer than ever (*Secret Doctrine*, Vol. 1., page 56) in the words ". . . that of which no human reason, even that of an Adept, can conceive." As Mr. Subba Row states (*Discourses on the Bhagavad Gita*, page 15), "As regards this fourth principle (Parabrahmani), differences of opinion have sprung up, and from these differences any amount of difficulty has arisen."

Having digested these three great facts, our Pantheistic Brethren will then be in condition to ask themselves these three great questions:—

1st. Whether the Theist, in declining to accept as a measure of the Infinite tools which are inadequate, inconclusive, and distracting, is not entitled to some degree of respect?

2nd. Whether the Theist, in demurring to the emergence of a conscious Logos from an unconscious It, does not share the same natural hesitation which the Pantheist feels to a "creation" out of nothing?

3rd. Whether it would not be well, logically no less than theosophically, to concede the Theosophist's right to his God? ‡

ALEXANDER FULLERTON, F.T.S.

* It has yet to be proved that getting one's head into the clouds and the study of metaphysics is one and the same thing, save from a materialistic point of view. Therefore, we fail to see how the dictum of the "brilliant Unitarian" supports our captious Brother.—[ED.]

† Mr. Subba Row, an *Advaita* (please translate the term), delivered his lectures to an Eastern audience, which understood his real meaning without unnecessary disquisitions. Absolute consciousness is absolute UNCONSCIOUSNESS—to human conception, at any rate.—[ED.]

‡ We answer the three questions:—(1) Any respectable "theist" is entitled to respect, not because of his *theism* but of his intrinsic worth. (2) The "unconscious IT" is the ALL, including the totality of consciousness. If our esteemed Brother proves to us that anything can emerge and exist outside of absolute TOTALITY, we will be prepared to humbly sit at his feet. But a friend at our elbow suggests that this "anything" will be again simply the *extra-cosmic* and personal god of the theists! (3) *Theosophically*, therefore, all our theistic members have the right claimed since the Society exists; but to concede the *logic* of such a belief is not within our powers.—[ED.]