

ओं  
THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XV. NO. 6. MARCH, 1894.

सत्त्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[*Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.*]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.\*

CHAPTER XXIV.

READERS of Lane's "Modern Egyptians," will recall the story of a young man who, upon visiting a certain wonder-working sheikh, obtained some marvellous proofs of his occult powers. His father, then at a distant place, being somewhat ailing, the son asked that he might have news of his condition. The sheikh consenting, told him to write the father a note of enquiry; which was done, handed him by the anxious son, and by the sheikh placed under the back-pillow against which he was leaning. Presently, the sheikh drew from the same place a letter answering the young man's inquiries. It was written by the father's own hand and, if my memory serves—for I am trusting to recollection only—stamped with his seal. At his request, also, coffee was served to the company in the father's own cups (*fingán*), which he had every reason to believe had been at the moment of asking in the paternal house in that far-off village. H. P. B. gave me one evening, without fuss or parade, a fact of the first of these two orders. I wished to hear from a certain adept upon a certain subject. She bade me write my questions, put them in a sealed envelope, and place the letter where I could watch it for the time being. This was even better

\* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty-one, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.

H. S. O.

than the Egyptian sheikh incident, for in that case the letter was hidden from the enquirer by the back-pillow. As I was sitting at the moment before the grate, I put my letter behind the clock on the mantel, leaving just one edge of the envelope projecting far enough for me to see it. My colleague and I went on talking about a variety of things for perhaps an hour, when she said my answer had come. I drew out the letter, found my own envelope with its seal unbroken, inside it my own letter, and inside that the answer in the Adept's familiar manuscript; written upon a sheet of green paper of peculiar make, the like of which—I have every reason to believe—was not in the house. We were in New York, the Adept in Asia. This phenomenon was, I submit, of a class to which the theory of trickery could not apply and therefore has much weight. There is just one explanation possible—a very lame one—besides that which I conceive to be the true theory. Granting H. P. B. to be possessed of extraordinary hypnotic power, she might have instantaneously benumbed my waking faculties, so as to prevent my seeing her rise from her chair, take my letter from behind the clock, steam the gum, open the cover, read my letter, write the reply in forged handwriting, replace the contents of the envelope, re-fasten it, place it back again on the mantel-shelf, and then restore me to the waking state without leaving in my memory the least trace of my experiences! But I had and still preserve a perfect consciousness of having carried on the hour's conversation, of her moving about hither and thither, of her making and smoking a number of cigarettes, of my filling, smoking and refilling my pipe, and, generally, doing what any waking person might do when his senses were alert as to a psychical phenomenon then in progress. If some forty years of familiarity with hypnotic and mesmeric phenomena and their laws go for anything, then I can positively declare that I was fully conscious of what was going on, and that I have accurately stated the facts. Perhaps even twice forty years' experience on the plane of physical Máyá would not qualify one to grasp the possibilities in Oriental hypnotic science. Perhaps I am no more capable than the tyro of knowing what really passed between the times of writing my note and getting the answer. That is quite possible. But in such case what infinitesimally little weight should be given to the aspersions of H. P. B.'s several hostile critics, learned and lay, who have judged her an unmitigated trickster, without having had even a fourth of my own familiarity with the laws of psychical phenomena! In the (London) *Spiritualist* for January 28, 1876, I described this incident with other psychical matters, and the reader is referred to my letter for the particulars.

I am not aware of there being a special class of hirsute phenomena, but if there is, then the following incident may be included in it, along with that of the sudden elongation of H. P. B.'s hair at Philadelphia, described in one of my earlier chapters. After having shaved my chin for many years I began to grow a full beard, under medical advice, as a protection to a naturally delicate throat, and at the time I speak of it

was about four inches long. One morning, when making my toilet after my bath, I discovered a tangle of long hair under my chin next the throat. Not knowing what to make of it, I very carefully undid the mass at the expense of almost an hour's trouble, and found, to my great amazement, that I had a lock of beard, 14 inches long, coming down as far as the pit of the stomach! Whence or why it had come no reading or experience helped me to guess, but there it was, a palpable fact and permanent phenomenon. Upon my showing it to H. P. B., she said it had been purposely done by our Guru while I slept, and advised me to take care of it as it would serve me as a reservoir of his helpful aura. I showed it to many friends, but none could venture any better theory to account for it, while all agreed that I ought not to cut it back to its former length. So I used to tuck it away inside my collar to hide it, and did so for years, until the rest of the beard had grown to match it. This accounts for the "Rishi beard," so often mentioned in friendly allusions to my personal appearance, and explains why I have not yielded to my long-felt wish to clip it into a more convenient and less conspicuous shape. Whatever the fact may be called, it assuredly is not a *Máyá*, but a very real and tangible verity.

In the department of "precipitation"\* of writings and pictures, H. P. B. was exceptionally strong, as will have been inferred from all that has preceded. It was one of M. A. Oxon's strong points likewise. On an evening of 1875 I sat at the house of the President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute, Mr. H. J. Newton, with a private medium named Cozine, to witness his slate-writings, which were far more wonderful than Dr. Slade's. The communications came upon the slate in bright blue and red colours; no pencil or crayon was used in the experiment, and I myself held one end of the slate. Upon mentioning this to H. P. B., she said, "I think I could do that; at any rate, I will try." So I went out and bought a slate and brought it home; she took it, without crayons or pencil, into a small, pitch-dark closet bed-room and lay upon the couch; while I went out, closed the door, and waited outside. After a very few minutes she reappeared with the slate in her hand; her forehead damp with perspiration, and she seeming very tired. "By Jove!" she exclaimed. "that took it out of me, but I've done it: see!" On the slate was writing in red and blue crayons, in handwritings not her own. M. A. Oxon once wrote me an account of a similar experience of his own, save that in his case Imperator was the agent and he the passive medium, which is quite another affair. At his request Imperator wrote messages to him in various coloured inks, one after the other, inside the pocket-book he had in the breast pocket of his coat at the time. Imperator being still the  $x$  of Oxon's psychic life, perhaps it was the ethereal body of my friend which precipitated the coloured writings

---

\* A term originally of my own invention, which seems to convey best of all an idea of the method employed.

to appease the clamorous scepticism of his physical brain-consciousness: in which case his phenomenon and H. P. B.'s would be somewhat akin.

Elsewhere I have mentioned H. P. B.'s having done for me a precipitated picture on satin, which showed me the stage that Oxon had reached in his attempt to gain the power of projecting his Double by force of concentrated will-power. I had better now give the details.

One evening, in the autumn of 1876, she and I were working, as usual, upon "Isis," at opposite sides of our writing-table, and dropped into a discussion of the principles involved in the conscious projection of the Double. Through lack of early familiarity with those subjects, she was not good then at explaining scientific matters, and I found it difficult to grasp her meaning. Her fiery temperament made her prone to abuse me for an idiot in such cases, and this time she did not spare her expressions of impatience at my alleged obtuseness. Finally she did the very best thing by offering to show me in a picture how Oxon's evolution was proceeding, and at once made good her promise. Rising from the table, she went and opened a drawer from which she took a small roll of white satin—the remnant, I believe, of a piece she had had given her at Philadelphia—and laying it on the table before me, proceeded to cut off a piece of the size she wanted; after which she returned the roll to its place and sat down. She laid the piece of satin, face down, before her, almost covered it with a sheet of clean blotting-paper, and rested her elbows on it while she rolled for herself and lighted a fresh cigarette. Presently she asked me to fetch her a glass of water. I said I would, but first put her some question which involved an answer and some delay. Meanwhile I kept my eye upon an exposed edge of the satin, determined not to lose sight of it. Soon noticing that I made no sign of moving, she asked if I did not mean to fetch her the water. I said, "Oh, certainly." "Then what do you wait for?" she asked. "I only wait to see what you are about to do with that satin," I replied. She gave me one angry glance, as though seeing that I did not mean to trust her alone with the satin, and then brought down her clenched fist upon the blotting-paper, saying, "I shall have it now—this minute!" Then, raising the paper and *turning over the satin*, she tossed it over to me. Imagine, if you can, my surprise! On the sheeny side I found a picture, in colours, of a most extraordinary character. There was an excellent portrait of the head only of Stain-ton-Moses as he looked at that age, the almost duplicate of one of his photographs that hung "above the line" on the wall of the room, over the mantel-shelf. From the crown of the head shot out spikes of golden flame; at the places of the heart and the solar plexus were red and golden fires, as it might be bursting forth from little craters; the head and the place of the thorax were involved in rolling clouds of pure blue aura, bespeckled throughout with flecks of gold; and the lower half of the space where the body should be was enwrapped in similarly rolling clouds of pinkish and greyish vapour, that is, of auras of a meaner

quality than the superior enmuli. I hope to reproduce both the photograph and the satin picture in its exact tints, among the illustrations which will accompany this text.

At that stage of my occult education I had heard nothing about the six *chakras*, or psychical evolutionary centres in the human body, which are mentioned in Yoga S'ástras, and are familiar to every student of Patanjali. I therefore did not grasp the significance of the two flaming vortices over the cardiac and umbilical regions; but my later acquaintance with the subject gives this satin picture an enhanced value, as showing that the practical occultist who made it, apparently knew that, in the process of disentangling the astral from the physical body, the will must be focussed in succession at these several nerve-centres, and the disengagement completed at each in turn before moving on to the next centre in the order of sequence. I take the picture to mean that Stainton-Moses' experiment was being conducted as an intellectual rather than as a spiritual process, wherefore he had completely formed and got ready for projection his head, while the other parts of his astral body were in a state of nebulous disturbance, but had not yet settled into the stage of *rûpa*, or form. The blue clouds would represent the pure but not most luminous quality of the human aura—described as shining, or radiant; a silvery nimbus. The flecks of gold, however, that are seen floating in the blue, typify sparks of the spirit, the "silvery spark in the brain," that Bulwer so beautifully describes in his "Strange Story": while the greyish and pinkish vapours of the inferior portions show the auras of our animalistic, corporeal qualities. This grey becomes darker and darker as a man's animalism preponderates over his intellect, his moral and spiritual qualities, until in the wholly depraved, as the clairvoyants tell us, it is inky black. The aura of adeptship is described as a blended tint of silver and gold, as some of my readers, I am sure, must know from personal observation, and as the poets and painters of all ages have depicted in their sublimer lights of spiritual perception. This Tejas or soul-light, shines out through the mystic's face, lighting it up with a glow which, once seen, can never thereafter be mistaken. It is the "shining countenance" of the Biblical angels, the "glory of the Lord," the light that beamed in the face of Moses when descending from the Mount with such splendour that men could not bear to look upon his countenance; a radiance that even transfigures the wearer's robes into "shining garments." The Hebrews call it *shekinah*, and I once heard the term used by some Baghdad Jews to describe the face of a spiritual-minded visitor on that occasion. So, too, the word "shining" is applied similarly by various other nations: the pure spirits and pure men glow with the white light, the vicious and evil ones are veiled in blackness.

In the case of another precipitated portrait, made by H. P. B., there was no aura shown: I refer to that of an Indian yogi, which is described in Sinnett's "Occult World" and "Incidents in the Life of Mme. Blavatsky"; the documents respecting which were originally pub-

lished in the *Spiritualist* shortly after the occurrence of the incident. It happened in this wise. On my way home to "The Lamasery" one day, I stopped at the Lotos Club and got some of the club note-paper and envelopes to use at home as occasion might require. It was late when I reached the house, and H. P. B. was at the dinner table already, with Mr. Judge as guest. I laid the package of stationery on my desk in the writing-room (between which and the dining-room there was a dead wall, by the way), made a hurried toilet and went to my seat at the table. At the close of the dinner we had drifted into talk about precipitations, and Judge asked H. P. B. if she would not make somebody's portrait for us. As we were moving towards the writing-room, she asked him whose portrait he wished made, and he chose that of this particular yogi, whom we knew by name as one held in great respect by the Masters. She crossed to my table, took a sheet of my crested club-paper, tore it in halves, kept the half which had no imprint, and laid it down on her own blotting-paper. She then scraped perhaps a grain of the plumbago of a Faber lead pencil on it, and then rubbed the surface for a minute or so with a circular motion of the palm of her right hand; after which she handed us the result. On the paper had come the desired portrait and, setting wholly aside the question of its phenomenal character, it is an artistic production of power and genius. Le Clear, the noted American portrait painter, declared it unique, distinctly an "individual" in the technical sense; one that no living artist within his knowledge could have produced. The yogi is depicted in *Samádhi*, the head drawn partly aside, the eyes profoundly introspective and dead to external things, the body seemingly that of an absent tenant. There is a beard and hair of moderate length, the latter drawn with such skill that one sees through the upstanding locks, as it were—an effect obtained in good photographs, but hard to imitate with pencil or crayon. The portrait is in a medium not easy to distinguish: it might be black crayon, without stumping, or black lead; but there is neither dust nor gloss on the surface to indicate which, nor any marks of the stump or the point used: hold the paper horizontally towards the light and you might fancy the pigment was below the surface, combined with the fibres. This incomparable picture was subjected in India later to the outrage of being rubbed with india-rubber to satisfy the curiosity of one of our Indian members, who had borrowed it as a special favour "to show his mother," and who wished to see if the pigment was really on or under the surface! The effect of his vandal-like experiment is now seen in the obliteration of a part of the beard, and my sorrow over the disaster is not in the least mitigated by the knowledge that it was not due to malice but to ignorance and the spirit of childish curiosity. The yogi's name was always pronounced by H. P. B. "Tiraválá," but since coming to live in Madras Presidency, I can very well imagine that she meant Tiruvalluvar, and that the portrait, now hanging in the Picture Annex of the Adyar Library, is really that of the revered philosopher of ancient Mylapur, the friend and teacher of the poor Pariahs. As to

the question whether he is still in the body or not I can venture no assertion, but from what H. P. B. used to say about him I always inferred that he was. And yet to all save Hindus that would seem incredible, since he is said to have written his immortal "Kural" something like a thousand years ago. He is classed in Southern India as one of the Siddhas, and like the other seventeen, is said to be still living in the Tirupati and Nilgiri Hills; keeping watch and ward over the Hindu religion. Themselves unseen, these Great Souls help, by their potent will-power, its friends and promoters and all lovers of mankind. May their benediction be with us!

In recalling the incidents for the present narrative, I note the fact that no aura or spiritual glow is depicted around the yogi's head, although H. P. B.'s account of him confirms that of his Indian admirers, that he was a person of the highest spirituality of aspiration and purest character.

The same remark applies to the first portrait of my Guru, the one done in black and white crayons at New York by M. HARRISSE: there is no nimbus. In this case at least, I can testify to the likeness, along with others who have had the happiness of seeing him. Its production was, like that done in oils at London in 1884 by Herr SCHMIECHEN, an example of thought-transference. I think I have never published the facts before, but in any case they should have a place in this historical retrospect.

One naturally likes to possess the portrait of a distant correspondent with whom one has had important relations; how much more then, that of a spiritual teacher, the beginning of relations with whom has substituted a nobler for a commonplace ideal of life in one's consciousness. I most earnestly wished to be able to have in my room at least the likeness of my revered teacher, if I might not see him in life; had long importuned H. P. B. to procure it for me; and had been promised it at a favourable time. In this case my colleague was not permitted to precipitate it for me, but a simpler yet most instructive method was resorted to: a non-medium and non-occultist was made to draw it for me without knowing what he was doing. M. HARRISSE, our French friend, was a bit of an artist, and one evening when the conversation turned upon India and Rajput bravery, H. P. B. whispered to me that she would try to get him to draw our Master's portrait if I could supply the materials. There were none in the house, but I went to a shop close by and purchased a sheet of suitable paper and black and white crayons. The shopkeeper did up the parcel, handed it me across the counter, took the *half-dollar coin* I gave him, and I left the shop. On reaching home I unrolled my parcel and, as I finished doing it, the sum of half a dollar, *in two silver pieces of a quarter-dollar each*, dropped on the floor! The Master, it will be seen, meant to give me his portrait without cost to myself. HARRISSE was then asked by H. P. B. to draw us the head of a Hindu chieftain, as he should conceive one might look.

He said he had no clear idea in his mind to go upon, and wanted to sketch us something else; but to gratify my importunity went to drawing a Hindu head. H. P. B. motioned me to remain quiet at the other side of the room, and herself went and sat down near the artist and quietly smoked. From time to time she went softly behind him as if to watch the progress of his work, but did not speak until it was finished, say an hour later. I thankfully received it, had it framed, and hung it in my little bed-room. But a strange thing had happened. After we gave the picture a last glance as it lay before the artist, and while H. P. B. was taking it from him and handing it to me, the cryptograph signature of my Guru came upon the paper; thus affixing, as it were, his imprimatur upon, and largely enhancing the value of his gift. But at that time I did not know if it resembled the Guru or not, as I had not yet seen him. When I did, later on, I found it a true likeness and, moreover, was presented by him with the turban which the amateur artist had drawn in the picture as his head-covering. Here was a genuine case of thought-transference, the transfer of the likeness of an absent person to the brain-consciousness of a perfect stranger. Was it or was it not passed through the thought of H. P. B.? I think so. I think it was effected in the identical way in which the thought-images of geometrical and other figures were transferred to third parties in the convincing experiments recorded by the S. P. R. in its earlier published Reports. With the difference, however, that H. P. B.'s own memory supplied the portrait to be transferred to Harrisse's mind, and her trained occult powers enabled her to effect the transfer direct, viz., without an intermediary; that is to say, without the necessity of having the drawing first made on a card, for her to visualise it in her own mind and then pass it on to the recipient brain. The painting by Schmiechen, of the magnificent portraits in oils of the same and another Master, which now hang in the Adyar Library, was an even more interesting circumstance, for the likenesses are so perfect and so striking as to seem endowed with life. Their eyes speak to one and search one to the bottom of his heart; their glance follows one everywhere as he moves about; their lips seem about to utter, as one may deserve, words of kindness or of reproach. They are an inspiration rather than an illustration of thought-transference. The artist has made two or three copies of them, but not one has the soul in it that is in the originals. They were not done in the divine mood of inspiration, and the Masters' will-power is not focussed in them. The originals are the palladium of our Head-quarters; the copies, like images seen in a mirror, possess the details of form and colour, but are devoid of the energizing spirit.

H. S. OLCOTT.

---



## ANOTHER CASE OF OBSESSION.

VEERAMAGALAI PILLAY was the proprietor of an arrack shop at Ootacamund. He was a man, if not of brilliant attainments, at least of ordinary common sense, and he knew how to carry on his business in a way to ensure the approval of the public, the good-will of the *Sircars* and his own prosperity. In short, he was a respectable citizen, and up to the time of the happening of the events to be described, he had not distinguished himself either for good or evil.

He happened a short while ago to enter his place of business for the purpose of attending to his accounts, when he felt a sudden dizziness and his head appeared to him to be going round and round. He commenced to stagger round his shop, becoming strangely excited in his demeanour. Suddenly, to the astonishment of the passers-by, he rushed outside and violently smote an unoffending individual with his sandal no less than fifty times. Having accomplished this doughty deed, he proceeded to drink very copiously of cold water. The water, however, would appear to have had an exhilarating effect on his system, not usually associated with that beverage; for his conduct grew so strange, not to say embarrassing to those in his neighbourhood, that it became necessary to summon the majesty of the law. The majesty of the law soon arrived with the regulation handcuffs, whereupon Mr. Veeramagalai renewed his eccentricities and endeavoured to annihilate the representative of law and order with a pocket-knife. The attempt failed, presumably owing to the inefficiency of the weapon. Law and order were puzzled how to proceed, but a preëminently practical individual rescued them from their dilemma by arriving with a hand cart, into which Mr. Veeramagalai was unceremoniously bundled after being securely tied up. He was then taken to the hospital, where he both firmly and discourteously refused to take any medicine. However his mood after this suddenly became more rational, and he remarked in his natural voice that there was nothing the matter with him, and requested to be allowed to go home. As there seemed no reason for detaining he was allowed to go his way. During the rest of the day and the following night his behaviour was most exemplary.

The following morning, however, he resumed his eccentricities. He ascended to the roof, and entering a glass-enclosed verandah, amused himself by breaking all the lamps he could lay hands on. He then endeavoured to commit suicide. Seeing how serious a turn things were taking, his friends dragged him to a dark room and locked him up, hoping that darkness and solitary confinement would have a soothing effect on his perturbed mind. Though the room was entirely devoid of furniture, the unfortunate occupant made two attempts to injure himself. In the first place he pulled the bolt out of the door and hammered himself violently with it, and in the second, finding himself still alive after his self-inflicted pounding, he endeavoured to strangle himself with a silver chain he habitually wore.

It was now evident to every one that the unhappy man was obsessed, and it was decided to take him down to Trichinopoly to a mantrika there. The party and their patient descended the ghaut in safety. Arrived at Metapallaiyam, the afflicted one expressed a strong desire for a bath in the river. Fearing, however, that he might endeavour to make away with himself, his friends hesitated; but finally compromised the matter by allowing him to indulge his aquatic fancies at the end of a rope. Unfortunately the rope broke and the poor bather disappeared into a deep hole! Luckily help was at hand, and the unfortunate man was fished out, happily very little the worse for his adventure. At Trichinopoly he was immersed in the Cauvery and lime juice was poured freely on his head. He expressed himself as feeling better; and as he seemed now quite rational he was brought back to Ootacamund.

A fortnight passed and Veeramagalai's condition was very satisfactory. However at the full of the moon he resumed his pranks with increased ardour. He saluted his wife (who, it may be remarked, was daily expecting an addition to her family) by hitting her extremely hard on the chin with a lota; and his general conduct was so dangerous that he was seized and tied up.

It was now decided to call in the services of another mantrika, the previous one having failed to effect a cure. A man from Mysore, a Brahmin who had embraced Islam, was summoned. He demanded a fee of Rs. 15 and undertook to effect a cure for that modest sum.

The mantrika's "properties" consisted of the following articles:—Wool of four different colours; sheep's blood, four young fowls; four different kinds of earth; the leaves of four different plants, including the neem and mango. The professional exorciser commenced proceedings by making diagrams, consisting chiefly of circles, with the different coloured earths. He then added to his apparatus four pots of water, a sword and some tin-tacks. The tin tacks he drove into some limes, and then tied up the limes with the different coloured wools. He then addressed the obsessed man and the following dialogue ensued:

*Mantrika*.—"Sit down in that chair."

*Obsessed one*.—"Why should I sit down in that chair?"

*Mantrika*.—"Because I order you to."

*Obsessed one*.—"Who are you to order me to sit in a chair, and what on earth is all this farce? Will you go or must I kick you out?"

*Mantrika*.—(producing his book) "Don't be alarmed, my friend. Keep quiet, we shall see."

The man of magic then tore from his book two pages which he burned close to the head of the obsessed one. He then rubbed the ashes vigorously all over his face. This liberty the afflicted one endeavoured to remedy by a series of vigorous kicks, which fortunately never reached their intended object.

The mantrika with wondrous forbearance then asked for some well-worn garment belonging to the possessed man, and on one being brought, he set it on fire and waved the flaming vestment in the face of his subject, repeating at the same time a suitable mantra. He then addressed his subject: "Come this way, I tell you." "I follow you," was the obedient reply. "Be seated;" and the patient this time humbly obeyed. The professor then took two pots of water and put one under each of the man's feet. He next took wool and sheep's intestines, intertwined them, and making two gruesome necklaces, hung one round his own neck and the other round the neck of his patient. The sword was then given into the hands of the possessed man, whose arms were held to prevent mischief; a wise and necessary precaution considering his previous conduct. After reciting some more mantrams, the mantrika taking four balls of rice of different colours threw them with considerable force, one by one, into the face of the possessed man. He then tried some more questions.

*Mantrika.*—"Who are you?"

*Obsessed one.*—"Beyond the fact that I am a man I know nothing else."

*Mantrika.*—"Do you understand what I am doing?"

*Obsessed one.*—"Certainly I do; but why do you do it?"

Instead of answering, the magician killed the chickens over the head of the possessed man. He then broke several cocoanuts on the same portion of his anatomy, with the back of a sickle, a sufficiently dangerous proceeding one would have thought. As a species of counter-irritant, he then soused his patient with cold water. His next act was to order the afflicted man to tread with all his force on the tin tack-studied and wool-bedizened limes. His order was obeyed, and if report is to be believed, the tin-tacks did not enter into the man's sole. Possibly the business ends were inwards! Some empty cartridge-cases, which contained presumably some charms, were then hung round the man's neck and on his arms. His wife was forbidden to approach him, and his diet was limited and reduced, no meat being allowed.

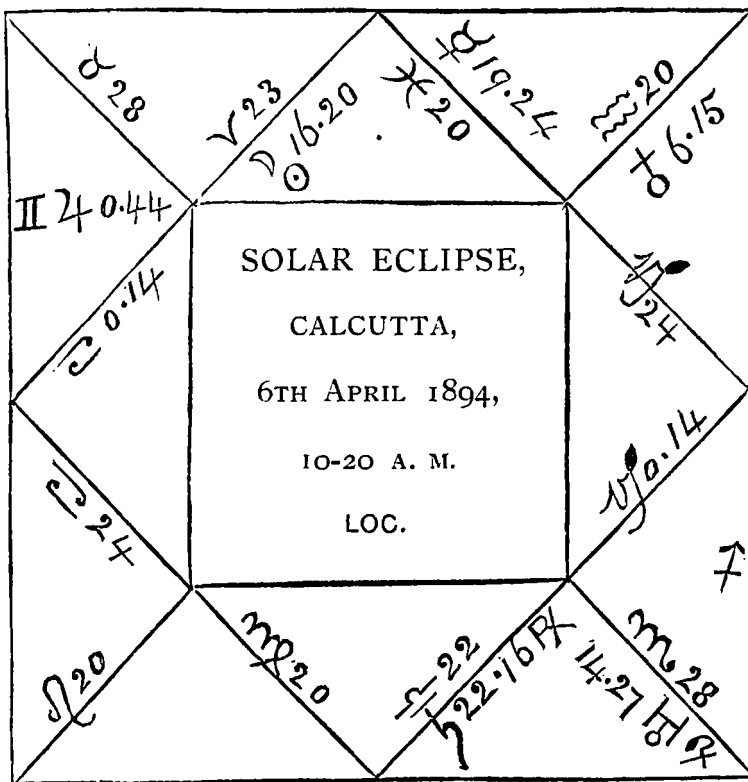
The final act of the curative process consisted in dressing the man in white and placing camphor on his head. The clean clothes were set fire to as the man stood, and though they blazed vigorously and the camphor on the patient's head also caught fire, the man himself was unharmed! From that hour a cure was effected, and Mr. Veeramagalai Pillai has become once more a respectable member of society.

The above narrative is from notes taken down in course of a conversation with a native of these parts who was well conversant with the facts of the case, which, it may be remarked, happened only the other day.

## MUNDANE ASTROLOGY.

I HAVE used a series of three articles in this journal for the purpose of illustrating the doctrine of Nativities, and I now propose to give a few instances of Mundane Astrology. This branch of the subject comprises meteorology, seismology, husbandry; the fate of kings, nations and their rulers. The arguments are drawn from the positions of the planets at the time of eclipses; the Sun's transit over the equinoctial and solstitial points; the conjunction of the superior planets, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars; and from the planetary configurations at the time of lunations.

For the purpose of illustration, the figure of the heavens for the forthcoming Eclipse of the Sun on April 6th, 1894, is here given. The figure is set for the latitude and longitude of Calcutta.



The Eclipse is central at noon in longitude  $113^{\circ}42'$  East of Greenwich, and in latitude  $47^{\circ}23'$  N.

The Eclipse will therefore fall close upon the meridian of the great cities of Peking, Hankow, and Canton, in the Empire of China.

At the time of the ecliptic conjunction the figure for Calcutta shows the luminaries conjoined close to the cusp of the 11th House and in opposition to the malefic planet Saturn. Mercury is upon the Midheaven, Venus in the 9th, Mars in the 8th, Uranus in the 5th, and Jupiter in the 12th House.

Now, it is said, that the "effects" of an eclipse will be the most severely felt in places where, at the time of greatest obscuration, the luminaries are found upon the meridian. I apprehend that the use of

the word "effects" is only of a very loose and general nature, and would perhaps be better replaced by the word *concomitants*. But as it is not within the scope of an illustration of the science of Astrology to settle the question as to whether planetary positions "cause," or only "signify," events which transpire thereupon or subsequently, I may pass at once to a consideration of what those events may be, according to the rules of interpretation imposed upon the artist.

We have seen that the Eclipse is central upon the meridian  $113^{\circ}42'$  East of Greenwich. The line of Eclipse passes to the S. W. in the direction of the Ganges, and will be visible over almost the whole of Asia. The East will therefore experience the greatest effects of this Eclipse. In longitude about  $30^{\circ}$  East of Calcutta, Saturn, opposing the Eclipse, will be upon the north angle, and in that longitude we may expect the worst effects to follow. Saturn in such a position rarely fails to produce earthquakes. The Philippine Islands, Borneo and the south coast of China are likely to experience shocks about the 11th April.

The Emperor of China will be in danger, for the Sun, natural significator of monarchs, is eclipsed near the meridian of the Celestial capital. Ramesay says: "When an eclipse falls in the second decanate of the sign Aries, it signifies the imprisonment and sadness of some king, and danger of death to him. Likewise the corruption of trees that are fruitful, or of such fruits as are produced from trees, as also of the earth." China, therefore, in common with some other countries where the Eclipse is visible, may expect very bad spring crops. Violent storms will pass over that country, and the Bay of Bengal will not be free from them. It is to be noted that the sign Libra, wherein the dark planet Saturn opposes the Eclipse, is said by astrologers to be the ruling sign of China, and as this planet also opposes the Midheaven, there will probably be a rising in that country and a series of national calamities. The effects of this Eclipse will not be lasting, for the phenomenon takes place in the sign Aries and the influence will not last more than five and a half months. The more stirring events, however, will quickly follow the eclipse. The following aphorisms, taken from the *Brihat Samhitâ*, apply to the case before us, and it will be interesting to see to what extent the predictions will apply to India, for which country they are exclusively given.

"If there should be both lunar and solar eclipses within the same month, princes will suffer both from troubles within their own armies, and from foreign wars."

There is a lunar eclipse on the 20th March, and a solar eclipse on 6th April, both within the same Hindu month.

"In total eclipses, if the Sun or Moon should be afflicted by the malefic planets, there will be death and famine in the land."

The eclipsed luminary is heavily afflicted in this case.

"If they (the Sun or Moon) should be eclipsed when in the third section of the heavens, artisans, S'ûdras, Mlechhas (foreigners) and Ministers of State will suffer."

We find the luminary eclipsed in the third section of the heavens; but as it is very close to the cusp of the 11th House, it might possibly be considered as in the second section, in which case it is said that "landholders, reformers, merchants, soldiers and commanders of the army will suffer."

"If the eclipse should fall in the sign Minam (Pisces), fish will suffer from rot, and the produce of the sea will be scanty. Men of position and learning will suffer, as also those that live upon the water."

The Sun enters Mesham (Aries) in the Hindu zodiac on April 12th, and this eclipse therefore falls in the last degrees of the sign Minam (Pisces).

"If the eclipse be a total one, and endures for some time, it is called an eclipse of torment, for then the chief provinces will suffer and their rulers will be afflicted with misery."

The eclipse is total, and lasts upon the earth about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours. With reference to the lunar and solar eclipses the following stanzas are given:—

"If they should fall in the month of Phalguna, the people of Vanga, Asmaka, Avantika, and the Mekalas will be afflicted with disease; dancers, maidens, food crops, armourers, soldiers, and ascetics will also suffer."

The places indicated are East Bengal, Bhir in the Nizam's territory, Ujjain in Malwa, and the parts near the Nerbudda river.

"If on the New Moon day immediately succeeding a lunar eclipse, an eclipse of the Sun should occur, there will be strife among the people, and dissensions between husband and wife."

The Full Moon of 21st March is partially eclipsed and followed by the total solar eclipse at the New Moon of 6th April.

The above notes will, I think, be sufficient to put some of the old aphorisms to the test. But it should be borne in mind that such general rules cannot bear the same criticism that might be placed upon a more definite judgment which takes into consideration the places of the planets at the time of the eclipse.

The following judgment of the figure for Calcutta will serve as an illustration of the method followed by astrologers in the interpretation of an Eclipse:—

*Position of the Eclipse.*—The conjoined luminaries are found in the 10th House, near to the cusp of the 11th. Hence this eclipse will be unfavourable to the interests of the Viceroy and the Viceregal Council. Among the latter a death will shortly occur. The exchequer of this Empire will be heavily strained; a financial crisis is certain. The Sun, symbol of the Rulers of the country and particularly of the Viceroy, (the Sun being in Aries, the ruling sign of England), is eclipsed by the Moon, symbol of the people. More particularly is this latter the case in the present instance, for the Moon rules the rising sign Cancer. Hence, the Government will not be favourably regarded by the people during the period of this influence. Allies of the nation will give

trouble. The revenue returns will show poor figures in the near future, and Government expenditure will be on the increase.

The above observations are based upon the position of the Sun and Moon near to the cusp of the 11th House, wherein they still retain influence. This House rules over the Royal Exchequer, the Inland Revenue; the National Council and the National Allies. The Sun rules the 3rd House of the figure, on the cusp of which we find the sign Leo; and on this account it is probable that there will be railway accidents and troubles in connection with the Railway and Postal service. Educational matters will assume a prominent position in the affairs of the Legislative Council, but will fare badly at their hands. The eclipse is bad for the Viceregal staff also, for the 3rd House, ruled by the eclipsed luminary, has dominion over them.

*Positions of the Planets.*—Saturn, lord of the 8th House in the figure, the House of Death, is in the 5th House and in opposition to the Sun and Moon. There will be great mortality among children and young persons and those bearing child. Also, many festivities will be arrested, and that on account of death. This effect will be rather widespread, for not only is the Moon, ruler of the ascendant, afflicted by Saturn, but Mercury, the ruler of the 6th House (sickness) is in the meridian and in the sign of its debility (Pisces). This position among other things will trouble the army of India, in the ranks of which there will be some sedition, if I mistake not. Uranus, in the 5th House, will bring unexpected troubles upon theatres and places of amusement, and public entertainments generally will fall flat or receive an unexpected check.

Mars in the 8th House is a portent of some catastrophies by fire and gunshot, and from the dominion held by Mars in the figure, I judge such will not be of an obscure nature. Numerous deaths by fever.

Venus in the 9th House, in its exaltation and afflicting the Sun and Moon by a semi-square aspect, is not so favourable to shipping and commerce as it would be if in good aspect. This position, however, indicates that an impetus, of a beneficial nature on the whole, will be given to the national religion from various quarters, but not without opposition, as is evident from the position of the planet Jupiter in the 12th House (enemies) in square aspect to Venus; Jupiter being the more corrupt as it is in the sign of its debility, Gemini. The position of Jupiter denotes treachery in the national service, which may or may not come to light very soon.

The above is a brief sketch of the events likely to follow in connection with this eclipse.

*The Time of Events.*—Some little time is likely to elapse before the chief of the above events will be manifest, and the full force of the eclipse be felt. The duration of the influence of this celestial phenomenon will not be very protracted, but after a certain date, in all probability May 24th, events will follow in quick succession and the *Karma* of the eclipse will be rapidly exhausted.

The following dates will probably leave their mark upon the nation and its affairs in testimony of the influence of the heavens over the destinies of mankind :—April 7th, 12th, 24th, and 26th ; May 4th, 22nd, 28th ; June 10th ; July 8th and 15th ; August 7th. It will further be observed that Mercury transits the place of eclipse on April 28th and forms a square (evil), aspect to it on the 14th June. Venus, afflicted by an opposition of Saturn, comes to the conjunction on the 22nd May, and Mars transits the same place on the 20th July. The latter position will trouble the Government considerably.

As the eclipse, at the time it passes over India, will be on the wane, the effects will not be so marked and disastrous as they will be in China, where great troubles may be expected almost immediately on the heels of the eclipse. This is the more certain, as Saturn is now passing through the ruling sign of that country, and holds an important position on its lower meridian at the time of the central eclipse. In that country property and crops will suffer terribly, and the Emperor will not be exempt from the influence of this Rahu, the Great Devourer.

The ancients divided the habitable world into twelve parts corresponding to the signs of the Zodiac, and long observation and experiment on the part of astrologers in all countries, have confirmed the validity of such a division. Such parts of the world, therefore, as are ascribed to the sign Aries, in which the present eclipse falls, will accordingly suffer.

All eclipses are not evil alike, for many times they may not be visible in important and thickly populated parts of the world, and it is affirmed that the visibility, or otherwise, of the eclipse is an important factor in the matter of its influence. Further, the eclipse may hold a more or less insignificant position in the heavens, according to the natural affections of the sign of eclipse and the attendant planetary positions and aspects.

In the present instance the positions and aspects are such as to warrant us in believing it to be a phenomenon of considerable astrological importance, and for this reason the foregoing judgment of its probable effects may not be without interest to those horoscopically inclined

SEPHARIAL.

---

### THE DOCTRINE OF MA'YA'.

A REPLY.

I READ with great pleasure the very able and scholarly criticisms of Mr. Manilal Dvivedi of my article on "Máya," published some months ago in the *Theosophist*. I gave out, therein, as my opinion that the doctrine of Máya is absolutely untenable from a philosophical point of view, and that it is nowhere taught in our Scriptures. The learned critic has not, in spite of so much that he has written, solved my difficulties ; and the objections that I brought against the system of Advaita have not been dealt with properly. In the first part of his article, where



he tries to defend its philosophical soundness, in spite of its metaphysical subtlety and a sort of mystic veil thrown over it, there is not one argument that can stand the test of reason. Let me now examine his arguments in favor of Advaita in detail, and see whether his conclusions are in any way justified by facts and reasons.

Before entering into the subject itself, I have to make a few preliminary remarks, which may be excused in consideration of the importance of the question under consideration. The learned critic says, "Anyone who desires to pursue philosophical speculations with any accuracy and depth, must take care to guard himself against anthropomorphic bias." I unreservedly subscribe to the statement, and add that he must not only guard himself against the anthropomorphic bias, but against a host of others, of which, in my humble opinion, the idealistic bias is the most dangerous and suicidal. It blinds the reason, warps the judgment, tending, as it does, to "do-nothingism" and intellectual perversion. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary in philosophical discussions to clear the mind of all prejudices and consider the problems from the standpoint of truth and truth alone.

There is another danger which a philosophical critic or historian would do well to guard himself against. He is apt, consciously or unconsciously, with a tendency similar to that of historians of philosophy, to thrust into ancient systems modern ideas which they could never have possibly held. The learned critic of my article shows too much of this tendency in his interpretations of the philosophy of S'ankara. The philosophy of the School of Hegel, whose opinions he seems to think that S'ankara has anticipated in his writings, has nothing in common, either in methods or conclusions, with the system of Advaita. This fact will be apparent if one would take the trouble to go through the works of S'ankara and compare them dispassionately with those of the German School of idealists. Even taking for granted that the philosophy of S'ankara follows strictly in the lines of German speculation, it cannot make the system one whit the more logical or true. The critic triumphantly commences his discussion on "Mâyá," with the assertion that Advaita, which he regards as a system of absolute Idealism, offers a most rational explanation of the possibility of experience—the "Nature of the antithesis of subject and object." He holds with an idealist, that the Absolute or the subject without conditions, is the only existence, and the Relative must follow this assumption, as a matter of course, by "implication."

This truth is established on the strength of the following analogy. He says, "Just as day implies night, circle implies circumference, or heat implies cold, necessarily and invariably, without the one annihilating the other, so does the Absolute imply the Relative." This analogy, if examined critically, is found to be very weak and, in fact, absolutely useless and out of place. The critic has failed to see that day implies night, circle implies circumference, and heat implies cold, not to each other, but to a third person, a thinker, independent of them and cognising them.

Does his Absolute, then, imply the Relative, with reference to a thinker to whom both are objective? Is he prepared to grant, then, that a mind exists apart from the two and capable of contrasting both? If not, is it not absolutely illogical and inconceivable to say that the Absolute implies the Relative to itself without any reference to a mind, which, of course, cannot exist, if the unconditioned subject be taken as the only reality. Let us examine the same thing from another point of view and see how it supports his position. Circle and circumference, day and night, heat and cold, are all phenomena; and if the first of each pair implies the second, it can only follow, as a natural inference, that one phenomenon implies another phenomenon as its contrast. How, then, can the Relative—the totality of phenomena, actual and possible—imply the Absolute or *vice versa*?

But it may be said that a phenomenon cannot be thought of apart from a noumenon of which it is the appearance. This very inability to conceive of a phenomenon without implying a noumenon, may be a mental delusion. It is perhaps on the same footing with our inability to conceive of the antipodes standing on the other side of the globe without falling down, or perhaps it is due to wrong associations with the meaning of the word phenomenon.

If the word existence, in the sense in which we ordinarily use it, be substituted for phenomenon, it can be proved that the Absolute of the pantheists is no "concept" as our critic thinks, but represents only a *ps-ud-idea* as Spencer would put it. As every existence implies non-existence, so the totality of existences or the relative must imply an absolute non-existence as its contrast. Thus his line of argument, if strictly followed, interferes seriously with the very existence of the Absolute. It may be objected; that the Absolute is, of course, non-existent from the point of view of existence as we know it; and that the existence as related to knowledge pre-supposes an existence un-related, which is the Absolute. If "knowing is Being," as our critic grants, and if knowledge does not simply acquire conditions, but conditioning itself, then unconditioned knowing or Being is a contradiction in terms, and the theory of the Absolute falls down. But if it be granted, for the sake of argument, that there is the unconditioned, then it must ever remain, unknowable and unrealisable.

I am, therefore, of opinion that either this should be accepted as the highest truth which philosophy is capable of giving, or the ideas of knowing and being must be changed, and modern philosophy re-constructed on a firmer basis, if its conclusions do not satisfy the aspirations of our souls. The critic elsewhere says, "There is thus some sort of self-realisation in all acts of perception; but it is complete only when the supposed noumenon also becomes the subject—a form of it" I do not deny that there is some sort of self-realisation in every act of perception. There is in every act of perception not only a realisation of self, but that of not-self too. Self is realised only when

it is contrasted with non-self. If the existence of non-self be denied, and if the attributes be made forms of self, then it means that the self realises itself in realising its forms. What are these forms? I ask. Our critic would reply that they are conditions of consciousness. How came the conditions of consciousness to that which is, by nature, unconditioned? He may say that the conditions are illusory, but illusion or reality has no meaning without reference to a thinker independent of both and cognising them. It can only mean, if it has any meaning, that the conditions do not exist. Thus our critic in trying to explain apparent reality or experiences, denies it altogether.

The critic says that in the sensible universe the Advaitis deny only "the *à priori* forms of experience" given by the perceiving subject. On the strength of this statement I presume that the Advaitis hold with Kant that space and time are subjective conditions and not objective realities. Kant bases his hypothesis on the fact that the consciousness of space and time cannot be suppressed. It is true; but that which cannot be suppressed is not the consciousness of space and time as forms of self, but as objective realities. How do the Advaitis get over this difficulty? And how does the critic answer the following objection of Spencer against the Kantian view? He says that "space and time are objects of consciousness. Kant emphatically asserts it by saying that it is impossible to suppress the consciousness of them. How then, if they are objects of consciousness, can they be, at the same time, the conditions of consciousness?" If space and time are conditions under which we think, then when we think of space and time themselves our thoughts must be unconditioned; and if there can be unconditioned thoughts, what becomes of the theory? These and a host of other objections may be brought against the views of the German idealists, which neither the absolute idealism of Fichte, nor the "intellectual intuition" of Schelling, nor the incomprehensible mysticism of Hegel, can easily explain away.

It may also be observed, for the sake of those interested in the present condition of philosophical thought in Great Britain and the Continent, that this boasted Hegelianism has been tried and found wanting. It died out in Germany immediately after the death of its founder, and has at present no hold on the German mind. Even the Neo-Hegelian spirit manifested lately in England, the most pronounced exponents of which were the late F. H. Green and others, was nipped in the bud by the philosophy of Spencer.

The critic says that Brahman is the all. If it be the all, this universe with all its conditions and distinctions must be Brahman. How can it be called a delusion? If these limits, these *à priori* forms of experience be not Brahman, how did they come into existence? If nature, which Mr. Divedi identifies with Brahman, has not set them, what is it beyond nature that *has* set these limits?

Is it the perceiving subject that produces these limits? How can the subject which is by nature unconditioned bring about conditions?

These limits are not even felt to be the forms of the perceiver. Every one knows by the direct testimony of consciousness that they are felt to be different from the mysterious "I," which they unfold and with which no one can possibly identify them.

The subject is felt to be the same, unchanged and unchangeable, standing as a mere spectator of the changes that take place outside, and with which it somehow or other has come to have a relation.

The learned critic says that the Absolute by its very nature posits a relative as against itself. If it be the All, where had the Relative its germ? Is the germ the Absolute itself or something different from it? If it be the first, how is it that the relative has come to be regarded as an eternal contrast to the Absolute? If it be the second, the theory of absolute monism is given up. Moreover, if the Absolute be eternal, it must be eternally positing a relative as against itself. If so, when will come our friend's most desired movement of self-realisation? This self-realisation put forth by him as the goal preached by Advaitis can take place only after infinite time, *i.e.*, never.

He is perfectly right in saying that "the denier cannot deny himself." If the Ego without relations be the Absolute, then there must be in the universe as many Absolutes as perceiving egos. If not, is there only one Ego in nature? How does he prove it? How does he account for the existence of so many millions of thinking entities in nature, which feel themselves to be essentially different from each other? Are all these delusive? Does not that assumption involve the destruction of self as such, and the giving up of all grounds for truth and argument?

The critic is of opinion that the Absolute and the Relative being only concepts, can coëxist without the one annihilating the other. But if they be two different concepts, one must condition the other logically. And if the Absolute be the All, then where is there room for the finite unless it means non-existence or a mere zero? If the Finite be something positive, it will condition the Absolute so that another Absolute will have to be postulated so as to unify them. It is true that A in order to be clear to my mind must imply its opposite; but the two together are neither zero nor something indescribable, as the defender of the *Máyá-váda* thinks.

Not-A means all things other than A; so that the two together make up the totality of existences, which is neither the one nor the other. Therefore the Absolute which is the All cannot imply the Relative but only a zero. If it be supposed that the Absolute can imply not a zero but a concept strictly so called, then there must be something beyond this Absolute and this Relative to unify them and to necessitate this contrast.

The critic, in his enthusiasm for his cause, forgets what the Absolute, philosophically considered, ought to be, and ascribes to it actions and attributes which he cannot do by his very assumption. He says, "the

Absolute passes from stage to stage till self-realisation is complete." And again: "The Advaitis describe the natural action of the Absolute partitioning itself off into parts which return unto itself, by the apt word—*Máyá*—illusion." Is the Absolute capable of dividing itself into parts? Is it capable of growth and expansion, or passing from stage to stage? Of course not, as it is attributeless and actionless. Here is a beautiful instance of the way in which the Advaitis argue, and how in pretending to explain experience, they explain nothing. The natural action of the Absolute partitioning itself off into forms is called *Máyá*. *Máyá* is again declared to be something indescribable. This is simply another mode of stating that the natural action of the Absolute partitioning itself off into forms, is something indescribable; thus proclaiming the inability of the system to solve the problem of the origin of the Relative which it regards as an illusion.

This principle "*Máyá*" or an indescribable something, is an ingenious invention of the Advaitis for the purpose of conceiving in a mystery their illogical and inconceivable theories. It is a magic wand that works wonders in their hands. It will be something and nothing at the same time. It will exist when the question of the evolution of the universe out of the Absolute requires solution, and will disappear along with the universe to which it has given birth, when the question becomes whether the existence of the phenomenal universe will not limit the Absolute, which, according to the principles of sound philosophy, must be one, simple, infinite and unchangeable.

Let us take leave of this indescribable something which is nothing, and examine the Absolute of Advaita. It is declared to be the essence of the All, which is again identified with the thinker considered in itself and apart from conditions or limitations. The subject in itself or being is "bliss, joy and light." These three words in ordinary language express three distinct attributes as related to an ego. How can they together constitute the essence of being or denote the same thing? No answer to this question is possible, unless something unknowable be assumed behind these three forming their essence of which they are attributes. Thus, again, this Parabrahman which exists in contradistinction to the "*Máyá*" which does not exist, becomes again indescribable. If these two indescribables be granted along with the freedom to get rid of one of them whenever he likes, an Advaitî will readily solve all problems of philosophy and metaphysics.

In this connection it will be better to deal with the nature of *Kaivalya*—the *Moksha* of the Advaitis, supposing the Advaita to be an idealistic system. The highest reality for an Advaita then is the subject—that which thinks,—all else being its determinations and as such illusory. His end and aim of life ought to be to get rid of these determinations as soon as possible, that he may attain *Kaivalya*, *i. e.*, that the subject may abide in itself. The only conception I can form of such a state is that it denotes an eternal sleep—almost synonymous

with annihilation to the utter forgetfulness of the universe and its processes. Even supposing that such a state is desirable, it seems, in my opinion, to be logically impossible. Experience of self by itself is impossible, as every experience, not excluding that of self, presupposes a material element, that which experiences—and a formal element—that which is experienced;—and a suppression of the one leads, as Mansel rightly holds, to a suppression of the other, and their indentification to the annihilation of both. The critic's views as regards Kaivalya are vague and mystical. He says that the nature of being is bliss, joy and light, and must be realised as such: who is to realise it and what is it that is realised? Then comes the question of the practical utility of this philosophy, as conducing to the greatest well-being of the whole and its parts.

In the opinion of our critic this system of idealism supplies a standard of morality “which can never be approached by any philosophy whatever.” He is perfectly mistaken. By denying the world and its processes and a conscious supervisory intelligence guiding it, it strikes at the very root of morality. It can preach neither virtue nor vice, neither good nor evil.

It can preach, at best, a system of do-nothingism tending to the unnatural separation of the individual from society, that he may be better able to free himself from illusions. If the Advaitis preach anything better, they call it *Vyāvahārika* (illusory), thereby depriving it of its life and spirit. Our critic thinks that oneness is the cause of happiness, and duality the cause of evil. Not at all. It is harmony that is the cause of happiness, while discord tends to misery. These are possible only when there is multiplicity in the world—the existence of many individuals forming a united body. If so, how can duality lead to evil? What necessity is there for morality when there is absolute oneness? The promotion of individual and social happiness does not involve the loss of self, but the due subordination of the interests of self to the interests of society, and a harmonious adjustment between the two.

The last word of Advaita is put forth as follows: “There is no involution nor evolution; there is none in bondage, none in pupilage; there is no liberation, no desire for liberation, no bond; this is the absolute truth.” Such a flat denial will not do in philosophical speculations. We want more proofs, more rational arguments. If everything be denied arbitrarily, why should not the same fate overtake the truth of the Advaitic system. It will not do to dogmatize that there is neither evolution nor involution while we experience it every day. Will our miseries become a whit less by the dogma that there is no misery at all? Can it afford relief to a sufferer to be told that he is Brahman, is bliss itself? The last word of Advaita proclaims its philosophical and scientific inadequacy like Hume's Nihilism. When no explanations can be offered by a thinker, of what use will it be for him, or for the world, to

deny facts and take refuge under vague generalities and mysticisms. The system of Advaita can never solace the problem of man and the universe unless it be by the suicidal policy of ignoring them altogether.

Philosophy must explain the possibility of experience ; it must enable us to construct the actual world of sensible experience according to its abstract possibility. Does Advaita enable us to do so ? Does it explain experience ? Does it supply any *modus vivendi* between the Absolute Cause and the phenomenal universe ? Does it enable us to pass intellectually from the one to the other and *vice versa* ? We have seen that it does not. Am I not, therefore, justified in my remark that, after all, this boasted Advaita is a failure as a system of philosophy, both speculative and practical ?

N. RAMANUJA CHARI, B. A.

(To be continued).

### TO HIM THAT SEEKS.

THE last difficulty that faces the earnest seeker after Truth, the great mystery that has to be cleared up by the introspective spirit, is the difficulty and the mystery of the relation between the one and the many, the unconditioned and the conditioned, Brahman and Mâyá.

Many are the ways in which the Vedântin has attempted to explain the connection between Brahman and Mâyá, and gigantic the efforts made by the German philosophers to reduce the universe to unity. Probably in the case of Fichte the spirit saw clearly through the mystery, but the outward formulation of that 'seeing' is defective. "I am not not-I." Such, Fichte says, is the Supreme Thought which is the whole nature of the Supreme. The self and the not-self, the one and the many, the unconditioned and the conditioned, are both present herein. The defect of the formula is in this, that the opposition between the two appears complete. The contradiction between them is fixed. No possibility is left for the illusory identification of the one with the other. Yet the identification is there, the spirit is identified with the body.

The author of the Bhámati in commenting upon the opening words of the S'áriraka Bháshya, suggests the correction. For "not-I" read "एतत्"—This. The Great Thought is "*Aham etat násmi*"—"I this am not." The Supreme is ever complete in the Eternal Present of the totality of this Thought. Read the Upanishads. The Absolute cannot really "develop", cannot search after the 'realization of self-consciousness'—as Hegel is supposed to have said. The development and the search are only illusory. Understand the Illusion. The "This" is everything that the "I" is not. The "I" is unlimited ; the "This" must therefore be limited. Therefore the "Great Thought" cannot be realised in its entirety at once in the "This." Yet, for that

same reason, because the "Aham" has *first* to appear as identified with, and *then* to deny it, on account of that apparent identification, the "Etat" borrows a false infinity from the "Aham," which false infinity has been characterised by the German philosophers as "Indefiniteness; *Kâtastha-sattá* and *Praváha sattá.*" Hence the Great Illusion of motion and its gigantic brothers, Space and Time. The "Aham" is one, the "Etat" many; hence the birth of numbers. The "Thought," ever-complete in itself, because of the exigency of the "This," *appears* incompletely, in parts, as the manifested universe; *first* an identification, *then* a denial, an *adhyáropa* and an *aparáda*, evolution and involution. Ponder deeply. Well has the Vedântin called the Great Illusion *Anirvachaníya*. How to describe it? As the "This" it is "matter" (*Múlaprakriti*), as the "exigency" of the "This", it is Force (*Daiviprakriti*). As *appearing* identified with "Aham," it "is"; as denied thereof it "is not"; but "indescribable" truly, always. Look well. There is no conflict between real Predestination and apparent Free-will; no insoluble mystery in the endless war of the good and the evil that are both equally illusory. Consider; there is no conflict between the *Srishtiváda*, the *Parináma-váda*, the *Vivartaváda*, and all the other attempts at explanation of the mystery. All are at peace in "The Thought."

\* नायमात्मा प्रवचनेन लभ्यः  
 नमेध्यानं बहुना श्रुतेन ।  
 यमेवैष वृणते तेन लभ्यः  
 तस्यैष आत्मा वृणते तनुं स्वाम् ॥

But to each, which is also the, and because it is the All between the first part and the second part of the Thought, comes the time when

तस्यैष आत्मा वृणते तनुं स्वाम् ।

Thou art the one goal of the many ways,  
 Some straight and easy, others crook'd and rough,  
 Men fellow as they variously incline,  
 As of the endless streams, the one vast sea.

(*Mahimna Stotra.*)

BHAGAVAN DAS.

\* Not by speech is this self to be obtained,  
 Nor by intelligence, nor much learning;  
 Whom the Self espouses, by him alone is the Self obtained;  
 To him the A'tman bares its whole being.  
 (*Katha Upanishad*, 2nd Valli, 23rd s'loka.)



*THE SUICIDE.*

SO tired! so weary of life!—she lay there, a woman, sad-eyed and hopeless, with her face in the sand, on the desolate and lonely shores of the Dead Sea. And she wept tears more bitter than the restless blue waves of Mara, lapping the fine soft sand, triturerated and worn to an almost unpalpable powder, yet remaining sand through all the countless æons of time, through the wear and tear of storm, wind, and wave, ever restless, ever rolling in, to and fro, in sad, monotonous murmur, now casting forth the sand upon the shore, anon carrying it back to the fathomless depths of ocean. The woman stood up and shook the sand out of her hair; in both hands she clenched a handful of the slippery grains. Soft as summer rain it trickled through her fingers, no matter how firmly she grasped it. Again she stooped and filled her empty hands and set her teeth and held the grains with the desperate energy of one drowning, who clutches at a straw. She looked at her right hand and then at the left, and lo! the treacherous sand trickled forth silently, remorselessly, as out of an hour-glass. So ran it forth to join the shore again. For the third time she took up the grains of sand that would not stay, and ere they left her hand, she opened her palms and flung the sand in scattered dust upon her head.

“Thus slip time and life from me. I cannot bid them stay. Oh! lost and hopeless! whither shall I turn? Back to the monotony of life? Nay—I loathe it. Forwards into the future? I dread it. Stand still ’twixt both I cannot.”

“The future but remains—no choice have I, and there hangs a mirage as hollow and fleeting as the past,” she moaned in her pain.

She turned and faced the lonely shore, where beyond the trackless sand lay a desert. There myriads of souls had walked as she had done to find the waters of oblivion. Her own footsteps in shapeless hollows had marked her weary track, but the restless winds, as they mourned over the sea, covered up the empty graves, as they had done with all the many shapes that had come and gone; forms, all alive with pain, and grief, seeking oblivion, hoping to find it in the deep waters of Mara’s salt blue wave.

Over the desert hung a haze filled with countless pictures of the past, so many empty shells of human deeds and thought, so many scenes of joy and misery—all in one inextricable tangle—filled with hollow echoes of a bygone past, laughter mingled with moans, sobs and curses, grim scenes of crimes and passion—twined with love and happiness. Serpents and blossoms; blossoms, where the nectar stood, changed to the poison of the bee, whilst the bee carried the honey in his sting. Chaos and confusion in a lurid light. Out of the heart of it all the woman saw her own past life, for she held the thread of memory, and traced her colored string weaving in and out of that chaotic mass. She shuddered as she met the knots in her life, where threads of other lives had crossed and tangled hers.

Her fault?—or theirs?—she could not say, for there was a doubt in her heart against herself.

As she looked the haze lifted, and beyond the horizon of her vision opened another, far off and dim, and beyond that a third, and through the distance she still saw her thread of life lost in infinite space; but what she saw was enough. Shuddering she faced the ocean, and shading her eyes with her hand, tried to pierce the line where heaven and sea met and melted into one soft hue in the haze of distance, where hung a mirage of things left undone.

Out of the far-off line a white sail came slowly swimming along like some snowy bird, and the woman murmured, "How oft have I seen the mirage on sea and land! Oft have I grasped the sand that never would remain within my hand. Oft have I seen a sail that never came to shore." Tired, so tired and weary! Ah! in one sigh to die—to rest from life's path so dreary, in oblivion's kind arms to lie.

Out of her bosom she drew the shuttle round which was coiled the thread of her life, but less than half of it lay spun in the tangled past that lay behind her. For one second of time she looked at it, and in that instant the woman lifted her arms above her head with a cry of anguish and despair; the golden thread that held her to the past snapt and shrank away, as doth a hair that meets a sudden flame. From her hand the shuttle fell into the blue waters, and floated away on the crest of a wave, as she plunged in with one long cry of anguish. And she who thought she had severed the knot of fate, she who had hoped to die, in dying to find oblivion, found it not; but herself tossed hither and thither by the bitter salt waves, she knew not how to swim, nor could she sink; the blue unfathomable<sup>1</sup> deep flung her to and fro as winds sporting with a feather.

On the shore the mirage of all that had been done still hung; yet through it all could she see that broken thread of life wafted about by the breezes, like the silken gossamer of an unfinished web, feeling for something to fasten to. Out at sea floated the shuttle, but ever towards the future, steering for the mirage of the unfinished, against the tide and wave, for the laws that governed it were not framed on earth below. And the woman who had wept on the desert shore lay dry-eyed on the ocean wave, plunged in a misery greater than that she had fled from, an anguish beyond words or tears. She saw the shuttle of her life with its unspent thread float past her reach; she struggled to swim and seize it, but she found the waters heavy as liquid silver. When she ceased to struggle, she lay prone and looked around; and then, for the first time, she saw to her horror that the sea was alive with myriads of human forms—all struggling to reach their shuttles as they floated past on the tantalising rise and fall of the heavy sea of silver. For they who had cast away life, eagerly sought to grasp it again, not having found oblivion. And behold, as the night fell the shuttles turned into beautiful stars of gold, lighting up the darkened sea, and through the purple gloom, sweep-

ing, came mourning voices and tearless sobs, which died on the lonely sands of that sad seashore.

In the darkness all the stars seemed alive, and in a nightmare the struggling souls seized hold of the stars and dreamt they were living on the shores of life. Though they dreamed, there was no real sleep for them, on the bitter waters of Mara—the home of the suicide.

And with the dawn came a sad awakening from dreams, and the shuttle grasped in each hand proved to belong to some other lost soul, weeping dry-eyed over a similar disappointment. As the shades of night returned, each dreamt that he had met the one who held his shuttle of life and exchanged it. In the morn came the bitter awakening, the quenchless sorrow, when the dreams melted to the mists of the void.

So set the sun on hope's despair. So rose he o'er the chaotic sea, awakening it from its nightmare.

With the silver sickle of the young moon turned the tide shorewards, bringing from the far horizon a white sail spread before the breeze, that swam into the silver waves and cast its anchor in that sea of lead. It took on board the souls whose hour of death had struck on earth—the *moment* that is registered by the angel of death at the hour of birth. And that white-winged vessel came not to bear away the souls to rest, but back to life again on earth. And as each soul was called up from the deep, behold! he rose and walked upon the waters, and up the ladder leading to that strange vessel, and as he placed his foot upon the deck, a silent figure gave him an empty shuttle, the record of what he had done.

All around in anguish and confusion, the lost souls buried in the Dead Sea, struggled to reach the boat, and some got near, but no nearer than they were from the hour of death on earth. As thousands went away in the vessel, behold! as many more came, plunging into the sea from the shore, casting their shuttles from them. And as the white wings sailed away, a great cry of anguish rent the heavens and went forth—"Oh! my God, why hast thou forgotten me?" And the hopeless wail of despair was so intense in its anguish that the echo reached earth and struck on the ears of listening souls, who heard the agony of the cry through their dreams, and awoke shivering with dread, —with a prayer on their lips for the lost souls.

The woman who had broken her thread of life, who had cast her shuttle from her, lay on the sea for weary years, for she had a longer span of life than that accorded to many. As the sun rose and set—as he had done so oft o'er her pain, she saw the white-winged vessel often, but not for her came it there. She beheld the sea emptied and filled again with youths and maidens, men and women, in the prime of their lives, who plunged into it in a moment of despairing madness, flinging their shuttles far and wide, praying for oblivion, and finding life the more intense, the song of it set in a sharper key of agony and pain than on earth. So ran the sands from day to day in that woman's hour-glass, till the

knell struck her last hour on earth, and the white wings sailed for her.

And one clear call came ringing over the sea like a clarion bell, and she rose and went. Into her hands was placed the empty shuttle, and the silent giver spoke, saying, "Behold! this is the third time in as many lives that thou hast done this thing—broken thy thread and flung thy shuttle from thee—for the third time has this vessel borne thee from the Sea of Mara. And this is the last time. See to it thou committest not this crime again against thy divine self. Thou hast one more chance; behold I give it to thee!"

As the vessel set her sail for the shores of life, another passed her in the dawn—freighted with souls. And the woman asked the silent one whither it went, and he answered, "To rest." And she saw countless forms,—on all the faces lay the seal of peaceful rest. Some lay wrapt in dreamless slumber, and others smiled as they realized in their dreams or sleep, sweet, ideal thoughts, visions and fancies—blossoms that had been blighted on earth, that had not come to fruit.

"Whither art thou taking me?" she asked.

And the silent pilot pointed to the shores of life, and the woman shrank from the burden of the future and besought him to save her.

"The law is inexorable—thou hast broken it—conquer thou thy weakness—and it will be well with thee; shirk not the cross of life, 'tis better to bear it than fling it aside; thou must return, undo much that thou hast done, fulfil the undone." "Give me oblivion," she moaned; and the pilot answered, "There are some things in heaven and earth that are not possible."

The vessel neared the shore and cast its anchor; and the pilot took the empty shuttle from her nerveless hand and flung it in the sea, and out of his bosom he drew forth a fresh one filled with a living coil of golden thread, and he held the end.

"Once more I beg oblivion even for a while"—entreated the woman. "For how many ages have I stood and tried to hold the sand upon the shore of life!"

"Thou didst try to hold that which was beyond thee; thou didst grasp at shadows, pleasure that passeth away even as the rainbow melteth into the sunlight. Thou didst not try to hold pain and analyze it, wherefore dost thou imagine that thou couldst keep pleasure, knowing naught of its essence? Thou art like a child that crieth when its bubbles burst."

"But 'tis life that grinds so fine that hurteth me so," she pleaded; "pleasure or pain, the monotony is the same and weareth me out."

"Dost thou not know that thou art a gem in its rough covering, the wheel that polisheth is ever set close and fine, to meet the grain of the jewel; the harder the quality, the finer the polish; the diamond is polished by its own dust? Thus will thy higher self polish thy lower,

and thou must help the wheel. *To kill pain*, thou must *grasp* it, as thou would'st a nettle, and behold it will not sting thee—if thou wilt not do this, thou must suffer to the end. Seek the waters of eternal life.”

“But,” entreated the woman, “I cannot go forth weighted with the memory of the past stinging the present.”

The silent one passed his hand over her brow; he drew the thread of her shuttle of life and knotted it on the first finger of her right-hand. Seeing she was as yet too weary to grasp it tight, he gave her forgetfulness in a measure, to ease her path, but not oblivion. And he launched her forth on life again to go back on her footsteps, and on that same lonely shore unravel the tangled past, and overcome the weakness of wishing to lay her burden down.

\* \* \* \* \*

On earth is a child with large, sad eyes, dreamy and heavy. She seldom smiles or speaks, but silently works, helping those around, forgetting herself; and they wonder at the marvellous forethought of one so young, they marvel at the depths of her sad eyes. No one knows the woeful tale of her past life; nor can they guess it. And she has partly forgotten all she has gone through, but at times a half memory wakes up and guides her footsteps. But she is happiest when total oblivion of the past overcomes her, for she is trying to live a new life by losing herself in others.

E. R. B.

---

### CHRISTIAN ROSENKREUZ AND THE ROSICRUCIANS.

(From *Theosophical Siftings*.)

THE Rosicrucians of mediæval Germany formed a group of mystic philosophers, assembling, studying and teaching in private the esoteric doctrines of religion, philosophy and occult science, which their founder, Christian Rosenkreuz, had learned from the Arabian sages, who were in their turn the inheritors of the culture of Alexandria. This great city of Egypt, a chief emporium of commerce and a centre of intellectual learning, flourished before the rise of the Imperial power of Rome, falling at length before the martial prowess of the Romans, who, having conquered, took great pains to destroy the arts and sciences of the Egypt they had overrun and subdued; for they seem to have had a wholesome fear of those magical arts, which, as tradition had informed them, flourished in the Nile Valley; which same tradition is also familiar to English people through our acquaintance with the book of Genesis, whose reputed author was taught in Egypt all the science and arts he possessed, even as the Bible itself tells us, although the orthodox are apt to slur over this assertion of the Old Testament narrative.

Our present world has taken almost no notice of the Rosicrucian philosophy, nor until the last twenty years of any mysticism, and when it does condescend to stoop from its utilitarian and money-making occupa-

tions, it is only to condemn all such studies, root and branch, as waste of time and loss of energy. The very name of "Christian Rosenkreuz," the founder of Rosicrucianism, would meet with hardly any sign of recognition in the best social or the literary circles of this country; and yet the mere publication in 1614 of a little pamphlet in Germany, narrating the mode of foundation and the aims of the Rosicrucian Order, made such a stir throughout Europe, that even to-day there are extant six hundred tracts for and against the reality and the *bonâ fides* of the doctrines of the Order; which tracts were written and printed in Germany and France alone, within a hundred years of the issue of the original *Fama Fraternalitatis*, or narrative of the establishment of the society of C. R.

In estimating the relative importance of so voluminous a literature, we must remember that the era 1600—1700 was far different from the age in which we live. The printing press, although available to the few and rich, was still a rarity, and the daily newspaper had not been thought of. Certainly no book that has been printed within the last fifty years has created one tithe of the flutter, in the world of the learned, that was caused by this thirty-three page Latin pamphlet, published in Germany in 1614.

The Reformation, we must remember, had just become an accomplished fact; it was a sweeping change that had affected a vast tract of semi-civilised country, and perhaps some explanation of the outcry against Rosy Cross was a form of protest against another possible attempt at the conversion of men, like the Reformation of Catholicism which had preceded it, and had, while making great improvements, greatly unsettled men's minds, and had shaken European religious and social life to its foundations. The narrative, then, of Christian Rosenkreuz created a veritable intellectual panic among the learned, and it was a ferment which did not complete its work for several generations. That its effect was on the whole a good one, need not be doubted by us, for whatever may be the merits or demerits of Rosicrucianism as a system of philosophy or ethics, its promulgation certainly tended to widen men's intellectual conceptions, to show that the prevailing standards and forms of religion were not the only possible forms of high spiritual thought and aspiration, and that even the time-expired formulæ of Egyptian culture were susceptible of a later development not wholly unsuitable, and not unworthy of the attention of a later age. Why indeed should it not have been so, seeing that for 1500 years in Europe the nations had reposed in a state of apathy without culture, had made almost no progress, and had been hide-bound by the fetters of a religious establishment which boasted itself upon its exclusiveness, its control of all that God gave or man could receive, and formulated and practised the dogma that there was no revelation but one—the Bible—and that the Bible was unsuitable to the people, whose sole duty was to support a priesthood, from whose personal attention and propitiation alone was any good to be obtained.

So long as vast nations were taught that neither mind, nor intellect, nor man's spiritual soul required any further culture, nor any further enlightenment than could be obtained from listening to the reading of the only infallible book in a language not understood of the people: it is easy to perceive why Germany in 1600 was behind Alexandria of the year 1, alike in culture, in science and in art.

Reform of any sort, new presentments of truth of any kind, always stink in the nostrils of men who have a vested interest in maintaining things as they are: and history has repeatedly shown that even benefited ministers will stoop to misrepresentation and falsehood in order to sustain their own interests and God-given rights, in their minds consonant with the right divine of Kings,—another now exploded superstition. Small wonder then that the *Fuma Fraternitatis Crucis* raised up a storm of passion, and that its followers were assailed by every form of abuse and by every vile epithet that the Billingsgate of clerical intolerance of that day could supply. For the clergy, be it remembered, with the pupils of the clergy, were alone able to read and write, and it was but the one man in a thousand who, having received education from orthodox sources, dared to express an opinion of his own. Of such a sort were the few defenders of Rosenkreuz, and their pamphlets are mostly anonymous, to avoid open persecution, while the authors who wrote in condemnation signed their names in full with many ecclesiastic titles. None of the minor clergy, whatever they thought or felt in private, dared publish any defence of a teacher or school which conflicted with the dominant faith: a few exalted Clerics, Priors and Abbots, did, as I shall no doubt be reminded, both profess and practise. Hermetic science and alchemy; but then an Abbot—as he of Spanheim, I mean the notable Trithemius; or a Prior like Valentine; or a Bishop, like he of Ratisbon, Albertus Magnus, were living in safety among a crowd of retainers, and the Holy Father's arm was a long way off, and he did not unnecessarily degrade a priest of *high* rank unless for contumacy to some personal order,—while on the other hand each one of ten thousand common parish priests could easily be cajoled into a visit to a neighbouring monastery and there retained until released by a merciful Karma.

It seems to me that there is a parallelism, and I hope to be able to show to you that there is an analogy, and some points of resemblance, between the appearance of Christian Rosenkreuz in Germany, and the coming of your own H. P. B. as a teacher bearing witness to the light within her, and being inspired by knowledge gained in the East by travel and initiation there: the differences being that in the former case the few thousand learned of all Europe were alone approached by a printed manifesto,—while in our time the whole nation is approached by personal teaching, supplemented by the use of the press.

Let us see then shortly what is known historically of this Rose Cross Order, whose manifesto excited so great an interest.

The book *Fama Fraternalitatis* narrates that about the years 1375—1460, there flourished a very learned man, who, having spent many years in travel through the East,—Asia Minor, Chaldea, Arabia and Fez,—came again to Europe, and after a residence among the Moors in Spain, returned to his native State in Germany, full-filled with the Hermetic sciences and capable in magical arts, which knowledge he had acquired by many initiations in Eastern lands. He adopted a covered mystic name, as mediæval teachers mostly did; the name he took was “Christian Rosenkreuz,” or Christian Rosy Cross, or shortly C. R., with a Signum or Seal of a Rose on a cross formed of six squares, such a cross as if closed up would form a cube.

He settled in a certain retired place and drew around him a select circle of friends and pupils who were ultimately, after training, received by him into the grades of mystic initiation which he had himself collected.

After some years of tuition and elementary practice these initiates set to work and built, or caused to be built for themselves, a Temple or Lodge House, or Home; they called it “*Domus Sancti Spiritus*,” the House of the divine spirit. Here they settled and this was their abode, study and laboratory; from thence they issued forth in turn on deeds of mercy and of healing, and of teaching, and of observation. From this first circle there were formed other circles in succession, the elders teaching the juniors, and so was the secret knowledge both preserved and extended. C. R. lived to a very advanced age, 106 years, and dying at last was buried, as had been arranged by him and the members of his inner circle, in a special vault within their *domus* or secret dwelling. Some form of embalming was used, and the vault was decorated with grand and beautiful emblems, designs and implements. The magus was enclosed in a specially prepared tomb, and was laid to rest with his own special consecrated insignia. The vault was closed, and upon the door was fixed a brazen plate, upon which was engraved an inscription of a prophetic exclamation of his own, that in 120 years after his death his tomb should be re-opened and his doctrines, in a modified form, once more made public, and not only to a few, but to the learned in general: this plate was then covered up and the presence of the vault quite masked.

The members of C. R.’s inner circle appear to have died off each in his turn, until at last there remained no one who could tell the secret of where the great Instructor lay, and where was the secret chamber of which all had heard, and which all were forbidden to seek. The brothers were content to refrain from seeking; trusting in the promise that a time should come when, in the natural course of events, C. R. should rise again, or at least in the spirit, *i. e.*, his doctrines and fame should be published. The 120 years passed away, and the order still flourished; faithful initiates still studied, watched and waited, until the fateful hour was struck on the clock of time, and in 1584 the secret was discovered.



I will read from the original work, in its earliest English translation by Eugenius Philalethes, that is, Thomas Vaughan, printed in London, 1652 :—

“The year following, after N. N. had performed his school right, and was minded now to travel, being for that purpose sufficiently provided with Fortunatus’ purse, he thought (being a good Architect) to alter something of this building, and to make it more fit : in such renewing he lighted upon the Memorial table, which was cast of brass, and containeth all the names of the brethren, with some few other things ; this he would transfer in another more fitting vault, for where or when Fra R. C. died, or in what country he was buried, was by our predecessors concealed and unknown to us. In this Tablet stuck a great nail somewhat strong, so that when he was with force drawn out, he took with him an indifferent big stone out of the thin wall, or plaster of the hidden door, and so unlooked for, uncovered the door, wherefore we did with joy and longing throw down the rest of the wall, and cleared the door, upon which that was written in great letters, ‘*Post cxx Annos patebo,*’ with the year of the Lord under it ; therefore we gave God thanks, and let it rest that same night because first we would overlook our Rotam.

“In the morning following we opened the door and there appeared to our sight a vault of seven sides and corners, every side five feet broad, and the height of eight feet. Although the Sun never shined in this Vault, nevertheless it was enlightened by another sun, which had learned this from the Sun, and was situated in the upper part in the centre of the ceiling ; in the midst, instead of a tombstone, was a round altar covered over with a plate of brass, and thereon this engraven :—

*A.C.R.C. Hoc universi compendium unius mihi sepulchrum feci.*

“Round about the first circle or brim stood

*Jesus mihi omnia.*

“In the middle were four figures, enclosed in circles, whose circumscription was :—

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Nequaquam vacuum.</i>   | No void exists.              |
| 2. <i>Legis Jugem.</i>        | The yoke of the law.         |
| 3. <i>Libertas Evangelii.</i> | The liberty of the doctrine. |
| 4. <i>Dei gloria intacta.</i> | The unsullied glory divine.  |

“This is all clear and bright, as also the seventh side and the two Heptagoni, so we kneeled altogether down, and gave thanks to the sole wise, sole mighty, and sole eternal God, Who hath taught us more than all men’s wit could have found out, praised be His Holy Name. The Vault was parted in three parts : the upper part of ceiling, the wall or side, the ground or floor.

“Of the upper part, you shall understand no more of it, at this time, but that it was divided according to the seven sides in the triangle, which was in the bright centre ; but what therein is contained, you

shall (God willing), (that are desirous of our society) behold the same with your own eyes, but every side or wall is parted into ten squares, every one with their several figures and sentences, as they are truly showed and set forth *concentratum* here in our book. Now as yet we had not seen the dead body of our careful and wise father; we therefore removed the altar aside, there we lifted up a strong plate of brass, and found a fair and worthy body, whole and unconsumed, as the same is here lively counterfeited with all the ornaments and attires; in his hand he held a parchment book, called T, the which, next unto the Bible, is our greatest treasure, which ought to be delivered to the censure of the world. At the end of this book standeth this eulogium, which then follows in Latin—it may be shortly translated thus:—

“ ‘ A seed sown in the breast of Ihesus.

“ ‘ Christian Rose Cross, sprung from a noble and famous German family. *The* man of his age for the most subtle imaginations and divine revelations, and one of unwearied labour in the search for heaven’s mysteries and those also of humanity; he was secretly admitted to a more than Regal or Imperial Gaza (or treasure house) during his journeys in Arabia and Africa: he instituted and became the custodian for posterity of these arts: he formed the *Minutum Mundum*, which related the past, present and future. He lived more than a century, and passed away, not of disease, but at the call of God; away from the embrace and last kiss of brethren, and so returned to divinity.

“ ‘ He was a beloved father, a very dear brother, a most faithful teacher, and the most enduring friend.

“ ‘ He lies concealed here for 120 years.’

“ ‘ Underneath this inscription there were five signatures of members of the First Circle, and three of the Second Circle.’”

I am not of those who scoff at all that seems at first sight improbable, and to me this does seem a very impressive narrative. Many of you as Theosophists must see nothing wildly improbable about it; and it may seem to you within the range of things possible; but I admit that the truth of the narrative is not proven. No person as an entire outsider has ever seen this embalmed body, or this vault, or this *Donus Sancti Spiritus*, which was built about 1460 and opened about 1584; or at any rate no notable man has asserted in print that he has seen it.

But would such an outsider be at all likely to see it?—at least not without first martyring the Fratres of the Order.

Be just to Rosicrucianism and its origin, and history; ask yourselves what absolute proof you have of the fact of many *other* historical events; proof I mean independent of the evidence of those who had already convinced themselves and of those who have a personal object to serve in establishing the truth of any alleged occurrence—such as the death of Jesus by crucifixion, the Trojan War, or of the striking incident in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, or of the former existence of the Pharos of Alexandria.

And, on the other hand, of what value is negative evidence in such a discussion? The fact that the works of Josephus have no mention of Jesus which is not a forgery, is no proof that a gentle, wise and revered spiritual divine teacher did not preach in the time of the Emperor Tiberius, in Jerusalem; nor is the fact that neither Lord Bacon, nor Frederick the Great, nor Pope Pio Nono, nor Spinoza, nor Huxley, has ever asserted that he has seen the Vault of Christian Rosenkreuz any reason for denying its existence in 1484 or 1600, or at any time since then.

I would undertake to obtain in a week, in any large town in England, a thousand signatures to a document attesting that no living Theosophist had ever been seen by them, or to a document testifying that no evidence existed which went to show that the Theosophists had a Sanctum in which rested the ashes of their late revered teacher, in a room suffused with the peace which now at length dwells over the memory of her character, at once so enthusiastic and so contemplative—and of her personality, at once aggressive and so endearing.

Thousands of persons of culture, and hundreds of occultists and pseudo-occultists, could be found willing to testify that they were not in possession of any evidence that successors of “Rosy Cross, the Adept” still exist in England; or that any such a vault exists here or anywhere else in Europe. Yet that need not upset my belief, or your belief, if you hold it, that Adept Rosicrucians do still exist; nor will it upset the fact that I have met a person in this very Blavatsky Lodge (who was known to most of the elders in Theosophy among you) who assured me of the truth of these assertions, and who claimed to have seen such a vault. Not that I am weak enough, or so ignorant of human nature as to suppose, that any statement of mine would make you believe, nor do I want you to believe this. Seeing is believing, and if you cannot see, you are not to be blamed, BY ME, for not believing: but take my former case as to the Theosophical Head-quarters, of this assertion there are many of you here present who, having seen, could testify to its truth, and so, I suppose, do believe, and so the gist of my argument may come home to such of you. So much then for the History of the Order of the C. R., first issued in 1610, and printed again and distributed in considerable numbers in 1614. A great outcry arose at once, and it is to be observed that the *Fama* issued alone in 1610, was, when issued in 1614 in a revised form, bound up with a second tract, the *Confessio Fraternitatis*. This is important, because the two works vary exceedingly as to matter and manner.

The former treats of the 1450—80 period of Europe, when Roman Catholicism was unchallenged except by Mahomedanism, and by a few remaining descendants of the pagan philosophers, and by Hermetic pupils: while the *Confessio*, issued in 1614, and no doubt then written—but it is anonymous,—appeared after the throes of the Reformation, and it is tintured deeply with the notions of Luther, and with Protestant

crudities: and so differs widely from the purely Hermetico-philosophic or Gnostic-Christian form of the earlier work.

I have no objection to urge against the notion which has been formulated by Edward Macbean among others, that the *Fama* was written by a true follower of Christian Rosenkreuz's original Order, and that the latter was written by Valentine Andrea, a well-known German theologian and mystic who flourished at that time. He may have been a low grade initiate of the Rosicrucian Order and have been ordered to publish this *Confessio* to temper the storm which had been set up by the first tract. This effect, however, did not follow, and the polemic fury of the *literati* continued in full force for many, many years.

Many modern critics have accepted this suggestion that Andrea wrote the *Confessio*; but they err from want of study, who say that both are from the same hand; as well say that Jeremiah wrote the Book of Esther, so much also do they differ in style, and in that case too, one is apologetic, and the other is history or fable,—at least a narrative.

So much for the history of the founding of the Order, now what is stated of the tenets? We must presume that an Order founded on a basis of philosophy gathered in Arabia and Africa was not simply a Christian one. The claim also to magical power negatives the idea that the doctrines were orthodox; and yet we find a profession of Christianity running through the volume. We must remember that C. R. began life as a pupil in a cloister, and was the associate in early life of monks: we must bear in mind that out of Europe, in the East, Christianity was Gnostic, and that the Gnostics and Neo-Platonists, although to a Roman Catholic or Protestant decidedly heretical, were yet inspired by Christian ideals—although they could not realize the accepted admixture of the God and Man in Christ, yet insisted on the Christ teaching of the Man Jesus.

Similarly so we to-day, having mostly entered upon the Eastern Theosophy from a Christian education, still are largely tinged by our basic theology and still use Christian language and types and symbols in our new ideals of the higher principles of man and humanity. For example, read the Theosophic works of Brothers Kingsland and Brodie Innes. For this reason, it seems to me, that this book, explanatory of an Eastern occultism yet using frequently Christian terms, must be read as though the Christian allusions were to a Gnostic and not to a Catholic Christ spirit and man Jesus; for Jesus to the Hermetist is the shortened form of Yehoshua, which title is formed of the letters of the Kabalistic Yod, Heh, Van, Heh, having interposed the letter Shin, the emblem of the spark of the Divine overshadowing each human soul. This Yod Heh Van He, the incommunicable Name, being the origin of the common God Name Jehovah, but to the Kabalist was not the jealous God of the Jewish nation, but a glyph of the divine creative forces which emanate from the highest God ideal, yet unmanifested and certainly not individualised.

As to the tenets of the Order then. The *Fama* begins with a tribute to the mercy and goodness of the Wise and Merciful God, by which a

more perfect knowledge of two subjects is obtained—Jesus Christ and Nature—note these two as of equal importance. God is then thanked for the raising of some men who are able to bring Arts to perfection; and then finally that man might understand his own nobleness and worth, and why he is called Microcosmos—that is, I take it, man's unlimited range of improvement and that he is a mirrored reflection of the Macrocosm, the Divine Universe of Manifestation.

Men are chided for adhering to short-sighted doctrines, as of Aristotle and Galen, when the greater Truth lies before them; of those teachers it is added, that had they but been offered the knowledge of the Rosicrucian initiation they would have accepted it with much joy.

It is then explained that Christian Rosenkreuz on his return from his travels, offered to the learned the elements of his Eastern lore; he showed them the errors of their church and how the whole *Philosophia Moralis* might be amended. But it is added—"these things were to them a laughing matter, for being a new thing unto them they feared that their Great Name should be lessened, if they should now begin to acknowledge their many years' errors, to which they had grown accustomed, and wherewith they had gained them enough."

That was the secret, the secret of the failure of Christian Rosenkreuz to become a public teacher, and such the reason why the idea occurred to him of founding a new Order who should work for a General Reformation in silence and secrecy, and undisturbed by the scoffs of a world either too ignorant or too self-seeking to be taught.

Some pages further on the general agreement of the members is given.

1. That no public profession of any superior knowledge should be made; but that members should when able endeavour to cure the sick, and that gratis.

2. That they should not make themselves conspicuous by any special garment or insignia, to the world.

3. That they should yearly meet in assembly and mutually instruct each other in the knowledge gained since last they met.

4. That every member should select a worthy person to succeed him as pupil.

5. That the letters C. R. should be their mark, seal and character, ever keeping them in mind of their Founder, and of the Christ spirit, and of the Rose of silence.

6. To keep the Society secret at least 100 years.

This point was certainly well kept; but after time many members did write themselves, no doubt by permission, as Frater R. C.

Other references to their ideas and habits and unusual powers abound in the *Fama*. For instance, it is said, although they could not live longer than the time appointed by God, yet were they free from

disease and pain. That Frater J. O. was very expert in the Kabala, the mystic philosophy of the Chaldee and Hebrew initiates. That their burial places should all be kept secret, and they claimed the possession of the art of embalming.

They claim the knowledge of the secret of the Ever-burning Lamp, which is so often referred to in the mediæval occult authors.

The power of foresight, as shown by the inscription of the Vault door.

In the Vault were found, *inter alia*, "wonderful artificial songs;" these we may take to be what the Eastern adepts called Mantrams, that is, portions of language in a certain rhythm for recitation in magical ceremonies.

They condemned gold-making for profit and luxury as accursed, calling transmutation but a Parergon, or side work.

And lastly we read in the *Fama* :—

"Our philosophy is not a new invention, but as Adam after his Fall received it, and as Moses and Solomon used it, also she ought not to be much doubted of or contradicted by other opinions or meanings; but seeing that Truth is always peaceful and brief and always like herself and especially accorded by, with Jesus *in omni parte* and all members. And as he is the true Image of the Father, so is she his image. It shall not be said that this is true only of philosophy, but true according to Theology. And wherein Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras and others did hit the mark, and wherein Moses, Enoch and Solomon did excel, but especially in what that wonderful book the Bible agreeth. All that same concurreth and makes a sphere or globe whose total parts are equidistant from the centre."

There follows the *Confessio Fraternitatis*, written to the learned in Europe, and which is said to contain thirty-seven reasons of the purpose and intention of the Society. Curiously enough, that tract does not contain any series of thirty-seven reasons, or thirty-seven paragraphs, but is a very discursive relation of the doctrines of the Fratres. As a whole its tenets differ from those of the *Fama*, and are plainly tinged with Post-Reformation ideas, indeed we find the Pope called Antichrist. So that it seems safe to decide that this tract is rather by Valentine Andrea, the Protestant Theologian, than by men deeply inspired by the mysticism and magic of a man raised to Adeptship by Oriental Sages.

Time will not permit of any review of the *Confessio*, nor of any glance at the lives and works of those philosophers who have since styled themselves Fratres of R. C., so I hasten to conclude with a short summary, and with the analogies between the origin of the Order of R. C. and the Theosophical Society.

As a critic, then, of the Rosicrucians, viewed from the standpoint of the *Fama Fraternitatis*—their own manifesto to the world, it seems

that the Order was essentially a brotherhood of philosophers living in a Christian country, and professing a nominal Christianity of Gnostic type, yet essentially a band of students of Oriental lore and Eastern magical arts, professing and practising Kabalah divination and the knowledge of the ultra-natural planes of being.

As such they had to encounter the rampant hostility of the orthodoxy of their time, and hence needed to shroud themselves under an impenetrable veil of seclusion; they only appeared in public singly, and without any mark of their character; and lastly, when abroad, they devoted themselves first to charity and healing, and then to the acquisition of more extended knowledge by observation and experiment.

I am now to point out certain resemblances, possibly entirely superficial, which seem to me to exist between the narrative of Christian Rosenkreuz and the origin of the Theosophic propaganda.

Let no error be made by you as to what is here said: the Rosicrucian establishment, admitting of no demonstration, may be, if it seem good to you, regarded as a myth. Theosophy is to us a great fact. But for myself I studied Western mysticism twenty years before I became a pupil of this school, and I esteem it highly, and so for me it is no slight to Theosophy to compare it to the work of Christian Rosenkreuz. I admit that the present work of the Theosophical Society is exalted in its aim, and is becoming universal in its distribution, and so far excels the *role* of the ideal Rosicrucian, whose zeal was much more turned to personal development; as such, however, I am prepared to contend for the value of Hermetic initiation; but that is not before you this evening.

My intention is the more admissible because H. P. B. ever declared that the school of learned men who instructed HER to promulgate their doctrines, has been in continuous existence for ages; and that they have at several times, notably in the closing twenty-five years of each century, authorised and guided some effort at the spread of true occult philosophy. Until the contrary is proved, it is admissible to argue that the legend of Christian Rosenkreuz narrates a minor display of this principle and practice; that the attempt was a failure is no proof of its unworthiness, for H. P. B. repeatedly said that her own promulgation of faith might easily subside into failure and insignificance, unless some great-hearted souls and enthusiastic pupils were strong enough to carry it over the period of natural decadence.

I have here to ask to be allowed to say a few words of explanation. I have not come here to-night *because* I am a Theosophist; but on the contrary, I have been asked to speak upon the Rosicrucians, because I have the pleasure to hold a high office in a Rosicrucian Society of England, and so might reasonably be supposed to have studied the history of that Order. But to avoid misconception, I wish to say that the Society of Rosicrucians in Anglia is a Masonic Body—it is composed of Freemasons who have gathered themselves together to study the old Rosicrucian

books in the light of history, and to trace the connection between Rosicrucianism and the origins of Freemasonry, a connection which has been alleged to exist by many historians belonging to the outer world.

The members of this Order, as such, make no claim to be in possession of the secret wisdom of the pupils of Christian Rosenkreuz, and I am very desirous that no one should leave with the impression that I speak as anything more than a critic of history, or with the notion that I have any part or lot in a personal claim to magic arts.

I ask this favour of you all as referring to this lecture in conversation, because even if I were a member of the old Society, and had any powers beyond those you possess, I should not make public a claim to the possession of them; because I hold it at all times absurd for anyone to lay claim to the possession of any abnormal powers which he is not willing to demonstrate, or is not able to show to the public, or at least to all who ask; so that seeing they might believe, and believing understand.

May we not then observe a parallel between the promulgation of the doctrines of Christian Rosenkreuz and the establishment of the Theosophical Society and H. P. B.'s inner group of students?

In each case the instruction in Mystic Philosophy came from the East: in the former case from Asia Minor, Arabia, Africa, and notably Fez; in the latter from India, Tibet, and Egypt.

In each case the inspiration and actual founding of the Order is really due to one alone: in the former case by a man, in the latter by a woman.

In each case the Order appears to have been founded in the closing quarter of a century.

In each case the Initiator laid some part of his or her store of learning before the world, and in each case the learning was a "laughing matter unto them," and the teacher was a butt for scorn and ridicule.

In each case the teaching is based upon a foundation of Ethics and a high standard of morality, and the suggestion is made that such a course of life *may* lead to abnormal or magical powers. In each case, the teacher, disgusted with a vain-glorious and hypocritical world, fell back upon the formation of a select band of pupils bound together by solemn contract, and stimulated by enthusiasm.

In each case, an early step was the foundation of a home and special dwelling set apart for work, study and contemplation.

In each case, the founder passes away and is regarded by sorrowing pupils as dearest friend, most learned teacher, and beloved chief.

In one case we find the expenditure of loving care and skill in preserving the remains of the Master; and in the other we find an Urn of Ashes preserved by loving hands and placed in respectful privacy in her own chamber; and lastly, as Christian Rosenkreuz left the prophetic, and perhaps allegorical assertion, to be found by his successors of the



third generation, that he, or his name and doctrine, should re-appear: even so did H. P. B., as I understand, affirm that she would return, in another form indeed, but still the same Ego, and individual, in a stage still farther on in the path to full Adeptship.

You will all, as Theosophists struggling to the light, hope that even as we read that the pupils of Rosy Cross, 120 years after his death, shewed the vitality of their Order, so may this Lodge founded by your great inspirer, H. P. Blavatsky, continue to flourish and extend until time shall be no more with you.

W. WYNN WESTCOTT.

---

### AVATA'RAS.

(From *Tripati Bengali Monthly Journal*).

IN all countries there have appeared, from time to time, certain great men, leaders of their country and people, and who, born in an auspicious moment, possessed of uncommon wisdom, and gifted with marvellous powers, have given proof of their extraordinary capabilities, both in their own and other countries, by their extraordinary works.

The poet, recording the biography of such men, sets thereby an indelible footprint upon Time. From antiquarian researches into the matter, it is seen that some were regarded as full, and others as partial, *avatárs*. To such great and world-famed men the flowers of devotion have rightly been offered, and their sacred memorials have been continually before the minds of men. It is, moreover, a fact recorded in sacred books, that yogís and astrologers prophesied beforehand the advent of such great men through their divine knowledge; as before the birth of Ráma, the Rámáyana (the chronicle of the life of Ráma) was prepared, and also many yogís went to see Buddha Deva and S'ankaráchárya when they were born, having knowledge of the births beforehand. It is also recorded that before the birth of Christ eight astrologers started on a journey to see him. It is said that a prophecy of Mohammed's birth was also made.

In S'aka Era 1818, corresponding to the Bengali year 1303, in the month of Vais'ákha (April—May, 1896, A. D.) six planets will be in the ascendant (*tunga*). Astronomically the planets are regularly revolving in the *vritta bhasha* (almond-shaped procession); and in this way rising up higher and higher, and when the planet reaches its highest point, it is said to be in its ascendancy (*tunga*).\*

The native at whose birth one planet of auspicious nature is in the Ascendant, and well placed, becomes a prominent figure in his country and famous for his good qualities, at the time of the reign of that planet in his life. When two planets are so placed, the native becomes chief

---

\* This may refer to the oblique ascension of the planets, in which case the phrase would mean a satellitium of six planets in the mid-heaven; or it may refer to the extreme north declination of the planets in their own orbits. But neither supposition is in agreement with the astronomical data of the given epoch.—[Ed.]

of the district on account of his superior capacities; and when three planets are situated in that manner, the native attains greatness and fame, in addition to large possessions. When four, five, or six planets are so disposed, great kings and other men of rare endowments are born.

At the time referred to, five planets, *viz.*, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus and the Sun, will be in *tunga*, and with the ascension of the Moon to the same place, there will be six planets in ascendancy. In *Brihat Parásárihora* it is recorded that at the time a certain Mahátmá named *Vijayabhinandana* will be born. “*Gate pancha sahasrábde kinchinnyúne, Vijayabhinandana Rájá bhavishyati na samsayah.*” This means that when a few years would yet remain for the expiry of the 5,000 years of *Kaliyuga*, a Rájá named *Vijayabhinandana* will be born. The present year is the 4995th of the *Kaliyuga*. Many *Puránas* state that at the time of the birth of such Mahátmá, *Devaganas* incarnate by their respective *ams'as* or rays. It is certain that during the two months just after the birth of this Mahátmá, those good men will be fortunate to whom sons may be born, but this will depend upon the *lagnam* (rising sign of the zodiac at the time of birth). Some may have sons like Arjuna, and some like Duryodhana. According to the *S'âstras*, those Mahátmás who will be born at this time, will be champions of the truth, virtuous, steadfast, intelligent, of great philosophic powers, leaders of their country and of society, and gifted with uncommon endowments; and the families wherein they are born will be regarded as supremely blessed.

R. P. S.

### THE SA'NKHYA YOGA.

THE Sánkhyá Yoga philosophy is the most splendid, original and unique of all the systems of philosophy which the ancients have bequeathed to the modern world. The Sánkhyá system is attributed to Kapila, and the Yoga to Patanjali. In point of fact, the philosophy of both Kapila and Patanjali is the same. The only difference between the philosophers lies in the fact of Patanjali recognizing the existence of *I's'vara*, and Kapila entirely doing away with such an entity. It is this fact which has led to the system of Patanjali being called Theistic Sánkhyá (*Ses'vara Sánkhyá*), while the system of Kapila is called Atheistic (*Niris'vara*). But these words, while applied to the systems of Kapila and Patanjali, must be understood in a peculiar sense. For, the *I's'vara* of Patanjali is by no means the *I's'vara* of Nyáya, or the ordinary God of some religions. This difference will become clearer as we proceed in our work. The point here is, that but for this difference there is no other difference between the two systems. The twenty-five principles of the Sánkhyá philosophy are common to the teaching of Patanjali, and exactly the same functions are assigned to them by both the philosophers. The definition of Yoga given by Kapila is the same as given by Patanjali. Some of the aphorisms are common to

both writers as their books have come down to us. The Yoga of Patanjali does not mean conjunction with the Supreme Soul. It is a system of education which proposes for its investigation the laws of the conscious evolution of the human race to the highest possible state of happiness. The definition of the highest possible state is common to both the philosophers. The study of philosophy is one of the highest means of culture, and thus while investigating the laws of the education of the soul, Patanjali, as it were by way of illustration, propounds the entire system of philosophy, which bears otherwise the name of Kapila. I believe that all that is really to be attributed to the founders of these two schools of philosophy, is the method of treatment. As to the facts of their philosophy, these, it would appear, were taken by both philosophers from some common source. In others words, it appears that both Kapila and Patanjali belonged to a common school of philosophy; and that it is the teachings of that school of philosophy which both authors have put forth in a light, which under the circumstances seemed the best to either.

What the name of this common school of philosophy was is difficult to determine. I think, however, that it was Sankhya, not in the modern sense as a system of philosophy attributed to Kapila, but in its more ancient and original sense. What then was the ancient sense of the word? The word *Sankhya* is now variously explained. That it is a derivative of the noun *Sankhyá*, there is no dispute about. The dispute is as to the meaning to be given to the word *Sankhyá*. The word has two meanings in Sanskrit. It means intellectual wisdom; and it means enumeration. It is an adherence to the latter sense that has led the Sankhya to be translated as the numeral philosophy. It is opined that as the Sankhya puts forth twenty-five principles to be studied, it derives its very name from the fact. This is but a poor argument; for, the Nyaya puts forth sixteen categories, and the Vaiseshika six to be studied, in the same way as the Sankhya puts forth twenty-five. If the word Sankhya were to be derived from *Sankhyá* as meaning enumeration, there is no reason why the system of Kapila alone should be called by that name. Every philosophy divides the objects of its knowledge into a certain number. Enumeration is as necessary to any other science as to the Sankhya philosophy. This explanation is therefore rejected.

There remains but one more explanation, and it hinges upon the other sense of the word, the more ancient one even from the philosophical point of view. According to this the word *Sankhya*, as already seen, means wisdom, intellect. The word is derived from the root *khyá*, to discourse, and the prefix *sam*, together. It means, then, discoursing upon things; *i. e.*, in relation to each other. This is the business of the faculty of intellect, and in fact is the business of all philosophy. The Sankhya is the science which discourses upon things in relation to one another. It then means sophism.

The Sánkhyā, it appears, is thus the most ancient system of philosophy. In the S'vetas'vatara Upanishad, we find a direct reference to the Sánkhyā Yoga, in whatever sense it may be understood. That the word Sánkhyā has been explained to mean the Vedānta itself is well known. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that a system—very likely the only system—of philosophy existed very far back into antiquity, even before the time of the Upanishads, which was known as the Sánkhyā, and which had at the same time a system of Yoga attached to it. That entire system with its two modes of treatment was known as the Sánkhyā Yoga. It would in fact appear that the Sánkhyā is the theoretical portion, and Yoga the experimental branch of the same science; and that science, is the science of the universe.

Kapila was the first to propound to the world some of the teachings of this school of philosophy. He therefore called it by its true name, the Sánkhyā—the Wisdom of the Seers. Patanjali followed him by his educational method of treatment, thus supplying a great deficiency in the merely theoretical treatment of Kapila. The latter, while quite familiar with the Yoga branch of the philosophy, has noticed it but meagrely. Patanjali's work is therefore of greater value than that of Kapila, though both of them treat of the same system of philosophy, the only one that was known to the ancient world of Siddhas.

Besides this direct reference to a Sánkhyā Yoga School of philosophy, there are many allusions in the Upanishads to a school of teachers from whom the sages have learnt the doctrines they are teaching to the world through these treatises. Thus, for example, the tenth s'ruti of the I'savāsya Upanishad runs thus:—

“They speak of him as being other than *vidyā*, and also other than *avidyā*; thus do we hear from the wise who have told us so.”

It appears to me that these wise men belonged to the same school from which Kapila derived his Sánkhyā and Patanjali his Yoga system of philosophy. And indeed a comparison of the teachings of the Upanishads, with the Sánkhyā Yoga thesis, as put forth by Kapila and Patanjali, seems very strongly to point to an identity of origin. Thus the Kathopanishad speaks of a septenary constitution for man in the following terms:—

“Beyond the *indriyas* (1) are the *arthas*; beyond the *arthas* (2) the *manas*; beyond the *manas* (3) the *buddhi*; beyond the *buddhi* (4) the *mahat átma*; beyond the *mahat* (5) the *avyakta*; beyond the *avyakta* (6) is the *purusha*; beyond the *purusha* (7) is nothing; that is the highest state, the final resort.”

Now taking the Sánkhyā Yoga philosophy, we find a similar septenary constitution. Thus to begin with is the gross form of matter—the *sthūla* (1); beyond that is the *svarūpa* (literally, own appearance), the body of the five astral ethers (2); beyond that is the region of the *indriyas* and *tanmātras*, the *sūkshma*, as it is technically called (3); beyond that again is the *manas* (4); beyond the *manas* stands *ahankāra* (5); then comes *buddhi* (6); and beyond that stand the *purusha* (7).

From the very complacency of these two divisions of the human constitution, a sense of resemblance strikes the mind. But when we go behind the words and compare the things these words are meant to portray, we find that the same truth is put forth by both these systems, though each wears a peculiar garb, and has a somewhat different arrangement. Besides this difference of arrangement, there is another rather important difference. Both these systems have used the same words to denote different principles. Thus what the Kathopanishad calls *avyakta*, the Sankhya Yoga calls *mahat* or *buddhi*; what the Upanishad called *mahat*, the Sankhya calls *ahankāra*; what the Upanishad calls *buddhi*, the Sankhya calls *manas*; what the Upanishad calls *manas*, the Sankhya Yoga calls *indriya tanmātra* or *sūkshma*; and so forth. This shows that the teachings of the Upanishad and the Sankhya Yoga, have nothing to do with each other in the way of either having been taken from the other, and yet they bear as clearly as possible the stamp of a common origin.

There is another important circumstance which might be mentioned in this connection. Patanjali, the author of the Aphorisms of Yoga, is sometimes spoken of as the Lord of serpents (*Phanipati*). Now Madame Blavatsky tells us that the serpents (*Nāgas, Phanis*) were in ancient parlance the adepts of the Wisdom-religion. In that sense Patanjali might very well be called the Lord of the serpents, and the fact gains additional importance as throwing light upon his connection with a school of wisdom—the Sankhya very probably—of which indications abound in the development of Sanskrit philosophical thought.

Such then is my view of the origin of the Sankhya Yoga philosophy. Kapila and Patanjali both belonged to the same school of philosophy. As to the life of these great men but little is known. Kapila is known as the author of the Sūtra known as the Sankhya Dars'ana. He is said in the Harivams'a Purāna to be the son of Vitatha. He is spoken of as a great Yogī, a possessor of immense powers. Legend says that he had his abode in Pātāla, and that the sixty-thousand sons of Sagara having outraged his majesty, were reduced to ashes. These myths may be taken for what they are worth. To a student of philosophy all that is of value, is the *bodh* which he has bequeathed to posterity.

On the Aphorisms of Patanjali, we have the Bhāshya of Vignābhikshu, and a glossary by Mahādeva. The most usually studied work in the Sankhya philosophy, is the metrical treatise (*Kārikā*) of I's'varakrishna, which follows the work of Kapila so closely, as even to have sometimes borrowed entire aphorisms. I's'varakrishna, the author of the *Kārikā*, makes mention of the system having come to him from Panchas'ikha in a direct line of descent from teacher to pupil; and Panchas'ikha is mentioned as having been the pupil of A'suri, who was the pupil of Kapila himself. The *Kārikā* is therefore a work of great authority. It has many commentaries. The most ordinarily studied are the commentaries of Gauda-

páda, the teacher very likely of the great S'ankarácharya ; and that of Váchaspati Mis'ra, known as the Sánkhya Tattva Kaumudi. Of Patanjali, the author of the Aphorisms of Yoga, we know only a little more than what we do of Kapila. He is said to have been born in *Ilávrítavarsha*. His father was Angira and his mother Satí. It is said of this sage that on his birth he made known many things past, present and future. He was a married man. The name of his wife is given as Lolupá. It is said of Lolupá that Patanjali found her on the north of Sumeru in the hollow of a *Vata* tree. Patanjali it is said lived to a great age as a mendicant, while Kapila is said to have reduced the sons of Sagara to ashes. Patanjali is said to have punished the insolence of the inhabitants of Bhotubhandura in the same way. Little as this legend is in consonance with the philosophy of Compassion and Universal Love which Patanjali teaches, it has a value of its own as showing the common tendency of man to measure greatness by the destructive force which any power might be capable of putting forth. Be that as it may, I have only to add that the splendid commentary on Panini's Grammar, known as the Mahábháshya, also bears the name of Patanjali. But probably the author of the Mahábháshya was not the same as the author of the Aphorisms on Yoga. On the Aphorisms of Yoga the most authoritative and the most reliable commentary is that of Vyása, which I take as the basis of the exposition of the philosophy. There is another commentary by Bhojarája and another by Ráma named Sarasvati. Some of these books have already been translated into the English language. Thus the student who studies these subjects through English has the opportunity of comparative study. The Sánkhya Káriká was translated by Colebrooke. The commentary of Gaudapáda was translated by H. H. Wilson, who has added thereto an original commentary of his own. Mr. Davies has also translated the Sánkhya Káriká. The Sútra of Patanjali with the commentary of Bhojarája was translated by Dr. Ballantyne and Govinda Deva Shástri. Dr. Rajendralal Mitra has also translated the same. Mr. M. N. Dvivedi has recently translated Aphorisms and has added a commentary of his own. One after another Oriental scholars have done much to restore Sanskrit philosophy to the modern world of thought. The Hindus could never have initiated the movement. It may however be noted with some little satisfaction that they are learning to follow in the footsteps of European scholars; and we have now some books translated by Hindus themselves. In the following pages I shall often have to refer to these translations, as I think that the best way of explaining the original is to compare and criticize the existing translations.

RAMA PRASAD.

## Reviews.

### OUR MAGAZINES.

*Lucifer*.—The January number of our London contemporary has a well-assorted table of contents. Among the more notable articles are "The Ssabians and Ssabianism," by Miss Kislingbury; Vera Johnstone's Psychological Story, "A Dead Soul," a romance of a high order, showing that the authoress possesses some of the genius of her talented family; and a useful paper on the Norse Gods by Mr. Machell, which is unfortunately not concluded. "True Self-Reliance," by Mr. Mead, is a useful compilation. "Atmaran Vedántin's" letter is a quaint contribution; but does the Editor intend it to be taken *au serieux*?

*The Path*.—Mr. Fullerton discourses in the January number on "Relations with Masters," and, assuming his data to be correct, no doubt gives his readers matter for reflection. However this "Sunday School" treatment of the subject cannot, we think, recommend itself to the more intellectually advanced. It is curious to note that the immediate result of a "Mahátma message" is "a mixture of humbleness and encouragement"!! Mr. Johnstone's "Symbolism of the Upanishads" commences what promises to be a very valuable series of papers. "Faces of Friends," introduces us to Brother Mead, whose voice, the biographer informs us, "is not unusual," whatever that may mean!

*Pacific Theosophist*.—The January number contains some useful papers of general interest and a good record of work done on the Coast.

*The Austral Theosophist*.—This is one of the most promising of our newborn children, and it was ushered into the world in Melbourne during the course of last January. The pretty wrapper that contains the 16 pp. of the first number, though reminding one at first sight of a pyrotechnic display, resolves itself, on closer examination, into an elaborate and most ingeniously designed object-lesson in Symbolism, the component parts of which are explained in editorial paragraphs. The number consists of short and useful articles, well suited to the needs of our Australian brothers. We feel sure that with so auspicious an entry into public life, our Australian contemporary will soon make a name for itself.

*Transactions of the Scottish Lodge T. S.*—Part IX is more or less of an astrological number, and consists of a paper on "The Sun's apparent path among the Stars," with comments thereon. The excellent plates supplied are from Sir W. Drummund's well-known book.

### A LIFE OF S. FRANCOIS D'ASSISE.\*

Both as a reference book and as a biography this work of M. Sabatier will recommend itself to our readers. Bearing as it does on every page marks of laborious research and painstaking effort, we cannot but feel that its compilation was to the author a veritable labour of love.

The critical study of the historical records of S. Francis, than whose life there have been, as the author remarks, few "*aussi bien documentées*," would alone testify to the author's ability. The volume itself is a large one, consisting of some 400 pp., including a useful Appendix. The chapter on "*L'homme Interieur et le Thaumaturge*" is interesting as showing a peculiar phase of religious mysticism, as also the chapter on *Les Stigmates*.

---

\* Vie de S. François D'Assise, par Paul Sabatier. Paris. Librairie Fischbacher 33, Rue de Seine, 1894.

## THE HISTORY OF A MISSION.\*

Those who are familiar with the works of the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and her colleague, Mr. Edward Maitland, will welcome the latter's account of how the "New Gospel of Interpretation" was brought into the world. Though much that is contained in the "Perfect Way," "Clothed with the Sun" and other books of the School, will necessarily appeal only to a limited class of readers, the incidents that brought together the two compilers and cemented their life-long friendship will be read with deep interest by many to whom the gospel itself would offer many difficulties.

We have had within recent times so many instances of important world's work undertaken by men and women in collaboration, that the present narrative of Mr. Maitland possesses a special interest, showing as it does how the mutual sympathy and help of a man and woman resulted in a new and original system of thought.

Anna Kingsford was a very remarkable woman and, as one would expect, a peculiar child. "She was a born seer. But the inability of her elders to comprehend the faculty and their consequent ascription of it to pathological causes, were wont to lead to references to the family doctor with results so eminently disagreeable and even injurious to her, as to suggest the wisdom of keeping silence respecting her experiences." But the dreamy, sensitive child though repressed to some extent by her surroundings, was destined to become a brilliant woman. From Mr. Maitland we learn that :

"Her innate consciousness of a mission seemed to her to indicate her as destined for some redemptive work, not only for others, but also for herself. For, while the instincts of the champion and the saviour were potent in her, she was dimly conscious of its possessing also an expiatory element, in virtue of which her own salvation would largely depend upon her endeavours to save others. She had as yet no theory to explain this or any other of the problems she was to herself. All that she knew was that she possessed, or rather was possessed of, these feelings and impulses. It was easy to see by her account of herself that she was as one driven of the Spirit long before the Spirit definitely revealed itself to her. The two departments of humanity which she felt especially impelled to succour and save were her own sex and the animals. For she would recognise no hard and fast line between masculine and feminine, human and animal, or even between animal and plant. In her eyes every thing that lived was humanity, only in different stages of its unfoldment. Even the flowers were persons for her."

This consciousness of having a mission to perform never left Mrs. Kingsford, and it was confirmed and strengthened by the following curious incident which Mr. Maitland gives. She received a letter from a lady, a perfect stranger, who among other things stated that the writer "had received from the Holy Spirit a message for her which was to be delivered in person." Mr. Maitland continues the narrative:—

"After some hesitation as to what reply to make, Mrs. Kingsford—whose account I am following exactly—agreed to receive her; an appointment was made and the stranger duly presented herself. She was tall, erect, distinguished-looking, with hair of iron-grey, and was perfectly calm and collected of demeanour. The message was to the effect that Mrs. Kingsford was to remain in retirement for five years, continuing the studies and mode of life on which she had entered, whatever they might be—for that the messenger did not know—and to suffer nothing, and no

\* "The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation," told by its surviving recipient (Edward Maitland). London: Lamley & Co., 1 and 2 Exhibition Road, S. W., 1893. Price 3/6.



one to draw her aside from them. That when these probationary five years were past, the Holy Spirit would bring her forth from her seclusion, and a great work would be given her to do."

Mrs. Kingsford received the message, and after reflection became convinced of its truth. A year later she met her future colleague and loyal friend, Edward Maitland.

Mr. Maitland's own life had been an eventful one. He had visited both America and Australia, and "had experienced well-nigh every vicissitude and extreme which might serve to heighten the consciousness, toughen the fibre and try the soul of man." With him too "the idea of a mission," was ever present, and all his energy was directed with this end in view. He pays a noble compliment to female friendship when he says, "It had been my privilege to have the friendship of several women of a type so noble that to know them was at once an education and a religion; women whose perfection of character had served more than anything else to make me believe in God, when all other grounds had failed."

The meeting between two minds who shared so much in common as did Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland was a critical one; but before long Mr. Maitland recognised that he had 'at length discovered the mind which his own had so long craved as its needed complement,' and from that hour, the two, the man and woman, commenced their life-work. Of the ripening of the friendship and the unfoldment of the two minds by contact with each other Mr. Maitland writes with ready pen, and not the least interesting part of his narrative is this account of the early friendship between himself and his colleague.

Among the many experiences shared by the two friends, the following deserves particular attention. Mr. Maitland writes:—

"I was alone and locked in my room in my chambers off Pall Mall, Mrs. Kingsford being at the time in Paris, accompanied by her husband. It was past midnight and all without was quiet; there was not a sound to break my abstraction. This was so profound that I had written some four pages without drawing breath, the matter seeming to flow not merely from, but through me without conscious mental effort of my own. I saw so clearly that there was no need to *think*. In the course of the writing I became distinctly aware of a presence as of some one bending over me from behind and actively engaged in blending with, and reinforcing my mind. Being unwilling to risk an interruption to the flow of my thought, I resisted the impulse to look up and ascertain who or what it was. Of alarm at so unlooked-for a presence I had not a particle. Be it whom it might, the accord between us was as perfect as if it had been merely a projection of my own higher self.....  
.....at this moment.....the presence I had felt bending over me darted itself into me just below the bulb at the back of the neck, the sensation being that of a slight tap, as of a finger-touch; and then in a voice full, rich, firm, measured and so strong that it resounded through the room, exclaimed in a tone, indicative of high satisfaction, 'at last I have found a man through whom I can speak!'"

Another extremely interesting experience cited by the writer exemplifies in a remarkable manner the facilities for thought-transmission at a distance between two minds in complete sympathy with one another. Mr. Maitland was writing in his rooms one night and writing "at full speed," to quote his own words, when

"Suddenly and completely, like the stoppage of a stream in its flow through a tube by the quick turning of a tap, the current of my thought ceased leaving my mind an utter blank as to what I had meant to say, and totally unable to recall the least idea of it. So palpable was its withdrawal, that it seemed to me as if it must

be still hovering somewhere near me... On taking a note of the time of the disappearance, I found it was 11-30 precisely."

"The next morning failed to bring my thought back to me, as I had hoped it would; but it brought instead an unusually early visit from Mrs. Kingsford who was,—as I have said,—staying in Chelsea. 'Such a curious thing happened to me last night,' she began, on entering the room, 'and I want to tell you of it and see if you can explain it. I had finished my day's work, but though it was late, I was not inclined to rest, for I was wakeful with a sense of irritation at the thought of what you are doing, and at my exclusion from any share in it. And I was feeling envious of your sex for the superior advantages you have over ours of doing great and useful work. As I sat by the fire thinking this, I suddenly found myself impelled to take a pencil and paper, and to write. I did so and wrote with extreme rapidity in a half-dreamy state, without any clear idea of what I was writing, but supposing it to be something expressive of my discontent. I had soon covered a page and a half of a large sheet with writing different from my own, and it was quite unlike what was in my mind, as you will see.'"

"On perusing the paper I found (continues Mr. Maitland) that it was a continuation of my missing thought, taken up at the point where it had left me, but translated to a higher plane, the expression also being similarly elevated in accordance both with the theme and the writer, having the exquisiteness so characteristic of her genius. To my enquiry as to the hour of the occurrence, she at once replied, 'Half-past eleven exactly; for I was so struck by it that I took particular notice of the time.'"

We must not however spoil Mr. Maitland's book by quoting from it too freely, but substitute therefore a recommendation to our readers to peruse his interesting record of one of the most remarkable phases of modern thought. In addition to the historical portion, which is the only part we are able now to notice, is what may be considered a *précis* of the more important teachings contained in the larger works of the two gifted authors.

The motto of the "Esoteric Christian Union," "founded for the purpose of making known the New Gospel of Interpretations," is taken from the noble words of Dionysios the Areopagite, and is a sufficient guarantee of the broad spirit of the body—"Not to destroy but to construct, or, rather, to destroy by construction; to conquer error by the full presentment of truth."

---

## Theosophy in all Lands.

---

### EUROPE.

LONDON, *January 1894.*

We are all going on very quietly, nothing very special or startling occurring; just steady work, and a good deal of quiet propaganda. Mr. Bertram Keightley has had a very successful tour in the north, under the auspices of the "North of England Federation T. S.," and has visited Manchester City, Manchester and Salford, Bradford, Harrogate, Leeds, Middlesbro', Liverpool, and Southport Lodges. His public lectures attracted a good deal of attention, and were well noticed in most of the local papers.

News comes from Holland that Madame Meuleman was asked to give a lecture on Theosophy in the Rotterdam Freethinker's Hall, which was, I believe, full, and so many questions were asked at the conclusion of the lecture, that our sister had not time to reply to them all! In fact another lecture later on was requested.

Theosophy has an uphill fight to wage in Switzerland, apparently; Brs. Julius Sponheimer of the Zürich centre reports that the weekly meetings which he holds, though well attended, are not productive of as much good as he could wish; so many of those who come to the meetings are ardent spiritualists, and much valuable time is wasted in profitless discussion.

I am sorry to say we have lost Miss Stabler, who returned to New York last Saturday, the 20th instant, carrying with her much goodwill and many regrets.

\* \* \* \* \*

The third instalment of *Borderland* is out, and is a decided improvement on the last issue. The present number contains a very interesting article on Hypnotism, by Miss X., in which she brings together a good deal of valuable information on the subject—valuable, that is, to beginners—and touches on facts which, although very well known to students of Occultism, need to be brought before the general public, and thus presented to them, in bright and readable fashion. Indeed Hypnotism is receiving an immense amount of notice from the press just now. This same number of *Borderland* publishes “A Practical suggestion,” in connection with Hypnotism and Pain, by R. S. O. Bramwell, which is nothing less than the horrible idea “That every one should be hypnotised as early in life as possible”! This with the view of sparing them pain—the only Karma which in many cases brings about an amendment of life. The suggestion only serves to shew how far Western investigators are wandering from the true methods of enquiry in matters occult, emphasising the terribly wrong path which they are treading, and indicating the fearful nature of the results which must inevitably follow thereupon.

Talking of horrible ideas, there is an article in the current number of the *American Journal of Politics*, which asks “Should Capital Criminals be turned over to the experimental physiologist?” In other words:—“Shall we vivisect the murderer?”, as Mr. Stead says. Could anything be more horrible? The writer, Dr. J. S. Pyle, actually suggests that the brain should be tested *alive*, and *at work*! From animals to living men and women seems but a step with the vivisectionists, and the thin end of the wedge is inserted by the suggestion that only criminals condemned to death should be thus experimented on.

But to return to Hypnotism: it forms the subject of no less than three articles in last month's *Arena*, one of which suggests “the practical application of hypnotism in modern medicine,” and the writer—Dr. J. R. Cocke—evidently hopes great things from it in the future. “It may prove one of the grandest monuments of our present civilisation,” he writes. Another of these articles is in reality on Hindu Magic, and the writer, Dr. Heinrich Heusoldt, explains his own views on the matter before launching out into an account of what he himself has seen. He considers that the Hindus long ago anticipated us in the discovery of “the psychic force we call hypnotism;” and here he gets on to the right lines, of course, for he writes that Hindu adepts “have brought hypnotism to such a degree of perfection that, while under its influence, our senses are no longer a criterion of the reality around us, but can be made to deceive us in a manner which is perfectly amazing.” Quite so, but he evidently cannot understand why the knowledge of “how to do it” should ever have been kept a profound secret; nor will our wise Westerns take hints and lessons herein from their wiser Eastern brethren.

However, Dr. Heusoldt looks upon "the Sphinx of the Sacred Ganges" as a greater mystery than that on the Nile, which is something.

Again, a book on "The Elements of Hypnotism" has just been brought out, and reviewed here and there in the press. The author, R. Harry Vincent, insists strongly on the dangers of hypnotism, but qualifies this statement with the usual suggestion of limiting its practice to "experienced operators." Mr. Vincent does not seem to have much notion of the right lines to pursue, and his book only goes to prove how ignorant we are of the whole matter; as one reviewer rightly said:—"Many years of patient investigation of mental psychology will have to be spent before we come anywhere near understanding the mysteries which underlie the apparently simple phenomena of the sleeping state." There was a rather remarkable article in the *New Review* for last month, on "The Mystery of Ancient Egypt," by W. Marsham Adams, who seems to have a faint glimmering of the real meaning and uses of the Great Pyramid. He suggests "collecting the secret of the monument\* with the secret of the doctrine contained in the mysterious books of Thoth;" and points out that "the Ritual of Ancient Egypt is full of allusions which become vocal only when applied to the Grand Pyramid"; he appears fully convinced that the titles employed both in the masonic and the written record "point directly, though secretly," to each other: "Where else," he says, "if not in those chambers so jealously concealed, shall we look for the 'Hidden Places,' the Master of which is claimed for its own master, the *Book of the Dead*? That secrecy which is enforced by the one, is strictly enjoined by the other." Mr. Adams seems to think that the Great Pyramid in some way symbolises "the path pursued by the departed after the dissolution which takes place at death"; and that this path passes through seven stages, for each of which "we shall find a corresponding chamber in one of the 'seven halls in the House of Osiris.'" The article is an exceedingly interesting one, for Mr. Adams goes on to trace this imaginary path, following it, from stage to stage as illustrated in the chambers and passages of the Great Pyramid. Indeed it is difficult to believe that he does not really mean—and know—more than he actually says; and the fine passage with which he concludes his article will shew you that there are some grounds for this view:—

"Dimly before our eyes, age after age, the sacred procession of the Egyptian dead moves silently along, as they pass through the 'Gate of the Hill' to the tribunal of Osiris. In vain do we attempt to trace their footsteps till we enter with them into the Hidden Places, and penetrate the secret of the House of Light. But no sooner do we approach the passages and tread the chambers of the mysterious Pyramid than the teaching of the Sacred Books seems lit up as with a tongue of flame. The luminous veil itself melts slowly away, disclosing the Path of Illumination and the splendours of the Orbit; the celestial Powers and Intelligences shine forth from beneath their enshrouding symbols; the spirits of the just grow lustrous with the rays that proceed from the Tribunal. And a glory which is not of earth reveals in its divine unity the full mystery of the Hidden Places, the House of New Birth, the Well of Life, the Lintel of Justice, the Hall of Truth, the Orbit of Illumination, the Throne of Judgment, the Orient Chamber of the open Tomb."

There is a long review of Mr. Fawcett's "Riddle of the Universe" in last month's *Westminster Review*; rather a fair and unprejudiced notice; the reviewer is evidently unaware of Mr. Fawcett's ever having been in any way

\* *i. e.*, The Grand Pyramid of Ghizeh.

connected with the Theosophical movement, for he says:—"...The Monads undergo a ceaseless palingenesis. Here we find Mr. Fawcett coming into line with Theosophy, which, *stripped of some of its crudities*, appears very much like his own doctrine!" This is amusing (italics are mine, of course); and if, for "crudities" one reads ideas, which the reviewer has not investigated, or if he has, has, failed to understand, a fair idea of the position may be reached. Apropos of coming across the word "Theosophy," it is quite wonderful to note the gradually increasing references to it in the press; one meets with casual allusions to it everywhere; nay, Mr. Robert Buchanan has even written a play on it—more or less—which is now running at the Haymarket theatre, with Mr. Beerobhm tree in the title-role, "The Charlatan". Of course we are held up to mild ridicule, and mixed up with Spiritualism and a dark séance, all of which, and much trickery to boot, is cheerfully attributed to Theosophy and its ways. The Charlatan is a great rogue, and there is a clever Russian adventuress in the play whom the *Daily Chronicle* takes for a skit on H. P. B. However, I have seen the play, and can say that this is scarcely correct, as even outsiders have said, people who knew her only by repute.

Is Mr. Grant Allen also to be numbered among the prophets? It would almost seem so, to judge from the concluding sentences in his sketch of the late Professor Tyndall, which appears in the current number of the *Review of Reviews*. Says Mr. Allen:—

"Tyndall lived...in the region of the phenomenal. But within that region the mystery of things looked large before him. No man had ever a profounder conception of the ultimate atom, its nature and its powers, its sympathies and antipathies, its forces and its energies. Few men have looked deeper behind the world of sense and illusion into the impalpable verities which constitute the universe. The charge of materialism could only be brought against such a man by those object materialists who have never had even a glimpse of the profounder fact that the universe as known to us consists wholly of mind, and that matter is a doubtful and uncertain inference of the human intelligence".

Which is good indeed, for Mr. Grant Allen. Talking of atoms, in a recent number of *Merry England*, a parson discourses "On the Nature of Electricity", and in the course of his article declares that "there is in every material atom a principle of motion"; he further maintains that electricity, magnetism, and terrestrial attraction, are merely "one and the same power acting with different forms and kinds of intensity."

Professor Oliver Lodge's paper on "Thought Transference" in the present number of *Borderland* is extremely significant, and worthy of his fearless ventures into the realms of occult investigation. Though proceeding with extreme caution, he yet admits that "we of the middle of the 19th Century" have confessedly gone through a depression of scepticism, "though there are not wanting signs that we have touched bottom, and that the ascent on the other side is already beginning"; and counsels the continued search for truth up the side of the "mist-covered mountain"—"every person engaged in the quest of truth must trust his instinct and ascend the elevations that come in his way. It is unwise to turn your back on any real rise of ground, for you thereby run the risk of wilfully losing your way. *Every path must be explored in the interest of truth.*" That is so; but unfortunately there are those—not a minority—who, seeing the road, yet say "there is no path."

A. L. C.

## INDIA.

Mrs. Besant's tour continues to be the subject of much comment in the Northern press, her several lectures having been very fully reported in the daily and weekly papers and journals. Her advocacy of Hinduism, pure and simple, may be considered by some as not being in line with what was expected of her as an exponent of Theosophy while lecturing under the auspices of the Indian Section of the Theosophical Society, and it is quite true that, however gratified the Hindus may be with the tributes paid to their traditions, literature and creed, the Mohammedans, Sufis, Parsees and Buddhists cannot feel themselves to have been as warmly included in Mrs. Besant's professions. It must be candidly confessed that her lectures are not, as reported, in harmony with the broad eclecticism of the T. S., and on that account have been a source of disappointment to many of our most earnest members. To one but recently convinced of the beauties and truth of the Hindu faith we must, perhaps, excuse much of that exclusive fervour which would be out of place on any representative Theosophical platform; but that Mrs. Besant is whole-hearted in all that she undertakes is well known, and if any doubt existed as to her belief in the form as well as the spirit of Hinduism, the following statement would put aside all doubt in the matter: "Mrs. Besant, as becomes a devout Hindu, bathed daily in the sacred Ganges at Allahabad during the *Kumbha Mela*." To her English friends, indeed, it would appear as something convincing in itself to see her in Hindu female attire, shoeless, lotah in hand, proceeding to the great water-fair upon the Ganges!

At Bankipore the party was entertained by the Maharajah of Durbhagh at the Chhajjubagh House. Three lectures were delivered, two at the Patna College, kindly lent by Mr. Ewbank for the occasion, and one at her temporary residence. The *Behar Herald* reports:—"A grand demonstration to express the rejoicings of the Hindus, Beharis and Bengalis, for Mrs. Besant's declaring herself a Hindu, was held on Sunday. At a *Mahatshav*, arranged by Babu Dinabundhu Ganguly of the Local Bar, a Theosophist and a conservative Hindu, educated Beharis and representatives from almost all Bengali houses partook of *Bishnu Prasad* along with Mrs. Besant and party, squatting on the floor in strict Indian fashion. The Behari Hindus presented an address in Hindi, the Bengalis in Bengali, and a separate address was given by some zenana ladies congratulating themselves and Mrs. Besant on her adopting Hinduism, and accepting her as a Hindu and sister."

Further reports of the tour have not yet reached us. *Hope* reproduces *in extenso* the lecture upon "India's Mission to the World," delivered at Calcutta, and the *Behar Times* that upon "Theosophy and Modern Science" at Bankipore.

At Gujranwalla, Panjab, a Theosophical centre has been formed, and a Charter was applied for. It was thought expedient to withhold the Charter for a while, as the newly formed centre did not include a sufficient number of members of the Society to guarantee a secure foundation for a Branch. The centre will prove by its work, no doubt, the right to claim a Charter in the near future.

At Bankipore a Boys' Hindu Association for the Encouragement of Hindu Ethics and Philosophy has been formed by the Local Branch. This is independent of the Students' Association formed in Bankipore last year.

At Coimbatore an Association for Propagating Hindu Religious Ideas has been formed. This is one of the results of Mrs. Besant's tour.

The Section has reprinted, for free circulation, Mrs. Besant's "Rough Outline of Theosophy."

Among the most important of the proceedings of the last Convention was the constitution of a Vernacular Section for placing Theosophy before the people of the various provinces and districts of India in their own vernaculars. In pursuance of the resolutions of the Convention, Mr. E. T. Sturdy, the Hon. Secretary of this sub-sectional movement, has issued the following circular:—

---

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, INDIAN SECTION.

THE VERNACULAR FUND.

In order that the Vernacular Fund which was set on foot at the late Convention at Adyar may be successful, two things are necessary: (1) That members of the Theosophical Society shall come forward with contributions for the fund, and (2) That our members of branches in their various districts shall commence at once to obtain a careful grasp of leading Theosophical subjects and proceed to put them into simple vernacular language. As has been said elsewhere, translations have been found extremely unsatisfactory, and members are urged to write in simple, straightforward language, the Theosophical ideals and teachings, commencing with the general and afterwards proceeding to the more detailed.

PLAN OF WORK.

Any member of the Theosophical Society in India desiring to publish and to distribute Theosophical pamphlets, either originally written in vernacular or being translations, and requiring assistance from the Vernacular Fund, should in the first place forward a copy of the manuscript of the proposed pamphlet to

MR. E. T. STURDY,  
c/o KING & Co., Bombay.

It will then be forwarded by him to the appointed referees for that vernacular language.

The name of the vernacular language and the title of the pamphlet must be stated in *English* on the manuscript.

Should the work be found suitable and be recommended by the referees, a grant will be made from the Fund not exceeding one-eighth of the total collected for the first six months and as the Committee may decide afterwards.

The printer's receipted account together with a copy of the printed pamphlet must be lodged with Mr. Sturdy as voucher before the money can be forwarded.

All subscriptions for the Vernacular Fund will be paid into the General Vernacular account at Adyar, and cannot be kept distinct for any particular language. Subscriptions should be sent there to the General Secretary of the Indian Section.

A BOLD OFFER.

*A member of the Society has offered to double any subscriptions up to a total of Five hundred Rupees, which may be paid into the Vernacular Fund within six months commencing from March the first.*

E. T. STURDY,  
Hon. Secretary.

The work of the Section is thus going steadily on in several directions, but there are many clouds in the air, which, although producing concomitant changes in the Theosophical body, will not find us unprepared for further work under new conditions.

---

## AUSTRALASIA.

A suggestion for the formation of a "Theosophical League" in New Zealand has been put forward by Mr. John St. Clair, F. T. S., of the Auckland Lodge. The League proposes to include all members of the T. S., attached or unattached to Branches, in New Zealand. Its objects are primarily to promote the T. S. movement in the colony; to form new Branches in various places; to stimulate local endeavour in this direction; to supply the free Public Libraries with Theosophical literature; to train Theosophical lecturers and to support them while in the service of Theosophy in the Colony; to bring together into one body all Branches and members in the Colony with a view to form a N. Z. Section; to apply to one of the existing sectional Head-quarters for an organizing Secretary who shall periodically visit and deliver lectures in the various towns; and to spread Theosophy by pamphlets, tract-mailing and other means.

There can be no doubt that the programme is a very good one, and all we can hope is that the objects may be put into practical form forthwith.

The Sydney Branch and Theosophical League have taken a year's lease of a fine room (a hall in fact) at 42, Margaret St. City, where we can very comfortably seat 150, and even 200 can be accommodated without overcrowding. Here we are well away from sound of traffic, with a pleasant outlook over Wynyard Square. At the right of the entrance is "The Theosophical Lit. Dépôt," very nicely arranged, and here Mrs. Willans is to be found throughout the week, earnestly devoting herself to the work of interesting visitors in the books, etc., and disposing of the same to buyers. Mrs. W.'s presence also meets another want—enabling us to keep open door every day.

The room itself looks attractive, the entire end is window, opening out on the square, within is a large table, plenty of chairs, and the T. S. Library close at hand. The Library open to all readers in the room. Along one wall are hung T. S. diagrams, and a large portrait of H. P. B. on the opposite wall, a series of twelve beautifully taken photos of Buddhist temples of Ceylon—nicely framed—(presented by two members), and over these the portrait of our President-Founder. A few of the members got all the removing and arranging through in hearty, spontaneous fashion; and once accomplished, and the season's holidays over, activities began in renewed earnest. Br. Martyn, V. P. of Branch and P. of T. L., drew up a very comprehensive first quarter's Syllabus, of lectures (in our own Hall), readings and debates, for alternate Sunday and Wednesday evenings. So far the attendance has been encouraging. The S. D. Class for "beginners" looks very hopeful, and Mrs. M. A. Minchin's work among the street waits continues to give a cheerful promise. We have just got 10,000 leaflets on "Karma" and "Reincarnation," printed for distribution. In opening the Hall, Br. Martyn said—"We mean to sink all thought of Branch and League as *separate* things; and work together with a sense of *one* purpose and *one* hope. All are invited to be present at open meetings, or to come and read with friends, have fraternal conversation and rest. The "social" evenings will by no means be forgotten; the second and last year was very pleasant, though made the opportunity for some business also *in re* the taking our present quarters—the rent question being necessarily a matter for some very unanimous decision. Greetings from, and to, all.



## CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

“Thoughts, like the pollen of flowers, leave one brain and fasten to another.”

Mr. James Mooney of the Ethnological Bureau, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, has attained a name *Curious Researches.* for his researches among the Indian tribes of America, which dates from the Modoc war of 1873, when a casual remark that “every Indian war brought to light some tribe that no one had ever heard of,” turned his genius for statistical researches into this new channel. The *Banner of Light*, 9th December, 1893, thus writes of him :—

“It is stated that he goes far back of the Government itself in his Indian researches. He had devoted several years of labor, and all his means to the subject before he learned that similar work had been entered upon in the Bureau of Ethnology. Before he went out into the Indian country at all he made himself familiar with all the books contained in a large library that related to the Indians. He possesses a practical knowledge of two or three Indian dialects. His maps of the Indian country, executed by himself, locate not less than three thousand tribes with their towns, and give the Indian names of the streams and mountains. He keeps his head-quarters at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, making two or three excursions yearly among the Indians. They place implicit confidence in him, and he is said to be the only person but one, and she a woman, whom they perfectly confide in. His explanation is : ‘They like me because I come to them in sympathy, eager to preserve all that is sacred to them; while the missionary and the agent come to destroy the traditions.’ ”

We think this latter remark applies equally to missionaries in other countries, and it may account for the frigid tolerance with which the *padre* is accepted as something obnoxious but inevitable.

A correspondent signing himself “Hindu,” writes *The Pot and the Kettle.* to the *Indian Mirror* protesting against the circulation by Christian missionaries of a pamphlet in Bengali, which contains a representation of the Hindu God Jagannath, with a view to make the representation of the deity’s attributes a subject of ridicule. The writer says :—

“I do not presume to enter here into an elaborate treatment of the faith we profess, as I do not think it is at all possible for me to do so in the course of a short letter, but I cannot but say that our Christian brethren must have been labouring under a dire misconception, if they are inclined to regard the Hindus as idolators. In fact, anybody who cares to know anything about Hinduism, knows perfectly well that we are not worshippers of dead, inert sensitive matter, but of the in-dwelling, self-evolving, self-energising spirit, which lies beneath its level. The absolute, self-realising power pervades the cosmos, and it is the realization of the universal presence of the Infinite Spirit, in whom we live, move, and have our being, that leads us to worship anything and everything in nature—a piece of stone or a block of wood, a lump of clay, or a mass of metal. The Supreme Being realises himself, in an infinity of modes, through what are called the forces of nature

—and matter is nothing but a nucleus of forces—and the Hindu in worshipping his deity, worships not the visible, material object present before his eyes, but the invisible, in-dwelling spirit which is immanent in nature, and at the same time transcends it. To regard the Hindu, then, as a worshipper of matter, to accuse him of substituting form for spirit as the object of his worship, would be only to betray one's own ignorance about him."

We think it would be interesting for the Christian missionaries to explain why they themselves represent Deity in a human form, seated, European fashion, on a throne; why they credit that Deity with all the sense-organs of man and affirm that He is moved by passions, such as hatred, jealousy, anger, &c.; why they represent such ideas in their mural paintings, frescoes, and other ecclesiastical imagery; why Jesus, who was a carpenter, is represented with a shepherd's crook in his hand; why bread and wine are passed in the church as representing the "body and blood of Christ"; to which we might add questions indefinitely, with a view to ascertain *why* the pot will persist in calling the kettle black! If, instead of trying to throw discredit upon the Hindu faith and thus to undermine the spirit of religion which it is their first duty to foster and strengthen, the Christian missionaries would enquire into the origin and meaning of their own faith, we think they might find that the religion of Jesus and Hinduism have more in common than they are now willing to admit. At all events two things are well known: First, that Abbé Huc, the Catholic missionary, found in Tibetan lamaseries a ritual so closely resembling that of the Roman Church, that, failing in every way to account for the phenomenon as an introduction from Rome, he was forced to resort to the miraculous, and summarily designates the whole thing as "the work of the Devil". Secondly, that the first Edition of Moor's "Hindu Pantheon" contained a representation of a figure found in India, which bore a date putting it outside the range of things imported to India by the Christians. This figure was that of a man stretched upon a cross. The Edition was bought up by a certain body of Christians and the plate extracted, and consequently every copy of the work is now incomplete.

From this it appears that, for Abbé Huc, Deity was resident in Rome, and consequently all religious expression of the same order as that of the Church, occurring in other parts, was to be regarded as a spurious imitation wrought by the Devil! And further, that a certain scripture concerning a "mote" and a "beam" is sometimes read but never understood by foreign missionaries.

*A gift to India.*                      The *Indian Messenger* of 17th December 1893 says:—

"The Hon'ble Babu Khem Sing Bedi, c.s.I., of Rawalpindi, has recently made a gift of three lakhs of rupees for the following purposes:—*Sadabrats* at Rawalpindi and Kalla, Rs. 30,000; *Upadeshak Mandalis* (preachers) to spread the tenets of Sikhism far and wide, Rs. 1,00,000; an institution for

the promotion of arts and literature among the Sikhs, Rs. 1,50,000; an annual *Sangat* (gathering of men of note in the community), Rs. 20,000 Babu Khem Sing has placed this money in the hands of a Committee which has been provisionally formed to carry out the objects of this munificent gift. How ardently could we wish the noble example of this gentleman were followed largely by persons of means and position belonging to other provinces and communities not excluding our own."

This is truly the kind of work which rich Hindus can do for India, thus returning in good deeds the benefit derived from the community, while instituting fresh movements for invigorating the slumbering faith of the people in their own religious and social spirit. No nation is ever great that is not patriotic. The three categories of great people mentioned by Shakespeare;—those who are "born great," those who "attain greatness," and those, again, who "have greatness thrust upon them," may be referred to three classes of Karma; *prârabdha*, *sanchit*, and bad karma! And truly there can nothing worse happen to a nation than to owe its greatness to the material patronage of another. It is a debt which more than beggars the people who accept it. It is a declaration not of past misfortune merely, but of a lasting incapacity for the future.

The following account of Professor Dewar's lecture at the Royal Institution on the 19th January last, is copied from the *Daily Chronicle* of 20th January, 1894. The experiments treated of are so important in their bearing upon modern scientific researches, that even a more detailed account of the "brilliant scene" at the Royal Institution, would, we feel sure, be welcome to our readers. The phenomenon of extruded ether in an exhausted medium is a fact in nature quite new to the scientific world. The occult statement that there exist bodies so solid that we cannot sense them, and so dense that we may pass through them without consciousness of the fact, just as ether passes through us, will yet be justified at the hands of experimentalists:—

"The first of the Friday evening discourses for the ensuing season at the Royal Institution was given last night by Professor Dewar, who addressed one of the largest and most distinguished audiences ever gathered in the theatre. The scene was a particularly brilliant one. From floor to ceiling the building was densely packed with visitors. So great was the demand for seats that groups of people in evening dress might be seen huddled together in the various doorways, sitting on the gangway steps, and even invading the precincts of the professor's table. Many distinguished personages were amongst the audience. Piled up on the lecture table was a perfect forest of apparatus, and punctually at nine o'clock the laboratory assistants bore in many flacons of that precious fluid, liquid air of which so much has been said of late. The vessels were smothered in carbonic acid snow, and were, of course, all provided with the special vacuum jacket, by which alone the liquid can be maintained at its intensely low temperature, amounting to 180 deg. centigrade.

“Professor Dewar explained that his remarks would be directed to some of the scientific uses to which liquid air and liquid oxygen were now applied in the laboratory. He explained that the intense cold it produces—approaching absolute zero—had enabled him to conduct some deeply interesting investigations into the properties of matter at these temperatures. The first point of importance brought to light was the fact that at absolute zero all metals have the same degree of conductivity to electricity, however much they may differ at higher temperatures. Next, Professor Gladstone’s theory of the refractive indices of gases had been perfectly confirmed. Another point of much interest elucidated was the behaviour of Mercury in every high vacua. A barometer was usually made by inverting a long tube of mercury, previously boiled in the tube to expel clinging particles of air. The Toricelli vacuum thus obtained above the level of the mercury nevertheless contained a small quantity of mercury vapour. If a sponge saturated with liquid air were applied to the side of the glass, the mercury vapour inside froze out on the inside in the form of a bright mirror. The professor took a vacuum bulb having a narrow neck leading to a smaller bulb full of mercury. The mercury vapour in the large bulb was first frozen out leaving a pure vacuum. It was then shown that a long time must elapse for the vacuum to get refilled with mercury vapour by means of the narrow neck only, whereas a single drop of mercury introduced into the larger bulb had that effect instantaneously. For the information of those learned in the subject of gaseous pressures, the Professor stated that in such a vacuum the pressure of the mercury vapour did not exceed the one hundred millionth of an atmosphere. The professor next proceeded to show what interesting results could be obtained by perfectly isolating liquid air from outside heat. This could only be done by surrounding it not only with double vacuum jackets, but with jackets of other liquid air kept boiling under exhaustion with an air-pump. Having got the internal liquid air into a non-boiling condition, its latent heat of vaporisation, its specific heat, and other most important facts could be ascertained by introducing measured quantities of heat and noting how much air boiled off. These experiments, most complex in their nature, were brilliantly performed under the shadow of an electric beam by Professor Dewar and his assistants. It was observed that the evaporation of a single drop of liquid air filled a large vessel with the resulting gas.

“While Professor Dewar proceeded with his remarks on other points, his assistants, Mr. Lennox and Mr. Heath, began to prepare the intricate arrangement of apparatus for the freezing of liquid air. A general idea of the principle upon which the experiment is carried out may be stated as follows:—The liquid air to be frozen is in a small test tube jacketed with a vacuum. Surrounding it is a larger vessel of liquid air, also jacketed. By connecting the outer vessel of liquid air with the exhausting pipe from an air pump it is kept boiling violently, so as to absorb every possible atom of heat in its locality. This prevents any external heat reaching the small test tube. This is now also connected with an exhausting apparatus and caused to evaporate rapidly, the result being that in a few moments the contents of the tube freeze into colourless ice. But this process is not carried on except with a multitude of hazardous risks of failure. If the liquid air is kept boiling in the room too long, it will have parted with nearly all its nitrogen (which boils off first), leaving little more than pure liquid oxygen, which under no conditions has the Professor yet obtained

solid. Time after time was the experiment tried in vain and the expectations of the audience roused. It was not till the very close of the address that those members of the audience who crowded round the table at length saw—what so few have ever seen before—the air we breathe in the shape of ice. The vacuum pump once removed, the atmospheric ice was back again to liquid in a trice.

“Amongst the many interesting facts announced by the lecturer were the effects of extreme cold on the cohesive power of metals. The tensile strength of iron at—180C. is just twice what it is at 15C. It will take a strain of 60 instead of 30 tons to the square inch, and equally curious results have come out as to the elongation of metals under these conditions. A fully saturated magnet is found to have its power greatly increased by reduction to—180C. The intense cold has a strange effect on colour. Professor Dewar sponged a scarlet card (painted with mercury iodide) with liquid air and pointed out that the brilliant scarlet changed to orange, but recovered its original tint immediately it got warm again. Many brilliant experiments were made by sending electric discharges through exhausted glass globes. But all of the well-known phenomena of phosphorescence ceased so soon as intense cold was applied—the electricity tried to pass by any route rather than through the globe. ‘What did this mean?’ said the professor. ‘Obviously that something was now frozen out which had before enabled the electricity to pass across the vacuous space.’”

At the close the lecture table was besieged for some time, curious members of the audience gazing upon the ample supply of liquid air still simmering away in the snowclad globes.

Figuratively speaking, music in the heart is no uncommon thing amongst us. The following account which we extract from the *Madras Mail* however deals with actual *Music in the Heart*. music in the heart, whether physical or psychic, it is impossible to say. The description given of the symptoms of the case reminds one strongly of the descriptions given in the Hindu books and by practitioners, of certain sounds heard during the course of yogic development. It would be interesting to know whether any of our Hindu readers can furnish us with any cases parallel to the following one, namely, cases in which spontaneous musical tones have been heard in the heart or any other of the *centres* of the body:—

“The *Telegraph* tells a marvellous story from Vienna about a lady, forty-two years old, and suffering from a peculiar form of asthma, which ten months’ treatment has been powerless to cure. Her story is that she constantly hears music from her heart, and is so maddened by the ceaseless tones that she has to keep her ears filled with wadding, like Ulysses during the Sirens’ song. The medical experts who have had the case under consideration confirm the statement of the lady—a continuous noise composed of musical tones in a high pitch was to be heard during the medical diagnosis, which runs: ‘Diastolic musical heart.’ But the present is a very rare and, in consequence of its completeness, interesting case—for the doctors. The lady has as strong a dislike to internal music as to asthma, and unless speedily cured, she avers, it will drive her mad.”

A contemporary gives us the following information regarding *The Paracelsus Library*.—the sale of the Paracelsus Library, which will be interesting both to students of Occultism and collectors of books :—

“The Paracelsus Library, which is now on sale, is absolutely unique, being the most complete collection ever formed of the literature on the great reformer in the science of medicine. The collection which was made by Dr. Schubert, is richer in original editions of Paracelsus than the British Museum, which contains 80 editions less.”

The following from a leading Anglo-Indian paper shows what is *Mene, Mene*, now becoming the general impression as regards *Tekel*.—missionary methods and the conscious superiority of Christians :—

“For once, however, Christians have heard with no uncertain sound, what the representatives of other religions think of them, and the result is not flattering. It will doubtless cause some heart searching and reflection. If it should lead to widespread revision and improvement of Missionary methods in various parts of the world, no one will be inclined to complain. For clearly there must be something wrong somewhere, when a man like the Buddhist Dharmapala of Colombo, speaking on behalf of millions of his religionists can pronounce Missionaries as a rule intolerant and selfish, and when this is followed by another attack upon their ‘exasperating consciousness of superiority,’ and when the whole trend of Oriental thought in relation to Missionaries is that they are ‘lacking in gentleness, devoutness and reality.’ It is turning things upside down with a vengeance when Baboo Protap Chunder Moozoodar tells Western Christians to their face, that they are so immersed in business, political and social activities, that they have no time to consider the great questions of regeneration, personal sanctification, of trial and judgment, and acceptance before God. That a great step forward in the direction of a better mutual understanding has been taken in spite of these criticisms is certain. And the entire absence of the old bitter persecuting spirit of former times is full of promise for the future.”

*A wonderful Phenomenon.*—The following account of a curious occult phenomenon appeared in the *Southern Star* of Tanjore :—

“A is a village four miles south-west of B—, which is again five miles from the Railway station, bearing the name of B—. In this place, an old Brahman gentleman, who gets a monthly pension of Rs. 100 as Tahsildar in this district, is living with all the members of his family. He is now about 70 years old. He has been recently suffering from diarrhœa and whooping cough, from which every attempt is being made to save him. He has been leading a very pious life, and he is held in high estimation by the community to which he belongs in these parts, and he is almost considered a pillar to his numerous relatives scattered throughout the district, both in high and humble situations in life. For the above reason and for the Christmas vacation good many relatives of his are pouring in every day to take probably their last glimpse of the aged and venerable member of their sect. Unfortunately, in his house at present, are occurring phenomena of an extraordinary type. Clothes are burning suddenly in all parts of the house at different times. Clothes suspended on a bamboo stick, as in native houses, catch fire, and people at once rush to that quarter to extinguish it. Again,

in the kitchen compartment, another cloth takes fire, another set of people rush in that direction. Sometimes cloths carefully locked up in steel trunks are burnt. If this were all the misery to which the inmates are subject, the effects might not be considered very terrible. But alas, cloths worn by females and even children take fire, while those cloths are still on their person. Imagine the consternation in the family, which this burning of their cloths on the body causes. Poor visitors who came to see the old gentleman do not return without sharing with him these terrible misfortunes of his last days. Certainly there is no human agency at work, for every nook and corner of the house is scrupulously watched by numerous people, and we know by experience that incendiarism does not work in the above manner. Therefore the causes must be traced to something invisible. What is that something is perplexing the English-knowing relatives of his, who would not believe such things unless they saw them themselves. The mischief is working in another direction also. Jewels are found scattered in unexpected parts of the house. A small box containing valuable ornaments is kept in a larger box which is strongly locked up. The jewels in the smaller box were found distributed on the floor of the house. The daughter of the above pensioned Tahsildar carefully secured her pair of kammals (ear ornament) worth nearly Rs. 500 before she went to her usual bath. On her return, she found them missing. An alarm was raised, and an immediate search was made by different persons in various parts of the house. At last, one of the kammals was found on the floor of an unexpected inner room. The other is yet to be found. Believing that these are mischiefs of evil spirits, people are sent to fetch magicians to ward off the above. But some have returned finding themselves unable to perform the task."

It is an actual fact, witnessed by some of our own friends and colleagues, that a similar case is at the present time going on in Madras. We personally saw the gentleman whose family is afflicted by these phenomenal fires, and upon our asking if at the time of the first occurrence a member of the family had married or become *enciente*, we were informed that the latter event took place on the day immediately preceding the first occurrence of the strange phenomena. We then informed the gentleman of a genuine specific, but do not know as yet whether he has employed it.

*Electricity  
and  
growing  
Plants.*

The influence of coloured lights upon the growth of plants has been frequently commented upon in connection with the occult properties of colour. We have all seen the common sun-flower turning slowly upon the axis of its stem so as to keep its face to the sun from its rising to its setting, going back upon its course during the night time. This effect has been set down to the action of the sun's heat upon the fibre of the stem producing a twist similar to that of a rope which is shortened in wet weather and lengthened in dry weather. But that light itself has a directing influence upon the growth of plants is very clearly shown in the following extract from the *Morning Post* of the 17th February 1894:—

"Dr. G. J. Romanes has given the results of a long series of experiments on mustard seedlings exposed to constant electric light and to inter-

rupted flashes respectively. The plants were grown in the dark till they reached a height of two inches; and a thick plate of glass was placed between them and the electrical apparatus. At a temperature of 70 deg. F., and in a dark moist camera with a shutter (which by being opened exposes the plants to the light), vigorously growing seedlings began to bend to the electric sparks ten minutes after exposure, and bent through 45 deg. in as many minutes. In an hour and a half the leaves were bent horizontally to the light. There is a more rapid rate of bending than can be produced on the same pot of seedlings when the side formerly protected is uncovered and exposed for a similar duration of time, either to constant sunlight or to constant diffused daylight. This is the case even if the sparks (or flashes) succeed one another at intervals of only two seconds. Thus the heliotropic influence of electric sparks (or flashes) is greater than can be produced by any other light. Dr. Romanes then exposed one pot of seedlings in a camera to the constant light of a swan burner, and another pot of similar plants in a second camera, placed at the same distance from the same source of light, but provided with a flash shutter working at the rate of two second intervals. The rapidity with which the bending commenced, and the extent to which it proceeded in a given time after commencement, were found to be considerably greater in the seedlings exposed to the flashing light than to the constant light. In his next set of experiments he found that the bendings of the seedlings occurred within fifteen to thirty minutes, if bright sparks were supplied at the rate of only one per minute. It is strange, however, that these remarkable results are not accompanied by the formation of any particle of chlorophyll. He has used thousands of plants in his work, yet he has never seen the slightest shade of green tinging the etiolated seedlings which had bent towards the flashing light. On one occasion he kept a stream of a hundred sparks per second illuminating some mustard seedlings continuously for forty-eight hours; and, although this experiment was made for the express purpose of ascertaining whether any chlorophyll would be formed under the most suitable conditions by means of flashing light, no change of colour in any of the seedlings was produced."

Some time ago we observed the growth of potatoes stored in a dark cellar. The white sprouts grew in the direction of a small grating which admitted the only light that came into the underground cellar for days together. Curious to know whether the light drew them in its own direction, or whether there was in the vegetable itself a directing power, we placed one potato with its tiny sprout pointing away from the grating and placed two bricks so as to cast a shadow over the sprout and along the course of its normal growth. Indeed the gloom was so great that the shadow could hardly be discerned, but the bricks served to cut off any direct rays which came from the grating. Well, when we last looked at the potato plant the growth had bent back upon its course at an early stage, had circumscribed the bricks and was half way up the wall in a bee-line for that grating! The problem before us is whether the phenomenon is due to *push* or *pull*, to the plant or the light.

---



# SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST.

MARCH 1894.

## EXECUTIVE NOTICES.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,

February 7th, 1894.

The pressing needs of Head-quarters not giving me the option of further delay, I hereby direct the Acting Treasurer, T. S., to apportion the funds in the Suspense Account as follows :

1. He will recoup Head-quarters' Account to the full extent of the defalcation, viz., Rs. 1,272-4-1.

2. Pay into the H. P. B. Memorial Fund the sum of Fourteen Hundred Rupees.

3. Leave the remainder in the Bank of Madras, together with all accumulations, to await my further instructions.

4. The Debit balance of Rs. 39-2-3 in Anniversary Account, he will settle by loan transfer from Head-quarters' Account, and recoup this sum hereafter, together with the considerable sums previously loaned to meet the T. S. share of the cost of the Conventions of 1892-93, out of donations or other sources of income, to the Anniversary Fund Account.

In this connection, I have to call attention to the fact that since the formation of the Sections, the current revenue of this Fund has become less than the annual expenses, and that the deficit has now to be made good by loans from Head-quarters' Account, which should not be.

The Auditors recommended to me by the late Convention for appointment are requested to audit the Society's books of account in the last week of March, or as much earlier as may be necessary to secure the insertion of their certificate in the April issue of the *Theosophist*.

H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.

AGRA, February 7th, 1894.

Mr. W. R. Old's medical attendant having ordered him home for a change on account of the delicate state of his health, I have consented to relieve him of his duties as Recording Secretary and Acting Treasurer of the Society, from and after the 31st March proximo. Until his return in the Autumn I shall myself undertake his work with such help as others may kindly give me. Mr. Old's Indian colleagues will unanimously wish him restoration to perfect health and a speedy return to the bureau in which he officiates with such zealous devotion.

H. S. OLCOTT, P. T. S.

## T. S. FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

I beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following donations and subscriptions since the 24th January :—

### SUSPENSE ACCOUNT.

	Rs.	A.	P.
Meerut Branch T. S., per Mr. P. R. Venkataram Iyer	7	8	0
Mr. Pestomji D. Khan ( <i>Bombay</i> )	100	0	0
Jubbulpore Branch T. S., 5 members, per Mr. Manohar Lal	7	0	0

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. S. Ragavendra Rao ( <i>Bombay</i> )	10	0	0
„ Nassarwaji M. Desai ( <i>Amraoti</i> )	5	0	0
„ Grant P. Farquhar and Mr. Thos. Ross ( <i>Dunedin, N. Z.</i> )	85	10	0
Khan Bahadur N. D. Khandalwala	30	0	0
	<hr/>		
Amount already acknowledged	245	2	0
	5,452	3	4
	<hr/>		
Total...	5,697	5	4

## ANNIVERSARY FUND.

Annual dues of 2 Members, per Mr. W. Irwin, ( <i>Rockhampton</i> )	3	7	0
Do. of 7 Members, per Mr. A. W. Maurais ( <i>Dunedin</i> )	11	12	10

## HEAD-QUARTERS' FUND.

Entrance Fees of 2 Members, per Mr. W. Irwin ( <i>Rockhampton</i> )	8	6	0
Do. of 5 Members, per Mr. A. W. Maurais ( <i>Dunedin</i> )	29	8	2

## ADYAR LIBRARY FUND.

Mr. Pestomji D. Khan ( <i>Bombay</i> )	25	0	0
Rai Bahadur A. Narayanawami Moodaliar, per Pandit R. Anantha Krishna Sastri	200	0	0
Khan Bahadur N. D. Khandalwala ( <i>Poona</i> )	10	0	0
Sir K. Seshadri Aiyer ( <i>Mysore</i> )	400	0	0
A Friend ( <i>Mylapur</i> )	15	0	0

## OUTSTANDING ITEM.

An anonymous donation by draft upon the Bank of Madras, Agents for the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China.	7	0	0
--	---	---	---

20th Feb. 1894.

WALTER R. OLD,  
*Actg. Treas. T. S.*

## THE ADYAR LIBRARY.

The following books have been added to the above Library during the last month:—

*Donated:—*

7 MSS. from Mr. V. V. S. Avadhani, Masulipatam; 36 MSS. from Mr. T. Saminatha Aiyar, Bellary; *S'abdakalpadruma*, Bengali Edition, 5 vols., from Mr. V. C. Desikachari, Mylapore; Inscriptions at Sravana Belgola, from Mr. B. L. Rice, Archæologist, Mysore; Catalogue of Printed Works in the Government Oriental Library, Mysore, from the Curator Mysore.

*Purchased:—*

*Varâha Purâna*; *Brihaddevata* of Sounaka; Notices of Sanskrit MSS. by Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra.

During the past month Pandit R. Anantha Krishna Sastri, of the Adyar Library, has been on tour in Bangalore and district, and has been most successful in engaging the interests of many influential friends in this department of Theosophical work. He has further devoted much time to a thorough revision of the Oriental works of the Adyar Library, and is now engaged in compiling a new catalogue. Our special thanks are due to Sir K. Shesadri Aiyar for his munificent donation to the Funds of the Library, and to Mr. T. A. Swaminatha Iyer, F. T. S., of Bellary, for the valuable sets of palmyra MSS. he has collected and sent to us.

WALTER R. OLD,  
*Librarian.*

## THE AMERICAN SECTION T. S. CONVENTION.

The American Annual Convention of the T. S. will this year be held at San Francisco on April 26, and following days, and promises to be an interesting and effective event. Mr. Judge writes that he and Mr. C. F. Wright will go, and that a Delegate from London may also come. Our brethren of the Pacific Coast have fully earned the right to the distinction of having the Convention meet this time in their own territory by their unflagging activity and altruistic devotion.

H. S. O.

## THE THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS.

NEW YORK, December 18th, 1893.

To Col. H. S. Olcott, P. T. S.

The principal matters connected with the Theosophical Congress having been concluded, I hereby send you the supplemental account in respect to the fund and its disposition, which shows a surplus on hand of \$ 71.82. In this item there is a difference of 11 cents between the actual surplus found on hand and the surplus shown by account; but I have no time to find out where the 11 cents error is. This may be called the conclusion of this account as all subsequent moneys will result from sales of the copies left on hand of the Report and those sales will be added to the \$ 71.82. When the whole number of Reports is sold I will then ask your opinion, and the opinion of the three Sections as to whether the sum should be put in the Head-quarters' treasury in India, which is the place I think it ought to go to, unless it amounts to a very large sum, which is hardly possible. I make this report to you as President of the Society inasmuch as I acted on your behalf at the Congress and there is no one else to report to. The matter of auditing the account can very properly be attended to at our Convention as they will have the books here. The excess of \$ 45.50 for printing was because the estimate was upon 175 pages, whereas the Report actually took a good many more. You will do me a favor if you will either publish this account in the *Theosophist* as received by you or publish a summary of it. The \$ 2.59 accredited to the Indian Section in this account is a small sum received subsequent to the former account.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

Vice-President, T. S.

## THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS' FUND.

## RECAPITULATION.

Cash reported Oct. ...	\$1208.20	Printing ...	\$535.50
Amer. Sec. fund ...	100.00	Binding ...	65.00
European 1st collection ...	730.00	Mailing, etc. ...	49.90
Donations in this account ...	35.70	Travel ...	723.86
Sales of copies of Report ...	82.74	Travel for India ...	710.56
	2156.64		2084.82
	2084.82	Surplus from sales ...	71.82

At the April '94 Convention, American Section, I shall ask for a special audit of the accounts of this fund and publish the report thereafter, and will then pay over the surplus in the way most desired by the three Sections.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,

Vice-President, T. S.

## MRS. ANNIE BESANT ON THE REVIVAL OF INDIA.

As many enquiries have been made from time to time at Head-quarters and elsewhere, as to Mrs. Besant's present attitude towards social politics generally and the Modern Hindu Reform Movement in particular, the following letter recently addressed by her to one of the Northern Dailies will be read with interest:—

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "AMRITA BAZAR PATRIKA."]

SIR,—I must ask of your courtesy the permission to prevent a misconception to which some over-generous references to me in your paper may give rise.

My work in the sphere of politics is over, and I shall never resume it. In fact, I have never been a politician, in the practical sense of the term; for, the great reforms that I advocated in England were all outside the political strifes of the time and incarnated principles not yet accepted by any political party. The union of clear vision as to a great principle and of practical sagacity, is gradually introducing that principle into national Legislation, is very rare—though it was found in the late Charles Bradlaugh—for the earnestness, devotion, and indifference to immediate success that mark the apostle who arouses enthusiasm for an ideal, are

disadvantages in the practical man, who, by compromise, flexibility and astute generalship, carries some definite project, embodying a fragment of the idealist's dream. The one brings to men an idea, the other a programme; and while both are necessary for evolution, each does wisely to play that part for which nature has fitted him. My own work has always been educational, and the generating of enthusiasm for great principles. I have been a pioneer, not a politician; and I lack the practical sagacity and alertness as to details necessary for anyone who should take useful part in such work as that which is taken in hand by the National Congress.

I say this in answer to your suggestion that I should be aroused to take interest in Indian 'affairs.' To be able to lay at the feet of India any service, is to me full reward for the many sufferings of a stormy life through which the power of service has been won. But the India that I love and reverence, and would fain see living among the nations, is not an India westernized, rent with the struggles of political parties, heated with the fires of political passions with a people ignorant and degraded, while those who might have raised them are fighting for the loaves and fishes of political triumph. I have seen too much of this among the "progressed and civilized nations" of the West to have any desire to see such a civilization over-spreading what was Aryavarta. The India to which I belong in faith and in heart, is that which, as Max Müller, truly said, gave birth to "a civilization unique in the history of the world."—a civilization in which spiritual knowledge was accounted highest title to honour, and in which the whole people revered and sought after spiritual truth. To help in turning India into another Great Britain or another Germany, is an ambition that does not allure me; the India that I would give my life to help in building, is an India learned in the ancient philosophy, pulsing with the ancient religion,—an India to which all other lands should look for spiritual light,—where the life of all should be materially simple, but intellectually noble and spiritually sublime.

The whole of my life and of my energies are given to the Theosophical Society, because the Society is intended to work in all nations for the realisation of this spiritual ideal; for the sake of this it deliberately eschews all politics, embraces men of parties, welcomes men of all faiths, declines to ostracise any man, any party or any faiths. I may not mingle in a political fray which would make one temporary party regard me with enmity; for, the message of spiritual life belongs equally to both and may not be rendered unacceptable by its bearer wearing a political garment which is a defiance of those clad in other political robes. The politician must ever be at war; my mission is one of peace. Therefore I enter not the political field; and in the religious field, I seek to show to men of every faith that they share a common spiritual heritage and should look through the forms that divide them to the spirit that makes them one. It is the recognition of this which made Hinduism ever a non-proselytising religion, and which makes it possible for the Hindu to meet men of every exoteric faith without prejudice, and to reveal to them the inner meaning of their own tenets. A Hindu who really knows his own religion may thus serve as a channel for spiritual life to men of every creed; for, he denies no man's fragment of truth, but explains it and shows its proper place in the perfect presentation.

I write this lengthy explanation of my absolute refusal to have anything to do with politics because any expression of love and confidence from Indians goes straight to my heart, and I would fain have them know that if I refuse to work in a field to which so many are giving unselfish labour, it is because I honestly believe that the future of India, the greatness of India and the happiness of her people, can never be secured by political methods, but only by the revival of her philosophy and religion. To this, therefore, I must give all my energies, and I must refuse to spread them over other fields.

ANNIE BESANT.