LUCIFER.

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On the Watch-Tower.

THE literary activity of the T. S. grows apace. Four new magazines, two already published and two to appear in January. *The Northern Theosophist* duplicates *The Vâhan* in size and emanates from our Middlesbro' workers, inspired and helped by the Northern Federation; it is interesting, and made up so as to attract the general reader on the outside, and speaks well for the ability of the editor. The Birmingham Lodge prints *Ithuriel*, half the size of *The Vâhan*, a plucky attempt. Barcelona promises a new Spanish magazine in January, and January sees the first issue of the new Australasian monthly, the name of which is still esoteric as far as we are concerned. The Report of the Theosophical Congress at the Parliament of Religions is a fat book of 177 pages, and can be obtained of the T. P. S. by non-subscribers for 1*s.* 6*d.* Annie Besant's Autobiography, published by T. Fisher Unwin, is just out, and the reviewers are busy. This first Library edition is priced at 16*s.*

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ANATHEMA SIS.

The New Zealand Herald for October contains numerous columns reporting the proceedings of the Auckland Presbytery and much correspondence concerning the "heresy" of the Rev. S. J. Neill. The reverend pastor, whose ministry of sixteen years has been marked with great success and whose conduct has been of the most exemplary character, has committed the unpardonable sin of becoming a member of the T. S. Hence these tears! It is unfortunately impossible for us, with our limited space, to quote more than two paragraphs giving the chief points at issue. On August 8th, the Convener of the Committee of the Presbytery, the Rev. R. Sommerville, wrote to the Rev. S. J. Neill as follows:

"The Committee have no desire to lead you into a position of self-condemnation, and they feel it due to themselves to say that from the first they desired a personal interview with you, and that it was your preference for communicating by letter that led to the questions in my

last being so addressed to you. You are not in duty bound to answer them, nor to state anything that may be used against you in any subsequent proceedings, but if you have any desire to remove the indefiniteness referred to in my last, the Committee will be glad to have your views of the proper Divinity of Christ, and of that aspect of the Atonement that sets Him forth as the Sinner's Substitute; as presenting a propitiatory offering; as shedding His blood to take away sins, as He says: 'For this is the blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' The question of your connection with the Theosophical Society was discussed by the Presbytery, and it was remitted to this Committee to forward you the finding thereon, which is: 'The Presbytery requests Mr. Neill to withdraw from the Theosophical Society, on the ground that his connection with it is injurious to the Church, and in opposition to the interests of Christianity.' The Committee hope that you will at once see the wisdom of acceding to the Presbytery's request. They feel that the Theosophical Society must be judged by its local appearance and influence, and they are quite sure that, judged by these, it is exceedingly injurious to the highest interests of Christianity; that it is directly antagonistic to the faith which is in Christ Jesus; and is such as no Christian minister can consistently countenance."

On August 24th the Rev. S. J. Neill replied to the above as follows:

"As you have several times referred to the Confession of Faith, I ask you, do ye yourselves fully and unreservedly accept and believe all things therein as true, and as an adequate and final statement of truth to be in the same way understood by all? And if not, then on what principle, or by what authority, are some parts of it to be regarded as less true, or less final, adequate, or essential statements of truth than certain other parts? and also, should all whose views may differ from any part or parts of this creed feel bound to publicly express such divergence of opinion? In regard to the Theosophical Society I beg to enclose a printed slip containing the three objects of the Society. To which of these do you object? The only basis of union necessary for *all* to accept is the first one, viz., 'To form the nucleus of a universal brotherhood of humanity, without distinction of race, creed, class, sex, or colour.' Is not this much needed in the present state of the world? Is it not one great object of all true religion, and especially of the religion of Jesus, to realize universal brotherhood among men?"

The war evidently rages round the dogma of the "Atonement." A few months ago *The Vâhan* debated this subject, and one of its learned contributors assured its readers that the view of the atonement as stated by the Presbytery above was a "heresy" and not the true Christian doctrine. Since then the Scottish Lodge has taken up the doctrine of the Atonement as a special subject. If the results of the study of the Scottish Lodge are at all in accordance with the view

of the learned contributor to *The Vâhan*, a copy of the Transactions of the said Lodge might with advantage be forwarded to the Auckland Presbytery. Meanwhile our brother, the Rev. S. J. Neill, has LUCIFER's most cordial sympathy and congratulations.

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WHY DO WE LEAVE OUR PIONEERS UNSUPPORTED?

It has always been a matter of surprise to LUCIFER that members of the T. S. as a rule seem disinclined to follow up the pioneer work that has already been done. Let us take an instance. E. D. Walker in his suggestive work on Reïncarnation brought forward a number of quotations from authors, ancient and modern, which forced home upon the mind of the reader that the hypothesis was worthy of the most serious consideration. The book was a pioneer, and as such too much could not be expected of it. The omission of precise references, the delightful vagueness of many of the assertions, as for instance that Origen believed in reïncarnation or that Schopenhauer says *somewhere* so and so, when both are voluminous writers, and it is very doubtful whether any passage can be found in Origen asserting belief in reïncarnation—all this may perchance be excusable in a pioneer work, but it redounds little to the ability of a Society if the matter is left in this unsatisfactory condition for years and no effort is made to aid the work of our pioneers. Origen taught the preëxistence of the soul, it is true, and was condemned for his teaching. But preëxistence is not reïncarnation. Has no one the time to look through his works and settle the question? It is therefore with pleasure that we have received some notes from a student as an earnest of what might be done with a little industry.

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LESSING AND REÏNCARNATION.

The Education of Mankind, or *The Education of the Human Race*, is the title of a treatise of one hundred paragraphs, the last word of a long and bitter discussion between Lessing and an orthodox Lutheran pastor. Last century Lessing was accounted an unbeliever; to-day he would be reckoned orthodox, except, perhaps, for his belief in reïncarnation—though indeed as things are going, ten years or so may weave for even this *truth* a veil of orthodoxy.

"90. Dreamers often read the future rightly, only they have not the patience to wait for it. They would fain hasten that future, and be themselves the means of bringing it nearer, so as to enjoy in their short life that which Nature requires thousands of years to work out. Then what does it avail the dreamer to know what is good and right if goodness and righteousness are not acknowledged as such in his own lifetime? Or will he come again? Does he believe that he will return again to this world? Strange that of all dreams this dream is no longer the fashion amongst dreamers! . . .

"93. The pathway by which mankind attains perfection must be trodden sooner or later by every mortal being. In one and the same life? Can he in one lifetime be a sensual Jew and a spiritual Christian? Can he in the one brief span soar higher than both?

"94. Surely not; but why should not every individual have appeared more than once in this world?

"95. Is this hypothesis so ridiculous because it is the oldest mankind knows of; because human reason before it was weakened by the sophistry of a diversity of schools had grasped it at once?

"96. Why cannot I have already gone through all those phases of human progress which are alone determined by temporary punishments and rewards?

"97. And why not another time through those higher phases stimulated by the hope of eternal reward?

"98. Why should I not return again and again, as often as I am sent, to gather more knowledge and obtain new achievements? Do I take so much away each time that it would not be worth while to come again?

"99. Certainly not on that account. Perhaps it is because I forget that I have already been here. Happy inded am I that I do forget it. The remembrance of my past life would prevent me from making a good use of the present one; and because I am obliged to forget the past now, is that a proof that I have forgotten it for ever?

"100. Or perhaps it is because, if so, I would lose too much time. Lose time! And what have I, then, to lose? Is not the whole eternity mine?"

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SCHOPENHAUER ON REINCARNATION AND COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

Perhaps no modern philosopher has been more misunderstood than Schopenhauer. This is simply because the idea of rebirth is one of the fundamental concepts of his philosophy. And yet it would almost appear that there has been, as it were, a conspiracy—whether conscious or unconscious—to keep the fact from the general ear. The respectability of philosophy would have been impugned by such heterodoxy. It has, therefore, been the custom to put the idea aside as one of the great "pessimist's" vagaries, and as not really entering into his serious philosophical speculations; whereas he himself says that his system cannot be understood in any way without admitting this postulate of nature. In his great work, Schopenhauer speaks of this as "palingenesis" which is a very good rendering of the Sanskrit term Punarjanman. The following passage, however, from his Essay on Religion will explain the philosopher's thought in no uncertain phrases, and also declare the source of his inspiration.

"Some of the absurdities which strike us in the Christian dogmas can be explained by the blending of two such different teachings as that of the Old and the New Testament. An example of this is the doctrine of predestination and grace expounded by St. Augustine, according to which grace is given to one man at his birth and not to another; grace being a privilege which secures its owner the greatest spiritual blessing.

"The absurdity and offensiveness of this doctrine lie only in the Old Testament's presupposition that man is the product of an unknown will which has created him out of nothing. If, on the contrary, always admitting that moral qualities are inborn in man, we look at this fact by the light of the Brâhmanical and Buddhistic belief in metempsychosis, the whole thing takes on quite a different appearance. For, according to metempsychosis, those inborn moral qualities which we find in one man and not in another, are not a gift of grace from some unknown deity, but the fruit of man's own actions in another life in some other world.

"The absurd and revolting part of this Christian dogma is therefore only owing to Jewish theism, with its creation out of nothing, and in consequence of its paradoxical and offensive denial of the most natural and all-illuminating doctrine of metempsychosis which—with the exception of the Jews—was believed in always and at all times by the whole of mankind.

"If, again, we take St. Augustine's dogma concerning the small number of 'elect' and the great number of the 'lost' only in the allegorical sense, and dispose of it according to our philosophy, it harmonizes with that great truth that indeed few are those who arrive at the point of denying their will to live [a sentient existence] and to be thus delivered from this world (that which Buddhists call Nirvâna). And that which in the dogma is called 'eternal punishment' is in reality only our own world to whose lot those lost ones fall; our world being 'purgatory' and 'hell,' and not wanting in devils either.

"If an Asiatic were to ask me what Europe was, I must needs answer him:

"'It is that part of the world which is entirely possessed with the incredible and unheard of illusion that the birth of man is his absolute beginning, and that he has been created out of nothing.'"

From the same essay also we glean the following important passage, showing that Schopenhauer had a right prevision of the important part that the study of Oriental religions would play in the near future.

"I have a hope that one day there will be *Bible* investigators well acquainted with the Hindû religions, who will point out the relationship between both, and who will prove this through special details. As an experiment of this kind I point out in *James*, iii. 6, the expression,

ὁ τροχὸς τῆς γενέσεως, which means literally, 'the wheel of origin,' and has always been a *crux interpretum*."

The Authorized Version translates this as the "course of nature," and leaves the idea in that delightful obscurity which is so characteristic of the orthodox translation of the Epistles. The Indian idea of the "Wheel of the Law," the Dharmachakra, and of the Chakravartin, or "Turner of the Wheel," the aider of the course of Karmic Law, throws great light on this phrase. Usually the term Chakravartin is taken to mean a "universal monarch," and is overburdened with the same materialistic misconception with which the idea of the spiritual Messiah was overlaid by the Jews, who imagined that their Saviour was to be a physical king.

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HOW THE UPANISHADS WERE FIRST INTRODUCED INTO EUROPE.

It is well known that the immediate source of Schopenhauer's inspiration was a translation of a translation of the Upanishads. As he says in his *Parerga* (3rd ed.), ii. 426:

"In the whole world there is no study, except that of the originals, so beneficial and so elevating as that of the Oupnekhat. It has been the solace of my life, it will be the solace of my death!"

Schopenhauer studied the Upanishads from Anquetil Duperron's Latin translation (1801, 1802) of the Persian translation of Dârâ Shikûh (1659). How Schopenhauer made so much out of the unintelligible version of Anquetil Duperron will remain inexplicable to all who do not believe in the theory of reïncarnation. Be that as it may, the present seems a good opportunity for appending a few notes—kindly forwarded to us by "Zâhid"—tracing the history of the introduction of the Upanishads into the West, and showing the sympathy between their theosophy and that of Sufîsm.

The notes are taken from Rieu's Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum, "Hindûism," pp. 54, 55.

Sirr-al-Asrâr, "The Mystery of Mysteries"—a Translation of the Upanishads of the four Vedas by Muhammad Dârâ Shikûh, A.H. 1135 (A.D. 1723). This is a later copy of the original Translation, dated A.H. 1067.

Dârâ Shikûh, the eldest son of Shâh Jâhân, was born A.H. 1022 (A.D. 1613). He was put to death by his brother Aurangzîb, A.H. 1069 (A.D. 1659).

Dârâ Shikûh states in his preface that during his stay in Kashmîr, A.H. 1050 (A.D. 1640), he had become a disciple of the great Sufî, Mullâ Shâh (who died A.H. 1092); that he had read the principal works on Sufîsm and written some himself. He proceeds to say that, although he had perused the Pentateuch, the Gospels, the Psalms, and the sacred books, he had nowhere found the doctrine of Tauhîd or Pantheism (Tauhîd means *Unity* or *Oneness*, rather than Pantheism) ex-

plicitly taught both in the Beds (Vedas), and more especially in the Upnikhats (Upanishads), which contain their essence. He wished, therefore, to render these more accessible, and as Benares, the great seat of Hindû learning, was then under his rule, he called together the most learned Pandits of that place, and, with their assistance, wrote himself the present translation. The task was accomplished, as stated at the end, in the space of six months, and was completed at Delhi, on the 29th of Ramazân, A.H. 1067. A Latin translation of this work was published with notes by Anquetil Duperron, with the following title: Oupnekhat [*i.e.*, Secretum tegendum], opus ipsa in India rarissimum, continens antiquam et arcanam doctrinam quatuor sacris Indorum libris excerptam, ad verbum e Persico idiomati in Latinum conversum. Argentorati, 1801. The work is called in this MS. *Sirr-al-Asrâr* (a title also found in Stewart's Catalogue, p. 53 xxii), both in the preface and in the conclusion; but in a copy belonging to King's College, Cambridge, No. 217, and in Anquetil's translation, vol. i. p. 6, it bears the title of *Sirr Akbar* (The Great Mystery). It contains fifty Upanishads.

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A Useful Allegory.

We take the following from the October *Lotus Blüthen* in which Dr. Franz Hartmann writes as below:

"Let me answer your questions about H. P. Blavatsky with a parable:

"A number of tourists visited a village in the highlands for the purpose of climbing a difficult mountain peak. The way to it led over steep cliffs and glaciers to dangerous precipices, and through woods and defiles in which it was easy to lose one's way. In this village lived a guide who had been born there, had spent his whole life there, and knew by heart every nook and cranny in the entire neighbourhood. This man offered to conduct the party, and many followed him and reached the summit in safety. Among the company however there chanced to be a very 'cute man from London. This fellow resolved to examine the guide to see if he were trustworthy. He discoverd that the guide knew neither Greek nor Latin, and concluded that he must be an uneducated man. Besides, he saw that the guide had a crooked nose, which did not please him. In the third place, the guide with his leather breeches and hobnailed boots struck him as much too boorish, and lastly, he had heard a report that this man had been under investigation somewhere before. From all of which this *savant* concluded that the man could not know anything about the paths and tracks on the mountain, and refused to trust himself to his guidance. In addition to this he ascertained that the guide could not carry him up the mountain, but that in climbing people had to use their own feet. The consequence was that our *savant* stayed behind and in the end went home with his purpose unaccomplished.

"The moral of this story is, that even were all the anecdotes which are related among the public about H. P. Blavatsky true, instead of resting on misunderstood and misconstrued facts, still they would not disparage the value of those truths which are contained in H. P. Blavatsky's writings and which are derived from personal experience. Nor could even the unreliability of a teacher prevent anyone from striving in himself after his own higher self-consciousness; and the very essence of Theosophy is just this, to be true to oneself and not to be content to accept on mere hearsay and without self-knowledge the truth of this or that. The Theosophical Society, as such, recognizes no dogmas and no authority but the truth itself; the appearance of a teacher in its midst, whose dogmas must be accepted as infallible, would be the greatest hindrance to independent thought and to the attainment of self-knowledge in the light of truth. Doubt then as much as you please; but doubt not the consciousness of your own divine Self. This "Self" is that One which dwells in the heart of all, and he who knows it needs no other authority."

The Secret of Satan.

AND so at last I saw Satan appear before me—magnificent, fully formed.

Feet first, with shining limbs, he glanced down from above among the bushes,

And stood there erect, dark-skinned, with nostrils dilated with passion—

(In the burning intolerable sunlight he stood, and I in the shade of the bushes)—

Fierce and scathing the effluence of his eyes, and scornful of dreams and dreamers (he touched a rock hard by and it split with a sound like thunder).

Fierce the magnetic influence of his dusky flesh; his great foot, well formed, was planted firm in the sand with spreading toes.

"Come out," he said, with a taunt, "Art thou afraid to meet me?"

And I answered not, but sprang upon him and smote him.

And he smote me a thousand times, and brashed and scorched and slew me as with hands of flame;

And I was glad, for my body lay there dead; and I sprang upon him again with another body;

And he turned upon me, and smote me a thousand times and slew that body;

And I was glad and sprang upon him again with another body;

And with another and another and again another;

And the bodies which I took on yielded before him, and were like cinctures of flame upon me, but I flung them aside;

And the pains which I endured in one body were powers which I wielded in the next; and I grew in strength, till at last I stood before him complete, with a body like his own and equal in might—exultant in pride and joy.

Then he ceased, and said, "I love thee."

And lo! his form changed, and he leaned backwards and drew me upon him,

And bore me up into the air, and floated me over the topmost trees and the ocean, and round the curve of the earth under the moon—

Till we stood again in Paradise.

EDWARD CARPENTER. *Towards Democracy.*

Theosophy Generally Stated.

[From the Official Report, World's Parliament of Religions.]

THE claim is made that an impartial study of history, religion and literature will show the existence from ancient times of a great body of philosophical, scientific and ethical doctrine forming the basis and origin of all similar thought in modern systems. It is at once religious and scientific, asserting that religion and science should never be separated. It puts forward sublime religious and ideal teachings, but at the same time shows that all of it can be demonstrated to reason, and that authority other than that has no place, thus preventing the hypocrisy which arises from asserting dogmas on authority which no one can show as resting on reason. This ancient body of doctrine is known as the "Wisdom Religion" and was always taught by adepts or initiates therein who preserve it through all time. Hence, and from other doctrines demonstrated, it is shown that man, being spirit and immortal, is able to perpetuate his real life and consciousness, and has done so during all time in the persons of those higher flowers of the human race who are members of an ancient and high brotherhood who concern themselves with the soul development of man, held by them to include every process of evolution on all planes. The initiates, being bound by the law of evolution, must work with humanity as its development permits. Therefore from time to time they give out again and again the same doctrine which from time to time grows obscured in various nations and places. This is the wisdom religion, and they are the keepers of it. At times they come to nations as great teachers and "saviours," who only re-promulgate the old truths and system of ethics. This therefore holds that humanity is capable of infinite perfection both in time and quality, the saviours and adepts being held up as examples of that possibility.

From this living and presently acting body of perfected men H. P. Blavatsky declared she received the impulse to once more bring forward the old ideas, and from them also received several keys to ancient and modern doctrines that had been lost during modern struggles toward civilization, and also that she was furnished by them with some doctrines really ancient but entirely new to the present day in any exoteric shape. These she wrote among the other keys furnished by her to her fellow members and the world at large. Added, then, to the testimony through all time found in records of all nations, we have this modern

explicit assertion that the ancient learned and humanitarian body of adepts still exists on this earth and takes an interest in the development of the race.

Theosophy postulates an eternal principle called the unknown, which can never be cognized except through its manifestations. This eternal principle is in and is every thing and being; it periodically and eternally manifests itself and recedes again from manifestation. In this ebb and flow evolution proceeds and itself is the progress of the manifestation. The perceived universe is the manifestation of this unknown, including spirit and matter, for Theosophy holds that those are but the two opposite poles of the one unknown principle. They coëxist, are not separate nor separable from each other, or, as the Hindû scriptures say, there is no particle of matter without spirit, and no particle of spirit without matter. In manifesting itself the spirit-matter differentiates on seven planes, each more dense on the way down to the plane of our senses than its predecessor, the substance in all being the same, only differing in degree. Therefore from this view the whole universe is alive, not one atom of it being in any sense dead. It is also conscious and intelligent, its consciousness and intelligence being present on all planes though obscured on this one. On this plane of ours the spirit focalizes itself in all human beings who choose to permit it to do so, and the refusal to permit it is the cause of ignorance, of sin, of all sorrow and suffering. In all ages some have come to this high state, have grown to be as gods, are partakers actively in the work of nature, and go on from century to century widening their consciousness and increasing the scope of their government in nature. This is the destiny of all beings, and hence at the outset Theosophy postulates this perfectibility of the race, removes the idea of innate unregenerable wickedness, and offers a purpose and an aim for life which is consonant with the longings of the soul and with its real nature, tending at the same time to destroy pessimism with its companion, despair.

In Theosophy the world is held to be the product of the evolution of the principle spoken of from the very lowest first forms of life guided as it proceeded by intelligent perfected beings from other and older evolutions, and compounded also of the egos or individual spirits for and by whom it emanates. Hence man as we know him is held to be a conscious spirit, the flower of evolution, with other and lower classes of egos below him in the lower kingdoms, all however coming up and destined one day to be on the same human stage as we now are, we then being higher still. Man's consciousness being thus more perfect is able to pass from one to another of the planes of differentiation mentioned. If he mistakes any one of them for the reality that he is in his essence, he is deluded; the object of evolution then is to give him complete self-consciousness so that he may go on to higher stages

in the progress of the universe. His evolution after coming on the human stage is for the getting of experience, and in order to so raise up and purify the various planes of matter with which he has to do, that the voice of the spirit may be fully heard and comprehended.

He is a religious being because he is a spirit encased in matter, which is in turn itself spiritual in essence. Being a spirit he requires vehicles with which to come in touch with all the planes of nature included in evolution, and it is these vehicles that make of him an intricate, composite being, liable to error, but at the same time able to rise above all delusions and conquer the highest place. He is in miniature the universe, for he is as spirit, manifesting himself to himself by means of seven differentiations. Therefore is he known in Theosophy as a sevenfold being. The Christian division of body, soul, and spirit is accurate so far as it goes, but will not answer to the problems of life and nature, unless, as is not the case, those three divisions are each held to be composed of others, which would raise the possible total to seven. The spirit stands alone at the top, next comes the spiritual soul or Buddhi as it is called in Sanskrit. This partakes more of the spirit than any below it, and is connected with Manas or mind, these three being the real trinity of man, the imperishable part, the real thinking entity living on the earth in the other and denser vehicles by its evolution. Below in order of quality is the plane of the desires and passions shared with the animal kingdom, unintelligent, and the producer of ignorance flowing from delusion. It is distinct from the will and judgment, and must therefore be given its own place. On this plane is gross life, manifesting, not as spirit from which it derives its essence, but as energy and motion on this plane. It being common to the whole objective plane and being everywhere, is also to be classed by itself, the portion used by man being given up at the death of the body. Then last, before the objective body, is the model or double of the outer physical case. This double is the astral body belonging to the astral plane of matter, not so dense as physical molecules, but more tenuous and much stronger, as well as lasting. It is the original of the body permitting the physical molecules to arrange and show themselves thereon, allowing them to go and come from day to day as they are known to do, yet ever retaining the fixed shape and contour given by the astral double within. These lower four principles or sheaths are the transitory perishable part of man, not himself, but in every sense the instrument he uses, given up at the hour of death like an old garment, and rebuilt out of the general reservoir at every new birth. The trinity is the real man, the thinker, the individuality that passes from house to house, gaining experience at each rebirth, while it suffers and enjoys according to its deeds—it is the one central man, the living spirit-soul.

Now this spiritual man, having always existed, being intimately

concerned in evolution, dominated by the law of cause and effect, because in himself he is that very law, showing moreover on this plane varieties of force of character, capacity, and opportunity, his very presence must be explained, while the differences noted have to be accounted for. The doctrine of reïncarnation does all this. It means that man as a thinker, composed of soul, mind and spirit, occupies body after body in life after life on the earth which is the scene of his evolution, and where he must, under the very laws of his being, complete that evolution, once it has been begun. In any one life he is known to others as a personality, but in the whole stretch of eternity he is one individual, feeling in himself an identity not dependent on name, form, or recollection.

This doctrine is the very base of Theosophy, for it explains life and nature. It is one aspect of evolution, for as it is reëmbodiment in meaning, and as evolution could not go on without reëmbodiment, it is evolution itself, as applied to the human soul. But it is also a doctrine believed in at the time given to Jesus and taught in the early ages of Christianity, being now as much necessary to that religion as it is to any other to explain texts, to reconcile the justice of God with the rough and merciless aspect of nature and life to most mortals, and to throw a light perceptible by reason on all the problems that vex us in our journey through this world. The vast, and under any other doctrine unjust, difference between the savage and the civilized man as to both capacity, character, and opportunity can be understood only through this doctrine, and coming to our own stratum the differences of the same kind may only thus be explained. It vindicates Nature and God, and removes from religion the blot thrown by men who have postulated creeds which paint the creator as a demon. Each man's life and character are the outcome of his previous lives and thoughts. Each is his own judge, his own executioner, for it is his own hand that forges the weapon which works for his punishment, and each by his own life reaches reward, rises to heights of knowledge and power for the good of all who may be left behind him. Nothing is left to chance, favour, or partiality, but all is under the governance of law. Man is a thinker, and by his thoughts he makes the causes for woe or bliss; for his thoughts produce his acts. He is the centre for any disturbance of the universal harmony, and to him as the centre the disturbance must return so as to bring about equilibrium, for nature always works towards harmony. Man is always carrying on a series of thoughts, which extend back to the remote past, continually making action and reäction. He is thus responsible for all his thoughts and acts, and in that his complete responsibility is established; his own spirit is the essence of this law and provides for ever compensation for every disturbance and adjustment for all effects. This is the law of Karma or justice, sometimes called the ethical law of causation. It is not

foreign to the Christian scriptures, for both Jesus and St. Paul clearly enunciated it. Jesus said we should be judged as we gave judgment and should receive the measure meted to others. St Paul said: "Brethren, be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap." And that sowing and reaping can only be possible under the doctrines of Karma and reïncarnation.

But what of death and after? Is heaven a place or is it not? Theosophy teaches, as may be found in all sacred books, that after death the soul reaps a rest. This is from its own nature. It is a thinker, and cannot during life fulfil and carry out all nor even a small part of the myriads of thoughts entertained. Hence when at death it casts off the body and the astral body, and is released from the passions and desires, its natural forces have immediate sway and it thinks its thoughts out on the soul plane, clothed in a finer body suitable to that existence. This is called Devachan. It is the very state that has brought about the descriptions of heaven common to all religions, but this doctrine is very clearly put in the Buddhist and Hindû religions. It is a time of rest, because the physical body being absent the consciousness is not in the completer touch with visible nature which is possible on the material plane. But it is a real existence, and no more illusionary than earth life; it is where the essence of the thoughts of life that were as high as character permitted, expands and is garnered by the soul and mind. When the force of these thoughts is fully exhausted the soul is drawn back once more to earth, to that environment which is sufficiently like unto itself to give it the proper further evolution. This alternation from state to state goes on until the being rises from repeated experiences above ignorance, and realizes in itself the actual unity of all spiritual beings. Then it passes on to higher and greater steps on the evolutionary road.

No new ethics are presented by Theosophy, as it is held that right ethics are for ever the same. But in the doctrines of Theosophy are to be found the philosophical and reasonable basis for ethics and the natural enforcement of them in practice. Universal brotherhood is that which will result in doing unto others as you would have them do unto you, and in your loving your neighbour as yourself—declared as right by all teachers in the great religions of the world.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

POLITENESS is like an air cushion; although there is apparently nothing in it, it nevertheless alleviates considerably the shocks of life.—HANAU.

Ancient Egypt.

(Concluded from page 217.)

TURNING for a moment to the arts it is difficult to give in brief even a small conception of them. For sculpture and painting are so dovetailed into the industrial arts on the one hand, and social usages on the other, that they must be taken together: the paintings have almost exclusively for their subjects the national industries and every-day life, while the disinterred examples of the work of the Egyptian artificer proclaim him in their best forms an artist of no mean order.

With few exceptions all the statues found were originally painted. Sculptor and painter were therefore closely allied, and often the same artist was skilled in both branches. "They understood too," says Ferguson, "better than any other nation how to use sculpture in combination with architecture, and how to make their colossi and avenue of sphinxes group themselves into parts of one great design, and at the same time to use historical paintings fading by insensible degrees into hieroglyphics on the one hand and sculpture on the other." With the most brilliant colouring they thus harmonized all these arts into one grand whole, unsurpassed by anything the world has seen during the thirty centuries of struggle and aspiration that have elapsed since the brilliant days of the great kingdom of the so-called Pharaohs. In ornamental art as well as architecture Egypt exercised over the peoples less advanced than its own an influence which it would be impossible to gauge; Grecian art in its lotus flowers, sphinxes, ibex and Medusa's head, borrowed directly from Egyptian creations. In the oldest monuments of Greece the sloping or pyramidal line constantly predominates, the columns of the oldest order of Greek art in the proportions of the shaft and its shallow flutes without fillets is almost pure Egyptian. The Nineveh marbles too and other Assyrian remains are full of emblems borrowed from the work of Egypt. It is true of course that in paintings and bas-reliefs she was often crude and deficient in conception, while the knowledge of grouping and perspective was in the early period often defective. The reader has doubtless also remarked the objection an Egyptian artist had to drawing a figure full-faced. Unless absolutely compelled he drew all heads in profile, the body with limbs extended being fully drawn, and this habit has of itself given a unique character to all their drawings. It has been suggested that this practice was an obstinate remainder of

the most primitive art when the artist, unable faithfully to depict the outlines of a round figure, drew from a profile shadow cast upon a wall —an ingenious suggestion which has something to recommend it. Sir Gardner Wilkinson however points out that although permitted to vary to any extent they chose the form of vases and articles of luxury, the people were forbidden under punishment to introduce any material innovation into the human figure, and this may account in itself for the persistence of certain well-known forms. In sacred subjects this law was inflexible; so that a god in the latest temple was of the same form as when represented upon monuments of the earliest date. No improvements resulting from observation or experience therefore were admitted in the mode of drawing the human figure, and hence in all their drawings its pose, if judged by the canons of more modern art, is irregular. But though the various personages are of strange aspect, they live; and those who will take the trouble carefully to study the best examples will find that their very strangeness has a charm which is exclusively their own. Something too must be allowed for the imperfection of the surfaces of the catacombs and tombs upon which most of their paintings were executed. Roughly chiselled the walls were covered with a fine plaster upon which whilst moist the outline of the bas-relief or painting was traced with a stylus. Then when dry the colours were laid on in broad flat washes of colour placed in juxtaposition but never melting into each other—in fact as one author suggests "they did not paint in our sense of the word, they illuminated." Altogether apart from mere technique these subjects are of absorbing interest because from them we have derived almost solely all we know of the customs, daily life, and indeed the general civilization of the ancient Egyptian people. Their trades, games, domestic lives and religious festivals all find record, and that in a wealth of detail and correctness of expression which leaves little to be desired. We learn for instance that before the alleged time of Abraham they had much the same domestic habits and institutions as at the period of the Persian conquest under Cambyses twelve centuries later; "their code of laws had long been framed, they possessed the method of recording events upon papyrus, they had a complete system of decimal and duodecimal calculation, and the division of the year into twelve months of thirty days each; they had ornaments of gold and silver, wine in glass bottles, musical instruments and horses and chariots." Their scientists were cultured in medicines, and their therapeutic treatises adorn the walls of our museums to-day; the heliocentric system and the sphericity of the earth were accepted truths with them; mathematics formed part of the curriculum of the schools, and in the temples the priests taught the mysteries of occultism in the higher knowledge of natural philosophy and astronomy. So precise was their knowledge of the latter science that Professor Mitchell of Philadelphia has verified to the fraction of

a minute the accuracy of the zodiacal positions of the planets thirty-seven centuries ago, as they appear delineated on the coffin of a mummy now in the British Museum.

During the older historic period their customs varied of necessity; but it is remarkable how slight these changes were. Improvements inseparable from progress are noticeable in the dimensions and details of their architecture and the luxury and splendour of their surroundings, "but the archaic style of Egyptian art and manners is of such remote antiquity that the monuments bear little trace of it." They offer no evidence of their infancy as a nation, and the remoteness of the period when they emerged from barbarism will probably ever remain unknown. In considering the pictures in the tombs it is natural to enquire why they were painted. As will readily be imagined from the care taken in their preservation the Egyptians entertained a sacred regard for their dead; it was indeed one element of their religion. Man was regarded as composed of separate entities; first the body; next the Ka or double "a coloured or ethereal projection of the individual producing him feature for feature." Next came the Ba or soul, and lastly Khoo "the luminous spark from the divine fire." All of these were regarded as perishable unless care were taken to prevent it; the body was hence embalmed, and by prayers and offerings they thought to preserve the intangible from annihilation. The double never left the place where the body was; the soul and Khoo followed after the gods, returning at will to the Eternal House of the Dead. Hence the tombs were built with reception rooms to which the soul and double were supposed to adjourn, and here it was that the priests came periodically to leave offerings. After 3,000 years the body was thought to be again rehabilitated, and it was to help the monotony of that long period of rest that the piety of the survivors suggested that the double should be surrounded in pictorial form with as many as possible of the scenes with which its sojourn upon earth had made it familiar. So they painted upon the walls and ceilings visions of glorious feasts and dancing, sowing and reaping, spinning and fishing, conquering armies and flying enemies and all that best could tell of the beautiful, busy world outside. The medium employed for colouring was a mixture of wax and naphtha, and the predominant tint was that known to-day as Egyptian-red. Their brushes were made by fraying the end of a reed, and their colours were mixed upon a palette something like our own. It is evident from their work that they were anything but the sad and gloomy race we have been accustomed to hear them depicted. They are so far from us that there is too much inclination to judge them from the standard of solemnity exhibited by their mummies; on the contrary, they have painted themselves as a laughter-loving people full of quaint humour and satire. One of the Turin papyri chronicles "the courtship of a shaven priest and a song-

stress of Amen in a series of comic vignettes." In other scenes animals parody with cleverness human pursuits and foibles. An ass, lion, crocodile, and ape are represented as giving a vocal and instrumental concert; a cat is exhibited taking part in a bout at fisticuffs with a goose; a lion and a gazelle soberly play at draughts, and there is one picture—*mirabile dictu*—of a wicked man being carried home drunk by laughing bearers. Indeed, it would not be possible to find a more gay, more amusing, more intensely good-natured people. They danced, they sang, they drank, they had picnics into the country; they hunted and fished; they had their festivals, when the whole people crowded the river in boats, clapping their hands, clicking their castanets, and generally emulating our own Bank Holiday tripper. Among their games they numbered draughts and perhaps chess, odd and even, dice (some of which exactly in the form of our own were discovered at Thebes), and several games of ball, single-stick, thimble-rigging and pegging with a knife into a ring fixed on a board (whether they did this for cocoa nuts or not does not appear, but such is the persistence and universality of festival games that to prove it so would not be matter for surprise).

Among their more serious work we have the whole process of vintage carefully recorded, in which, as I have before mentioned, the use of glass bottles is clearly indicated; their two-masted sea-going vessels appear quite equal to those of early Norman times; they wrought in metals (particularly in bronze), producing tools which for hardness surpass the finest steel we can exhibit to-day—for we have no chisel which will cut the granite of the obelisks without the edge turning or breaking; and though deficient in taste compared with the later Greek examples, their vases and household utensils were of a high order of artistic merit. The number of little things possessed by way of luxuries, conveniences or time-saving appliances speak much for a nation's civilization. If this be so, and we apply the test to Egypt 5,000 years ago, we ascertain that carpets were made for floors and chairs, linen and fringes were woven in looms, jewellers enamelled on gold, and the potter produced encaustic tiles; carpenters veneered in rare woods and dovetailed their joints, using glue; housewives hatched eggs artificially in an incubator; lady doctors attended their patients, and dentists stopped teeth with gold; ladies wore gloves, wigs, and umbrellas, and used a goffering machine and knitting needles.

What must have been the appearance of this old Egypt standing upright in the prime of its manhood, even in view of the scattered and broken fragments which we now possess, we can scarcely guess. There is the sphinx, last of its kind, as it was the first—for it was old when Egyptian history dawned—with its great stone face turned to the rising sun, with a grand dignity in every line of it still despite its mutilation; the twin colossi (one of them the vocal Memnon), "which sit," says

Harriet Martineau, "together yet apart in the midst of the plain, hands on knees, gazing straight forward serene and vigilant, keeping their untired watch over the lapse of ages." And year in, year out, for nigh 5,000 years the sacred Nile has plashed about their base. Or try again to imagine anything comparable to the majesty of the rock temples at Ipsambul in Lower Nubia, where may be seen figures seventy feet high carved from the living rock; or the torso of Rameses (the great Rameses) at Thebes, lying there prone upon the sand like some huge "Titan," and measuring sixty feet around the shoulders. Nor must we forget—coming to smaller things—the forceful statue of the cross-legged scribe now in the Louvre, who, from the earliest Egyptian history has sat, pen in hand, waiting for his master to go on with his "long-interrupted dictation." It is not, however, practicable here to follow up these speculations, and in closing we must pass to a short consideration of the Egyptian religion.

"Nothing perhaps tells the character of a people so much as their religion," says Canon Rawlinson. What, then, did the Egyptians worship? In no department of the investigation of Egyptian history has misrepresentation and travesty been more apparent than in a consideration of their religion from the times of the Greek forward almost to our own. Looking no deeper than mere externals it became the fashion to decry it as the veriest midsummer madness of a demented people, whose deities were cats and apes and onions and crocodiles. But when historians arose who had no reason for bias, and who recognized that to understand rightly the symbols of any religion it was needful to approach it on its esoteric side, our whole point of view was changed. It must be granted that, in view of the vast number of gods, it has required both keen insight and scholarly ingenuity to reduce the chaos of the Pantheon into reasonable order. It is now, however, generally conceded that the original and fundamental doctrine of the Egyptian religion was the unity of the Deity, and their earliest deity an all-pervading spirit emanating from the sun. To the common people, it is true, the religion was in appearance and effect an extensive polytheism possessing a symbolism which in the earlier stages may have been useful and ennobling, but which later degenerated into gross and licentious usage; to the intelligent and initiated able to apprehend the significance and unity of idea embodied in diverse forms it was, according to a high authority, "a system combining strict monotheism with a metaphysical speculative philosophy on the two great subjects of the nature of God and destiny of man, which sought to exhaust those deep and unfathomable mysteries." Perhaps it would be more strictly accurate to define the religion from the latter view as a refined pantheism to which God was the one divine essence of all things and all things God. For it is clear that no educated Egyptian regarded the popular gods as separate entities. They knew but one God with many

attributes, each of which they represented under a positive form, and from these numerous expressions of the one idea sprang a multiplicity of gods. Ra or Osiris was the supreme God, but under vicarious forms he became "Thoth," symbolical of wisdom; "Kneph," the creative mind; "Ammon," divine mystery; "Phtah," the creator; "Khem," the active or male generative principle in nature; "Maut," the passive mother; and it is readily conceivable how on the outer or exoteric side these personified attributes should become crystallized into apparently distinct cults. But an hereditary priesthood held and taught the mysteries to Initiates uncorrupted and undefiled, as later did the Greeks in their Eleusinia. And thus there were, throughout Egyptian history, two strata of opinions or aspects of the wisdom religion running concurrently. As the polytheistic system grew certain of the gods became localized, and their special cults centred in particular spots. Thus Ammon at Thebes, Phtah at Memphis, Neïth at Saïs (she was, by the way, the Saïtic Isis on whose image was inscribed the mystic words so often quoted, "I am all that was, and is, and is to be, and no mortal hath lifted my veil"). And not only were the attributes of the Divine "One" delegated to subordinate gods, but each in turn took upon himself numerous sub-divisions in a manner which was thought best in different localities to convey by tangible and palpable form the abstract idea of God, which then, as now, is difficult of apprehension. And thus arose an animal cult, for it was usually by one or more forms of animal or bird that the gods were represented, and these becoming sacred, in their consecrated expression of the divine the sternest laws were enacted against such as harmed them. So convenient did these laws become that, whenever a useful domestic animal was in danger of extinction, from whatever cause, it was commonly the case that the priesthood issued an edict declaring it sacred. The lapse into an animal cult on the part of the common people is little to be wondered at, seeing that they had constantly before them a hundred forms symbolic of the symbols of their God. Indeed we have a somewhat fitting comparison in the ignorant reverence of some of the sacred symbols used in Christian worship to-day. Hence in Egypt bulls, cows, cats, dogs, ibises, hawks, became to them incarnate deities, and one can readily understand the difficulty the worshipper would feel in determining the cult he ought to adopt.

Ra himself was worshipped specifically at On or Heliopolis in the Temple of the Sun, and generally throughout Egypt, as either Osiris, Horus, or Kephra. He was to his worshippers the great deity of a future state. His character, his coming to earth for the benefit of mankind, his being put to death by the malice of the evil one, his burial and resurrection, and his becoming judge of the dead are among the most interesting features in the Egyptian religion. This was among the greatest of the mysteries. This myth and his worship were from

the earliest times universal in Egypt, if any credibility is to be attached to the monuments.

The doctrines of immortality and transmigration of souls were firmly held during the whole of this degenerate age, and the consummation of all life was thought to be reached in the absorption of the Khoo or spark of the divine into the all-pervading spirit from which it emanated. "No other nation," says Laing, in his recently-published *Human Origins*, "ever attained to such a vivid and practical belief in a future existence. Taking merely the material test of money, what enormous capital must have been expended in pyramids, tombs and mummies," and in preparations for a future life; and how shadowy and dim does our idea of immortality appear in comparison. The elaborate description of final judgment before Osiris was calculated to impress deeply the minds of the worshippers. A preliminary trial, from king to slave, commenced by public ordeal at their death; if any accuser presented himself and could establish proofs of the impiety or injustice of the deceased, he was denied the usual funeral obsequies, and it is on record that several of the kings were by public vote refused on such occasions the ceremony of a public funeral. On the other side of the "great divide" was supposed to follow the Osirian trial, set out in fullest detail in the Hermetic *Book of the Dead*, of which several (though all incomplete) copies exist. The dead recited a solemn litany which, perhaps more than anything else could do, provides us with a complete index to the moral code of the race. Love of God, of justice, of truth, of his fellow-man were cardinal requirements. That he had fulfilled them was an Egyptian's greatest boast. He wrote it on his tomb and on the papyri enclosed in his mummy case just as he was thought also to speak it before the great judge of all: "I was a good man; I have not approved of any offence or iniquity; I have taken pleasure in speaking the truth; pure is my soul; while living I bore no malice; I have committed no frauds; been good to widows; not overtasked servants; been kind to slaves; committed no murder; made no fraudulent gains; seized no lands wrongfully; nor tampered with weights and measures; have not cut off or monopolized water-courses; have sown joy and not sorrow; have given food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, and clothed the naked."

Such was the boast of the Egyptian, when having finished with things earthly he presented himself and his life to Osiris for judgment and review, and though it was probably little more than a boast, this noble epitaph gives us, with the clear outline of a silhouette, his ideal in ethics—an ideal included almost in the *ipsissima verba* and without acknowledgment in the Christian code. Out of this moral system, and founded on it, grew their laws, which form the basis of much that is good in the jurisprudence of to-day. As far back as the palmy days of Memphis and Thebes and Heliopolis Egypt possessed a bench of thirty

judges, controlled by a president known as the arch-judge, all men of high reputation, receiving large salaries from the national exchequer. "The spirit of the laws," says Wilkinson, "was not merely to hold out distant prospects of rewards and punishments nor simply threaten the vengeance of the gods, but to apply the more persuasive stimulus of present retribution." Falsehood was held to be disgraceful, and to maintain it by an oath was among the blackest of crimes. Murder was punishable by hanging, subject to the royal prerogative of pardon. Usury was condemned, and it was forbidden to allow the interest to increase to more than the original sum. Nor could creditors seize their debtor's person, their rights were confined strictly to his possessions. This law was later borrowed by Solon (again without acknowledgment) and forms one of the main features in his code. In the execution of deeds and conveyances, too, they were not less precise and circumspect. "In the times of the Ptolemies, sales of property commenced, with a preamble containing the date of the king in whose reign the deed was executed, the names of the president of the court and the clerk by whom it was written. Then followed the name of the vendor, an account of his parentage, profession and place of abode, the extent and nature of the land, its situation and boundaries, and the consideration for its purchase. The seller vouched his undisturbed possession of it for a given period, and became security against any attempt by others to dispute the purchaser's title." Of a truth, we may allow that there existed conveyancers even then.

It only remains to suggest that the civilization of Egypt, like every other great and distinctive civilization of which the world possesses the history, moved naturally to its summit, and died down as a newer and robuster civilization arose to take its place. Rawlinson's view seems the most probable, that, native of the soil, it had grown up under conditions of complete isolation. Depending on that isolation for its continuance, based to a large extent in immobility, its contact with the spirit of progress embodied in Persian and Greek thought, instead of renovating and renewing, led to its final destruction. But the subject is too vast to grasp conveniently in so small a compass; the canvas of necessity becomes crowded; yet this paper will have attained the limit of its intent if it serve as a suggestion—however vague—of the wealth of pleasure and profit awaiting the student of the history of this country, whose relics bear evidence of a greater magnificence than is recorded in the pages of the *Odyssey*.

First handmaid of music, the song of her story is full of the sweetest melody. Gone are her power and her wealth a score of centuries ago, but

> Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever
> From her and from her ruins to the wise,
> As melody from Memnon to the sun.

H. L. P.

The Ikhwan-as-Safa, or Brethren of Purity.

(Concluded from page 244.)

AS the object of this paper is to give the reader as much insight into the nature of the writings of the "Brethren" as is possible in a brief general sketch, a translation of a piece of an entirely different character is appended in conclusion. The philosophy of the Arabs has received little attention in recent times, except by the veriest specialists.

Many rivers of thought—Assyrian, Babylonian, Phœnician, Egyptian, Hellenic, Judaic, early Christian, and even Indian—have poured into the ocean of Arab literature, so that diving for pearls in this sea may not be altogether barren of results. If this feeble attempt at an outline of a portion of the coast should in any way succeed in drawing even a slight attention to the subject, and in stimulating the least original enquiry, the writer's most ambitious hopes will have been realized.

AN ARAB ALLEGORY OF THE WORLD AND ITS MANAPE INHABITANTS.

(Freely rendered from the original text of the writings of the "Brethren of Purity" in Basra in the tenth century, A.D.)

The reason underlying the close friendship of the "Brethren of Purity" is deemed necessary of explanation; why it is that they mutually aid each other in their mundane affairs; how it is that when inexorable destiny is closing the career of one of the friends in death, he yet remains cheerful in spirit; and, finally, the feelings and hopes of the friends, fated to witness the departure from amongst them of one of their number, should be indicated.

It is related that in an island of the islands of the ocean, filled with abundance, there existed a city on the summit of a mountain.

It was a city blessed with nature's bounties; its gates were wide, its air a pleasant zephyr, its waters sweet, and its soil good and fertile. Trees, delicious fruit, and animals existed in great variety. But far more important than soil, climate, and the other natural advantages was this, the pleasing fact, that the inhabitants of the city lived in a state of absolute brotherhood. Their descent was derived from one common ancestor, and, indeed, they were towards each other like children of one sweet mother.

They lived the best of lives—lives beautified by love, by compas-

sion, fond attachment, and gentleness. There existed no mutual hatred there; no envy, no injustice, and no enmity. It was a city free from those great evils which lie heavy on the peoples of proud cities, such as a natural disposition of the individuals to contradict each other, to dispute each other's capacities, to be ever of divers opinions, and only to agree in vileness of deeds and vicious ways.

As time rolled on, a portion of the inhabitants of this island-city embarked upon the sea, but the ship foundered and its occupants were flung by the waves on some other island, characterized by inhospitable mountain ranges and gloomy with lofty trees laden with unwholesome fruit. The springs in this isle gushed turbid waters, disappearing again in the ground.

Dark caverns there were, harbouring beasts hungering for prey, and in the place of human communities there were but communities of apes. In addition to these inhabitants there dwelled on this island a bird of huge proportions, mighty in strength, alert all day and vigilant by night; it was accustomed to prey upon the wild beasts and the apes.

But to return to the castaways. Having snatched their lives from the hungry waves, they distributed themselves over the island and sought out the valleys embosomed between the frowning cliffs. They appeased their hunger with the unwholesome fruit referred to and quenched their thirst with the muddy water. For covering their nakedness they had a choice of leaves from various trees. At night they sought refuge in the caves, which were a protection to them from cold and heat.

As the days passed on, the apes commenced to become familiar with them, and the feeling of familiarity soon developed into mutual intimacy, as the men recognized the fact that of all the beasts these apes certainly came nearest to themselves in bodily resemblance. From a state of intimacy the apes soon grew to become quite enamoured of their visitors from the sea, in some of whom the seeds of depravity had found a congenial soil. In short, the men and the apes and the progeny of both soon populated the whole of the mountainous and sheltered portion of the island, and, as time flew on, the men accustomed themselves to their surroundings, forgetting their glorious city, their blessed state, and the companions that had been theirs at first. This new population proceeded to build structures of stone and rock in this mountain-home of theirs; they stored their retreats with the fruit they collected, and those whom greed possessed laid by quantities for future use, rejoicing at their greater share of comforts, and desirous that this state of affairs should last to eternity. But, behold, hostility and hatred sprang up amongst them, and the flames of war were kindled. At this stage, one of the men had a vision in his dreams. It seemed to him as if he had returned to his native home—the home from which he had set out; and when his relations heard the rumour

of his coming, they congratulated each other on these glad tidings and went to welcome him outside the city. But, as they gazed at him, they beheld his features changed from the toilsome journey and his stay in foreign lands, so that they were ashamed to let him enter the city in such a condition. At the gate of the city there bubbled a fountain of sparkling water, so his relations took him thither, washed him, trimmed his hair, cut his claw-like nails, fumigated him, clothed him with new apparel, adorned him, and finally mounting him on an ass, thus brought him into the city.

When the people beheld him they congratulated him, and having given him the seat of honour in their hall of assembly, they gathered round him in wonderment, astonished at his return after they had so long given him up for lost, and they commenced plying him with questions regarding his companions, their journey, and how time had dealt with them. The man, at all this, was filled with delight, and gratitude to God who had saved him from such an exile, death in the waves, and above all, from the society of those apes and the miserable life he had led amongst them. The vividness of the dream was such that he felt quite awake, but when he called to mind these sad reminiscences, he awoke in reality and found himself in the same island, the same spot, and in sight of the identical apes. The morning dawned on him grief-stricken, heart-broken, averting his looks, breaking out into lamentations, cogitating and longing with all his heart to return to his far-away home. At length he revealed his dream to his brother, who thereupon recollected all that the course of time had made him forget, regarding his former abode, his relatives, his companions, and the blessings by which they had been surrounded.

The two then consulted about this matter, advancing various opinions with the object of enquiring into the ways and means of their return to their country. The plan finally agreed upon was, that they would keep together, help each other and collect wood and other material, in the island, for the construction of a sea-going vessel in which they might contrive to reach their home. This agreement they rendered binding between themselves by a solemn compact, and pledged themselves not to leave each other in the lurch, or to idle away the time, but to strive with might and main and as one man to carry out their resolve. Then they reflected whether there would be anyone else to aid them, and it occurred to them that the more they could get to help them the sooner would it be possible for them to succeed in their resolve and to attain their goal; so they set themselves systematically to discourse to their friends on their long-forgotten native country in order to render them desirous of returning thither and to disgust them with their present surroundings and all further delay. By this course they eventually succeeded in gathering a large following from amongst their people, which they assembled for commencing the construction of the

ship that was intended to bear them over the waters to their home; but whilst these people were busily engaged in felling trees and shaping planks, lo, that huge bird, spoken of in the beginning, swooped down upon them and carried off one of their number into the air; arrived amongst its brood, the bird inspected its prey attentively and perceived that it was not one of the apes whom it had been accustomed to seize. Upon this, it soared up again with the man, not staying its flight till it passed over the city in the happy island, where it deposited the man on a roof and left him. The latter, on examining his position, discovered that he was on the roof of his own house, in his native city and amongst his friends and relatives, whereat he rejoiced exceedingly. The bird in the meanwhile passed every day over the spot where the construction of the ship was proceeding and every day seized one of the workers, whose adventures were similar to those of the first man that had been carried off, and everyone was brought by the bird to his own house in the blissful city. The companions of those that were thus snatched away from them, lamented and grieved at the separation from their fellow-workers, for they were ignorant of the actions of the bird with each individual and what really befell their friends: had they known, they would have eagerly longed for the same fate.

But it is this that should be the faith of the "Brethren of Purity," when death robs them of a brother; for the world resembles that ill-omened island, and its inhabitants are those apes. Death is like that bird of mighty bulk, and like the chosen people of God are those men that had been shipwrecked, and like the abode in the next world is that city from which the mariners had first set out on their disastrous voyage. This is the trust of our "brethren" when they aid each other, and this the faith that sustains them when destiny overtakes one of their number.

ZÂHID.

Building for the Eternity.

So 'mritatvâya kalpate. He builds for immortality.—*Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 15.

I WOULD fain write a few words that may perchance aid in allaying the feeling of unrest and anxiety that needs must frequently come upon those workers who have the right success of the Theosophical movement really at heart. A number of such workers are not anxious for themselves, are not restless in fear of something impending over their own heads; perhaps even some of them would esteem it a happiness if the effacement of their own personality would give the movement strength, nay, would even welcome the sacrifice of their own lives, should such sacrifice but give greater life to what they hold so

dear. The cause of their pain is different, the source of their anxiety —so they think—is outside themselves, in the words, or thoughts, or deeds of others, which they consider harmful to the Society and prejudicial to the success of the movement. They have not yet learned to work with that feeling of certainty that survives all changes, that ever offers them an inner asylum of peace whither they can retire till the passing storm of ill-coördinated elements in the Society, or in one of its centres where they may chance to be, has passed on and the sun of harmony shines once more through the clearing clouds.

And yet can we expect all to go smoothly in a movement with such mighty forces and such grand potentialities in it as our own? Can we expect human nature to change on the instant as if by magic, merely because we receive the diploma of membership of the Theosophical Society? Wherever humanity collects itself into societies, there must inevitably arise friction until the heterogeneous elements are harmonized. This is the great task humanity has set itself to perform. And if in ordinary societies and collections of men, where the normal passions and hopes of humanity find play, it is almost impossible to find that harmony at this point of evolution, how much more difficult is it in societies, groups, or centres, of those who are attracted to each other by the greater potentialities and depths of human nature that they at first but dimly sense to exist in themselves. In such communities all is accentuated. The personalities gathered together are usually more pronounced than in ordinary society, or even if not externally more pronounced are often internally nearer to ripening and all but ready to break through the outer husk. Is it then surprising that those of us who respond to the voice of our Mother Theosophy, as she calls once more to her children across the ages, men and women disgusted with the shams of world life and turning any whither for reality—that we should not at once tune ourselves so as to respond to the divine harmony of our Mother's voice, seeing that we have been deaf to it so long.

Patience, infinite patience, should be exercised, for we are building for the eternity. Especially should patience be shown by the stronger to the weaker; and in this he is not the stronger who speaks most or shines most brilliantly with outer intellectual light and smart criticisms of others' shortcomings.

There is ever too great a tendency in viewing the faults of others to make mountains out of molehills; some mannerism in another that really is of small moment is frequently allowed to assume such dimensions of irritation in ourselves, that it finally entirely blinds us to all the good in our neighbour, and so we of ourselves shut in our own faces a door that leads to the Self—frequently the door that is nearest to us.

Have patience, then, do not be so hasty, you cannot alter the habit

of years, it may be of lives, in a day or two. Rivers, especially if there be floods, seek the old water-courses, no matter what carefully constructed new water-ways the engineer may be building. To build for the eternity needs time in laying the foundations.

This faculty of destructive criticism which we are all so cursed with, must have been in Swift's mind when he penned his powerful description of that "malignant deity."

> At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hoodwinked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill Manners.

This is no hodman for our building, no assistant to sink a foundation upon the imperishable centre which is to support our eternal structure.

All of us who have been in the movement, even though it be but for a short time, must have remarked how rapidly changes are brought about, how individuals change, how Lodges change, how the whole Society changes; how what appeared to be insupportable behaviour in members, what seemed to be insuperable difficulties that could never be over-ridden in Lodges, what was thought to be an irretrievable blow to the whole Society—how all such things have passed away in change; to quote the beautiful couplet of Cornwall:

> With what a gentle foot doth silent Time
> Steal on his everlasting journey!

And this leads me to speak of attacks on the Society and on its leading members because of the Society. What a fluttering in the breasts of the faint-hearted has thus been caused, what "exits in cases of emergency" have then been devised, what readiness to believe the accusation without enquiring into the *bona fides* of the accuser or reflecting that the source of the slander might be tainted, or that it is the part of the accuser to *prove* his case, and not of the accused to refute every utterance that trips glibly off the accuser's tongue.

We have all yet to learn to be wise in such matters, to remember that the path of true nobility is not trodden by the footsteps of accusers, and the hounders-down of reputations. I do not mean to say that it is not necessary to pull down before we build up, but there is so much pulling down nowadays that it is more honourable just at present to construct, especially for such of us as set before ourselves the ideal of building for the eternity. Let us confine our power of destruction to the clearing away of false ideas, but let us be wary of judging the human soul, especially when its abandoned body is laid in the grave, and it has brought much comfort in its time to its fellow-prisoners in the cold dungeon of the world. Nor is it the great accusers who come boldly forth into light that are the most dangerous. As Addison says:

How frequently is the honesty and integrity of a man disposed of by a smile or a shrug. How many good and generous actions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the imputation of proceeding from bad motives, by a mysterious and seasonable whisper. Look into companies of those whose gentle natures should disarm them, we shall find no better account. How large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant hints—nodded away, and cruelly winked into suspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party who is at the pains to propagate it beholds with much pity and fellow-feeling—that she is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God it is not true. However, as Archbishop Tillotson wittily observes upon it, is resolved in the meantime to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its fortune in the world—to be believed or not, according to the charity of those into whose hands it shall happen to fall.

How few of us have the moral courage to go to the person who is the object of accusation and seek a face-to-face explanation. And yet this is the only way to close the current as far as we are concerned—the last way that is generally sought. How often do we attribute *our own* motives to others. We hear a person saying this or that, we see them doing this thing and the other, and we at once jump to the conclusion that they are so speaking or acting from the same motives as we should act if we gave voice to such utterance or performed such actions. That is to say, that we put ourselves in their place and so speak and act in thought; and as we feel when so doing thus we imagine they feel, whereas, in truth and fact, that other soul may have passed through far different experience to ourselves, and speaks and acts from motives quite different to our own.

Then, again, why should we be the handers-on of gossip and unnecessary criticism? If every one of us would refuse to spread further such miasma, we soon should clear the atmosphere far round us, and create a haven of rest for those who love peace. Such strong souls are those who are beginning to build for the eternity.

For, as Warburton says:

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

Let us then not be ready-eared for gossip and accusation, defend rather ever, for so you shall construct, and so remember always and under every circumstance the wise admonition:

> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues.[1]

Remember too the power of silence, and in our silence let us be pure and holy and loving, and so we shall build what will never be pulled down again. This power has been well described by Ralph Waldo Emerson when he says:

What a strange power there is in silence! How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected—during that pause when the lips are closed, and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those

[1] Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII*, iii. 1.

cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot, indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian-angel, is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step toward heaven or toward hell, and an item has been scored in the book which the day of judgment shall see opened. They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

Keep silence then in love and peace, and great spiritual strength will follow. I do not mean that we are not called upon to defend when attack is made, but there is a time for everything, and the old Greek adage, "Know thy opportunity," is a very wise one. "To everything there is a season," says the writer of *Ecclesiastes* (iii. 1), "and a time to every purpose under the heaven." A knowledge of times and seasons is very necessary to one who would tread the path of wisdom; the law of cycles obtains in small things as well as in great. But there is one answer to slander and misrepresentation that is never out of season, and that is persevering work. Unceasing diligence for Theosophy is ever the best reply that any of us can offer, and this is the cement that will bind the foundation-stones of our eternal building together. This is evidenced in smaller things than our "great work." As Johnson says:

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of a pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet these petty operations incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are levelled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

And what do we propose to ourselves to accomplish by banding ourselves into a Society, if it is not to make that Society a fit instrument for the accomplishing of the great work of the spiritual regeneration of humanity—to make it indeed that nucleus from which in the coming ages a true universal brotherhood shall develop? How, then, to accomplish this, how to regenerate the Society?

Let us take an analogy. We have all heard of self-purification, many of us, too, let us hope, have some practical experience of some stages of the process. It would seem as though the living garments of the soul, which we call sometimes "principles," sometimes "aspects," sometimes "bodies," or "sheaths," and by other names, are a living texture woven out of many "lives," or atoms, and that these lives obey the mandates we have laid upon them in the past—mostly unwise mandates, inharmonious and desireful.

When we commence to set our house in order, to bring order into

this chaos, we find that our greatest foes are they of our own household. The "atoms" of our various "principles" continue to follow the old lines of inharmonious force, which we call bad "habits"—habits of action, speech, thought, feeling and the rest. It is only little by little that we get control of a few of these "lives" and harmonize them, that we make to ourselves the beginnings of an asylum on the different planes of our being. Slowly and painfully, we learn to still the wild chaotic rush of our passions, and curb the fierce plunging or dull drifting of the mind, be it only for a brief moment. I mean that we really succeed in holding ourselves in an eternal grasp, be it only for a second, for in that moment the "voice of the silence" is heard and that second becomes an eternity. This is Yoga, and how wonderful is success in Yoga, those will know who have studied the books.

And if this is true of a single individual, what will be the result if a whole Society combine for such a purpose? There is a Yoga of the Theosophical Society, and it is going painfully forward, unconsciously for most of its members, but all can be conscious of it if they choose. The individual members of the T. S. are the "lives." At first there is much disharmony in the various centres of the great Theosophical body, owing to the adjustment that is forced forward. One or two only learn to know each other. As time goes on and wider knowledge and experience comes, mutual trust and respect grows up, like seeks like, and there is eliminated from the mere members of the T. S. those who really strive to be Theosophists; from these again others are eliminated by natural growth, and so the spiral narrows by degrees towards the Door of the Lodge. This is the Yoga of the Society and the path to the Lodge Door is open to everyone. By consciously knowing this and striving to bring all with whom we are in contact by voice or letter, into harmony, we shall be performing a greater Yoga than by the most rapid "personal development." We shall be working for humanity; we shall be building for the eternity. For we men and women in the Theosophical Society are not to be contented with some stucco-faced jerry-built structure that we can see run up in a few months or years for some "Great Show"; we are to return to the work again and again for many lives to see it grow across the ages—to see tier slowly raised on tier, as the Pyramid of Brotherhood rises from its imperishable foundations. We build for the eternity.

Let those of us who know something of history cast a look backwards into the past, and there we can see the labours of our brother-masons. Has their work perished? By no means; it still lives—lives in us to-day. Their building was no work of stone or brick, it was a structure of living ideas, of great thoughts, mighty aspirations, and ceaseless efforts. All of which—let us mark well—are *rëincarnating* to-day in the body of the Theosophical Society, and though we may not be able each of us individually to see our own past lives, we can all

study the past existences of our movement, and so learn many a priceless lesson. Let us then from this experience learn to avoid the errors of the past, so as not to have to pull down some portion of our building when the Master-Mason, in our time of rest, shows us the plans. For, as Steele says:

> It is a melancholy fact, verified by every day's observation, that the experience of the past is totally lost both upon individuals and nations. A few persons, indeed, who have attended to the history of former errors, are aware of the consequences to which they invariably lead, and lament the progress of national violence in the same way as they do the career of individual intemperance. But, upon the great mass of mankind—the young, the active, and the ambitious—such examples are wholly thrown away. Each successive generation plunges into the abyss of passion, without the slightest regard to the fatal effects which such conduct has produced upon their predecessors; and lament, when too late, the rashness with which they slighted the advice of experience and stifled the voice of reason.

Let us then take warning by the errors of the past, and yet let us not lament that with that error so much truth has—to all seeming—had the life crushed out of it. This is not so; no truth can die; it can only disappear for a time. For, as Byrant sings:

> Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
> The eternal years of God are hers.

These ancient truths cannot die. Though the whole world were to reject them, still would they live in quiet peace; and everyone of us who can shed such peace around him is preparing the conditions for these truths to come to light once more and so help to illumine the hearts of men; and such a one will truly, as the *Gîtâ* has it, "build for immortality."

G. R. S. MEAD.

Ibsen's Works in the Light of Theosophy.

(Continued from p. 205.)

NOW leaving *The Master Builder* and the question of will-power, I pass on to *Brand*, a dramatic poem full of the greatest and deepest significance, whether studied from the ethical or from the philosophical standpoint. Brand, the hero of the poem, is a pastor, and the scene is laid among the mountains and fiörds of Norway. Brand is a man of the very loftiest ideals—ideals regarded by him not as mere abstract things of beauty, but as forming the very pith and marrow of daily life, which must be used as the touchstone to try each thought and act. Self-sacrifice for the right is the ideal he sets before himself, the killing out of self; and with this ideal before him, he sees there is no possibility of compromise—that word which saps the very

life-blood from every great thought. "*All* or nothing" is the repeated burthen of his cry.

The poem opens with Brand returning after a long absence to his native village, his mind full of the weight of realities, feeling that to him at last some of the veils between himself and Truth, or God, have been rent asunder; a certain purpose and coherence in life where before to him seemed chaos has dawned upon his soul, and he feels that he has been selected as a messenger to go forth to his fellow-men and endeavour to cause some of the light which he discerns within himself to shine among the multitudes wandering in darkness. The smallness, the pettiness, the trivialities and hypocrisies which go to make up what men are pleased to call religion, rise like the smoke of battle before his eyes, and he burns to plunge into the fray, in his hand carrying a banner inscribed with the words, Truth and Self-sacrifice. Arrived at his home, circumstances force the conviction upon him, that here, in this narrow valley of the Northland shut out by the great mountains from all the rest of the world, in the midst of a poor, uneducated and semi-barbarous population—here and here alone is it marked out for him by duty to fight the battle of life. He recoils in horror from the idea of giving up all his already seemingly half-formed projects for the regeneration of his country, of going forth into the great world, where he dreams of finding many another who will fight under his banner for the regeneration of his fellow-men and effecting a world-wide work. At last he realizes that the only duty he has to do is the one nearest him, that he sees straight before him, and if he neglects that, there is none other he can do; and so he surrenders his dream and remains as pastor to this poor and miserable flock. Brand marries, and a child is born to him—the one ray of brightness in their desolate and gloomy northern home. The boy sickens, and the doctor says that for him to pass another winter in that bleak region will be fatal to him. An almost over-mastering desire seizes Brand to give up all and fly to warmer climes to save this life so precious to him; but all the time he sees his duty clearly before him, and that duty is to his people—the people who have already learnt from him something of the possibilities of true nobleness of life. If he should turn his back on them now to suit his own needs, they would naturally by this example unlearn all that they had gained, and so, despite his aching heart and his wife's mute agony, he refuses to leave his post. His duty to God cannot be a matter of compromise. "All or nothing"—and he can but choose one way. He willingly gives his child, since that sacrifice is demanded of him. The child dies; a year passes, and we find Agnes, the wife, still crushed by their sorrow, still living in the memories of the year before, still hungering after her lost boy; Brand going about his work as ever, bravely. On Christmas eve Brand finds Agnes weeping and turning over her dead child's clothing. He tells

her that this dwelling on her loss, this treasuring of relics and garments, is but a sort of idolatry, a clinging to the outer, to self, and that though she gave her boy to God, if she did not do so *willingly*, though the sacrifice was made there was no reality in it. And here is a thought which throughout the drama is emphasized—that the whole value of any act lies not in the act itself, but in the *mental* attitude—that is vital. Thus when a gipsy woman enters and roughly demands clothing for her half-clad child, Brand calls on Agnes to surrender her treasured relics to clothe this little outcast, but, though it seems like sacrilege to her mother's heart, she gives them. Then she says:

Tell me, Brand, is it fair for still more to be asked?

BRAND.—Tell me first whether you faced the horror of the gift—*willingly?*

AGNES.—No.

BRAND.—Your gift is cast into the sea. The demand still hangs over you. (*He is going.*)

AGNES (*silent till he is nearly at the door*).—Brand!

BRAND.—What do you want?

AGNES.—I lied. Look! I repent; I submit. You never knew, you never suspected, that I had not given the last.

BRAND.—Well!

AGNES (*taking a baby's cap, folded up, from her bosom*).—Look! one thing I kept back.

BRAND.—The cap?

AGNES.—Yes, damp with the cold sweat of death, wet with tears, and since then treasured at my heart.

BRAND.—Stay in the power of your own gods! (*He is going.*)

AGNES.—Oh, you *know!* (*She holds out the cap to him.*)

BRAND (*going nearer to her, and asking, without taking the cap*).—*Willingly?*

AGNES.—Willingly.

BRAND.—Give me the cap; the woman is still sitting on the steps. (*He goes.*)

AGNES.—Robbed, robbed—everything robbed—the last tie that bound me to the dust! (*She stands motionless for a moment; little by little the expression of her face changes to an expression of the most radiant happiness. Brand comes back; she flies to him joyfully and cries*) I am free! Brand, I am free——

BRAND.—Agnes!

AGNES.—The darkness is past! . . . There is victory in the combat of the will. All mists have stolen away, all the clouds have drifted over; through the night I see the glow of morning cast its light and on death . . .

BRAND.—Yes; Agnes, now you have conquered.

AGNES.—Yes, assuredly, I have conquered now. . . . I thank you that you led my hand; you have striven faithfully for me. Ah, I see the anguish of your heart! Now you stand in the valley of the Choice; on you has fallen the weight of its "All or nothing!"

BRAND.—Agnes, you speak in riddles; all the anguish of the strife has passed!

AGNES.—Do you forget those words of old, "He who seeth Jehovah shall die"?

BRAND (*shrinking back*).—. . . *You* shall not leave me. Let all on earth slip from me! I can forego every gain, but never, never you!

AGNES.—*Choose;* you stand where the road divides. Quench the light that burns in me; . . . give me the rags of my idol—the woman is still sitting without. Let me go back again to those heaven-blind days; sink me down into the mire,

where until now I have gone on sinning in my dulness. You can do anything; you are free to do it. I have but little strength against you: clip my wings, bar up my soul, hang the clog of serfdom to my heels, bind me, draw me down to the place whence you yourself raised me—let me live as I lived when I writhed in darkness! If you will and dare do it, I am your wife as I was before. Choose, you stand where the road divides.

. . . . . .

BRAND.—I have no choice to make.

AGNES.—I thank you for all. I thank you for this. . . .

BRAND.—Sleep; your work for the day is over now . . . (*clenching his hands against his heart*). Soul, be faithful till the last. The victory of victories is to *lose all.* In your loss of *all* lies your gain; that alone is preserved for ever, which is lost.

And so one more sacrifice is willingly offered, and his wife dies.

Still he continues his work, and having inherited money on his mother's death, he sets about to pull down the old moss-grown, cramped, ugly church, and devotes his legacy to erecting a nobler one. The time has arrived for the opening of this church; the people have flocked to be present at the opening ceremony. All is ready, the procession is about to enter the church, when Brand suddenly realizes that spacious though it be, after all how pitiful and small it is as a place in which to worship God. So standing before the people, he says:

. . . The Church has neither bound nor limit. The floor is the green earth, the moorland, the meadow, the sea and the fiörd—the heaven alone can span the vault, it grows so great. There shall all your work be so done that the sound of it may be heard in the choir; then you can face your daily labour and yet break no sabbath. It shall roof in *all*, as the bark roofs in the *all* of the tree in the trunk. Life and faith shall melt together. Then shall the labour of the day be one with flight along the path of the stars, one with children's play round the Christmas tree, one with the king's dance before the ark. . . . Away from this place! God is not here; the beauty of liberty is the beauty of His kingdom. Come, those that are young among you; come, those that are strong! let a living breath blow from off you the dust of this sultry hole. Follow me on my way to victory! One day you *must* awaken; one day, ennobled, you must break peace with *compromise;* arise from your miserable plight . . . smite your enemy in the face. . . . Over the frozen billows of the waste! We will pass through the land . . . purify, upraise, free, crush every fragment of sloth. Be Men and Priests, stamp anew the worn-out die, roof in the kingdom for a temple.

And so he casts the keys of the church into the river, and leads the people up and up, higher and higher on the mountain side. Joyfully enough they start to follow him, fired by his enthusiasm, touched with his spirit; little by little they lag behind, louder and louder grow their murmurings as the way becomes steeper and the path more difficult, until at last they turn upon him and curse him for leading them into the wilderness to die. From words they resort to blows, and eventually Brand staggers on alone amid a shower of stones thrown at him by his disgusted followers. On he struggles, but the fight is not yet

over for him; one more trial awaits him in this his deepest hour of distress and weariness; all his life work seems wasted, the "thrill of doubt" is on the solitary man up there on the lonely mountain height, twice his resolution and steadfastness are tried to the uttermost, it is the final effort "Mâra" makes to regain the prisoner who has well nigh escaped his clutches. First he is tried by hearing, then by sight—first by what may be taken to represent "emotion" which so often masquerades as "religion," by the dogmas of the Church, which appeal to him in the form of an "Unseen Choir of Angels"; then secondly by a beauteous vision representing the human sentiment, the tie of earthly love and affection, which takes the form of a glorified likeness of his dead wife, reaching forth her arms to him—the object of these two temptations being the same, namely, to make him now, on the eve of victory, deny the God within him: the Choir rebuking him for his audacity in daring to dream that he, a poor miserable sinner, a mere worm, can hope by any efforts of his own, to become glorified like his Saviour; and the vision of his wife beseeching him to return from all this solitariness and to give up this hard and *cold* ideal, so that they may be once more united and be in bliss together, and telling him that so long as he persists in his mistaken notions there is a gulf between them, and reünion impossible. Brand wearied, tried almost beyond his strength, asks, "How can this gulf be crossed?" The phantom form replies that all that is necessary is for him to recant the watchword of his life, "All or nothing." Then Brand sees the nature of the vision, and that it is but a mocking, tempting fiend, and regaining his mastery over himself, says it is false to say that, there is a way open to accomplish "all" things—the way of Will. With a crash and shriek the vision disappears; then the avalanche falls, and with it is swept away and buried for ever Brand's personality, the last words of the drama being those of a voice heard loud above the roar of the avalanche, shouting, "Deus Caritatis," proclaiming that though men, in their dulness, may think that this God, this voice within, that Brand has followed with unquestioning and uncompromising devotion, and who has demanded sacrifice after sacrifice, whose motto is "All or nothing," is a savage and brutal devil rather than a God, yet nevertheless for those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand, he is in very truth the God of Love.

I will now pass on to the drama in verse named *Peer Gynt*, which, perhaps, contains within it more profound thought than is found in any other of Ibsen's dramas. So full, indeed, is it of suggestion and teaching, that it is a hard task to select from it any special points to which to draw your attention. Well, then, in the first place, what manner of man is this Peer Gynt, whose life story is told in this drama? To begin with, he is in all things the type of the exact reverse of Brand. He is a man without depth of character, hesitating and vacillating by

nature, with an ingrained and exaggerated morbid shrinking from pain and unpleasantness, whose whole being is nevertheless consumed with an intense desire to do great things in the world—not any particular great thing, but, to use his own words, to be a "Kaiser," or Emperor of men. He feels that he was born to be a Kaiser and a Kaiserdom he must have, and so he goes through his life, his mind full of idle fancies and day-dreams, wrapt up in self, ever seeking the easy paths and shunning suffering, with the result that the only kingdom he achieves and the only crown he wins is a kingship of lunatics and a crown of straw. His motto in life is to be himself, to preserve at all hazards what he calls his Peer Gyntishness, or his personality; that he thinks is what makes him man, and all-important. Soul means to him intellect, as may be seen from the following extract. Peer Gynt, enacting the part of the Prophet, is talking with a Mahommedan girl named Anitra:

PEER.—I'll make you a Houri in Paradise.
ANITRA.—Impossible, Lord! . . I haven't a soul.
PEER.—Then, of course, you must get one.
. . . Just leave me alone for that.
I shall look after your education.
No soul? Why, truly, you're not over bright,
As the saying goes. I've observed it with pain.
But, pooh! for a soul you can always find room.
Come here! let me measure your brain-pain, child.
There is room, there is room, I was sure there was.
It's true you never will penetrate
Very deep, to a *large* soul you'll scarcely attain;
But never you mind; it won't matter a bit;
You'll have plenty to carry you through with credit.
. . . . . .
ANITRA.—I don't care so much about having a soul;
Give me rather——
PEER.— What, child?
ANITRA.— That lovely opal!

Yet with this entire negation of anything other than the material personality, is combined a superstitious belief in a God, which crops up whenever he is in an uncomfortable predicament. Thus when he finds himself alone and deserted on a barren coast in Africa, his friends having made off with his yacht and left him to his fate, he sees his yacht making out to sea, and he says:

Do but hear me, O Lord!
Since thou art so wise and so righteous! O judge!
It is *I*, Peter Gynt! Oh, our Lord, give but heed!
Hold thy hand o'er me, Father; or else I must perish!
Make them back the machine! make them lower the gig!
Stop the robbers! make something go wrong with the rigging!
Hear me! Let other folks' business lie over.
The world can take care of itself for the time!

I'm blest if he hears me! He's deaf as his wont is!
Here's a nice thing! A God that is bankrupt of help. (*Beckons*
Hist! I've abandoned the nigger-plantation! *upwards.*)
And missionaries I've exported to Asia!
Surely one good turn should be worth another!
Oh, help me on board—— (*There is a sudden explosion on the yacht, which goes to the bottom.*)
. . . (*After a while he seats himself comfortably.*)
How blissful to feel so uplifted in spirit.
To think nobly is more than to know oneself rich.
Only trust in Him. He knows well what share
Of the chalice of need I can bear to drain.
He takes fatherly thought for my personal weal—(*Casts a glance over the sea and whispers with a sigh*)
But economical—no, that He isn't!

One of the most interesting thoughts suggested in the drama from the theosophical point of view, is, that a man who identifies himself with the outer and not with the inner man, who lives entirely in the personality to the exclusion of all else, must perish with that personality; thus towards the end of the play Peer Gynt suddenly meets an individual described as a "Button Moulder," armed with a casting ladle, who tells Peer that he is to go into his ladle and be melted up. Peer is horrified at the idea, and thinks the Button Moulder must be the devil, a compliment which the Button Moulder entirely declines. Peer proceeds to say that there must be some mistake, as he really has not been so very wicked after all. The Button Moulder says:

You're nor one thing nor t'other, then, only so-so.
It wants much more than merely to wallow in mire;
For both vigour and earnestness go to a sin.

PEER.—And in consequence, friend, I can go as I came?

B. MOULDER.—No, in consequence, friend, I must melt you up. . . .
The custom's as old as the snake's creation.
It's designed to prevent loss of good material.
You've worked at the craft—you must know that often
A casting turns out, to speak plainly, mere dross;
The buttons, for instance, have sometimes no loop to them.
What did *you* do then?

PEER.—Flung the rubbish away.

B. MOULDER.—Ah, yes;
But, Master, you see, he is thrifty, he is;
And that's why he's so well-to-do.
He flings nothing away as entirely worthless
That can be made use of as raw material.
Now you were designed for a shining button
On the vest of the world; but your loop gave way:
So into the waste-box you needs must go,
And then, as they phrase it, be merged in the mass.

PEER.—You're surely not meaning to melt me up
With Dick, Tom, and Harry, into something new?
. . . to have to be merged

Like a mote, in the carcass of some outsider,
This casting-ladle business, this Gynt-cessation,
It stirs up my innermost soul in revolt!

B. MOULDER.—Bless me, my dear Peer, there is surely no need
To get so wrought up about trifles like this.
Yourself you have never been at all;—
Then what does it matter your dying right out?

There is much worth studying and thinking over in the account of Peer Gynt's visit to troll-land, or the land of the fairies. The chief attribute of these troll-folk is their power of seeing everything as they wish it to be, and not as the reality exists. They are monstrous of form and live amid the most squalid surroundings, yet they are able to persuade themselves that they are visions of beauty, and the pigstye they live in is a sumptuous and magnificent palace, ever refusing to use their eyes and ears, and living in an unreal world. As a troll remarks to Peer:

Out yonder, under the shining vault among men, the saying goes, "Man, be thyself." At home here with us, amid the tribe of the trolls, the saying goes, "Troll, to thyself be—enough."

Surely but little imagination is required to see that Ibsen, in describing the trolls and troll-land is but describing very many of the men and women of to-day, who think that by shutting their eyes and closing their ears and stifling their minds and living in a dream-world, they can enjoy the good things here and enjoy heaven hereafter, refusing to use their eyes to see that the good things are too often filth and the palaces of their imagination but pigstyes after all, who dream that realities can be changed simply by refusing to take notice of them. But the trolls are great sticklers for the conventionalities, and anyone admitted to their society must say and do as they say and do, what they think doesn't matter in the least.

Peer asks them "Do you wish me to give up my Christian faith?" The troll replies:

No, that you are welcome to keep in peace.
Doctrine goes free! Upon that there's no duty;
It's the *outward* cut one must tell a troll by.
If we're only one in our manners and dress,
You may hold as your faith what to us is a horror.

OTWAY CUFFE.

(To be concluded.)

SINCE the soul perpetually runs and passes through all things in a certain space of time, which being performed, it is presently compelled to run back again through all things and unfold the same web of generation in the world, according to Zoroaster, who thinks that as often as the same causes return, the same effects will in like manner be returned.—FICIN., *De Im. An.*, 129.—TAY.

"Blavatskianism" In and Out of Season.

THEOSOPHISTS! let us consult together. Let us survey the army, the field of battle, and the fighters. Let us examine our ways and our speech, so that we may know what we are doing in this great affray which may last for ages and in which every act has a future. What do we see? A Theosophical Society struggling as a whole against the world. A few devoted members struggling against the world and some opponents within its ranks. A Society grown to its eighteenth year, after the expenditure of much time and energy and fame by those who have been with it in infancy, those who have come in from time to time, those who worked and left it for this generation. It has its karma like any other body, for it is a living thing and not a mere paper organization; and with that karma is also woven the karma of the units composing it.

How does it live and grow? Not alone by study and work, but by propriety of method of work; by due attention paid by the members to thought and speech in their theosophic promulgations. Wise workers, like wise generals, survey the field now and then to see if their methods are good or bad, even though fully convinced of the nobility and righteousness of their cause; they trust not only to the virtue of their aim and work, but attend to any defects now and then indicated by the assaults of the enemy; they listen to warnings of those who see or think they see errors of omission and commission. Let us all do this.

It happens to be the fact that most of those who work the hardest for the Society are at the same time devoted disciples, open or non-professed, of H. P. Blavatsky, but that leaves still a large number of members who, with the first-named, may be variously classified. First, there are those who do not rely at all on H. P. Blavatsky, while not distinctly opposed and none the less good members. Next are those who are openly opposed to her name and fame, who, while reading her works and profiting by them as well as by the work aroused by her in others, are averse from hearing her name, oppose the free assertion of devotion to her, would like now and then to have Theosophy stripped of her altogether, and opine that many good and true possible members are kept away from the T. S. by her personality's being bound up in it. The two last things of course are impossible to meet, because if it had not been for her the Theosophical Society with its literature would not have come into existence. Lastly are those in the world who do not

belong to our ranks, composed of persons holding in respect to the T. S. the various positions of for, against, and indifferent.

The active workers may be again divided as follows:

(*a*) Moderate ones, good thinkers who present their thoughts in words that show independent and original thought on theosophical subjects, thus not referring to authority, yet who are earnest, devoted and loyal.

(*b*) Those who are earnest, devoted and loyal, but present Theosophy more or less as quotations from H. P. B.'s writings, constantly naming and always referring their thoughts and conclusions to her, thus appearing to present Theosophy as solely based on her as an authority.

(*c*) The over-zealous who err like the former, and, in addition, too frequently and out of place and time, bring forward the name of H. P. Blavatsky; often relating what it was supposed she had done or not done, and what she said, attributing infallibility to her either directly or by indirection; thus arousing an opposition that is added to any impression of dogmatism or authority produced by other members.

(*d*) Believers in phenomena who give prominence to the wonders said to have been performed by H. P. Blavatsky; who accentuate the value of the whole field of occult phenomena, and sincerely supposing, however mistaken the notion, that occult and psychical phenomena will arrest attention, draw out interest, inspire confidence; when, in fact, the almost certain results are, to first arouse curiosity, then create distrust and disappointment; for nearly every one is a doubting Thomas who requires, while the desire cannot be satisfied, a duplicate of every phenomenon for himself. In *The Occult World*, the Adept writing on this very subject says that the demand for new phenomena would go on *crescendo* until at last one would be crushed by doubt, or the other and worse result of creating superstition and blind faith would come about. Every thoughtful person must surely see that such must be the consequence.

It is true that the movement has grown most in consequence of the effort of those who are devoted to an ideal, inspired by enthusiasm, filled with a lasting gratitude to H. P. Blavatsky. Their ideal is the service of Humanity, the ultimate potential perfectibility of man as exemplified by the Masters and Adepts of all ages, including the present. Their enthusiasm is born from the devotion which the ideal arouses, their gratitude is a noble quality engendered by the untiring zeal of the soul who brought to their attention the priceless gems of the wisdom religion. Ingratitude is the basest vice of which man can be guilty, and it will be base for them to receive the grand message and despise the messenger.

But does devotion, loyalty, or gratitude require that we should thrust our estimate of a person forward to the attention of the public in a way that is certain to bring on opposition? Should our work in a

great movement, meant to include all men, intended to condense the truth from all religions, be impeded or imperilled by over-zealous personal loyalty? I think not. We should be wise as serpents. Wisdom does not consist in throwing the object of our heart's gratitude in the faces of those who have no similar feeling, for when we do that it may easily result that personal considerations will nullify our efforts for the good of those we address.

Now it is charged in several quarters that we are dogmatic as a Society. This is extremely easy of disproof as a fact, and some trouble has been taken to disprove it. But is there not a danger that we might go too far on this line, and by continuing the disproof too long increase the very belief which we say is baseless? "The more proof offered the less believed" is how often true. Our constitution is the supreme law. Its being non-dogmatic is proof enough. Years of notification on almost every document have prepared the proofs which every one can see. It would seem that enough has been said on the subject of our non-dogmatism.

But the charge then is altered, and "dogmatism" is supplanted by "Blavatskianism," and here the critics have a slight ground to stand on; here is where a danger may exist and where the generals, the captains, the whole army, should properly pay attention and be on their guard. In the words and methods of the various classes of members above mentioned is the cause for the charge. I am not directing any remarks to the question whether members "believe in Blavatsky or not," for the charge made is intended to imply that there is too much said about H. P. Blavatsky as authority, as source, as guide, too little original thinking, too much reliance on the words of a single person.

In the years that are gone, necessity existed for repelling mean personal attacks on H. P. Blavatsky's character. To take up arms in her behalf then was wise. Now her works remain. The necessity for constant repulse of attacks on her does not exist. Judgment can be used in doing so. Loyalty is not thrown to the winds when good judgment says there is no need to reply. One of the best replies is to carry on the work in the noble and altruistic spirit she always pointed out. Take, for instance, the almost senile attacks periodically made by the Society for Psychical Research. What good can be possibly accomplished by paying any attention to them? None at all, except what results to that body by inflating it with the idea that its shafts have hit a vulnerable spot. Ever since their *ex post facto* agent went to India to play at psychical investigation they have almost lived by their attacks, for by them, more than anything else, they gain some attention; her personality, even to this day, adds spice to their wide-of-the-mark discussions. Even at the Chicago World's Congresses their discussions were mostly given up to re-hashing the same stories, as if they were

proud that, even though they knew nothing of psychic law, they had at least discovered one human being whose nature they could not fathom, and desired to for ever parade her with the various labels their fancy suggested. But in districts or new publications, where a new attack is made, good judgment may suggest an answer bringing up the statement of charges and copiousness of former answers. Now our work goes on in meetings, in publications, in discussions, and here is where the old idea of repelling attack may run into an unnecessary parade of the person to whom in heart we are loyal, while at the same time the voluminousness of her writings is often an excuse for not investigating for oneself, and this leads to quoting her too frequently by name as authority.

She never claimed authority, but, contrariwise, disclaimed it. But few of the theories broached by her were new to our day, albeit those are the key-ideas. Yet these very key-ideas are not those on which the quotations and personal references to her are made so often. She neither invented, nor claimed as new, the doctrines of Karma, Reïncarnation, Devachan, Cycles, and the like. These are all exhaustively treated in various literatures—Buddhistic, Jain, Brâhmanical, Zoroastrian. They are capable, like all theosophic doctrines, of independent examination, of philosophical, logical, and analogical proof. But, if we state them parrot-like, and then bring forward a quotation from H. P. Blavatsky to prove them, has not an opponent, has not any one, member or non-member, a right to say that the offending person is not doing independent thinking, is not holding a belief after due consideration, but is merely acting blindly on faith in matters where blind faith is not required? And if many members do the same thing, it is quite natural that a cry should be raised by some one of "Blavatskianism."

If this were an age in the West when any respect or reverence existed as a general thing in the people, the sayings of a sage could be quoted as authority. But it is not such an age. Reverence is paralyzed for the time, and the words of a sage are of no moment as such. H. P. Blavatsky came in this irreverent time, holding herself only as a messenger and indicator, not as a sage pure and simple. Hence to merely quote her words out of due place will but arouse a needless irritation. It may indicate in oneself a failure to think out the problem independently, an absence of diligence in working out our own salvation in the way directed by Gautama Buddha. What, then, are the right times and places, and which are out of place and time?

When the assembly and the subject are both meant to deal with the life and works of H. P. Blavatsky, then it is right and proper and wise to speak of her and her works, her acts, and words. If one is dealing with an analysis or compilation of her writings on any subject, then must she and what she wrote be used, named, and quoted. But

even at those times her words should not be quoted as and for authority, inasmuch as she said they were not. Those who consider them to be authority will quickly enough accept them. As she never put forward anything as original investigation of hers in the realm of science, in the line of experiments in hypnotism, in clairvoyance, mind-reading, or the like, we ought to be careful how and when we bring her statements forward to an unbelieving public.

But in an assembly of members coming together to discuss theosophical doctrines in general, say such as Karma, Reïncarnation, the Septenary Constitution, and the like, it is certainly unwise to give quotation after quotation from H. P. Blavatsky's works on the matter in hand. This is not fair to the hearers, and it shows only a power of memory or compilation that argues nothing as to the comprehension of the subject on the reader's part. It is very easy to compile, to quote sentence after sentence, to weave a long series of extracts together, but it is not progress, nor independence, nor wisdom. On the other hand, it is a complete nullification of the life-work of the one who has directed us to the path; it is contrary to the spirit and genius of the Society. And if in such an assembly much time is given to recounting phenomena performed by H. P. B., or telling how she once said this and at another time did that, the time is out of joint with the remarks. Meetings of branches are meant for giving to the members and enquirers a knowledge of theosophical doctrines by which alone true progress is to come to our movement. New and good members are constantly needed; they cannot be fished out of the sea of enquirers by such a process as the personal history of anyone, they cannot be retained by relations of matters that do not teach them the true aim and philosophy of life, they will be driven off if assailed with quotations.

If there is power in a grateful loyalty to H. P. Blavatsky, as for my part I fully believe, it does not have its effect by being put forward all the time, or so often as to be too noticeable, but from its depth, its true basis, its wise foundation, its effect on our work, our act, and thought. Hence to my mind there is no disloyalty in reserving the mention of her name and qualities for right and timely occasions. It is certain that as Theosophy brings forward no new system of ethics, but only enforces the ethics always preached, the claim, if made, that our ethics, our high endeavour, are to be found nowhere else described save in the works left by H. P. Blavatsky, is baseless, will lead to wrong conclusions, and bring up a reäction that no amount of argument can suppress. No greater illustration of an old and world-wide religion can be found than that provided by Buddhism, but what did Buddha say to his disciples when they brought up the question of the honours to be paid to his remains? He told them not to hinder themselves about it, not to dwell on it, but to work out their own salvation with diligence.[1]

[1] See the *Mahâparinibbâna Sutta*.

That the views held by H. P. Blavatsky herself coïncided with this can be seen by reading the pamphlet entitled *The Theosophical Society and H. B. P.*, being a reprint of articles that appeared in LUCIFER of December, 1890. She requested the reprint, and some of her notes are appended to the articles. In those Bro. Patterson took somewhat the same ground as this article, and she commended it in most positive terms.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

A Dead Soul.

"THE other night something or other prevented me sleeping," said my brother, "and so I fidgeted in my bed and thought and thought, until I struck on a chain of argument, which led to a very unexpected discovery. Just follow what I am going to tell you. You remember our last talk on animal magnetism? Since then I have thought a good deal of it, and read everything I could about it, and have even gone so far as to make experiments on a small scale, and all this with the result that now I am perfectly convinced of the reality of the matter. And so the other night, when I could not sleep, it was this subject that my thoughts turned to. I thought to myself: Now, once this healing power exists potentially in man, it can be developed to an enormous extent. And once a man with a strong will, is bent on developing it, there is no reason why he could not change the properties of the power, and so force it to take any channel he desired it to follow. Now, if it is well established—as it is in my case for instance—that this power can heal, why could not it create, I ask you? Why could it not become an independent agent of life? For what is healing, after all, if not a process of replacing sickly elements in the human body by fresh and vigorous ones? In the case of healing through the medium of animal magnetism, the process is intensified, creating new cells and new tissues on the old foundation, through the help of an external agent. Do you follow me? And mind, all this is not a matter of mere theoretical speculation on my part, but its possibility has been suggested to me and even verified by my previous experiments, which are no shadowy suppositions but perfect realities. And so if by a mere effort of my will, I can heal, that is, create new living, though imperceptible organisms on the foundation of old dying ones, why could not I create the same organisms with no foundation at all, or rather on the foundation of what is already dead. If it be possible, then—why, my dear boy, man would become a kind of god, generating life at will, through no material media at all."

My brother threw his extinguished cigarette into the fire, and plunged into deep meditation.

It is nearly twenty years since I heard this speech, but how well do I remember every word of my poor Alexander, or Sasha, as I used to call him then. How well I can recall his familiar gestures whilst he spoke, the expression of his face at certain points, the very intonation of his voice.

At the time we were both medical students in the University of Kieff. He was just finishing his studies, and about to fly away from our Alma Mater, as it was fashionable to call the University in those olden days, leaving the chrysalis of a medical student to assume the more perfect form of an army surgeon. As to myself, I was a mere lad, still not out of my teens, and I had at least three or four years of chrysalis existence before I had the right to expect any further metempsychosis.

We were poor lads, Sasha and I, and lodged in the outskirts of the town at a needy old widow's, who was willing to give us beds in a kind of attic on the top of her little dingy house; to feed us, to mend our clothes, and, in general, to mind our business, whether we asked her or not.

I simply adored my big, clever, brilliant, handsome brother, and, though he never showed me much affection, and always said I was a silly youngster, I knew he was very fond of me. Because if he were not, what induced him to slave as he did, going out in all sorts of weather in the evening, to give additional private lessons in distant corners of the town, after having ground at his medical books all day long? All this was with the aim of supporting me and leaving me as much time as possible for my own studies.

Needless to say, we were a very united pair, and fairly deserved the names of Castor and Pollux which our University comrades bestowed upon us. Sasha never left me much alone. At home, grinding at our small work-tables, going to lectures, or on the rare occasions when we went to hear some music at the opera house, we always were together. So when, soon after he spoke to me the words I have set down at the beginning of my narrative, he began to leave me out of his own life, so to speak, I resented it greatly. Not that he went out more than usual, and left me behind; not that he ever neglected his self-imposed duties of a private tutor to me—no, everything apparently went on as usual, and no strange eye could have detected any change. All the same, I knew he was preöccupied with something, which he would not tell me about, and accordingly I felt sad and lonely.

Besides, I could not help noticing that Sasha was growing thin and losing his healthy looks; often he would show signs of restlessness quite unusual to him, getting heated and impatient when teaching me, or suddenly lifting his head with a shudder from his book, at the slightest noise.

Once I plucked up courage and spoke to him about it—no easy task for me, for, as I have hinted before, Sasha was to me both a severe and very exacting father, and an indulgent and kindly mother, though indeed his indulgence came only when he thought I was not looking at him, for he hated me to thank him.

Well, I plucked up courage and spoke to him, but he only laughed and made fun of me, saying, as usual, that I was young and silly, and that babes have no business to talk as if they were grown-up people.

Soon after this rebuff I remember waking up one night. Usually I was a sound sleeper, and always woke up in the morning in the same position Morpheus left me the night before. And even if it happened to me to wake up during the night I was so heavy and so stupid with sleep, that I only half remembered what I saw. And so it was on this occasion. I woke up and saw Sasha busy over a skull. A few days previously I had seen him bring in this skull, but as it was nothing unusual for medical students to keep skulls and even whole skeletons in their rooms, for the purpose of study, I did not pay much attention to the fact.

Neither was it very unusual for Sasha to read and study late into the night. I saw he was busy at work, and was going to ask him to go to bed, but he put a book between me and the candle, and, as soon as it was dark enough, my eyes closed, and I was sound asleep before I knew where I was.

Winter was close to its end, the spring examinations were approaching. We both, therefore, busied ourselves with our respective studies, though our lack of leisure never prevented us from feeling there was a barrier growing up between us; I timidly puzzling my brains as to the nature of it, and Sasha trying to look as if nothing was the matter, but, all the same, perceptibly changing in his appearance.

About a fortnight after the first night when I saw my brother busy with the skull, I happened to wake up again. Before my senses completely awoke to the impressions of reality, I heard—or imagined that I heard—a stifled groan or the wailing of a baby. But as soon as I came to myself fully I realized it was neither; but that it was the voice of our landlady calling out to us from behind the thin wall, and asking what was it she heard, and whether everything was all right.

"Everything is all right," hastily answered Sasha, "my brother screamed in his sleep. He is a little excited and over-tired with his work these days, but, pray, do not be uneasy about us."

We heard the slippers of the good old lady shuffling away from the wall, next the creaking of her bed, as she lay down again, and then everything was silent. But I could not go to sleep again; I was too fully awake and too much frightened. For, on the table before my brother, I saw the same skull I have already spoken of, but in what a strange, unusual, awe-inspiring state!

It seemed to me it was a skull no more; the whiteness of the bone had completely disappeared under a thick, half solid layer of a pinkish and yellowish something, which I could not describe either as flesh, or fat, or skin. Besides, the cavities of the eyeballs were not empty, but filled with a white sort of stuff, on which, on close examination, I discovered the film of the future iris.

"Sasha, tell me what all this means?" I stammered, in a voice hushed with fear and hoarse with expectation. "You know I did not scream in my sleep. You know I was awakened by the noise that disturbed the old lady as well. What is this horrid thing on the table?"

My brother spread a handkerchief over the skull, the sight of which almost put me out of my senses, and came to me.

"Poor youngster, poor child!" said he, stroking my hair, as if I was a frightened baby. "Do not tremble so, there is nothing to be afraid of."

"I am not afraid," said I, in my earnestness almost forgetting to speak in a whisper. "Do tell me all about it."

"If you promise me to keep quiet, and not to scream at the top of your voice, I may tell you something interesting. But take care not to disturb the old woman. I do not want anyone to hear about my discovery before my researches are completed. And, you know, she is quite capable of jumping out of bed again and listening to every word we say. Now, have you shaken off your fright; are you able to listen composedly?"

Of course I said I was. And what would not I have said then to learn the explanation of the frightful sight, the picture of which still haunted and harassed my brain.

"All right," said Sasha, "I will tell you everything. But all the same I wish you had not wakened up; I wish I had not to speak to you. Maybe you are too young, maybe a matter that merely pertains to scientific exploration will be an object of superstitious horror for you. However, you have already seen too much. But before I begin, take some of these drops, they will quiet your nerves."

He went over to a small box, where he kept all kinds of medicaments, and counted out twenty-five drops of strong laurel extract. Then he came back, and sat on my bed, all the time holding my hand in his, and told me so strange a story, that the mere reminiscence of it thrills me with disgust and dread.

First he recalled to my mind his speculations of two months ago as to the properties of animal magnetism. Then he said that at the time he could not shake off the train of thought that gave rise to them, do what he would. Nothing would do but he must explore the subject deeper until it was perfectly exhausted, and his mind finally made up on the matter. So he went to the clinic of the university, and told the

Preparator to get a skull ready for him. Then he began his experiments. After ten days or so of experimenting he began to grow perfectly hopeless of ever being able to confirm his theory by one indubitable fact. The skull refused to show any signs of change. It looked what it was, an inanimate object, a yellowish-white ball with the usual cavities for the eyes and nose, an accumulation of bone that was neither warm nor cold to the touch. Before finally abandoning the matter, however, Sasha tried to change his way of procedure. Instead of simply putting his hands on the skull and concentrating on it the whole of his will, he made magnetic passes over it as long as he could and until all the muscles of his arms ached with fatigue. On the fifth night of this new process he found a palpable change; the skull was decidedly warmish when he took it out of its hiding place—for he had hidden it for fear of awakening my suspicions and dragging into the experiment my unprepared and too youthful mind. Following the first sign there came another. The top of the skull began to emit something like drops of perspiration. But sweat it certainly was not. Sasha analyzed it chemically, and found it was no mere H_2O with a little human grease on the surface. No, it was something he could not properly discover the constituents of. Oxygen and hydrogen were in it, no doubt, but besides these there was something Sasha did not know, something that was no dead matter at all, but seemed to have life and heat of its own, and would not declare itself plainly in his test-tubes. So he finally gave the analysis up, and proceeded with his experiment.

At first, the liquid that seemed to come out of the dead bone was colourless, but it soon acquired a distinct pinkish colouring which, when looked at sidewise, had a greenish reflection, and, when pressed between the pieces of glass under a microscope, irradiated, and assumed the whole colour series of the spectrum, something like the luminous coloured spot formed by an air bubble under the glass of a photographic press. Soon the liquid transformed itself into an almost solid substance.

"At this point of my experiment my joy was great indeed," said Sasha, as he concluded his long narrative. "My theoretic inductions proved not to be false; it was possible for me to create living organic matter on the foundation of dead substance. And what is possible for me must be possible for every other man with a strong resolute will. So, after all, man must be a fallen or rather a dormant god, with divine, though hidden, creative potentialities. I have succeeded so far, but much will have more. I am longing to make a conscious being out of it, I want to endow it out of the inner fields of my interior being with some of this mysterious undefinable essence which makes me a man, and to which superstition gives the name of immortal soul. A small flame can kindle hundreds of millions of other flames, remaining as intense and as bright as before. The sacred fire which burns in human

beings can do the same. I can do it, and I will do it, no matter at what cost. This was my firm resolve a few weeks ago, and this night you have witnessed the results. You are perfectly right, you did not scream in your sleep. You were awakened by a groan that came from no human breast. The last three or four nights the living being I have raised from nothingness shows signs of consciousness. It recognizes me, its creator; it opens its eyelids at my approach, it wails when I stop giving it life, like a baby torn from its mother's breast. . . ."

The first rays of pale dawn were beginning to steal into our room, when we at last went to rest. For my part, I was so overawed by all I had seen and heard that sleeping would have been an utter impossibility for me if it were not for a strong dose of hydrate of chloral that my brother forced me to swallow.

Needless to say, my wonderful capacity for sound sleep forsook me altogether. And no wonder. Who could sleep, knowing that a great, unfathomable mystery was manifesting itself a few steps from his bed? *Nolens volens* my brother had to take me into his confidence. And as soon as all the lights were extinguished in our quiet neighbourhood, as soon as everything around us was rest and silence, Sasha resumed his work, and I watched him, cowed with awe, benumbed with fright and —let me own it at once—thrilled with disgust. Only once I remonstrated with him.

"Forgive me for what I am going to say," I said. "I know I am stupid and dull, I know I dare not advise nor teach you. But, Sasha, my dear Sasha. are you sure you know the nature of the phenomenon you so gladly lend your hand to? Are you sure? . . ."

My brother did not let me finish.

"What are you talking about, child?" said he. "How am I to know, indeed how is anyone to know the nature of any normal or abnormal phenomenon so long as he does not go into its details and does not explore it from every possible side. Of course, you are right in saying that my health deteriorates, that my physical strength is not what it used to be. But who cares? Am I to grudge my animal happiness, am I to grudge my very life itself, when the greatest, the most essential interests of universal science are at stake? Besides, it seems to me my ear has detected in your voice, when you just spoke, a certain tremor that nothing but superstitious fear can generate. If it be so, if you really suspect uncanny, evil elements in my work—make your mind easy. There is neither positive good nor positive evil in nature. The only thing that exists, that is worth living for, is *knowledge*. Man is endowed with this thirst for knowledge, he possesses the faculty of piercing the veils nature has thrown over her most important processes. And a fool and a coward is he who dare not use this faculty and dare not quench this thirst. Secrets of nature, indeed! They are secrets only for those who shrink from the blinding radiance of truth. Know-

ledge of truth is everything, all the rest is either cowardly self-love or the meaningless gossip of silly old women."

Of course, after these resolute, manly words of my brother, I never ventured any remarks, but sat silently by him the best part of the nights—shivering, it is true, but gazing with my eyes wide open. I saw how the very sap of life was distilling itself from the frightful object that lay before us. I watched the indescribable substance that covered its surface the first time I saw it, condensing itself, acquiring the appearance of flesh and covering itself with skin. I saw the central film of its eyes growing gradually into irises and pupils, and then gaining the ability to look and to see. Beyond any doubt it always knew Sasha and looked straight into his eyes with intensity; but as for me, I did not exist for its consciousness. Not only did it not know me, but it simply did not see me, were I ever so near its eyes.

It was the last part of my brother's nightly performance which was always the most painful to me. The head felt the drawing to an end of the magnetic passes, and always groaned in a most heartrending way. I would stop my ears not to hear it, but the sad unearthly sounds haunted me day and night, no matter where I was or what I was doing. At last the groans became so loud and so prolonged that we had every night to hang a thick felt rug on the wall which separated us from the bedroom of our landlady, for fear she might hear and become alarmed.

But the more material and living the "head" became, the more emaciated grew my brother's face and body. Great sadness filled my heart when I looked at his features—the angles of which seemed to grow sharper every day, at his thin white hands, and especially at his eyes, which never were mischievous now, never sparkled with genuine humour or intense interest, as formerly in the bygone happy days, but always burned with a subdued fire, the very evenness of which spoke to me of self-abnegation, almost of martyrdom. My own silly eyes would always begin to water, very much against my will, when I saw this expression on my brother's face. Oh, that I could give him some of my animal strength; oh, that I could impart some of the redness of my cheeks to his pale hollow ones!

Sometimes it seemed to me that everything material, everything that belonged to this earth was gone out of my brother's character and very being, attracted and sucked out by the other, which was a thing no longer, but a living creature of God knows what order.

The very spirituality of my brother's expression upset me altogether. And, when looking at him, I could not help thinking of the great ascetics and martyrs, whose features our Russian church has preserved in some of the very ancient Byzantine pictures of saints.

At last I could endure all this no longer. Sasha, who was the brightest, the most promising of his set, and besides the greatest

favourite with his professors, could afford to risk the success of his examination. But, as I said before, I was dull and always had the greatest difficulty in storing in my memory the least bit of information, and so I decided to spend the last few weeks before the examination with a fellow-student of mine—indeed, Sasha was the first to suggest such an arrangement.

The last time I saw the head, before leaving our "diggings," it was thriving, and looked like a fat, over-fed baby a few months old. But its size was unusual for a baby, and it was bigger than the head of a fully-grown man.

VERA JOHNSTON.

(To be concluded.)

Science and the Esoteric Philosophy.

KEELY AND HIS DISCOVERIES.[1]

FROM a perusal of this book two facts become at once evident—that Keely has made great discoveries, and that an overwhelming force prevents him from divulging them. In support of the first, the evidence adduced differs only in volume from what has been published before in pamphlets; the book is very bulky and teems with quotations from the press, from contemporary writers, and from the utterances of Keely himself, but it does not let us any further into the mystery. In support of the latter we have the recital of the discoverer's endless woes and the inventor's ceaseless struggles. It is impossible not to feel deep sympathy for one who has spent his life in heroic battle with almost universal opposition, nor to marvel what can be the nature of the force that keeps him at his hopeless task—for hopeless we must confess it to be when we consider what interests are arrayed against it. H. P. Blavatsky waged a strenuous war in gaining a foothold for unpopular truths; but she had many earnest helpers, and Keely is almost single-handed. Far more than this, Keely's attempts to reveal the secret of mighty forces in nature are made without the preliminary exaction of that guarantee for moral trustworthiness which is ever made the condition of such disclosures by teachers of Occultism; wherefore it would appear that he must be in opposition to all who have the welfare of humanity at heart, and who at the same time know of the dangers likely to arise from premature divulgement.

Herein lie the primary causes for Keely's inaccessibility; the secondary causes are many. For example, on p. xxiii of the Introduction, we read:

[1] By Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., 1893.

"But why does not Keely share his knowledge with others?" "Why does he not proclaim his secret to the world?" are questions that are often asked. Keely has no secret to proclaim to the world. Not until the aërial ship is in operation will the *world* be able to comprehend the nature of Keely's discoveries. When the distinguished physicist, Professor Dewar, of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, goes to America this summer, he will be instructed by Mr. Keely in his dissociation processes. Every man who has passed the mere threshold of science ought to be aware that it is quite possible to be in possession of a series of facts long before he is capable of giving a rational and satisfactory explanation of them—in short, before he is enabled to discover their causes even. This "dead-work" has occupied many years of Keely's life; and only within the last five years has he reached that degree of perfection which warranted the erection of a scaffolding for the construction of the true edifice of philosophy.

Again, from pp. 2, *et seqq.*, we learn that he was the victim of company-promoters, who threw dust in the public eyes and involved Keely in a Mâyâ. We must, however, notice that Keely takes blame for failure to keep his promises with regard to the outcome of his experiments. On p. 38, he writes:

I have been a great sufferer from my inability to keep my promises, fully believing in my power to keep them, and now I must and will prove that all is right before I promise.

Again, whenever Keely begins to explain his principles, he uses a terminology to which there is no key, and the only way of obtaining such a key would seem to be the having been Keely's constant companion from the beginning. His champion acknowledges as much when, in speaking of Keely's treatises, she says (p. 157):

If these treatises were read from the first page to the last, by men of science, they would not at present be any better understood than were Gilbert's writings in his age, author of *De Magnete*.

No words can express our contempt for those "scientific" men who, when given the chance of investigating Keely's discoveries, preferred to use their opportunities for the purpose of testing whether he were a fraud or not. On p. 31 he writes:

After struggling for over seventeen years, allowing scientists to examine my machinery in the most thorough manner, and to make the most sensitive tests, denunciations have multiplied against me. One charge is that I use sodium in my mercury, in the vacuum test. I have thought that I would never again make any effort to prove that I am honest. . . . The mercury may be delivered to me by an expert: I will operate from an open mercury bath.

And on p. 38:

I have done everything that I could do to demonstrate the integrity of my inventions, and I will never again allow my devices to be submitted to examinations; not that I am afraid they will be stolen, but I do not wish to have the construction of my improved mechanical devices known until my patents are taken out. Nor will I ever again make a statement, specifying the time when certain work will be finished. If I thought to-morrow would end all my struggles on this system, I would not say so.

We cannot leave the subject of Keely's troubles without quoting a few lines from some letters of his which are given. They are eminently calculated to bear out the view that Keely is a martyr. On p. 34 we read:

> Yesterday was a day of trials and disappointments. It seemed as if nothing would work right. After labouring six hours to set my safety process, the first operation of the Liberator tore the caps all to pieces . . .
>
> I am in a perfect sea of mental and physical strain, intensified in anticipation of the near approach of final and complete success, and bombarded from all points of the compass by demands and inquiries; yet, in my researches, months pass as minutes. The immense mental and physical strain of the past few weeks, the struggles and disappointments have almost broken me up. Until the reäction took place, which followed my success, I could never have conceived the possibility of my becoming so reduced in strength as I am now.

But what has Keely discovered? As said before, we are no nearer the truth now than formerly. There is nothing here more explicit than has been published already in pamphlet form. The most suggestive remarks are some of those quoted from outsiders, and put forth rather as speculations than as experience.

Keely's patent-lawyer is quoted as saying that, in his opinion, no one who had not stood by Keely from the first could have kept abreast of him; a fact which becomes apparent whenever the inventor himself speaks. It would appear that the solidity of matter is in some way a function of the extremely rapid vibration of its component corpuscles; that a certain order or rate of vibration has the effect of destroying the cohesion of matter and disintegrating it; that Keely communicates this vibration to the matter in question by a complicated apparatus of tuning-forks, discs, resonators, etc., that when the matter is disintegrated "ether" is set free, and by its inherent force lifts great weights, and exerts great pressures. It also seems that the weight of bodies is concerned with the vibration of their corpuscles, and can be neutralized by modifying this vibration, the bodies being thereby caused to rise. We could quote much in this connection, but forbear, because, in the absence of anything definite, the matter is one upon which each reader must form his own opinion. We refer the curious reader then to the book itself, or to the T. P. S. pamphlets which have preceded it.

One important point must be noticed in conclusion, that there is much to support the view that Keely's powers are largely personal. This is shown by the inability, in many cases at all events, of other persons to work his apparatus and achieve his results; but the author also confesses it herself, as on p. 49, where she says:

> Should it be that Mr. Keely's compound secret includes any explanation of this operation of will-force, showing that it may be cultivated, in common with the other powers that God has given us, we shall then recover some of the knowledge lost out of the world, or retained only in gipsy tribes and among Indian adepts.

And on page 50:

Although physicists know that this extraordinary influence exists between inanimate objects as a class, they look upon the human organism as little more than a machine, taking small interest in researches which evince the dominion of mind over matter. Keely's experimental research in this province has shown him that it is neither the electric nor the magnetic flow, but the etheric, which sends its current along our nerves . . . . that the only true medium which exists in nature is the sympathetic flow emanating from the normal human brain, governing correctly the graduating and setting-up of the true sympathetic vibratory positions in machinery necessary to success.

Analysis of Part III, Vol. I, of "The Secret Doctrine" *(continued)*.

III.—"An Lumen sit Corpus, nec Non?"

"IS light a body or not?" is the question with which this chapter opens. Physical science says, at present, that it is not a body, but a "force," a "vibration," "the undulation of ether," for which discovery it is indebted to Sir William Grove, who in a lecture in 1842 showed that light, heat, etc., are *affections* of matter, not distinct imponderable fluids. Oersted, however, and several other rather mystical scientists believed that light, heat, magnetism, etc., were only the secondary effects of other causes—causes which occultists believe in, for occultists have in every age exhibited proofs of the validity of their claims. Sir Isaac Newton too had ideas more mystical than he is credited with, for his followers perverted and materialized his teachings. This professed contempt for metaphysics has made science ridiculous, inasmuch as it is ever tying itself up in an inextricable tangle of metaphysics. As Stallo says in *Concepts of Modern Physics*, p. xix:

The professed antagonism of Science to metaphysics has led the majority of scientific specialists to assume that the methods and results of empirical research are wholly independent of the control of the laws of thought. They either silently ignore, or openly repudiate, the simplest canons of logic, including the laws of non-contradiction, and . . . resent with the utmost vehemence every application of the rule of consistency to their hypotheses and theories.

A very good corroboration of this charge lies in the fact that science has to postulate an ether, while trying to explain it on materialistic lines, which leads to the most fatal discrepancies.

The first concept of ether comes from the ancient Âryans, through the Greeks, its origin being found in "Âkâsha." What does modern science say about it? It is accepted in astronomy, physics and chemistry. Astronomers began by regarding it as a fluid of extreme tenuity filling the spaces between celestial bodies, to whose motions it offered no resistance. But when the mechanical theory of light was started a medium was required for the transmission of the luminar undulations through space, and the ether was made to assume this function. This necessitated its endowment with extreme rigidity, far beyond that of the most rigid solid known, for the more rigid a substance is the swifter are the vibrations it will transmit, and no solid that

we know of is rigid enough to transmit vibrations so rapid as those attributed to light. Of course this hypothetical rigidity interfered with the extreme tenuity and non-resistance predicated by the astronomers; but still worse was to come, for, as Stallo shows, motion is impossible in a "continuous" fluid, and therefore the ether must have an "atomic" structure as the only alternative. But as Clerk Maxwell shows, an ether with an atomic structure would be simply a gas, and gases are of course inadequate to the purposes for which an ether was postulated. These are only a few of the inconsistencies into which scientists fall when they try to measure things unseen by the standard of things seen. Hence occultism, finding that science does not know what it means by ether, is at liberty to state its own views on the subject. The fact is that ether is not material at all, and scientists admit as much; for Prof. Lodge, speaking of the medium in which the vortex-movements (which he substitutes for atoms) arise, says it is:

> A perfectly homogeneous, incompressible, continuous body, incapable of being resolved into simple elements or atoms; it is, in fact, continuous, not molecular. . . . There is no other body of which we can say this, and hence the properties of the æther must be somewhat different from those of ordinary matter. (*Nature*, vol. xxvii. p. 305.)

To which Stallo adds:

> *Somewhat* different! The real import of this "somewhat" is that the medium in question *is not, in any intelligible sense, material at all*, having none of the properties of matter.

In conclusion, the author remarks that those physicists who hold that the penetrability of matter is not inconsistent with its atomic structure, ought not to be sceptical about such phenomena as the passage of matter through matter, disintegration and reïntegration, and the clothing of invisible powers with matter. Cauchy explains how the "author of nature" might, by modifying the laws of attraction and repulsion, bring about such results, and since in occultism this "author of nature" is the divine power in man himself, the same results could be produced by an occultist.

IV.—Is Gravitation a Law?

Before discussing "the law of gravitation" we must bear in mind that the word "law" is in this case misleading. Gravitation is a *concept*, embracing a certain quality common to most bodies—the quality of attracting one another with a certain degree of force. This concept has, by an error frequent among scientists, been treated as if it were a reality; hence the phrases "law of gravitation," "force of gravity." (See Stallo on the reïfication of concepts, in *Concepts of Modern Physics*.) We find that most bodies, when left entirely to themselves, attract one another; we detach from them this common attribute of attracting one another; we call it the law of gravitation; and we say that it is the

cause of these bodies' attracting one another. We might as reasonably induce, from the fact that many people are bald-headed, a law of bald-headedness, and say that this law is the *cause* of baldness in men. The *fact* of gravitation, *i.e.*, the fact that bodies attract one another, is indisputable and can be experimentally verified; the cause which makes them attract one another—in other words the cause of the "law of gravitation"—is another question. The confusion of scientists lies herein: that, whereas they call the law of gravitation the cause of bodies' attracting one another, the matter is really the other way round, the *fact* that bodies attract one another is the cause of the law of gravitation, for the so-called law is merely an expression of the fact.

All science has done, then, is to declare that all bodies attract one another with a certain degree of intensity, and to account for this attraction it has assumed the existence of a "force." Like all other scientific "forces," this force cannot, consistently with the atomo-mechanical theory, be either in the atoms or outside of them. For, if force is in the atoms, then they must cease to be what the theory states that they are, viz., inert masses; but, if force is outside the atoms, then it must be immaterial, and in fact a "spirit." The postulating of an æther, merely removes this difficulty as to force a step further. Thus do scientists bear out the *à priori* conclusion of occultists that, by their very method, they preclude themselves from discovering the *causes* of the phenomena they tabulate. Such causes must be studied, not objectively, but subjectively; we must, by practice, attune our consciousness to that of the objects we are studying; for then only shall we learn the mystery of their essence, when we *feel*, in the mind that we temporarily share with them, the impulses they obey and the instincts under which they act.

In Section IV the question is asked, What is this invisible and intangible God whom we are asked to worship under the name of gravitation?—and the answer is that the forces acting under that name are not causes but effects, and very secondary effects too. Further, even these forces, secondary as they are, are not the blind abstractions that physicists try to conceive under the name "force." They are intelligent agencies, as Newton and Cuvier have hinted. Newton used the word attraction to mean the *act*, not the *cause*, of mutual approach between bodies; but now it is used in the latter sense. As to the *cause* of attraction, Newton tells us in his *Principia*, Section XI (Introduction), that in his opinion "there is some subtle spirit by the force and action of which all movements of matter are determined"; and in his *Third Letter* to Bentley he says:

> It is inconceivable that inanimate brute matter should, without the mediation of something else *which is not material*, operate upon and affect other matter, without mutual contact, as it must do if gravitation, in the sense of Epicurus, be essential and inherent in it.

Cuvier warns his readers in the *Révolution du Globe* that "it is not so sure whether those agents were not after all Spiritual Powers."

Euler and Leibnitz express similar views, but nothing could prevent the rabble of scientists from falling back into their brute materialism; and so in place of the intelligent agencies, we have had imponderable fluids, æthers, and mechanical "forces." The ancients were more enlightened, as the following passage (2nd ed., p. 492; 3rd ed., p. 534) shows:

> That which in the mind of the great mathematician assumed the shadowy, but firmly rooted image of God, as the Noumenon of all, was called more philosophically by ancient and modern Philosophers and Occultists "Gods," or the creative fashioning Powers. The modes of expression may have been different, and the ideas more or less philosophically enunciated by all sacred and profane Antiquity; but the fundamental thought was the same. For Pythagoras the Forces were Spiritual Entities, Gods, independent of planets and matter as we see and know them on Earth, who are the rulers of the Sidereal Heaven. . . . As for Aristotle, he called those rulers "*immaterial* substances."

Scientists laugh at the Fohat of the occultists, that "energizing and guiding intelligence in the Universal Electric or Vital Fluid," but what more do they understand about their own electricity and light? To the occultist every force in nature manifests the quality of its respective noumenon, the noumena being distinct and intelligent Individualities "on the other side of the manifested mechanical Universe." Matter is the condition or basis for the operation of such intelligent forces on this plane.

H. T. E.

Some Modern Failings.

II.

SHALL I be pardoned if I still speak of modern failings? We of the elder world look on bewildered at new fashions in thought; for us, thought has but one unchanging mode. A modern method, momentous beyond its age, is the wide-spread Western habit of judging things by their outward forms alone. Divers, I believe, seek no floating pearls—pearls as a rule being found beneath the waters' surface—yet those who say they would search for Truth, through Hell itself and many another place, act with exceeding caution when they chance to splash aside some of the waters of illusion lying between themselves and that unmeasured pearl. But to dive involves courage, as well as confidence in such powers as we may have wrested from nature, and these faculties would seem at present to be active in the West on one plane only—the plane where physical force is paramount. In the intellectual world these faculties are sometimes to be found, yet so rarely as to cause alarm whenever displayed; yet courage in things spiritual, confidence

where the stifled voice of intuition presses for a hearing—these expressions of power belong not to the living but to the dead. The West misunderstood, she still misunderstands, her mightiest dead. Now it is felt that there is greater safety in treading on a tiger's tail than in trusting to anything higher than documentary evidence or "proof" of some similar description. Rather than seek within for light upon the deeper meaning of some teaching, or for the true gauge of man or woman, the surer method is thought to lie in analyzing forms and manner of expression. Is this method an improvement upon older ones because it is slow? And is slowness an occult virtue? Synthesis is more reliable than the destructive process used by modern critics. They tear to pieces and discover—what they have torn. Take the well-known instance of one who lately came to keep alive the flame of ancient wisdom where it had long been dying down. That flame was kept alive, but at what fearful cost! The occultist came and was set up for Western judgment; naturally enough (it being Kali Yuga) the appreciation of that West was chiefly shown in slander and abuse. Some few found the Teacher; others followed by force of karmic birthright, though too frequently complaining of the "burden" thus imposed. But in this there is little cause for wonder; no more than in the fact that with the large majority nothing but an object for dislike, distrust, and even violent hatred could be seen by them. For all unwittingly they were paid back with what they brought; they found *themselves*. The complaints were very bitter! Yet the same thing happens on a smaller scale with everyone whose nature is evolved on many different lines, who has versatility and is not confined to any narrow, beaten track. Such people not infrequently mirror forth the characters of those with whom they come in contact. Occultists do likewise, but with this difference: they know the law and act in harmony with it; they move with nature, and so reflect at will whatever nature may desire.

I have heard it said that one of the duties of the occultist in question, a greater soul than many seem to think, was to break the moulds of human minds.[1] Yet many moulds were too hard set for even that strong hand to break, and it is possible that some who lived for years in close connection with this Trimurti incarnate, remain as blind to-day, as then, to what stood clear before them, if they had had eyes with which to see. For one a common juggler, for others merely a companion, a medium, a wit, a half-demented genius—all these characters were found, and sometimes loved and sometimes hated. Each onlooker had seen all that was to be seen—by him; though this saving clause is overlooked by most of those who undertake to criticize the aspect they had witnessed. But criticism may carry condemnation on its face. In that case, why refute? Shell-analysis is dry work at best, and colour-

[1] In that saying there lies the key to many mysteries.

blind observers are never final arbiters. Leave them to talk, they matter not; others work, and it is work that lives. Time has a might of its own.

Another point that few remembered until their chance had passed—one that holds true to-day, as well as then: a true disciple, except in rarest instance, will before all things try to hide what spiritual powers he may possess, and often will in truth "appear as nothing in the eyes of men." The pass-word *must* be given before the veil is drawn aside. Not many gave it then; not many give it now. For the world is in its shadow time, and how few can see through the gloom! Yet when a Teacher is recognized by some, and not by others, caution has to be observed. A blare of trumpets may bring down an avalanche, and a too frequent championship of any person may cause a friction and attack where such might be avoided. It is best to wait for an assault that is worthy of defence and then defend with wisdom. Otherwise dull critics may become embittered foes; and they had best remain dull critics. So constant reference to some particular authority brings reäction in its trail, and in this a danger lurks. Times and places there must be for all things; why not select them? Surely it is possible to have a splendid loyalty and yet be wise. I think so, and also that silence itself may be occasionally the best and the most forcible defence of those attacked.

As with men and women, so is it with other things as well. Life and death, books and doctrines, are quickly skimmed, and twice as quickly criticized. Just as an occultist is expected to parade the world with stamped and sealed certificate, well labelled, and, by choice, with beggar's bowl and dirty matted hair, so is it thought that books should clearly speak of nature's deepest mysteries in simple, easy language, for the use of those who would become the "conquerors of worlds." Still some effort is needed in that task, and occult works require it too, if one would find their inner meaning. More has been freely given out in this century, however, than for ages past, and yet the cry is often heard for further teaching, fuller details. Can it be that those who raise the cry imagine that they understand what they have got? It would be strange if it were so. Yet explicable, for most Western students have a method of their own of understanding teachings. They read and then dissect, perhaps quarrel a little amongst themselves over the exact meaning of some word, and having in this way realized the import of the doctrines studied, ask for more particulars, or for something new and startling, with which to go on loading their poor burdened brains. Thought is no doubt wearisome, and mental habits are difficult to change, but if such students were to think as they re-read their literature unknown results might follow. They would find great jewels of wisdom which had hitherto escaped their notice, perhaps because of simple setting or even on account of overwhelming

brightness. I have discovered these particularly in a magazine not inaptly named *The Path*—leaving aside those standard works well known to all—and if I might venture to advise all those who would learn something of applied occultism,[1] they will be well repaid by thoughtful reading of much that is written there. "Z.'s" priceless letters, Jasper Niemand's *Purposes of Soul*, his *Letters on the True*, and many others I need not mention here—all these point out the way to wisdom that fools think little of, but which wiser minds most reverence.

As, however, some strange ideas are afloat as to the nature of "occultism," no doubt many will object to the use of the term in connection with such writings as these. Still I must risk their protests. Chakrams and Siddhis, Nâdis and Tattvas, are all in all to them; a spasm in a "centre" (which, matters not) brings quick reward and deep delight, whilst the vision of a passing "spook" assures success and soothes the "practical occultist" with a gentle glow of triumphs yet to come. They sometimes read the writings I have mentioned and call them ethical, and the ethics are guardedly patronized—at times. Brothers, is it of use to say once more that such is not the Way? Can life be made harmonious with such tricks as those? Can brotherhood be understood and lived by dint of all this lower astral junketing? The spirit knows not of such things, and only through constant practice of these half-scorned ethics, through the ready application of occult law to things of daily life, through the search within and yet again within for that Light which shines unceasingly—only in this way can service be truly rendered, can union be finally achieved. Why not, then, abandon this and all other surface-seeking, searching for truth at its source?

All effort in that direction brings its own sure and lasting reward, for soon on the wings of the silence is borne the song of the soul; sweetest of songs. Listen to its enrapturing melodies, though they be soundless, and listening, live. Doing so, you must grow in strength, in purity, and in peace.

. . . . . .

From this first failing there springs another—disloyalty to those with whom the work is carried on. Faults and mistakes are attributed with no little generosity to those whose efforts meet the eyes of others. The criticized are not often present to enjoy and profit by their brothers' wisdom; perhaps their presence would somewhat blunt that wisdom! One thing I would ask of these self-appointed judges; have they tried to do the work or live the lives they think they could improve? Have they duties of their own and are they all fulfilled? To this last question I must answer for them: *Never*. For those who have time in which to

[1] I use this word with some timidity, and merely mean by it here the great science which may be simply described as the knowledge of how to do the right thing, at the right time, and in the right place—the science of life, in short. This may be applied to all planes alike, if necessary.

criticize have time to waste, and those who blazon forth the imagined faults of others but blazon forth their own abandonment of duty. As the *Shi-King* says: "If my friends would reverently watch over themselves, would slanderous speeches be made?" Their conduct calls to mind a tale oft told by many an ancient dame where my beloved Yellow River now dances in the sunlight. Perhaps too childish for my readers' ears, yet the never-failing moral must excuse it.

They tell of a man with a mission. He had a crippled mother to support, and, being very poor, this was no easy task. But he took to himself a wife and reared an, as yet, uncounted family. This made the struggle harder. He had never been contented, and had always spent much time in trying to discover his duty in the world. What was his real mission? For years he sought for it in vain. More children came and then at last he found it. He was strolling one day through a forest and chanced to watch a monkey climb a tree—a thing that he himself had never done. As he watched the monkey's progress it occurred to him that very clumsy movements were entailed in doing such a simple thing. An improvement could easily be made by raising each leg higher. So he pointed this out to the monkey, who seemed to agree, being busy and silent. Instantly it flashed upon him that his longed-for mission had been found at last. He explained to every monkey he could meet with what a great discovery he had made, and then he vowed a vow to reform the monkey world. It is recorded that this man's mother, wife and children shortly died. After many years the man died too, and the wise old women say that he was seen in one of the hells with his legs tied tight in a knot round his neck.

Scriously, however, those who make it their mission in life to "sacrifice themselves" for the general welfare in the way described should remember this: If they fix their thought on the fault of another and that fault be real, an electric stream flows instantly between them and the moral disease their thought is aimed at. Elementals are then drawn along that stream to afterwards arouse in them the very fault they have condemned. If they have expressed their thought in spoken words the results are far more pronounced and prompt than in the case of thought alone. But I would appeal to a higher motive than self-interest. Take the leaders in this movement, whether leaders by general consent or so appointed without public naming by authority of greater value than the changing voice of the majority. Consider what took place when one alone stood out above the rest as leader. Was not this figure the public scapegoat for Theosophy the whole world over; the natural object for attack both on planes seen and unperceived? Was there not, then, a bridge between the outer world to Those who dwell elsewhere? And things, if I mistake not, have not so entirely changed as some would think. Now, as at that time, loyalty to those who lead the fight must be preserved. Who those leaders are concerns

me not at all, but if some say that they can reach the Light and Those who bear it by independent search, that they can act apart from, nay, opposed to those who carry aloft the banner—I can only wish them joy in their present lonely pilgrimage. But if the great law of continuity does not hold good here, it must cease to be called a law. If, once we have found the line to which we belong, one step in the ladder upwards can be left unrecognized, can be passed untouched, then to me this teaching is vain and hollow indeed. For everything points to what I, at least, believe to be true; that our path lies straight before us traced by souls of increasing greatness like a spiritual chain that leads onward from them to the Lodge, from the Lodge to the Ray, from the Ray to the Light, and from the Light to the Eternal "Darkness." No link in that chain can be missed; nor should it be forgotten, as a Chinese proverb says, that, "The highest towers begin from the ground." So I repeat again that as we are, for the most part, only able to be loyal to those immediately above us—the visible links in the chain of which I speak—we shall do well to keep in mind that it is a quality that must be had and used, if we would follow on the steps of nature and of law.

A comparison but rarely drawn is that between the army of Truth's champions and an army on the lower plane of strife. There are differences, and one of them is that warfare in the higher sense is carried on incessantly. There is no pause in the fighting, once the field is entered in real earnestness; but as Krishna says in the bible of every nation:

> Yadrichhayâ chopapannam svargadvaramapâvritam
> Sukhinah kshatriyâh, Pârtha, labhante yuddhamîdrisham.[1]

But many other things hold true on both the higher and the lower planes, and all will know that disloyalty on the field of battle is not dealt softly with. Death is the traitor's greeting. So, too, where mind and spirit rule and no earthly weapons are employed, the executioner stands very close at hand. Men judge, condemn and execute themselves. Other points of similarity are well worth thinking over; the position of the chieftain, but little known to most of those who follow him, and who in his turn acts for some government or ruler far distant physically from the scene of war; the fact that though leaders must sometimes make mistakes, the ones observed by sapient critics in the ranks are not seldom strokes of forceful genius. Too often beginners think that as they would gladly die for the cause they fight for, or the chief they serve, this mental attitude covers all needed loyalty—and a multitude of other sins besides. But Ssŭ-Ma Ch'ien thought differently, and with reason. He said, "There is no difficulty in merely dying; the difficulty lies in dying at fitting junctures only." To this I would add that we are tested by the small things of daily life, even by a passing look, and hardly ever by the great events and trials so often looked

[1] *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 32. "Happy are the warriors, son of Prithâ, who obtain such a fight as this, offered freely to them as an open door to Heaven."—Ed.

for in the future, and passed through so very easily before they happen. One can stand most *imagined* tests.

The Theosophical movement of the present century has always had within its ranks a moderate proportion of fair-weather followers. When a great storm burst not many years ago these fled without the usual "moment's hesitation." Great was their loss, though the movement rather gained. It is quite pleasant to be faithful and true in times of victory, when, for the moment, nothing but good is said of those who gained it; when praise and confidence is offered them by such numbers besides ourselves. Then comes some reversal and an "error of judgment" is discovered to have been made by those we lately hailed with such enthusiasm. This error is usually imaginary, but, if by chance a real one, surely there is greater need than ever for loyal support and faithful service. Yet most think differently, and help instead to spread disunion and distrust by thought, if not by word and deed. Then a worse storm brews, and some foul charge is brought against one or another leader by an enemy, who perhaps makes use of a tool for his hidden purpose. At the first dark accusation such loyalty flies with unblushing haste. Doubts come. Some stray, thoughtless word dropped by another before the trouble was even dreamt of springs into life again, revivified by the currents of suspicion. Then the "soldier" quavers, pauses, looks behind him for some safe escape—and his battle is recorded where soulless deeds are written. Such forget that charges brought can hardly ever be disproved, and also that a soul of honour is very slow in self-defence. But that they would not understand. A man who would turn all waverers from what trust they have in another, has but to rake up from the mud-heap of his own imagination an accusation, however monstrous, to publish broadcast and so defame that other's name. The seed so sown takes root wherever fitting soil is found, and the soil that bares its bosom for such seed as that is plentiful enough. Greedily it sucks in the poisoned word. For those whose thought-soil is of that nature are doomed to think the worst of brother-pilgrims, whose deeds are nobler and whose minds are purer than their own. Yet blame them not! Thou, too, if nourished with their nurture might well have failed; thou, too, mayest fail in heavier trials to come. Bear with them their burdens, hide their shame, and *work on for ever.*

Warriors! warriors! I, the unknown barbarian, would raise this battle-cry, would thunder forth this war-note, would ring out the rally till the very gods tremble as it echoes through the heavens back to your hearts on earth. Who amongst you will *stand* though your leaders perish; will *stand* though Masters seem to leave you; will *stand* through the fiercest darkness to the dawn of a future day? Hardest of all for the many—who can be loyal to their Chiefs appointed in lightest of thoughts or words, in smallest of deeds? . . . Who answers?

CHE-YEW-TSĂNG.

Ssabians and Ssabianism.

THE history of the Ssabians and their religion seems, from the tone of uncertainty of some writers and the scanty information of others who treat of the subject, to be involved in great obscurity. In a learned and most voluminous work by Dr. D. Chwolsohn, a member of the German Oriental Society, and Professor at the University of St. Petersburg—a work which, though dating as far back as 1856, has, I believe, never been translated—a great deal of new light is thrown upon the subject. I think it is one which will have a certain interest for the students of *The Secret Doctrine* and of *Isis Unveiled;* I venture, therefore, to send you a short *résumé* of Chwolsohn's work for the pages of LUCIFER.

One reason given for the difficulty of arriving at any exact information about the Ssabians is that the records concerning them are in Arabic, and that these records have been jealously guarded by Mohammedan writers. Another is that there were two distinct kinds of Ssabians, who had no resemblance to each other beyond the name, and who, one in particular, concealed their life and tenets from European gaze. A further difficulty is that the difference between them was not sufficiently understood by the Arabic writers themselves, who frequently confounded the two. Dr. Chwolsohn has, by a careful study of the original sources, copious extracts from which are appended to his work, to a large extent unravelled the contradictory statements of Mohammedan authors.

The first mention of Ssabians is in the Korân; by these are meant the Mendaïtes, commonly but erroneously called in Europe St. John's Christians. They spoke a corrupt dialect between Chaldaic and Aramaic, a point of importance in the light of what is to follow regarding the language of the Ssabians. They are reckoned by Mohammedan expositors of the Korân of the first period, *i.e.*, up to the year 215 of the Hejira (A.D. 830), as being among the nations possessing revealed writings, and therefore on a level with Jews and Christians. Certain expositors of a later period take a more intolerant view, and treat them as out-and-out heathen. Coming to the second period, our tenth century, we find expositors and authors alike mention two different sorts of Ssabians, one being a kind of Christians, whose religion is a mixture of Jewish, Christian and Magian beliefs, who trust in Christ and read the Psalms; the other kind reject the books of prophecy and revelation,

adore the sun and the planets, and are altogether heathen. The historians of that period make the same distinction, assigning to the first class a dwelling-place between the Tigris and Euphrates, whereas the others are spoken of as descendants of the heathen Mesopotamians living in Harrân and Edessa.

A writer who appears to have lived in Harrân (Charan), in Mesopotamia, at the end of our ninth century, relates that there were living in that town people who were neither Mohammedans, Jews, Christians, nor Magians, and who, at the advice of a Moslem lawyer, took the name of Ssabians from the Korân, because the Kaliph el Mâmûn persecuted and would have exterminated them for the reason that they belonged to no revealed religion. This is confirmed by respectable historians. These people spoke Syriac, wrote their religious and scientific treatises in Syriac, and are said to have spoken the purest dialect of that language.

These Harranites must, therefore, have been no strangers in the city, but must have been natives of Mesopotamia, and their religion of the same type as that of the so-called Syrian heathen, as they were found by the Greek and Roman invaders. If we compare the records of the ancients concerning these heathen in Cæsarian times with those of the older Arabic writers concerning the Ssabians, we find the greatest resemblance between the two. The early Church Fathers, both those who wrote in Greek and those in Syriac, speak abusively of the heathen in Harrân for their obstinacy, calling Harrân a city of pagans. The Syrian writers, after the Mohammedan invasion, often speak of these Harranites, but do not call them "Ssabians"—simply "heathen." In fact, with many the names Harranites and heathen came to be synonymous, just as later the names Harranites and Ssabians were identical.

After they had adopted the name Ssabians from the Korân, they were allowed to have their own temples, with images and sacrifices, not only in Harrân, but in other important cities, even in Bagdad itself. They were by no means ignorant or unimportant people, such as the original Ssabians of the Korân (Mendaïtes or St. John's Christians), or even the other heathen in Mesopotamia; but on account of the many distinguished men amongst them, they occupied a conspicuous place, and excelled in all departments of learning. Being conversant with Greek literature, they became the intermediaries between the Mohammedans and Western science, and their translations opened up to Arabic writers the treasures of the West. It is clear, from their own treatises on philosophy, that their teachings inclined in the direction of the Neo-platonists.

Later on, as they became better known, the Ssabians began to be persecuted by the Moslems on account of their religious rites; they consequently withdrew more and more into their own society, and con-

cealed their practices so effectually that it is not now known what they really were. They gave out to their enemies that their rites were only symbolical, and that the stars and their idols were but intermediaries between men and the Highest, which may have been the belief of the philosophers but scarcely that of the masses. They sought to blind the Moslems by calling their religion that of Noah (Noah being mentioned in the Korân as a religious leader), and turned Hermes and Agathodaimon into Seth, Enoch, etc. Later on they professed to be descended from a purely fictitious person named Ssâbî, who was sometimes the son of Enoch, sometimes of a pretended companion of Abraham, named Mârî. Some amongst them contended that the name was derived from *ssaba*, to bow down, which the Moslems interpreted to mean to *false* gods, while they themselves asserted that it meant to the *true faith*, whereupon the Moslems called them liars. Their images were gradually withdrawn from public view in Harrân, and concealed in the vaults of their temples; and if a curious traveller questioned them concerning their worship, they gave evasive and contradictory answers. Their great astronomers, physicians and poets took advantage of their position at the court of the Kaliphs to obtain toleration for their religion, and by this means they preserved it intact for about half a century after the coming of Islâm. until the overthrow of the latter in Central Asia. The Ssabians then disappear *as such* from history, but probably survived much longer, and may still survive, under some Christian or Mohammedan disguise and title.

A French writer, Sylvestre de Sacy, speaks of Chaldæans, Syrians and Ssabians as one and the same; other writers have also called the Harranites Chaldæans. In the *Marâssid el Iththala*, by Jâcut, we find (says Chwolsohn): "Suristan is, according to some, Irâq, whence come the Syrians who are identical with the Nabatheans, and whose language is Syriac." Thus Syrians are identified with Nabatheans, and Chaldæa proper (Irâq) is called Syria. The famous Ibn Chaldûn classes together Babylonians, Chaldees, Nabatheans and Syrians. Many other Moslem writers regard the Ssabians as descendants of the ancient Chaldees.

Religion of the Ssabians.

At the time when, first through the spread of Christianity and later through the inroads of the barbarians, Greek learning and the Neo-platonist philosophers were driven out of Europe, these found refuge among the Syrian peoples, and retired as far as Persia. The Syrians, especially the Harranites, were the translators of Greek writings into Arabic and other Eastern tongues. They thus became familiar with Neo-platonism, as well as with Islâm. It does not therefore follow, says Chwolsohn, as is assumed, that the Moslems understood the religious views of the Harranites, which they were most careful to conceal from them. They protested, moreover, against the introduction of any

new religion amongst their people, and an early Syrian bishop, Gregory Barhibræus, quotes from the famous Ssabian writer, Thâbit ben Qorrah, the following praise of heathendom:

> We are the heirs and propagators of heathendom, which is celebrated in all the world. . . . Who else have cultivated the earth and founded cities but the nobles and kings of heathenesse? Who else have directed the course of rivers and built harbours, and *taught the hidden wisdom?* For whom else has the Godhead revealed Itself and spoken in oracles; what others have taught concerning the future but the learned among the heathen? The heathen have made all this known; they have brought to light the art of healing the soul; they have also taught the healing of bodies, and filled the world with the knowledge of government and with wisdom, which is the highest good. Without heathendom the world would be empty and miserable and shrouded in ignorance.

We see from this that the Harranite Ssabians did not consider themselves a mere sect, but as representing heathendom generally.

Harrân appears certainly to have been a sacred place for some special kind of worship. Abraham is said to have halted there on his way from Ur of the Chaldees to Canaan (*Gen.*, xi. 31). The early Egyptian occupation of Mesopotamia may have had some influence on the Ssabian worship, and the conquest of Harrân by Assyria in the tenth century B.C., as attested by Layard from inscriptions on monoliths found there. Being on the highway between Central Asia and the sea-coast, Harrân had considerable trade with Tyre, and was visited by traders from all parts (*Ezek.*, xxvii. 23). After that the Persians had it; later it was conquered by the Romans under Crassus; at the time of Caracalla it was reported that a celebrated temple of the moon existed there. Harranite coins have been found and still exist, bearing the impress of Marcus Aurelius, Severus and other Roman emperors. On two coins, one in Berlin, the other in Paris, is the effigy of Alexander Severus, and on their obverse a temple with insignia of moon-worship. The same temple is spoken of by Moslem writers in Harrân, the chief feasts being on the 27th of each month.

When Christianity began to make way in Mesopotamia, we hear of a bishop of Harrân, but it is probable that the title was given only on account of its political importance, and that there were but few Christians in the city. In any case the name Harrân remained identical with heathen, just as the name Aramäa (in Syriac, *Armojé*), which had the same meaning. In the same sense the Nabatheans—*i.e.*, the Semitic population of southern Chaldæa, were called later Armojé, or heathen. Towards the middle of the fourth century almost the whole of Northern Mesopotamia became Christian, except Harrân, and their neighbours distinguished them by the name Aramæan. This was copied by the Moslems when they conquered the country, and the Harranites were forced, under El Mamûn, to profess that they possessed sacred books and practised certain ceremonies, in order to save themselves from persecution. It was at this time also that they adopted the name Ssabians,

and called their religion Ssabianism, but to the uninitiated Harranism and Ssabianism were the same thing—to wit, heathenism.

It is to be remarked that they had at the head of their religion a functionary who wielded important powers, as will be hereafter shown. It seems to have been believed by writers of the period that human sacrifices were offered in their temples; apart from this however, which was also attributed to the early Christians, it is certain that in the ninth century bullocks were openly sacrificed and led covered with garlands through the streets and public ways. These sacrifices were afterwards burnt, never eaten. Though making this concession with regard to their sacred books, the Ssabians were careful to intermarry only with heathen maidens; they brought up their boys in Islâm, their girls in heathenism.

In the cities Taruz and Salamsin were temples, one dedicated to the Moon, the other to Venus. Beyond a few facts of this nature, we know nothing of the Ssabian cult, says Chwolsohn. Of their ethics we shall speak in the second part of this paper.

E. KISLINGBURY.

(To be concluded.)

Outlines of the Mahayana as Taught by Buddha.[1]

ON the occasion of their visit to Headquarters, the Japanese Buddhist delegates to the Parliament of Religions, among other things, left behind a copy of this interesting little (twenty-seven page) pamphlet for the Library. As it is always more pleasant to hear a man explain his own religion than to listen to other people who do not believe in it trying to do so, we are tempted to quote a few passages for the benefit of our readers who may not, perhaps, be able to procure a copy of the tract. The Introductory Remarks give the following reasons for the printing of the pamphlet.

"Since the Restoration of Meiji, the followers of Buddhism in our country had always had in their mind the propagation of Buddhism to the Western countries, and are only waiting for an opportunity. The Parliament of Religions to be held this year in connection with the World's Columbian Fair, is a very good opportunity to make known among the Christian countries the doctrine of Mahâyâna. The "Bukkyô-Gakkuwai," a society whose sole aim is the propagation of

[1] By S. Kuruda, Superintendent of Education of the Jôdo Sect. Carefully examined by the Scholars of the Tendai, Shingon, Rinzai, Sôtô, and Shin Sects, and translated by M. Waku, Chief Instructor, and Y. Kano and M. Narita, Teachers of English at the Jôdôshugaku-Honkô. For circulation among the Members of the Parliament of Religions. . . . Chicago, 1893. Edited by "The Bukkyô-Gakkuwai," Asakusa, Tokyo, Japan.

Buddhism, resolved to take advantage of this opportunity to impart to those Christians *who are willing to receive truth*[1] the light of Buddhism, and thus to discharge their duty towards them as Buddhists and as fellow-men."

In speaking of Karma, or the law of causation, and of the Nidânas, or the concatenation of cause and effect, the writer says:

"But though the law of causation extends to all things and is limitless in its dominion, all these things are yet but waves raised *on the sea of man's mysterious mind.* There are *no natural Buddhas nor natural gods.* Let us, therefore, believe in the mysterious nature of mind and try to unveil its true essence by practising all virtue for ever and everywhere, in infinite time and space: for in this way Shâkyamuni and all other Buddhas of the past ages have arrived at the perfect enlightenment. Let us, therefore, follow the holy track of Buddhas, and achieve the perfect enlightenment, for *the wonderful essence of our mind is not different from that of Buddhas.*"

The following passage will bear much pondering over, and is cordially recommended to the consideration of Orientalists of a certain school.

"*There is nothing in things themselves that enables us to distinguish in them either good or evil, right or wrong.* It is but *man's fancy* that weighs their merits and causes him to choose one and reject the other. Buddha's insight into things, his words and actions were in perfect accord with truth itself; and in the teaching of his whole life, *he never set forth unchanging doctrine by establishing fixed dogmas.* Although 'Anâtman' (non-individuality) is the general principle of Buddhism, yet his teaching this principle was meant *not so much to show the true meaning of 'Anâtman,' as to destroy man's erroneous attachment to ego.* Thus Kâtyâna, a disciple of Buddha, was justly *reproved* by him *for insisting on the doctrine* of 'Anâtman.' When he said, 'Things exist,' he did not mean to show their real existence; nor to teach their non-existence when he said, 'Things do not exist.' He only meant *to discard the prejudiced attachment to either of the doctrines*, and to make men follow the absolute truth of nature."

The distinction between the two great "Vehicles" (Yânas) of Buddhism is not very well given. The Mahâyâna (Great Vehicle) and Hînayâna (Little Vehicle) agree on many points, the Great Vehicle, however, teaching the more transcendental doctrines—even to the Renunciation of Nirvâna, which is its most distinguishing feature. The Hînayâna is the Arhat doctrine, the Mahâyâna the Bodhisattva doctrine. Of these two S. Kuroda writes as follows:

"The precepts and doctrines of Buddha are very extensive and numerous, but they are all included in the 'Mahâyâna' and 'Hînayâna.'

[1] The italics throughout are ours, and are intended simply to call the attention of the reader to the important points.

The doctrine of Hinayâna teaches us how to arrive at Nirvâna by renouncing the miseries of birth and death, and is, therefore, called the 'doctrine of attaining to enlightenment through the perception of misery.' In the Mahâyâna, birth and death, *as well as Nirvâna itself*, are taken to be one and the same; and to reap the grand fruit of Buddhahood by *cultivating the great wisdom* is its aim. Hence it is called the 'doctrine of attaining to enlightenment by perceiving the non-existence of all things.' Though these two doctrines are not without differences, they were *both taught by one Buddha*, and are one and the same in their aim of removing the delusions of men, and of leading them to the true enlightenment. They are nothing but different aspects of the same principle, *adapted to the capacities of converts;* and thus the Mahâyâna doctrine comprehends the whole of the Hînayâna."

Of the six chapters contained in the little pamphlet, perhaps that which treats of Nirvâna and Moksha will arouse most interest in the mind of the general Western reader. Here, again, once more we learn that Nirvâna is *not* annihilation. It is about time that the Western lie about the doctrine should hide its diminished head.

"Rising above love and hatred, not seeing friend or enemy, right or wrong, and abiding in the truth even among worldly relations, passing the time peacefully, and thus attaining to *perfect freedom from all restraints;* this is the state of the true Moksha. To be free from all pains of restraint and to reach the *state of the perfect and everlasting happiness;* this is the highest Nirvâna. For them *all mental phenomena, such as blind desires, etc., are annihilated.* And as such mental phenomena are annihilated, there appears *the true nature of mind* with all its innumerable functions and miraculous actions. Nirvâna, therefore, is by no means a state of mere extinction. Nor is Moksha necessarily very far off. It is said in the Sûtras that a Bodhisattva sees Moksha in the unenlightened mind of living beings; again it is stated in the *Abhidharma* that Moksha is *open to all*, to clergy and laity, to high and low, to great and humble. In the Hînayâna, mind and body are considered as the sources of pain, and, consequently, Moksha is equivalent to the leaving of the six states of life, . . . giving up mind and body, and Nirvâna is to attain to the eternal extinction of them. This view comes from the doctrine called 'seeking extinction,' and is only a *partial exposition* of Buddhism. *The true nature of Moksha and Nirvâna, therefore, cannot be understood from the point of view of the Hînayâna alone.*"

Men and things as they appear to us are summarily disposed of. "Men are nothing more than the temporary combinations of five 'Skandhas,' or constituents (matter, perception, conception, will, knowledge)"—which is one of the best renderings into English of the five Skandhas we have yet seen. The "*true man* without a position," however, is none of these things—"men and things" being "mere names

for durations in which similar forms continue"—a very neat way of putting it indeed.

It will be interesting to bring this notice to a conclusion with a brief quotation or two from the fifth chapter, which states that all things are nothing but mind, and treats of the true nature of all existence. The passages will show the well-informed student that Buddhist metaphysic rests on a very sure basis, and that the Western writers on Buddhism have so far carefully avoided the subject.

"To set forth the principle of 'Vidyâmâtrâ' (all things are nothing but *phenomena in mind*), phenomena of mind are divided into two kinds—'Gosshiki' and 'Fumbetsujishiki.' They are also divided into eight kinds: 1. Chakshur-vijñâna (mental operations depending on the eye), 2. Shrotra-vijñâna (those depending on the ear), 3. Ghrâna-vijñâna (those depending on the olfactory organs), 4. Jihvâ-vijñâna (those depending on the taste), 5. Kâya-vijñâna (those depending on the organs of touch), 6. Mano-vijñâna (thinking operations), 7. Klishta-mano-vijñâna (subtle and ceaseless operations), 8. Âlaya-vijñâna (all things come from and are contained in this operation; hence its name, meaning receptacle). According to the former division, the various phenomena which appear as subjects and objects are divided into two kinds—the perceptible and knowable, the imperceptible and unknowable. The imperceptible and unknowable phenomena are called Gosshiki, while the perceptible and knowable phenomena are called Fumbetsujishiki. Now, what are the imperceptible and unknowable phenomena? Through the influence of habitual delusions, boundless worlds, innumerable varieties of things spring up in the mind. This boundless universe and these subtle ideas are not perceptible and knowable; *only Bodhisattvas believe, understand, and become perfectly convinced of these through the contemplation of 'Vidyâmâtrâ';* hence they are called imperceptible and unknowable. What are the knowable and perceptible phenomena? Not knowing that these imperceptible and unknowable phenomena are the productions of their own minds, men from their habitual delusions invest them with an existence outside of mind, as perceptible mental phenomena, as things visible, audible, etc. These phenomena are called perceptible and knowable. Though there are thus two kinds, perceptible and imperceptible phenomena, they occur upon the same things, and are *inseparably bound together even in the smallest particle.* Their difference in appearance is caused only by *differences both in mental phenomena and in the depth of conviction.* Those who know only the perceptible things without knowing the imperceptible, are called the unenlightened by Buddha. Of the eight mental operations, the eighth, *Âlaya*-vijñâna, has reference to the imperceptible, while the first six refer to the perceptible phenomena. All these, however, are delusive mental phenomena.

"In contradistinction to the fallacious phenomena, there is the

true essence of mind. Underlying the phenomena of mind, there is an *unchanging principle* which we call the essence of mind; the fire caused by fagots dies when the fagots are gone, but the essence of fire is never destroyed. The essence of mind is *the entity* without ideas and without phenomena, and is always the same. It pervades all things, and is pure and unchanging. It is not untrue or changeable, so it is also called 'Bhûtatathâtâ' (permanent reality).

"*All things in the universe, therefore, are mind itself.* By this we do not mean that all things combine into a mental unity called mind, nor that all things are emanations from it, but that without changing their places or appearance, *they are mind itself everywhere.*

"Men, however, do not know *what their own minds are;* they do not clearly see the true essence, and, adhering to their prejudices, they wander about between birth and death. They are like those who, possessing invaluable jewels are, nevertheless, suffering from poverty. *Heaven and hell are but waves in the great sea of the universe; Buddhas and demons are not different in their essence.* Let us, therefore, abide in the true view, and reach the true comprehension of the causality of all things."

G. R. S. M.

Notes and Queries.

UNDER this heading we propose to insert monthly notes and questions that may help students in their work, references to quotations bearing on Theosophical doctrines, and other matters of interest. Readers would much help us if they would send us passages they meet with in their own studies, copying the passage and giving *exact* reference—name of book, volume, page, and date of edition. All useful references will be classified, and entered up in a book under their several heads, and a mass of matter useful to students will be thus accumulated. Questions will be numbered, and the number must be given in sending an answer.

Queries.

Q. 6.—Wanted, references to Goethe, Schopenhauer and others, setting forth the immense importance of the revival of Sanskrit literature and philosophy, and the influence it is likely to have upon the age.

W. K.

Q. 7.—What is the earliest known use of the term *Christos* apart from any of the books of the *New Testament?* By whom was it used, and in what sense?

W. K.

Correspondence.

A FURTHER CRITICISM AND A FURTHER REPLY.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

SIR,—I am sorry to have to trouble you with another letter, but, as you describe my quotations as incorrect, I am forced to do so. The question of the correctness of a quotation is happily one that can very easily be settled. I assert that the author of *The Occult World* writes thus, page *one hundred and seventeen* (not 119):

> Of course the modern Western conception of what is right in such matters will be outraged by the mere idea of a religion which is kept as the property of the few, whilst a false religion, as modern phraseology would have it, is served out to the *common people*. However, before this feeling is permitted to land us in too uncompromising disapproval of the ancient hiders of truth, it may be well to determine how far it is due to any intelligent conviction that the *vulgar herd* would be benefited by teaching which must be in its nature too refined and subtle for popular comprehension (1).

It is not possible, of course, to prove by quotations that "all Theosophists" make use of the expressions I have asserted are, habitually (2), employed by them, when describing their fellow-men and women, outside of theosophic circles. But let me point out that Madame Blavatsky and Mr. A. P. Sinnett are not simply "two Theosophists," any more than the Founder of Christianity and (say) St. Paul would be adequately described as "two Christians." The Founder of Theosophy, and its first Prophet, are the personages who gave modern Theosophists the doctrines they are now disseminating (3). It is quite true I have not quoted Mrs. Besant. For some *sixteen or seventeen years* she was a brave "soldier in the war of liberation of humanity," whilst she has occupied the position of a leader in this renaissance of superstition (4), which she did not inaugurate, for *some two or three years*. I consider myself, then, entitled to take my stand by Mrs. Besant, as she was in her best years; and as I have every hope she will yet be, when she has proved Theosophy's true worth.

But let me, sir, quote yourself as an example of a Theosophist, impelled by the doctrines you hold, to express a poor opinion of the human race, outside of the "small circle of the Mahâtmâs and their worshippers." "*All but the initiated are the profane*," you say. And you kindly attempt to console me by assuring me that many members of the T. S. are amongst the "profane" (5).

But, alas, I am not consoled. Humanity is sacred (6) to me. The laws of human nature, *i.e.*, the laws of reason and the moral sense, are sacred. The sovereignty of intelligence, the purity and nobleness of human affections, and the relationships that are their legitimate results —these things are all sacred. Any "initiation" that trains men and women to reject, despise, or pervert (7) these sacred things is profane in my sight; because it teaches irreverence for what it is natural, and hence right, for man to revere. "*The Primæval Revelation*," you say, "*is a revelation from the man within to the outer man*" (8). How, then, does it come to be contained in those sacred scriptures, buried in Tibet, and inaccessible districts of Central Asia, talked about by Madame

Blavatsky? And is it the "man within" that teaches the "outer Theosophist" to dispense with scholarship and enables him without study and research to know more about Buddhism and Brahmanism as *historical* religions and systems of philosophy, than Sanskrit and Pali scholars, who have studied and translated the most ancient texts known to Western scholars (9)? For the rest, if we take the Founder of Theosophy as our authority upon what Theosophy teaches, we have, as two quite distinct things, first, the "primæval Revelation, delivered at the commencement of time to the fathers of the human race," embodied in scriptures, of which the sacred book Dzyan (written in a tongue unknown to modern philologists) is the most important (10); and second, the "Illumination," when the spiritual Ego manifests itself, *the personal Ego being "paralyzed as to its own independent activity and consciousness, as in sleep, trance, or again in illness"* (11). (See *Key to Theosophy*, p. 29.) Theosophists are, of course, free to prefer, to the authority of all literature and scholarly criticism, the authority of an alleged "esoteric doctrine," "based," to quote the author of *The Secret Doctrine*, "upon stanzas that are the records of a people unknown to ethnology, written in a tongue absent from the nomenclature of languages and dialects with which philology is acquainted, emanating from a source repudiated by science, and offered through an agency incessantly discredited before the world" (12). They are, also, free to consider dreams and the hallucinations of delirium obtained by the cultivation of conditions when active intelligence and power of will are suspended (such as "sleep, trance, and illness"), superior to the culture obtained by the discipline of intelligence, and the study that makes one familiar with the "best that is known and thought in the world"—but what they are *not* free to do is to put forward one set of claims as an exoteric screen to attract outsiders; and behind the screen to promulgate esoteric doctrines of an entirely different character (13).

Yours faithfully,

FREDERIKA MACDONALD.

Readers who may be interested in Mrs. Macdonald's criticism should turn to the October number of LUCIFER, pp. 155-157.

(1) I am sorry that I again cannot verify this quotation even on "page *one hundred and seventeen*." It is certainly not on p. 117 of the edition of *The Occult World* from which the rest of Mrs. Macdonald's quotations are taken. Supposing, however, that the passage is correctly quoted, and that there is nothing in the context to qualify the statement, though I regret the use of the term "vulgar herd" as much as Mrs. Macdonald, I would point out that Theosophy is not dependent on the phraseology of any member of the Theosophical Society, and that I am not concerned in defending the use of the term "vulgar herd," but in pointing out that Mrs. Macdonald has striven to prove too much and has considerably embroidered on any just ground of complaint she may have against the phraseology of the author of *The Occult World*.

(2) Mrs. Macdonald did not even use the word "habitually" but spoke of "an *invariable* tendency."

(3) As it has been consistently stated all along by members of the T. S. that "Theosophy" is not a new religion, but rather a method of studying and understanding the various religions of the world, the analogy is wide of the mark.

(4) It is highly probable that posterity will regard the latter end of the nineteenth century as a period of the darkest depths of materialistic denial, and of a veritable superstition of the physical intellect that is a thousand times more pernicious than were even the superstitious external rites of antiquity—for intellectual superstition goes deeper into

the nature of man and hardens his mind against the gentler modes of human thought and spiritual impression.

(5) My words were "the members of the T. S. being, *almost without exception*, included in the latter category" (the profane).

(6) I used the term "profane" in its technical meaning. Mrs. Macdonald uses the term "sacred" in the loose general sense.

(7) I do not quite know what Mrs. Macdonald means; I have heard of nothing of the kind in Theosophy, which, on the contrary, teaches the elevation and extension of human affections, and so I agree with Mrs. Macdonald. Perhaps, however, our critic means that the maintenance of sexual purity in body and thought, which the sacred science teaches, is a rejection, despising or perversion of "the purity and nobleness of human affections, and the relationships that are their legitimate results." From my study of Theosophy and the great religions of the world, I learn that it is required that man should rise from these lesser "sacred things" to higher sacred things. He outgrows his animal passions, no matter how "sacred" they may be from a "natural" standpoint; he does not "reject" them, they fall off from him; he is not so foolish as to "despise" them, for he despises nothing that is human; he would shrink with horror at the loathsome sin of "perverting" them. If Mrs. Macdonald thinks that to outgrow such passions and to aspire to higher things is still vile—we must be content to bear the naturalistic scorn of the latter end of the nineteenth century, resting in the assurance that the Christs and great teachers of the world have taught this doctrine and set this example, and that their lives and teachings will remain in men's memories when the opinions of the newer schools of our own times have passed into oblivion.

(8) I wrote: "The 'Primæval Revelation' is a 'revelation' from the 'Man within' to the outer man." Mrs. Macdonald has omitted the quotation marks which I deliberately inserted so as to guard myself from being saddled with our critic's misconceptions about these words. Theosophical students give no more authority to the Stanzas of Dzyan than to the Upanishads, Kabalah, Bhagavad Gîtâ, etc. It is interesting for us to know that there are still a number of "scriptures" not yet known to the world, and that these "scriptures," judging from the Book of Dzyan, are not interior to the rest of the "sacred books"—but that these books are "revelations" in any other sense than in the way I have described I do not believe.

(9) I am sorry the Western scholar does not know of all the records of the world for his sake, and glad that he does not for the sake of the world. As it is, there is still hope that light may be thrown on the many insoluble problems in modern scholarship.

Speaking of scholarship, I have probably worshipped as devoutly at the shrine of scholarship as Mrs. Macdonald, and still bow to it with respect; I have, however, got off my knees now, and raise my hat simply. Scholarship is a carefully and beautifully woven garment that can be cast over any "body." I am now more interested in bodies than the garments which clothe them; some day I hope to go on from bodies to living souls. Mrs. Macdonald seems to forget that the teachers of Madame Blavatsky did and do know Brâhmanism and Buddhism, and that they are Sanskrit and Pâli scholars, and, what is more to the point, Easterns. The early numbers of *The Theosophist* would prove this to anyone even moderately instructed in Orientalism.

(10) Our critic may continue to assert that Theosophists have a new "revelation" and believe in the "authority" of the Book of Dzyan, but as this is not a fact, no harm will be done except to those who imprudently believe the assertion. H. P. Blavatsky should surely know what was her intention in writing *The Secret Doctrine*, and her words in the Preface as to its *not* being a "revelation" are distinct and emphatic.

"These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation;* nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore, now for the first time made public in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation."

(11) It is a well known fact that occasionally when the physical body is weakened by illness or the approach of death, a spiritual consciousness has often supervened; but the "hallucinations of delirium" are hardly to be placed in the same category except by people who do not follow accurate habits of thought. If Mrs. Macdonald had read *The Key* she would have seen this explained at length, and have learned that her quotation is again wrong, for page 29 does not state that the "personal Ego" is paralyzed, but that the "physical body" is paralyzed, a far different matter. And so Mrs. Macdonald might have been spared yet one more instance of embroidering on quotations and twisting the statements as to the paralyzing of the physical body—"as to its own independent activity and consciousness"—into a charge of the suspension of "active intelligence and power of will." She would also have been aware that the original of the "quotation" spoke of "*deep* sleep" and "*deep* trance," which might have been intelligible to her had she thought of the three Avasthâs, Jagrat, Svapna and Sushupti (deep sleep or dreamless sleep).

(12) We append the correct quotation, with the omitted words in italics, for the benefit of our readers. It is taken from *The Secret Doctrine*, i, xxxvi, and runs as follows:

"This first instalment of the esoteric doctrine is based upon stanzas, which are the records of a people unknown to ethnology; *it is claimed that they are* written in a tongue absent from the nomenclature of languages and dialects with which philology is acquainted; *they are said to* emanate from a source (*Occultism*) repudiated by science, and, *finally, they are* offered through an agency, incessantly discredited before the world *by all those who hate unwelcome truths, or have some special hobby of their own to defend.*"

As Mrs. Macdonald says, "The question of the correctness of a quotation is happily one that can very easily be settled." She might also have added that the demonstration of the incorrectness of a misquotation could also be made without much difficulty.

(13) With Mrs. Macdonald's last paragraph I entirely agree, but do not see what it has to do with the matter.

It is to be regretted that an opponent who belauds so highly modern scholarship is so frightfully inaccurate in the quotation even of such passages as are dragged into her indictment of Theosophy.

Mrs. Macdonald should also remember that she is writing in LUCIFER and not in a public newspaper, and that many of the readers of LUCIFER are serious students of Theosophy, and can only smile at her too hasty criticisms.

G. R. S. M.

Reviews.

MAHIMNASTOTRA.[1]

THIS is the third little booklet of the series of devotional tracts now being published by our respected colleague, Tookaram Tatya. An improvement on the two preceding tracts is that the Sanskrit text is printed as well as the English translation. To the ordinary Western reader the choice of the Mahimnastotra is not a happy one unless he happens to be not only well read in Brâhmanical mythology but also in the esoteric interpretation thereof. It is, however, of interest as being the best known invocation to Shiva in high repute among the Hindûs, even Shûdras being allowed to read and repeat it.

THE SCIENCE OF ALCHYMY.

WE have received a pamphlet under the above title, by "Sapere Aude," published by the T. P. S., 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, at 1s. It is very learned, quotes many authorities, and includes a list of the more famous Alchymists. Many useful hints are given as to the true meaning of alchymical terms, and the application thereof to the microcosm and the macrocosm. Those to whom this author is familiar will require no further recommendation. H. T. E.

THE AGNOSTIC ANNUAL.

THE 1894 number contains "The True History of the Bible," by Prof. Edwin Johnson, in which the awkward question is asked: Why was so little mention made of the *Bible* by writers and historians of a century or two ago? The answer is:

> In a word, the true story of the *Bible* is not that of a collection of books which had a divine or mysterious beginning in any proper sense of the word, but of a collection of books which had a human origin and a human final cause, and which could not, consistently with the pretensions of the writers and translators, and of the hierarchies at their back, be honestly advertised, published or explained to the world.

Mr. W. Stewart Ross has an article on "Is Immortality a Dream?", in which he shows that science has no right to make an authoritative statement either for or against, and admits that, in the theories of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy, we have promise of permanent existence, while, from the historical point of view, believers in immortality believe it in good company. H. T. E.

Theosophical Activities.

ANNIE BESANT'S INDIAN TOUR.

Our news from Annie Besant gives the account of an exciting chase against time made by her across France to catch her steamer at Marseilles. Owing to a block on the railway near Paris, the train from Calais was delayed, reaching Paris only in time for her to see the boat-train slowly moving out. The next train was a slow one, not due at

[1] A Hymn to Shiva, Translated by Rev. Krishna Mohana Banerji. Published by Tookaram Tatya, F.T.S., for the Bombay Theosophical Publication Fund. Price 2 annas. To be obtained at the T. P. S., 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Marseilles till long after the starting of the boat. By unforeseen good fortune the express had an accident, no one hurt, but a delay of two hours occurred, thus enabling the slow train to get much closer. Mrs. Besant telegraphed to the Countess Wachtmeister to delay the steamer if possible, but felt very hopeless as to the result, knowing that the *Kaiser-i-Hind* was timed to leave as soon as the boat-train arrived. The French officials, on hearing of the case, very kindly turned the slow train into a special, thereby enabling Mrs. Besant and the other passengers to reach Marseilles very shortly after the express.

The Countess Wachtmeister on receiving the telegram bombarded the captain and agents with such unwearying pertinacity that she wrought the miracle of delaying a mail steamer, and it was owing to her efforts that Annie Besant found the *Kaiser-i-Hind* still in port.

On October 30th Mrs. Besant gave her first lecture on board, with the elements against her, the weather being stormy and the vessel rolling heavily; but she persevered and had a crowded audience. The next day she held a levée of questioners.

The second lecture was given in the Red Sea on *Man, his Nature and Powers*, followed by more enquirers. The third lecture was given just before reaching Colombo; thus three lectures, a pamphlet, and an article for the new Australian Magazine is the record of public work, besides private study and conversations with enquirers.

We hope to see the last lecture in LUCIFER ere long, a shorthand reporter on board having been engaged by the Countess to take it down.

INDIAN SECTION.

ADYAR, MADRAS,
Nov. 9th, 1893.

The President-Founder returned from Ooty to Adyar, and after taking a week's rest left for Colombo on October 28th, in the steamship *Golconda*, to meet Mrs. Besant and the Countess Wachtmeister who were expected to arrive there on or about the 7th of this month. But from telegrams received from Colonel Olcott I understand the London party will not reach Colombo before the 10th, and Tuticorin before the 19th. This will, possibly, involve reädjustment of the provisional programme published in the November *Theosophist*. In any case Madras must be reached on December 21st, as Mrs. Besant's first lecture to the Madras public is announced for that day, so as to enable those who will have to leave the city during the Christmas vacation to have a chance of hearing her on *The Defects of Materialism*. Three public lectures and one conversazione at Adyar are arranged for the present, and the staff of the General Secretary are doing their best to make the visit a complete success.

The Convention circulars are being sent out to the Branches and the unattached members, and there is every reason to believe that the Eighteenth Anniversary will be largely attended and fairly represented. Already Bros. Purnendu Narain Sinha and Dina Banduganguly of Bankipore and Govindadasa of Benares have promised to be here.

Since I wrote you last there has not been much theosophical activity worth noticing specially.

The Kumbakonum Branch has been doing its usual work. *Linga* and *Kalki Purânas* are read every day, and their English translations will be ready soon.

Madras has been visited by a severe cyclone accompanied by heavy downpours of rain. Beginning on the fourth of this month, it lasted for three days. Even our beautiful Adyar house put on a melancholy appearance, with the wind sighing and hissing through every nook and corner, and the big Casurina trees, with their proud crests bowed before the mighty rush of Vâyu Bhagavân.

P. R. V.

EUROPEAN SECTION.

Bradford Lodge.—Two of our members aided by Miss Shaw of Harrogate, held a meeting for enquirers at Wakefield on Nov. 14th. The ground having been well prepared locally by Bro. Dickinson an audience of twenty-three assembled, Miss Shaw's paper on *Christianity and Theosophy* being the central subject of the evening. Bros. Harrison and Firth both spoke, and questions were answered. There will be another meeting next month. Two lady F.T.S.'s are running a girls' sewing class in Baildon, and promise to repeat last winter's success. Mrs. Firth, occasionally assisted by Mrs. Midgley, holds a meeting every Sunday evening for enquirers in Baildon, and though the meetings are often very small, they are still very interesting.

JNO. MIDGLEY, *Sec.*

Middlesbrough Lodge.—The meetings of the Lodge have continued to be well attended during November despite the severe weather. Papers on *Reïncarnation* and *The Basic Unity of Religions* have been read and profitably discussed, and class work is progressing. Some social work is being attempted, and a small committee has been formed to deal with funds, clothing etc., committed to their disposal; the object being to assist those whom sickness or accident has reduced to want. Much of the time of our members has been occupied in the launching of *The Northern Theosophist*, a monthly magazine which we hope will fill a gap in Theosophical literature, appealing as it does chiefly to the outsider.

BAKER HUDSON, *Sec.*

Manchester City Lodge.—Our fortnightly public meetings in the Memorial Hall have been fairly successful. The room has generally been well filled by an attentive audience. One of the meetings was well reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. To supplement these meetings we meet fortnightly for more systematic study, and are at present reading *The Ocean of Theosophy*. SARAH CORBETT, *Hon. Sec.*

The Bow Lodge, 193, Bow Road, London, E.—Owing to the generosity of Miss Anna Stabler and Mr. A. J. Faulding, this Lodge was able to hire the hall belonging to the Working Women's Club and to advertise a free public meeting for Sunday, November 5th. An audience of between eighty and a hundred people resulted, and an intelligent and lengthy discussion followed the speeches of Miss Stabler and Bros. Faulding and Collings. The following Sunday Harry Banbery gave the first part of his paper on *Ancient Civilizations* before a full Lodge, and a brief report appeared in the *East London Observer*. Many thanks are due to Miss Black for a gift to the library of seven bound volumes of LUCIFER, and to another F.T.S. for one hundred of Snowden Ward's penny pamphlets for free distribution. GORDON ROWE, *Sec.*

Bow Club.—The evening amusements and classes at the Club are in full swing. The Musical Drill is a great delight, and next week the class will receive a visit from the class belonging to another Club. Madame Sarah Grand will bring the class and their teacher—a drill sergeant who kindly gives his services—from Mrs. Frederic Harrison's Newton Hall Guild, and the two classes will engage in a friendly competition.

The Secretary of the County Council Board of Education visited the Dressmaking Class last Thursday, and was so surprised and pleased with the progress made that she offered a further course of instruction after Christmas. The proposal was warmly accepted by the committee. The knowledge thus gained is of great importance to the girls just now, as the mackintosh trade seems to have passed its best days. Hundreds of workers are thrown out of employment, and are eagerly seeking fresh means of earning a livelihood.

On this account also, as well as from the lack of funds, it would

have been necessary to give up the dinners at the Club and to reduce the establishment. It will be open, after Christmas, only in the evenings, from 4.30 to 11 p.m.

The distribution of soup will begin on New Year's Day. The soup will be sold at *1d.* per quart, or given free to those provided with tickets by the members of the Bow Lodge, who are doing such good work amongst the poor in the East End. A. C. LLOYD, *Matron.*

Islington Centre.—The prospects here are by no means discouraging. The meetings of the Centre on Wednesdays, as also those at 10, Park Street, on Mondays, are well maintained and the interest in the movement unabated—so much so in fact, that a meeting of North London Theosophists was called for December 6th to discuss the matter of forming the Islington Lodge. It is particularly hoped that members of the Society resident in the neighbourhood will come forward and help to extend the cause in this district.

Presents to the library from Miss Straith and Bros. Dawson and Glass are thankfully acknowledged.

The meetings of the Centre are held at Wellington Hall, Almeida Street, N., on Wednesday evenings at 8.30. The subject for study, pending the production of the Lodge syllabus, is *Death—and After?*

R. KING, *Hon. Sec.*

[For the bulk of the Activities of the European Section, see *The Vâhan.*]

AMERICAN SECTION.

THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
144, MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY,
November 15th, 1893.

The effects of the Parliament of Religions are still noticeable, the membership increasing steadily, Branches showing new life, old members evincing renewed interest.

Bro. Burcham Harding is still in Chicago, working, in his characteristically thorough manner, for the Theosophical movement in that city and vicinity. Bro. Claude F. Wright is out in the Western Central states holding lectures, parlour talks, or open meetings nearly every evening, and sometimes all three in one day. On the Pacific coast, Dr. Griffiths is as indefatigable as he ever was.

The Cincinnati T. S. has leased the entire seventh floor of a new office building upon Ninth Street, opposite the new City Hall, this giving them a hall with a seating capacity of about 350.

Santa Cruz T. S. has also rented a hall for the purpose of giving Sunday evening lectures, it having a seating capacity of about 200.

Dhyâna T. S., Los Angeles, Calif., has resumed its meetings after a summer's vacation, and everywhere in California growth of interest in Theosophy is very marked.

New York members are working as hard as ever. The meetings of Âryan T. S. are crowded, those attending listening with evident interest to excellent lectures by Bros. H. T. Patterson, A. H. Spencer, W. Q. Judge and J. H. Fussell. Mr. Patterson has introduced a novel idea in the way of Theosophic discussion. With the title of his lecture, *A Pot-pourri*, in view, he distributed written subjects throughout the audience; anyone wishing could ask him questions upon these subjects, he replying in as brief but concise a manner as possible.

The subjects for discussion at the Tuesday evening meetings of the Âryan Branch have been very good of late, arousing a deal of sharp discussion, which created amusement as well as food for thought among the audience.

The Brooklyn T. S. held their first conversazione this winter on November 6th.

At Boston the chief topic for discussion during the last month has been the new headquarters, and the worthy members of that city have determined to have a large house for Theosophical work only, something after the plan of the New York members. With this idea in view, they have secured a large house having about twenty rooms, situated upon Mount Vernon Avenue, near the centre of the city and the common.

From W. W. Harmon and *The Ray* Press come the news that Theosophical work is not flagging in interest in Boston. Bro. Harmon edits and prints that excellent little magazine, *The Theosophical Ray*, which he distributes *gratis* throughout Boston and vicinity. It has been the means of attracting a number of "workers" into the Society, and Bro. Harmon's efforts have thereby been more or less rewarded.

The Âryan Press rejoices in the possession of its new electric motor, this consoling, to a certain extent, for the loss of its former head, Jno. M. Pryse, who has joined his brother James at the H. P. B. Press in London; but even this cannot take away our remembrance of his genial ways, and we look foward to the time when he will again be with us, perhaps years hence, but nevertheless we rejoice in that hope.

The Lotus Circles are holding regular sessions, each Branch in turn having formed a circle of its own, in Brooklyn, New York and Harlem. Attendance is very fair, classes being formed for adults as well as children.

The T. S. Correspondence Class is now an accomplished fact, its first questions having been issued to its members. The questions are very good, being upon *The Septenary Constitution of Man* and *Theosophy in General*. The idea is excellent, and if members of the T. S. will take an interest in it, it will have the desired effect of creating in the minds of F.T.S.'s a better understanding of Theosophical doctrines than is now possessed by the majority.

The League of Theosophical Workers are as industrious as their name would indicate, sending out tracts, newspaper articles, etc., getting thereby hundreds of newspapers who gladly print Theosophic matter obtained so easily. A scrap-book is one of the latest innovations and will be interesting to read in years to come. A member has commenced making arrangements for a grand concert for the benefit of the League, which will be held in Hardmann Hall, New York City, some time in November. A like concert was held a while ago, which netted a considerable sum for the League's treasury.

G. D. O. Y.

AUSTRALASIA.

Theosophic League of New South Wales, Australia.

Argent Chambers, 19, Hunter Street, Sydney, Oct. 23rd, 1893.—The S.T.S. Branch and League have printed a small card for the members, showing the Theosophical engagements up to the end of the year. This will save time in issuing notices and can be kept by each member for reference. It is called the N.S.W. Theosophical Calendar.

The public lectures have been continued on Sunday evenings regularly at the Oddfellows' Temple. Bro. T. H. Martyn's subject was *Atlantis and the Atlanteans;* the Rev. E. H. Gulliver lectured on *Whence and Whither?* T. W. Willans lectured on *Reïncarnation.* This lecture was repeated on the following Sunday. Geo. Peele, President of the S.T.S., lectured on *In the Beginning.* The attendance at these Sunday evening lectures is small, and hardly justifies engaging a hall for the purpose, so it is probable some other arrangement will be made after Christmas. While the attendance is too small for a hall, it is, at the same time, too large for our present small rooms, so the general opinion is that we ought to secure a large room that will be suitable for both public, Branch, and League meetings. Mrs. M. A. Minchin has

been doing good work with the little street children, and brings them together on Saturday afternoons. Beginning with a few at first in the open air, she gradually collected them together, and the last two evenings held the class in the rooms at 19, Hunter Street, when about sixteen children attended.

Bro. Hautrive made a splendid effort to carry out a grand concert at the Town Hall in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children. All his part of the work was done perfectly. The programme was one of the best of the season, the artistes being the leading professional people in Sydney, but the public did not attend in anything like the number that would make the affair a complete success. Society tabooed this Theosophical effort evidently.

T. W. WILLANS,
Hon. Sec. Theos. League, N.S.W.

NEW ZEALAND.

Auckland, Oct. 5th.—During the past month some interest in Theosophy has been created in circles outside the local society by the publication in the *New Zealand Herald* of a series of letters, which have passed between the Rev. S. J. Neill, Presbyterian clergyman, Thames, and the clerk of the Auckland Presbytery, upon the subject of Theosophy. [See "On the Watch-Tower."]

On Sept. 8th, at the weekly open meeting, Mr. W. H. Draffin read a paper upon *Evolution*. On Sept. 10th, in the Choral Hall, the same gentleman delivered a lengthy address upon the pamphlet recently published by the Rev. J. Hill, Presbyterian clergyman, Devonport, in which Mr. Hill's statements were somewhat sharply criticized, to the evident satisfaction of a considerable portion of the audience. On Sept. 15th, at the open Lodge meeting, Mr. W. Swinnerton read a paper upon *Death*. On Sept. 22nd, at the Lodge meeting, our President, Miss L. Edger, M.A., read a paper upon *Early Races and Continents*, which provoked a great deal of interesting discussion. In the Choral Hall, on the evening of Sept. 24th, the same lady delivered a lecture upon *Theosophy and Science*, in which she showed where modern science was in accord with Theosophical views. On Sept. 29th, at the open Lodge meeting, Mr. C. W. Sanders read a paper upon *The Lost Continent of Atlantis*, when many statements were brought forward wholly new to the visitors who were present.

Dunedin Lodge, Oct. 3rd, 1893.—After many vicissitudes we have found a refuge at last, and that in the last place one would be likely to think of, viz., the board-room of the Dunedin Stock Exchange. There would seem to be that in Theosophy which has commended itself to the hard common-sense of the stockbrokers, materialistic as they are usually supposed to be. For some time past we have gone through a portion of *The Key* each meeting night; but latterly we have come to the conclusion that hard study must be done at home, and that the interests of Theosophy would be best served by members bringing to the meeting the formulated results of their reading. We now give out a subject at the close of the meeting, and members bring on the following Monday night all the information they can find bearing thereon. On the evening of Sunday, Sept. 17th, the Rev. Mr. R. Waddell violently assailed the memory of H. P. Blavatsky. Our secretary wrote a lengthy denial of the rev. gentleman's statements to the *Otago Daily Times*, but the editor refused its admittance to his columns, on the ground that he had not published Mr. Waddell's tirade. I shall be able to tell you next month, I hope, that we have succeeded in giving the other side of the question to at least some of the rev. gentleman's congregation.

A. W. MAURAIS, *Sec.*

We have also received notices of Activities from the Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart Lodges, but too late for insertion in this issue.

A Correspondence Scheme.

The following Correspondence Scheme has been lately inaugurated in the American Section, and I have great pleasure in bringing it to the notice of the readers of Lucifer who reside in the European Section.

I am quite ready to adopt the same scheme or one resembling it in this Section, *provided that* a *sufficient* number of members notify me *in writing* of their desire for its establishment. For over a year a Correspondence Scheme on different lines has been attempted in the European Section, with the result that I have found that every two out of three members do not care to avail themselves of the opportunity of correspondence.

G. R. S. Mead,
Gen. Sec. of the European Section T. S.

THEOSOPHICAL CORRESPONDENCE CLASS.

Preliminary Prospectus and Notice.

General Secretary's Office,
American Section T. S., N.Y.,

The increase of the purely routine work of the General Secretary's Office has made it impossible to fully reply to all the numerous questions put in letters, and enquirers have to be referred to books after the first usual correspondence has passed. But this does not do away with the needs of sincere enquirers, nor with the necessity for study and the obligation to help members to grasp the teachings of Theosophy so that they may be able to help others in their turn by presenting Theosophy and the aims of the T. S. in a reasonably clear manner to questioners. Many members also require help because of the hurry of our present life and from previous lack of training in metaphysical investigation. The different needs cannot be fully met by the issuance of Branch Papers and the *Forum*, as these are necessarily limited in area of influence.

Having been offered assistance by some competent members, I have decided to start a Correspondence Class as a part of the work of the American Section T. S., to enable those members desiring to avail themselves of it to pursue their studies in Theosophy more systematically, so that they may thereby gain a better understanding of the philosophy of Theosophy and its application to daily life, thus making it more certain that the growth of the Society shall not merely be in numbers, but also in the Theosophical education of the units composing the whole body—at least in so far as concerns the American Section.

Method of Work.

(1) All members in good standing of the American Section T. S. can join the correspondence class by applying in writing to the address given below.

(2) Every three months, or oftener if warranted, a subject will be selected for study and a list given of books and articles which are to be read. Discretion is reserved to include at any time more than one subject.

(3) Questions bringing out the most important points of the subject will be sent to members of the class. The number of questions will be decided on after some trial.

(4) Replies to these questions are to be sent to the office of the General Secretary, addressed as requested below, where they will be examined and returned to the senders with comments and suggestions

in all particulars wherein they seem to require it or as enquiries made shall indicate.

(5) Members will be permitted to send *one* question with each set of replies. Such questions will be made use of in the general questions. Discretion is reserved as to dealing or not dealing with irrelevant questions.

(6) From time to time general notes and comments upon the replies, or a complete paper on the subject, will be sent out to all, either with the next set of questions issued or independently.

(7) Students will probably be divided into classes if such a method shall appear desirable. But this head may be altered as experience may indicate.

(8) Hints as to methods of study will be sent with the first set of questions.

(9) Members are not to reply to the questions until after the expiration of one month from receipt of the same, in order that they may have ample time to study and think over the subject, and also in order that the office may not be unduly burdened with work.

These regulations and methods are subject to alteration at the discretion of the Office.

It is hoped that no member of the Society will take up membership in this Correspondence Class unless with the determination to keep up the work. Some of the questions may appear to be very simple, but in that case the student should endeavour to make more complete answers and to throw fresh light upon the subject.

As there will necessarily be expenses of postages, paper, and some printing, members of the class are requested to help in this matter by sending stamps for the return of their papers, and also, if they can, by sending an *extra* two or five cent stamp. The class ought to be self-supporting, though as yet that is not demanded.

Preliminary Questions.

All members joining the class are requested to answer the following questions for the information of the Office:

(1) How long have you been a member of the T. S.?

(2) What books have you studied and what merely read?

(3) Have you written any papers for any Branch Meetings or Magazine, or have you delivered any addresses or lectures?

(4) What topic, doctrine, or phase of Theosophy has struck you most forcibly or engaged your attention?

(5) What books do you possess, and have you access to a Theosophical Library?

All communications relating to the Correspondence Class are to be addressed to: Secretary T. S. Correspondence Class, 144, Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Correspondents are asked not to mix the business of this class in letters relating to any other matter: if this request is not complied with, all such letters will remain unanswered so far as concerns the Correspondence Class, as the various departments of work in the General Secretary's Office are distinct from each other.

Non-Responsibility of the Theosophical Society.

The Theosophical Society is not responsible as an organization for any view or opinion to be expressed or intimated in any of the papers, documents, questions, or answers in this class; nor is the Society in any way bound thereby; nor are any such views or opinions authoritative or to be deemed as the views or opinions of the T. S.; they are only individual views and opinions of those who express them.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
General Secretary, American Section T. S.

Theosophical
AND
Mystic Publications.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Madras*).

Vol. XV, No. 2:—"Old Diary Leaves" continues with reminiscences of the late Stainton Moses; "The Esoteric Significance of the Ten Avatâras," by K. Narayanaswamy Iyer, will be of considerable value to all who are interested in the esoteric reading of this subject. In "The Doctrine of Mâyâ and the Hindû Scriptures," our Brother N. Ramanajacharya offers a criticism on the Advâitism of Shri Shankarâchârya that should commence an animated discussion in the columns of *The Theosophist*. "Phenomena of Slade while Sleeping," "American Indian Jugglers," the continuation of "Colours," and the "Horoscope of H. S. Olcott," are all of interest in their way, and the translation of the *Sûrya-Siddhânta's* "Cosmogenesis" will prove of special interest to those who remember the passages in *The Secret Doctrine*, ii. 49. "Proof as to Masters" is reprinted from *The Path*.

THE PATH (*New York City, U.S.A.*).

Vol. VIII, No. 8:—W. Q. Judge concludes his important notes on "Occult Arts" with an interesting case of precipitation made by H. P. B. "Habitations of H. P. B." follows; then "Incidents of the Theosophical Congress," by G. E. Wright, and "The Theosophical Congress," both of which are well worth reading as further records of an event that promises to become historical. An excellent portrait of the Countess Wachtmeister is given as the "Face of a Friend"—a very valued friend as the writer justly says. Miss Hillard's "Can we Communicate with the Dead?" is not quite up to the author's usually high standard; A. Fullerton's "Impolitic Reference—'H. P. B.'" contains a needed warning and much sound advice, well and judiciously phrased. "Literary Notes" and a record of activities conclude a number which is rather below the average in interest.

THEOSOPHICAL SIFTINGS (*London*).

Vol. VI, No. 12:—R. Machell is responsible for the whole of this *Siftings*, giving a paper read before the Blavatsky Lodge on "The Legend of the Grail" and a further article on "Karma." The former gives a careful comparison of the different versions of the legend, shows its mystical nature with very great skill and charm, and interprets its meaning in the light of the Esoteric Philosophy. "Karma" is written for a different class of reader and should be of use in clearing up misconceptions on the subject.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM
(*New York City, U.S.A.*).

No. 53:—Questions as to the mission of the T. S., the formation of the Kâma Rûpa, the meaning of the "Lord's Prayer," and one on "unmerited suffering" in spite of karmic law, are answered by a greater variety of writers than is usual in *The Forum*. K. E. Turnbull shows much irritation and a strong desire to be "nasty" àpropos of nothing in particular. Irritability is not conducive to either common sense or good logic.

THE PRASNOTTARA (*Madras*).

Vol. III, No. 34:—The questions as to the Kundalinî Shakti and the Ashta Siddhis are still continued. "Is the system of philosophy propounded in *The Secret Doctrine* dualistic or non-dualistic?" is answered according to the favourite view of each contributor. Fortunately *The Secret Doctrine* did not undertake to finally settle a question that can never be settled so long as we are limited by words—and Kali Yuga. W. R. Old somewhat recklessly lays it down that "an eternal dual-

ism pervades even the highest conceptions of the universe, Parabrahm being only a screen against which the endless panorama of successive Manvantaras and Pralayas is displayed." *Does The Secret Doctrine* regard the universe as real? Education as prescribed by the Shâstras is compared to modern systems, and the supplement then gives the details of Mrs. Besant's tour and the record of Indian activities.

THE VÂHAN (*London*).

Vol. III, No. 5:—C. J. writes a very interesting letter on a point raised in a previous issue as to the Jñâna Khanda of the Vedas. "The Religion of the Hindûs" comes in for further definition; a question on the Tattvas is ably answered by H. A. W. C. and P.—answers well worth studying; the different sorts of Karma, the legends of Gautama and of Jesus, Heaven and Hell, and *mirabile dictu*, the "ultimate criterion of Truth," are each and all dealt with in the various styles that have become familiar to us in *The Vâhan*. It would be well if Lodges were to discuss questions at their meetings, and send in their answers as from the Lodge. "Activities" still take up an unconscionable amount of space. A supplement is added, giving a report of the last meeting of the "North of England Federation. T. S.," this addition having been especially arranged.

LE LOTUS BLEU (*Paris*).

Vol. IV, No. 8:—The "Tribune Théosophique" contains some excellent replies. Metaphysical and other questions are equally well dealt with. Brother Dhammapala's article on Buddhist esotericism is translated from LUCIFER; "Avantages de la Croyance aux Réincarnations," by L. d'Ervieux; "L'Adepte," by E. Syffert, and some notes by Guymiot, make up a number that is well balanced by E. J. Coulomb's "Les Cycles" which appeals to students rather than to the more casual reader. We heartily welcome our Brother Arthur Arnould's return to active work after his long illness.

THE NEW CALIFORNIAN (*Los Angeles, U.S.A.*).

Vol. III, No. 5:—The editor chooses the Astral Light as the subject of her "Keynotes"; G. C. Williams treats interestingly of "The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali"; "The Sculptor and his Image," "Crystals," "Twice-Born," "Consciousness," are all fair on their own lines. Then comes an instalment of "Love's Nativity," "What Love Is," and "She comes, the Lady of my dreams!" —which is very often in this magazine.

JOURNAL OF THE MAHÂ-BODHI SOCIETY (*Calcutta*).

Vol. II, No. 5:—A quotation is given in the editor's opening remarks that is sufficient in itself, if authoritative, to refute the Orientalists' conception of Buddhism as atheistic. No reference is given, but we trust this omission will be rectified in a future issue. The following extract will show its importance: "Living beings transmigrate from one existence to another; existence that is absolutely full of sorrow even after obtaining from causes the position of Brahmâ, Vishnu, or Îshvara. What avail these positions which have a beginning and an end, and which are always liable to perish, to those who have a corporeal frame? Therefore aspire for the position of Buddha, which is eternal, and which has no beginning, no middle, and no end. . . . That is my refuge which is subtler than the subtlest, greater than the greatest, which is infinite and not overthrown by miseries; which by its sacredness has conquered the Samsâra, whose mercy is immense . . . which has attributes, yet is without attributes, and which has three manifestations." The rest of the number is taken up with reprints and "Notes."

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST (*San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A.*).

Vol. IV, No. 4:—A good account of "The World's Congress of Religions," given as a lecture by Dr. J. A. Anderson, occupies a great part of this number. "Our Hindû Brother" places on record something of H. Dhammapala's work in the United States. He is a Sinhalese and not a Hindû, by the way. A short letter from Jasper Niemand precedes the "Notes and Items"; these consist of reviews and some interesting details as to Pacific Coast propaganda and Branch work.

LOTUS BLÜTHEN (*Leipzig*).

Vol. I. No. 14:—"Hatha Yoga," an article by Narrainaswamy Iyer, gives information on the physiology of "astral-körpers" that is difficult to meet with in exoteric works. The translation of Mrs. Besant's manual on *Reïncarnation*, and answers to correspondents under the title "Briefkasten," show what efforts are being made to bring Theosophy in understandable form to German ears.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE SCOTTISH LODGE T. S.

Part IX:—We have only to state the contents of this new issue of the Scottish Lodge to give it a widespread circulation amongst our readers. "Whitherward?" comes first. Then come the papers of real value: "The Sun's Apparent Path among the Stars," "The President's Remarks subsequent to foregoing Lecture on the Zodiac," concluded by a debate in the "Tobacco Parliament" on "The Physical Credibility of Astrology." The accompanying diagrams, sold separately at one shilling, are quite unique as reproducing on four double pages the Mithraic, Egyptian, Buddhistic, Jewish, Brâhmanic, and other Zodiacs. The Hindû lunar mansions are also given. The symbology of the figures is full of interest, apart from the great astrological and astronomical value of these charts. We trust that the Scottish Lodge will be repaid for their enterprise by appreciation of a practical nature. Copies of the diagrams can be obtained from A. P. Cattanach, 67, Brunswick Street, Edinburgh.

THE BUDDHIST (*Colombo*).

Vol. V, Nos. 39, 40:—Two continued articles occupy nearly the whole of these numbers. "King Dutugemunu and Anuradhapura during his Days" is historical and geographical, rather than theosophical or Buddhistic. The translation of the *Satipatthâna Sutta* involves some terribly wearisome repetitions, but the Pâli is given with the English, which to some extent excuses what would otherwise be intolerable for most readers.

SOPHIA (*Madrid*).

Vol. I, No. 11:—The translation of Mrs. Besant's *Death—and After?* is commenced. "Science—Oriental and Occidental" and other articles are continued as before, and a full report of the Chicago Congress is translated from *The Path*.

THEOSOPHIA (*Amsterdam*).

Vol. II, No. 19:—Afra writes on "Cremation." H. de N. has more to say than usual—a welcome addition to the current translations. "Man, an Educator of Atoms," and "Vivisection" come from that pen. "Fragments from LUCIFER'S Watch-Tower" are translated as well as other articles noticed before.

THE THEOSOPHIC GLEANER (*Bombay*).

Vol. III, No. 3: — "Theosophy and Buddhism" warns all its Hindû readers against belief in what was once a current rumour which made out the T. S. a mere Buddhist movement in disguise. "The Magnetic Light and Human Aura," by D. D. Jussawala, begins a series that promises to be of considerable interest. Other articles are well-chosen reprints. "Notes and News" are exceptionally good.

THE NORTHERN THEOSOPHIST (*Middlesbrough*).

Vol. I, No. 1:—This most praiseworthy venture of our Northern brethren makes an excellent start in the number before us. We trust it will meet with the support of all those members for whose benefit it has been originated. "The Editor's Remarks" give general information as to the activities of the Northern Lodges, with comments on past and present criticism, and also on the work and those taking part in it. "What Theosophy Is" consists of extracts from Mrs. Besant's *Rough Outline of Theosophy*. "The Message of Theosophy" is decidedly good, and "Theosophy and Childhood," "Jottings from a Theosophist's Note Book" will also do useful work. Other short articles are: "A Baptist Pastor warns his Flock," "A Legend of the Lamas" and "North of England Federation of the T. S." The price is only 1*d*., so that no one need excuse any lack of support on grounds of poverty.

BOOK-NOTES (*London*).

Vol. I, No. 9:—We are informed in the editor's "Notes" that "a *few* copies of Mr.

Charles Johnston's important article on "The Red Râjputs" have been reprinted from the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review*, and may now be had from the T. P. S., price 1*s.* net." Those who read the extracts from this article in a former "Watch-Tower" may be glad to hear of this. The book chosen for review is *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and The Secret Doctrine*, by the Countess Wachtmeister.

The Sphinx, No. 93, contains some interesting matter and a few artistic illustrations that do not seem to bear in any way upon the subjects treated of in the text. We regret that want of space forbids further review of this and the following magazines we have received: *La Haute Science* (Paris), No. 11; *The Sanmârga Bodhini*, Nos. 40-43; *Department of Branch Work*, Paper 37, on "Evolution, Agnosticism and Theosophy"; a Gujerâti translation of Mrs. Besant's *Reïncarnation*, issued by the H. P. B. Theosophical Propaganda Society—a very useful work and one that needed to be done, for, as the translator says, even "many high caste Hindûs doubt the veracity of Reïncarnation." As we go to press, farther instalments have been received—too late for notice this month: *The Theosophic Thinker*, Nos. 33-37: *The Journal of the Mahâ-Bodhi Society*, No. 6: *The Sphinx*, No. 94.

T.

Our Budget.

BOW CLUB.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Bothamley (ann. sub.)	1	1	0
Nath. A. Knox	6	0	0
Anon	0	10	0
	£7	11	0

BOW CLUB.

Soup Fund for the Starving and Destitute.

	£	s.	d.
Lord Elcho	1	0	0
Hon. O. Cuffe	0	3	0
Mrs. Plummer	0	2	6
Mrs. Mace	0	2	6
Mrs. Jeffcock	0	2	6
	£1	10	6
Miss A. E. Martin (for flannel, etc.)	1	0	0

ADYAR DEFICIT.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	245	5	0
Eric Bogren	5	0	0
"M."	0	10	0
M. S.	1	0	0
	£251	15	0

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The conclusion of B. K.'s review on "The Riddle of the Universe" is held over for next month owing to want of space.

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