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LODGES OF MAGIC.

“When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie ;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proofs to pass her down.”

CHURCHILL.

ONE of the most esteemed of our friends in occult research, propounds the question of the formation of “working Lodges” of the Theosophical Society, for the development of adeptship. If the practical impossibility of forcing this process has been shown once, in the course of the theosophical movement, it has scores of times. It is hard to check one’s natural impatience to tear aside the veil of the Temple. To gain the divine knowledge, like the prize in a classical tripos, by a system of coaching and cramming, is the ideal of the average beginner in occult study. The refusal of the originators of the Theosophical Society to encourage such false hopes, has led to the formation of bogus Brotherhoods of *Luxor* (and Armley Jail?) as speculations on human credulity. How enticing the bait for gudgeons in the following specimen prospectus, which a few years ago caught some of our most earnest friends and Theosophists.

“Students of the Occult Science, searchers after truth, and Theosophists who may have been disappointed in their expectations of “Sublime Wisdom being freely dispensed by HINDU MAHATMAS, are cordially invited to send in their names to . . . , when, if found suitable, they can be admitted, after a short probationary term, as Members of “an Occult Brotherhood, who do not boast of their knowledge or attainments, but teach freely” (at £1 to £5 *per* letter?), “and without reserve (the nastiest portions of P. B. Randolph’s “Eulis”), “all they find worthy “to receive” (read: teachings on a commercial basis; the cash going to the teachers, and the extracts from Randolph and other “love-philter” sellers to the pupils!)”*

* Documents on view at LUCIFER Office, viz., Secret MSS. written in the handwriting of — (name suppressed for past considerations), “Provincial Grand Master of the Northern Section.” One of these documents bears the heading, “A brief Key to the Eulian Mysteries,” *i.e.* *Tantric* black magic on a phallic basis. No; the members of *this* Occult Brotherhood “do not boast of their knowledge.” Very sensible on their part: least said soonest mended.

If rumour be true, some of the English rural districts, especially Yorkshire, are overrun with fraudulent astrologers and fortune-tellers, who pretend to be Theosophists, the better to swindle a higher class of credulous patrons than their legitimate prey, the servant-maid and callow youth. If the "lodges of magic," suggested in the following letter to the Editors of this Magazine, were founded, without having taken the greatest precautions to admit only the best candidates to membership, we should see these vile exploitations of sacred names and things increase an hundredfold. And in this connection, and before giving place to our friend's letter, the senior Editor of LUCIFER begs to inform her friends that she has never had the remotest connection with the so-called "H (ermetic) B (rotherhood) of L (uxor)," and that all representations to the contrary are false and dishonest. There is a secret body—whose diploma, or Certificate of Membership, is held by Colonel Olcott alone among modern men of white blood—to which that name was given by the author of "Isis Unveiled" for convenience of designation,* but which is known among Initiates by quite another one, just as the personage known to the public under the pseudonym of "Koot Hoomi," is called by a totally different name among his acquaintance. What the real name of that society is, it would puzzle the "Eulian" phallicists of the "H. B. of L." to tell. The real names of Master Adepts and Occult Schools are never, *under any circumstances*, revealed to the profane; and the names of the personages who have been talked about in connection with modern Theosophy, are in the possession only of the two chief founders of the Theosophical Society. And now, having said so much by way of preface, let us pass on to our correspondent's letter. He writes :

"A friend of mine, a natural mystic, had intended to form, with others, a Branch "T. S. in his town. Surprised at his delay, I wrote to ask the reason. His reply was "that he had heard that the T. S. only met and talked, and did nothing practical. I "always did think the T. S. ought to have Lodges in which something practical should "be done. Cagliostro understood well this craving of humans for something before "their eyes, when he instituted the Egyptian Rite, and put it in practice in various "Freemason lodges. There are many readers of LUCIFER in —shire. Perhaps in it "there might be a suggestion for students to form such lodges for themselves, and to "try, by their united wills, to develop certain powers in one of the number, and then "through the whole of them in succession. I feel sure numbers would enter such "lodges, and create a great interest for Theosophy." "A."

* In "Isis Unveiled," vol. ii. p. 308. It may be added that the "Brotherhood of Luxor" mentioned by Kenneth Mackenzie (*vide* his *Royal Masonic Cyclopædia*) as having its seat in America, had, after all, nothing to do with the Brotherhood mentioned by, and known to us, as was ascertained after the publication of "Isis" from a letter written by this late Masonic author to a friend in New York. The Brotherhood Mackenzie knew of was simply a Masonic Society on a rather more secret basis, and, as he stated in the letter, he had *heard of, but knew nothing of our* Brotherhood, which, having had a branch at Luxor (Egypt), was thus purposely referred to by us under this name alone. This led some schemers to infer that there was a regular Lodge of Adepts of that name, and to assure some credulous friends and Theosophists that the "H. B. of L." was either identical or a branch of the same, supposed to be near Lahore!—which was the most flagrant untruth.

In the above note of our venerable and learned friend is the echo of the voices of ninety-nine hundredths of the members of the Theosophical Society : one-hundredth only have the correct idea of the function and scope of our Branches. The glaring mistake generally made is in the conception of adeptship and the path thereunto. Of all thinkable undertakings that of trying for adeptship is the most difficult. Instead of being obtainable within a few years or one lifetime, it exacts the unremitting struggles of a series of lives, save in cases so rare as to be hardly worth regarding as exceptions to the general rule. The records certainly show that a number of the most revered Indian adepts became so despite their births in the lowest, and seemingly most unlikely, castes. Yet it is well understood that they had been progressing in the upward direction throughout many previous incarnations, and, when they took birth for the last time, there was left but the merest trifle of spiritual evolution to be accomplished, before they became great living adepts. Of course, no one can say that one or all of the possible members of our friend A.'s ideal Cagliostroian lodge might not also be ready for adeptship, but the chance is not good enough to speculate upon : Western civilization seems to develop fighters rather than philosophers, military butchers rather than Buddhas. The plan "A." proposes would be far more likely to end in mediumship than adeptship. Two to one there would not be a member of the lodge who was chaste from boyhood and altogether untainted by the use of intoxicants. This is to say nothing of the candidates' freedom from the polluting effects of the evil influences of the average social environment. Among the indispensable pre-requisites for psychic development, noted in the mystical Manuals of all Eastern religious systems, are a pure place, pure diet, pure companionship, and a pure mind. Could "A." guarantee these? It is certainly desirable that there should be some school of instruction for members of our Society ; and had the purely exoteric work and duties of the Founders been less absorbing, probably one such would have been established long ago. Yet not for practical instruction, on the plan of Cagliostro, which, by-the-bye, brought direful suffering upon his head, and has left no marked traces behind to encourage a repetition in our days. "When the pupil is ready, the teacher will be found waiting," says an Eastern maxim. The Masters do not have to hunt up recruits in special —shire lodges, nor drill them through mystical non-commissioned officers : time and space are no barriers between them and the aspirant ; where thought can pass they can come. Why did an old and learned Kabalist like "A." forget this fact? And let him also remember that the potential adept may exist in the White-chapels and Five Points of Europe and America, as well as in the cleaner and more "cultured" quarters ; that some poor ragged wretch, begging a crust, may be "whiter-souled" and more attractive to the adept than the average bishop in his robe, or a cultured citizen in his

costly dress. For the extension of the theosophical movement, a useful channel for the irrigation of the dry fields of contemporary thought with the water of life, Branches are needed everywhere ; not mere groups of passive sympathisers, such as the slumbering army of church-goers, whose eyes are shut while the "devil" sweeps the field ; no, not such. Active, wide-awake, earnest, unselfish Branches are needed, whose members shall not be constantly unmasking their selfishness by asking "What will it profit us to join the Theosophical Society, and how much will it harm us?" but be putting to themselves the question "Can we not do substantial good to mankind by working in this good cause with all our hearts, our minds, and our strength?" If "A." would only bring his —shire friends, who pretend to occult leanings, to view the question from this side, he would be doing them a real kindness. The Society can get on without them, but they cannot afford to let it do so.

Is it profitable, moreover, to discuss the question of a Lodge receiving even theoretical instruction, until we can be sure that all the members will accept the teachings as coming from the alleged source? Occult truth cannot be absorbed by a mind that is filled with preconception, prejudice, or suspicion. It is something to be perceived by the intuition rather than by the reason ; being by nature spiritual, not material. Some are so constituted as to be incapable of acquiring knowledge by the exercise of the spiritual faculty ; *e.g.* the great majority of physicists. Such are slow, if not wholly incapable of grasping the ultimate truths behind the phenomena of existence. There are many such in the Society ; and the body of the discontented are recruited from their ranks. Such persons readily persuade themselves that later teachings, received from exactly the same source as earlier ones, are either false or have been tampered with by chelas, or even third parties. Suspicion and inharmony are the natural result, the psychic atmosphere, so to say, is thrown into confusion, and the reaction, even upon the stauncher students, is very harmful. Sometimes vanity blinds what was at first strong intuition, the mind is effectually closed against the admission of new truth, and the aspiring student is thrown back to the point where he began. Having jumped at some particular conclusion of his own without full study of the subject, and before the teaching had been fully expounded, his tendency, when proved wrong, is to listen only to the voice of his self-adulation, and cling to his views, whether right or wrong. The Lord Buddha particularly warned his hearers against forming beliefs upon tradition or authority, and before having thoroughly inquired into the subject.

An instance. We have been asked by a correspondent why he should not "be free to suspect some of the so-called 'precipitated' letters as being forgeries," giving as his reason for it that while some of them bear the stamp of (to him) undeniable genuineness, others seem from their contents and style, to be imitations. This is equivalent to

saying that he has such an unerring spiritual insight as to be able to detect the false from the true, though he has never met a Master, nor been given any key by which to test his alleged communications. The inevitable consequence of applying his untrained judgment in such cases, would be to make him as likely as not to declare false what was genuine, and genuine what was false. Thus what *criterion* has any one to decide between one "precipitated" letter, or another such letter? Who except their authors, or those whom they employ as their *amanuenses* (the *chelas* and disciples), can tell? For it is hardly one out of a hundred "occult" letters that is ever written by the hand of the Master, in whose name and on whose behalf they are sent, as the Masters have neither need nor leisure to write them; and that when a Master says, "I wrote that letter," it means only that every word in it was dictated by him and impressed under his direct supervision. Generally they make their chela, whether near or far away, write (or precipitate) them, by impressing upon his mind the ideas they wish expressed, and if necessary aiding him in the picture-printing process of precipitation. It depends entirely upon the *chela's* state of development, how accurately the ideas may be transmitted and the writing-model imitated. Thus the *non-adept* recipient is left in the dilemma of uncertainty, whether, if one letter is false, all may not be; for, as far as intrinsic evidence goes, all come from the same source, and all are brought by the same mysterious means. But there is another, and a far worse condition implied. For all that the recipient of "occult" letters can possibly know, and on the simple grounds of probability and common honesty, the unseen correspondent who would tolerate one *single fraudulent line in his name*, would wink at an unlimited repetition of the deception. And this leads directly to the following. All the so-called *occult* letters being supported by identical proofs, *they have all to stand or fall together*. If one is to be doubted, then all have, and the series of letters in the "Occult World," "Esoteric Buddhism," etc., etc., may be, and there is no reason why they should not be in such a case—*frauds*, "clever impostures," and "forgeries," such as the ingenuous though stupid agent of the "S.P.R." has made them out to be, in order to raise in the public estimation the "scientific" acumen and standard of his "Principals."

Hence, not a step in advance would be made by a group of students given over to such an unimpressible state of mind, and without any guide *from the occult side* to open their eyes to the esoteric pitfalls. And where are such guides, so far, in our Society? "They be blind leaders of the blind," both falling into the ditch of vanity and self-sufficiency. The whole difficulty springs from the common tendency to draw conclusions from insufficient premises, and play the oracle before ridding oneself of that most stupefying of all psychic anæsthetics—IGNORANCE.



CONSCIOUSNESS.

CONSCIOUSNESS is the seat of the real life of the human individual. The mere carrying on of his bodily functions is not his life. Those functions are the channels and avenues through which his real being has communion with the phenomenal world, and with other units of consciousness similar to his own. Through them his life is greatly affected ; by their means his thoughts are fed, his feelings modified, his actions suggested. But let us consider the modes in which consciousness may work, and the specific forms in which it may manifest itself. Observation of human modes and objects of life indicates three classes of consciousness. In other words, there are three modes of existence which the consciousness of an individual may fall into, or work itself into, and the adoption of the particular mode, knowingly and deliberately, or the contrary, determines the character and intrinsic value of the consciousness.

The elementary or simplest mode of consciousness we designate as *lineal*. In this, the feelings, thoughts, and energies of the individual lie not only on one plane but merely in one direction on that plane.

The consciousness which belongs to this class is limited to the faculty of moving *backwards or forwards in a straight line*. It is bound like a railway train to its special track. This form of consciousness is very common. It is the lot of those who have only one aim in life, and that a personal one. Whatever the chief aim of the life may be, whether that of the shopkeeper, merely to earn money, or of the professional man in his special sphere, or of society men and women, in their incessant flittings to and fro in the whirl of pleasure and excitement, it matters nothing ; the consciousness, which is the essence of the individual, exercises itself and possesses power only in the limited sphere described. It is simply necessary to look around to observe many examples of this class. A very large number of men and women of the present day belong to it.

In the second class the consciousness enjoys a wider freedom.

The dimensions of the realm over which it rules lie in two directions ; for, in addition to backward and forward movement, the consciousness may traverse regions that lie to the right and to the left.

This form of consciousness we shall term the *superficial* ; it has length and breadth, but no depth. It is the possession of those who, while devoted to one special employment which absorbs their chief energies, also occupy themselves, as adjuncts of life, in other spheres having for them a particular interest. This consciousness predominates largely

amongst men and women who, following a daily avocation to supply the main needs of life, have sufficient mental or emotional activity to lead them into secondary engagements that exercise thought or fulfil an aim. The persons possessing this form of consciousness are active and seem to follow a purpose, though the purpose may not be noble or of intrinsic value. Naturally, this consciousness enjoys much more of life than the form belonging to the class designated as lineal. Men of business, not wholly immersed in the getting of money, clergymen and ministers of wise sympathies, teachers not limited to one peculiar tendency of thought, and persons whose lives generally are useful and active, are those who belong to the second class of superficial consciousness.

The consciousness, the nature of which remains to be described, is of vastly greater extent than either of the two classes already discussed.

Its dimensions lie in three directions. Not only does it exist in all directions superficially, but it further penetrates below the surface in possessing the quality of *depth*. It is true that the superficial area may vary in extent. This may appear, to the observer, but limited, or it may seem to spread far and wide, but the circumstance of depth in its nature and extent will be recognised only by the few, and not even by them to its full extent. The territory below the surface can neither be seen nor gauged, except by the faculties of a consciousness of similar nature. In the depth of an object there is capacity for substance, and consciousness is of a nature so real that wherever it exists in depth it is as true substance. The objects with which the lineal and superficial forms of consciousness deal are but of temporal character and will pass away, but those that are the possession of the solid form are secure beyond possibility of removal.

Within that deep region, and corresponding to its intricacy and in the extent to which it penetrates, there are tracks of infinite variety and number.

In exploring these, the consciousness may find unending employment. This class of consciousness gives to the world those men from whom it learns, whose depth of nature is the abyss from which spring fountains and rills that irrigate life, and turn its wheels, and cause it to be fruitful.

Such men are the richest of earthly beings; their wealth is inexhaustible and imperishable. That depth, in which their consciousness revels, belongs to another world than that of ordinary human existence; it is the universe of eternal and infinite life, of which they are already subjects.

The first-named form of consciousness we should term sensuous, or that which operates merely through the senses and the nervous system; the second form we should call the intellectual or inner-sensuous; the third form is the spiritual or super-sensuous.

Sensuous consciousness delights merely in the external forms of

objects and receives impressions only from those forms as they are found.

Intellectual consciousness finds its exciting cause not so much in the forms of external objects as in their movements and the effects of those movements upon the objects themselves.

The spiritual consciousness moves amidst the *hidden causes* of the sensuous and intellectual.

I.



BEFORE.

My life is like a flight of stairs
 That slopes towards a stagnant stream
 Weed-choked and dank, no stray sunbeam
 E'er breaks the sullen frown it wears,
 Nor ever bark of love it bears ;
 No lily born of foam moon-kist,
 No violet woven from the mist
 When sweet Aurore her bosom bares
 At morn, and flings down unawares
 Her veil to earth—not one faint bloom
 Dares light with flower-eye its gloom :
 Nor may I see for myriad cares
 Or span of sky, or stretch of sea,
 One stair makes all my world to me !

AFTER.

My life is like a flight of stairs
 Down which perpetual glories stream,
 And like the smile of Spring's sunbeam
 Is the gold gladness that it wears ;
 Innumerable are the feet it bears—
 Diana by Endymion kist
 Crowns its dim heights with silver mist,
 Yet evermore her sweet face bares
 And floods with rapture unawares
 My swooning soul, that half in gloom
 Beholds its yearnings bud and bloom
 Beneath pure spirits' tender cares.
 Full arch of sky, full stretch of sea,
 My gleaming life-stair spans for me !

EVELYN PYNE.

ACCURSED!

“**T**HERE are strange and weird events in one’s life, and just such an one has fallen to my lot. . . . I propose to tell it without flourish or exaggeration, as its grim features hardly need embellishment.”

Such was the remark made by way of a preface by an old officer while filling his pipe. It was his turn on that night to narrate to us an event from real life, and we prepared eagerly to listen, for he was the Homer of our little club.

. . . In 1854, he began, our regiment was quartered in a poor, out-of-the-way borough in Poland. It was a bad year for all Russia, but a worse one had never fallen to the lot of the province in which we were stationed. Besides the usual war calamities and sufferings, the cholera was raging in the western provinces of that country, and a terrible drought had capped the climax by helping the spread of the epidemic. Famine prepared the victims, and carried off as many of them as the cholera. It was terrible to see the poor people dying as much from unavoidable starvation as from disease. The dead bodies of women and children were daily gathered during that spring from the still bare fields, whither they kept crawling from their wretched huts, in the futile hope of finding some forgotten roots, or a few blades of early grass. Whether the fat, ruddy-checked *Ksiondz*,* who was met by our officers more frequently at dinner in the *palazzo* of the Countess Sedminska, the magnate of the place, than in the dirty, sandy, and now desolate, streets of the borough, had a hard, or even a busy time of it—I am unable to say. As to the Russian Priest in whose house we were quartered, it is not too much to say that he was fairly knocked off his legs, hurrying incessantly, as he did, from one dying parishioner to another just taken ill, and from patients to funerals. That priest was then still a very young man, and whom the hard school of life and seminary had failed to train to full indifference to the sight of the sufferings of his fellow-men. He felt very wretched before the helplessness of his parish, and did for it what he could, but this was very little. He shared his last remnants of food and money with the still poorer wretches; and more than once his young wife complained loudly of his prodigality. In case of the illness of the one or the other of them, she said, there would be no money for physician or druggist. But Father Vassiliy heeded her not.

“Why should we try to carry the burden of all this alone, when even

* *Ksiondz* means, in Polish, a Roman Catholic “Priest.”

their natural protectors and masters do not mind their misery at all?" she indignantly urged. "Only see the gay life they are leading at the *Palazzo*, while refusing to take the slightest concern in the misery of their own people. And so rich, too! Surely they might help their poor vassals and save them from starvation, without making too large a hole in their own wealth!"

"Do you mean to say that the proprietors do not help at all their own serfs?" I once asked the *pope** and his wife, as I overheard them talking in the yard through my opened window.

"Very little, indeed!" reluctantly replied the priest. "Perchance *she* may help occasionally her own people" (meaning the Roman Catholics), "but very little care she has, indeed, for the welfare of her orthodox serfs. . . ."

"How is this? The Countess, I was told, is herself a Russian, and belongs to our own orthodox church?" . . .

"A nice kind of a Russian she is!" grumbled the priest. "Methinks she must have forgotten to cross herself from right to left by this time." And lest he should fall into the sin of condemning his neighbour, the good priest hastened to retire into his rooms.

But his wife was less reticent and more willing to converse about the old Countess, whom she seemed to dislike for many good reasons. It was from her, and later from my personal observations, that I learned that the Countess Sedminska was neither a good woman nor an orthodox Russian. She had evidently been polonized in her husband's family. But this was the smallest of her sins, however, and concerned only her own conscience. That which was really bad, was that she was an absolutely heartless woman: cruel toward her inferiors, indifferent and unfair toward the whole world. Her whole family was made to suffer from her terrible despotism. Her own daughter had been sacrificed and forced to wed an old magnate, the Prince Tcharterinsky, who had already caused the death of two wives. But nothing could equal the sufferings of her serfs. A good master would take more pity upon a useless cur than the Countess ever felt for a servant or a serf. Besides eternal extortions and fines, and cruel bodily punishments, she and her land-agents killed the miserable vassals with overwork, exiled and sold them, treating them even worse than animals—as inanimate material. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the endless series of the saddest stories which years ago settled into local legends, with regard to the cruelty of the Countess and those stewards, butlers, secretaries, and confidential servants, who happened to become her favourites of the passing hour. She seemed especially ferocious with regard to her peasants of the Greek orthodox Church. The poor wretches trembled and turned pale at the very mention of her name, or

* The common title of Russian priests.

that of "Pan"* Matzevitch, her chief land-agent. I happened to become an eye-witness to the terror and the tears shed by a group of young peasant women, chosen as candidates for wet-nurses for an expected grandson of the Countess. One of them, a young wife, a Pole, who had been to town only a few days before in search of a like situation, almost fainted with fear when forced to take place in the ranks of those who were driven to the Castle, like so many cattle, to be examined by celebrated physicians, invited by the Countess to assist in the selection of a healthy foster-mother. But her fears were groundless. The choice of the medical luminaries fell upon a young peasant woman, from a well-to-do Russian family, who was nursing her first baby. She was born free, being the daughter of a small town tradesman, but had become a serf through her love match with a vassal of the old Countess. Brutally separated from the husband she loved, and her little baby, the poor young thing fretted and wept to such an extent that, notwithstanding her blooming health, the physicians felt scared. They declared unanimously that under such conditions her milk would be like poison to the infant aristocrat, and offered to select another young woman, less attached to her home and child. But the Countess would hear of this no longer. "How, then? Shall this slave, this vile child of Ham, be permitted to withstand her own ladyship's choice? Nonsense! She should be made to know better. . . . She *shall* get very soon reconciled to her fate!"

But the "slave," the "very vile child of Ham," did not get so reconciled. One fine morning she escaped her jailors and ran away. She was found in her husband's cottage, had her son, an infant hardly six weeks old, snatched from her arms, and was brought back to her ladyship's castle in an almost unconscious condition.

"She had better go, she is unfit, in her present state, to nurse the princely baby. She has a brain fever" . . . argued the physicians.

"Nonsense! I will drive the craze out of her. . . I will conquer the obstinacy of that daughter of Ham!" . . . replied the Countess. And, the better to secure her object, the cruel old patrician ordered the poor little nurse's baby to be forthwith sent away to a distant village, to be brought up in a half-starving family of serfs, and her husband to be given away as a recruit into the nearest regiment. . . .

Nevertheless, these sage orders brought little luck to the descendant of the glorious house of Tcharterinsky; firstly, his future nurse *was* taken with a violent brain fever; and secondly, the descendant himself did not choose to adorn the world by his presence; he died without a glance at it, or even uttering a sound at the moment of his birth. The wet-nurse proved useless, and was allowed to go as soon she could stand again on her legs. Unconscious of the time that had passed since she had been taken ill, half insane from the unexpected happiness, she ran

* The Polish word for "Mister."

without stopping from the Castle down to the village, where, reaching her husband's cottage, trembling with joy and excitement, she almost fell senseless on the threshold. But her strength soon returned with the overpowering idea that she would see in a moment more her husband and darling babe.

"Paul!" she called. "Paul, my beloved one! . . . Where art thou, and where is our son? . . . Where have you hidden?" . . .

But neither—the husband, the poor wretch now marching far away with his regiment, nor the infant son, buried a week before in a strange cemetery and by a stranger's hand—answered her passionate appeal. Instead of these, two old people, the father and mother of her Paul, came at her call and recognizing her burst into tears, sobbing over her as though they were moaning over her dead body.

And so they were in fact. For upon hearing the sad news, she ran away and could not be found. For a whole fortnight she eluded pursuit. People saw or thought they saw her occasionally; some near the village where her infant son had been starved, others, in the burial ground whither she had wandered, probably in search of his nameless grave. During the third week, however, her dead body was picked up and recognised near a side gate of her cruel Lady's park. She had evidently passed the whole of that cold autumnal night on the half-frozen sod near the alley, for her poor body was quite stiff; one hand of the unfortunate girl, with bleeding nails and flesh, was stuck deep into the soil she had dug out and scattered around; the other, concealed in her bosom under the chemise, clenched firmly a long sharp knife, as though she had lain in wait for someone, when merciful death came to save her from crime and suffering! . . . She was buried on that spot, as they bury dogs, without coffin or a rag of covering. The place was a lonely spot that neither the Countess nor any of the family ever approached, the gate itself having remained locked for long years before. . . .

Very soon after this, balls and festivals went on in their usual way in the lordly halls. The Countess Sedminska hated a quiet life and sad faces. No sooner had her daughter recovered, than, to please her mother, the poor Princess Tcharterinska, who had hoped to find in motherhood the joys she was denied as a wife, had to show a smiling face and change three times a day her Parisian dresses. A young cousin of hers was getting married. So much the better! It was a legitimate pretext for gaieties. She was aware that her mother hated this Russian girl and that she would have consented to her marrying even a Russian *Katsap** if she could only be delivered thereby from her presence. The only duty she recognised was to commemorate the wedding of a kinswoman of hers in a way that should be remembered throughout the whole country. The young girl was getting married to one of our officers, Korzanof, who had left the service after inheriting a rich property in the neigh-

* A contemptuous name given by the Poles to the Muscovites.

bourhood of the lands of the Countess. He was beloved by all his regiment. As I was a chum and a school-fellow of his, I could hardly refuse his invitation, and had therefore to submit to the disagreeable necessity of being personally introduced to the Countess Acsenia Cooprianovna Sedminska in utter disregard of my great antipathy to her. This dislike instead of diminishing increased considerably upon our acquaintance.

Notwithstanding her brilliant education and high culture, her graciousness and evident desire to flatter and win certain persons, that woman inspired in nearly all who knew her a dislike bordering upon positive loathing. My friend Korzanof confessed to me that he not only hated but positively dreaded the old woman. . . . Indeed, all her sweet phrases and benevolent smiles notwithstanding, there was in the expression of the face of that tall, black-haired and dark-skinned woman something undeniably cunning and cruel; while the occasional phosphorescent sparkle in her small, coal-black eyes, at once restless, cold and merciless, produced a most weird sensation upon persons whose nerves were not of the strongest.

Whether justly or not, her past life was made the subject of uncanny charges and gossip; of accusations far more serious than that of cruelty in the treatment of her serfs, itself something not infrequent in those days of serfdom. The wicked and at the same time scared expression in her small and disagreeable eyes, the evident hypocrisy of her manners and conversation, had perhaps lent an air of greater probability to such charges. Of defenders she had few. We all knew that the nobility and the smaller fry of proprietors of that province, who ate, drank and danced at her expense from year's end to year's end, in the magnificent palatial residence of Rujano Lyass, felt fully convinced that the rich mistress thereof had defrauded her brother of his legitimate inheritance after their father's death, by means of a forged will. And that she had systematically annihilated a large though illegitimate family of her late husband; the old mother, by exiling her to the cattle-yard, the young daughter, virtually recognised by the Count, brought up from childhood as a lady in his rich palazzo, by forcibly wedding her to a drunken serf. She had even opposed her husband in his charitable determination of liberating his natural sons, two fine young men, who had thus remained legally serfs, and disposed of them in her own way; one was confined in the military prison, the other exiled to Siberia *for insolence* to the Countess. But this is not all; the nearest neighbours were absolutely convinced that the death of the Count had not been a natural one. It was whispered that the agent Pan Matzevitch, as also the ruddy-cheeked Polish priest—the fast friend, adviser and confidant of the Countess, knew of her participation in the sudden death of her late consort. For why should both of her officials be blessed with such lavish generosity, and so loaded with favours by her that few were the land and

slave owners around who did not envy the position of these two menials? However it may have been, all these dark deeds remained hidden from the law, and the Countess went on reigning in the Province.

As for myself, the obligation I was under to visit that Polish female magnate of Russian birth, was a great strain on me, and I felt heartily relieved when the wedding was over and the newly married couple had departed for their property. But as if to impress the image of the horrid old woman still deeper into my memory, as fate would have it, I was doomed not to leave the place before I had become once more an eye-witness to a very sad drama indeed.

On the eve of the wedding there was a double festival performed in the Castle: namely, the bride's and bridegroom's farewell nights.* The Countess had ordered it to be held simultaneously in opposite wings of her enormous castle. As the clock struck eight, music, choral singing and the *petits jeux innocents* of the young girls began in the central reception rooms; while in the large wing of the building, where guests had their private apartments, the whole edifice, illuminated *a-giorno* became one blaze of light, and a lively orgy went on among the men who had assembled in its large hall. The female festival had ended, and the young girls and dames had long ago retired to bed, but the men's drinking party was still at its height. Just before dawn, tired of the excitement and wine-fumes, I left the banquetting-hall with a fellow officer, and we stepped out on the balcony to smoke a cigar in the fresh air.

The season was well advanced, but notwithstanding the first winter month, the weather was fine and no snow had fallen. My companion soon felt chilly and re-entered the rooms; as for myself, being less susceptible to cold, I remained in the morning twilight, filling, greedily, my lungs with the slightly frosty air, and admiring the clean-cut, capricious outlines of the bare trees on the clear sky, as yet hardly tinted in the east with golden and rosy streaks. To my right extended the main body of the great building. All was dark and quiet in it with the exception of one solitary window, behind which twinkled a feeble light as if from a lamp hung before the *ikony* (religious image). I recognized it as one of the windows of the apartment of the young Princess Tcharterinska and thought how disturbed must be her sleep on account of the noise over her rooms. . . . "Nigh time," I thought, "for her princely husband and all of us to be in our beds!" . . . Hardly had the thought crossed my mind, when I heard the sound of a window being cautiously opened, and, at the same moment, a dark shadow, which I had not before observed, emerged from behind the bushes under the trees and approached the house nearer.

* It is an old custom in Russia and Poland that on the eve of the marriage ceremony the Bride and the Bridegroom should give each a farewell soirée, one to her unmarried female, the other to his bachelor, friends.

"Hallo!" I thought, "what is this? Thieves or lovers?" Unwilling to be an impediment to the latter, I retired into the shadow, but was greatly surprised by seeing the light in the apartment of the Princess Tcharterinska suddenly extinguished, her window thrown open and herself appearing in it. I knew her by her voice.

"Vanya; is it you?" . . . she asked in a hurried and subdued tone. "Well; has your poor mother received her money? . . . I was expecting you earlier. . . . I fear people will be soon waking in the house!" . . .

The shadow approached still nearer, under the very window, looking cautiously about in every direction.

"No, *pani* (madam)," answered a sad, boyish voice, in the local dialect, "mother has had nothing. Yesterday we both ate nothing the whole day. . . ."

"How? ate nothing! . . . Impossible, Vanya. I asked, particularly, the *Ksiondz* to help you. My mother gives him plenty of money for the poor. . . . He promised to do so, and told me only last night that he had handed over the money to your mother and a warm fur coat for yourself."

"He gave us nothing!" repeated the boy. "*Pan Ksiondz* (Mr. Priest) said that he had plenty of his own poor and that we could go for help to our own Russian *pope*. And what can the pope do? He is himself penniless and without bread. . . . He gave all he had! Mammy knew it and did not go."

"Oh, God! my God! . . ." repeated the young aristocrat, almost weeping. "Why did you not come to me, Vanya? . . ."

"Why should I?" muttered the boy, shaking sadly the head. "The *heydook* (footman) Vincentiy hits hard. . . . I preferred to wait till dawn, as you had commanded."

"Yes, yes! . . . You have done well!" whispered in a kind of frightened and helpless way, the princely wife. "I could talk with you at no other hour, and . . . Stop! you had nothing to eat? . . . Wait one moment! . . . I have hidden some food for you . . . Wait, wait! till I get it!"

And disappearing for a second, she reappeared in the window almost immediately, wrapped up in a priceless fur cloak, all trembling, and handing to the beggar boy a package of provisions she had *stolen* in her own mother's house.

"Take, take; you see I can give no more; I have no money, my poor Vanya! My husband gives me none and you must let your mother know this, lest she think I have forgotten her, and let her starve! . . . I would gladly give her some of my things . . . but I am afraid! . . . You know when I gave your sister Marianka a ring to sell, what happened . . . and how she was tortured for it! . . . I dare not, now . . . But I got from my maid a warm shawl and a flannel petticoat

... I will return them to her tenfold. . . . Give this to your mother . . . and, here, one loaf more . . . of sweet, nice bread, and some good strong wine that I got from the larder, for your mother . . . it will warm and do her good . . . I will try and get for you, also, a warm coat, Vanya! . . . I will speak again to the Ksiondz. I will ask my mother to order him to help you . . . She will do it; she will, Vanya! . . . And now, go; go! . . . lest some one should see you and give you a beating. Good-bye! . . . Tell your mother that I will never neglect her . . . that, perhaps, I may be able to get for her some money . . . before I leave this place . . . Tell her . . ."

The window was suddenly closed, and the boy took to his heels. Highly interested in what I had heard, I left the banquet hall unperceived by the half-drunken company, crossed to the servants' hall, where the exhausted footmen slept, stretched on the floor, found my cloak and cap, and rapidly followed the boy through a short cut to the village. I had calculated rightly, for I saw him running toward the place where I stood, from an opposite direction, when I stopped and cross-examined him. The poor young wretch got so terrified, that, throwing on the ground the bundle, he attempted to run away; but I easily caught him, and soothing him with a few kind words, got into conversation with him. A few minutes later, we had reached my quarters, at Father Vassiliy's house, and I learnt from him the whole story. This boy was a herdsman, the son of an almost beggared old mother, sick and homeless. A few years before she had been ordered, together with her daughter Marianka, as kitchen-maids, into the Castle, where, as serfs, they received, of course, no wages. The young Countess, then just betrothed to the old prince, took a great fancy to the daughter, who was made over to her, as a serf, together with other articles of her trousseau, but who, very soon after the marriage of her new mistress, died. On her deathbed she implored her lady to help the old mother in case of need, and the Princess pledged her word to do so, and had never broken her promise. But what could the poor young thing do? A millionaire by both mother's and husband's sides, she was powerless to give away even a hundred roubles—a sum which would have made the family of Vanya rich for ever. She had not even one rouble in her possession with which to buy them bread. She, that poor, weak, colourless, society doll, the young aristocrat who thrice daily changed her toilettes, even in the country, and her white kid gloves after every *quadrille*, as they were obsequiously brought to her on a silver salver by a liveried *heydook*—she had to secretly beg from her maid an old petticoat and shawl if she would give alms, and to actually pilfer wine and sweet cakes from the gorgeous larder, if she would only save from starvation an old Russian beggar, doomed by her cruel, heartless mother, and her worthy confederates, the Roman Catholics to slow death! . . . Such was the position of this young patrician and millionaire!

"It is lucky," thought I, "for that helpless and irresponsible victim of her mother's and husband's despotism, that she is not doomed to live much longer in this world!" To all who knew her, it was evident that the sickly, delicate and consumptive Princess Tcharterinska could not live long, nor could anyone who knew her life intimately, so full of sorrow and humiliation, feel otherwise than thankful for the prospect of her speedy liberation.

Soon after the wedding of the Korzanofs, our regiment left that province, and I lost sight of all the personages of this country drama. For long years I heard nothing of the old Countess Sedminska and her familiars.

VERA JELIHOVSKY.

(*To be continued.*)



THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

AT a meeting of members of the Theosophical Society held at Cambridge, England, on the 6th day of October 1888, Mr. G. A. Passingham in the chair, it was resolved to form a Local Branch under the title "The Cambridge Theosophical Society." Upon motion it was resolved that the bye-laws of the Parent Society be temporarily adopted, and the following members of the T. S. present were appointed a committee to draft permanent bye-laws for the Branch.

MR. W. S. MACGOWAN.

MR. H. T. EDGE.

MRS. C. A. PASSINGHAM.

The election of officers being next in order, the following were unanimously chosen :

PRESIDENT : Mrs. C. A. Passingham.

VICE-PRESIDENT : Mr. C. V. Naidu.

SECRETARY & TREASURER : Mrs. Gillig.

There being no other business, the meeting formally adjourned.

AMY GILLIG, secretary.

Attest. RICHARD HARTE.

Special representative of the President Founder.

The following advertisement appeared in LIGHT of Oct. 6th :—

THEOSOPHY.

ALiverpool Branch Lodge of the Indian Theosophical Society is now in process of formation. Those interested in the Society are requested to communicate immediately with SIDNEY G. P. CORYN, 86, Queen's-road, Bootle, Liverpool.

A GLANCE AT "PARSIFAL"?

ONCE more has the world been summoned to a religious festival so wide-reaching in its ethical purpose that the routine ceremonies of the most all-embracing earthly Church sink into insignificance beside it. Once more has the civilized world obeyed the summons, and pilgrims from the Eastern and the Western hemisphere have flocked in greater numbers than before to the little town in the Bavarian highlands where, as in the humble village of Bethlehem, a new gospel has been born to mankind—the Gospel of Love. Love in its purest, most ideal form, the love of Universal Brotherhood, is the theme and lesson of the Bayreuth *Festspiel*, "Parsifal."

What else but this is the meaning of these banded, consecrated knights, whose mission was not only to preserve the *Grál* unspotted from the world, but to sally forth into the world "on highest errands of salvation?"

The ideal republic of the future is pictured in this wondrous play, where each man shall count his own advancement as nought, and offer up his individuality as a sacrifice to the common weal, and where the king is singled out from among his subjects by no distinctive mark of rank, but only by the divine right of greater suffering and more perfect service. What is it that causes the sometime fall of this brotherhood from its high estate, its temporary powerlessness to help the world when "enfeebled is the heroes' might, no message comes to greet us, no call from out the distance to holy warfare"—what but the deplorable fact that each has buried himself in lonely separation from his brothers, and each has sought *for himself* his miserable means of sustenance?

In "Parsifal" we have a world-picture, the fall of a world from harmony into discord, and its redemption by the resolution of that discord, when one arises who, by his example of compassionate toil and unselfish suffering, lifts up once more the downtrod banner of religion and brotherhood. This is the lesson that Bayreuth teaches, a lesson never more needed than in these days when each man's hand is turned against his brother, when materialism is rife, and egoism is enthroned in every state as an all-devouring idol, grotesque and hideous; when the Churches in the powerlessness of dotage lift up their cracked and feeble voices in half-hearted protest against a selfishness encouraged by the very exclusiveness of their dogmas, and each state in Europe, laughing at their shrill, unmeaning bleat, adds another fifty thousand paid butchers to its bloated armaments! It was time that the

voice of the preacher should be lifted up "in the wilderness"; but how to gain a hearing?

The answer is "Bayreuth." Set in a quiet corner of the world, freed from the carking cares of commerce and the glittering display of the hollow joys of wealth and fashion, a temple has been raised by a man whose whole life was consumed by the fire of earnest purpose, and into whose breast the flatus of divine inspiration had breathed the burning spirit of a new art.

His music and poetry sprang from his inmost heart in spontaneous flow, and were no products of a cold, calculating brain, and thus it is that they have such a magnetic effect upon his hearers, fettering their senses as with a spell, for, as Goethe says, "*Es muss von Herzen gehen, was auf Herzen wirken soll,*" from the heart must proceed what men's hearts shall enthral.

Rousing the attention of every civilized nation by works so daring in their exposition of hot, human passion, and their Promethean creation of new musical forms, that no one in the close of this nineteenth century can treat them otherwise than prodigies, whether sent from hell or heaven, Wagner had found the ear of the world, and, having found it, allowed it not to be turned away until he had whispered into it earnest words of comfort and of promise that must ring within its caverns for centuries. No cathedral did he choose wherein, in lifeless form of oratorio, to hymn his message, no crystallized ceremony of ancient use, but the warm life of the stage whereon his hearers might see as well as hear the history of the fall of man and his redemption, and no one who has ever witnessed a performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, but must feel that he has been eye-witness of a great mystery, wherein the spirit of religion has been set free from its old and time-spent forms, and sent once more as a new leaven into the world.

Space forbids that I should discuss the details of this mystic drama, for an analysis of which I must refer my readers to No. 11 of the "Transactions of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society," and to Nos. II., III. and IV. of "The Meister."* The chief points alone of its occult teaching are all that I propose to deal with here. Greatest among these is the mystery of the *Grail* (the "Holy Grail") which sacred vessel was brought down by a host of angels and given to the keeping of holy men. Is not this the Divine Wisdom of the ages, the *Theosophia* which has been ever jealously guarded by bands of brothers, and to which, in the words of the drama, "there leads no path throughout the land, and no one can its precincts tread, unless his footsteps it doth lead," for "to the *pure* alone it is allowed to join themselves unto the Brotherhood on whom the wondrous influence of the Grail rains down their strength for deeds of healing"? Sought by no earthly paths, found by no course of learned study, set in a spot whence Time and Space have fled away, this

* Published by George Redway, 15 York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

is the eternal well of changeless truth. The powers of evil can nowise prevail against its might nor lift the hand of desecration to rob it of its virtues; for *Klingsor*, though the Spear might fall into his power, could not obtain the *Grâl*. This Wisdom is the source of all good, and without its dictates the brothers have no might. Yet, as the world is evil and men are filled with enmity and not with love, it cannot be revealed to all mankind, until as years roll on and suffering has done its purifying work, the spirit of Love and divine Compassion has conquered the world and Parsifal is crowned as king; then there goes forth his first command, "no more shall it concealed be; unveil the *Grâl*, open the shrine." This is the work that Wagner himself has attempted in the laying bare of the mysteries of "*Parsifal*"; but who shall say that the world is yet prepared to hear the message? Some few, at least, will hear and lay to heart, but to the many the oracle cannot but sound in phrases of an unknown tongue. Yet there shines the *Grâl*, as it has shone from countless ages, and ever shall the brotherhood increase, until it numbers in its ranks each member of the human race.

Second only to the *Grâl* is the Holy Spear in this drama; but, unlike its sister symbol, it can be wrested from the service of good and seized by the spirits of evil; for it typifies *Power*, and as soon as this power is employed for any other but the highest objects, is paraded for vain-glory—as many would wish to see the phenomena of occultism paraded—or made subservient to a selfish end, he who wields it will surely fall as fell Amfortas. Its place is by the side of the *Grâl* in the custody of the Brotherhood, and not to be borne in self-seeking strife by any individual member, though it be the king himself; and not till it is restored to its rightful sanctuary, and set beside the holy cup of Wisdom, does the Universal Spirit descend, on the wings of the snow-white dove.

This restoration is effected by *Parsifal* who unites in his nature the characteristics of Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha, who by their example of godlike endurance of suffering and sacrifice of all selfish desires to the one unswerving aim of the good of all mankind, became the redeemers of their race. He typifies the Higher Self in Man, in whose development the experiences of this world are a necessary lesson, but whose inner intuition guides it ever to that unseen world where the *Grâl* is waiting for those whom it has called unto itself. Compassion and intuition are the Jachin and Boaz of Parsifal's soul, and thus he is represented as one of the "foolish" things of this world which are chosen to confound the worldly wise. It was needed in these days—when men deny the essence of their souls because, forsooth, they cannot extract it by any chemical process and store it away in bottles,—it was needed that once more the existence of a higher insight should be proclaimed, and the story told of the youth who, led forward by the dazzling beings who appeared to him in his forest vision, presses on to the temple of the *Grâl*, led by an impulse

which he cannot yet express, and who fulfils the great last work of renunciation of self and gains, instead of individual, universal bliss.

But there is another side to this picture. Opposed to Parsifal, we have the sorcerer, *Klingsor*. Eaten up by the desire of boundless power, he has mastered for himself the Spear, the symbol of Will and Power ; this he has accomplished by painful self-mortification, a mortification perilous in that its object is concentrated selfishness and lust of dominion, for when the body is tormented by the throes of self-imposed penance, a door is opened for the entrance of elemental forces, which, though excellent as servants, become most tyrannous as masters. Thus has this black magician striven for power, and, for a while, succeeded ; but with the advent of a mightier than himself, of the guileless youth "whom shields the buckler of innocence," his power recoils against himself and he and all his magic stronghold sink into annihilation. The occult law is here most strictly observed ; the wielding of occult power is full of danger to him who attempts it, and if not guided by occult wisdom, the day must come when the whole strength of the sorcerer is sent forth in some task beyond his might ; with failure comes retaliation, the blow rebounds upon the striker, left defenceless by the expenditure of force, and the end is swift and sure extermination.

In *Kundry* we have the victim of the magician's art. Striving to do the good which she is too weak to persevere in, she is obsessed by an evil spirit, and subject to the magnetic control of *Klingsor*. Yet for her there is salvation, as Parsifal casts out from her, as Christ cast out from Mary Magdalene, the possessing dæmon. A type of Matter and of animal passion, she is redeemed from ill and purified by Spirit as the world passes from out of its weary round of bondage into the bosom of the infinite, in the night of *Pralaya*.

It is not only the whole structure of the plot and characterization of "Parsifal" that is mystic, but the poem is full of profound philosophy, as in the allusion by Gurnemanz to the mysterious kingdom of the Grâl where Time is swallowed up in Space, and in the various hints of the doctrine of re-incarnation, of which we may instance the words of Parsifal, "all that breathes and lives, and *lives again*." But the great lesson of the drama is summed up in the promise of the victory of "Wisdom won by Love," whereby the redeemer, Parsifal, heals all the wounds of sinful men. Thus once more is the mysterious rite of the Love-Feast of the Grâl celebrated within the sacred temple in perfect harmony, and the great work of Renunciation is crowned by the entry into Nirvana of the soul that has learned on earth to recognize its highest self in the universal spirit in which all things in nature do live and move and have their being.

W. ASHTON ELLIS.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

A MARTYR THEOSOPHIST.*

MY name is Giordano, of the family of Bruno, of the city of Nola, twelve miles from Naples. There I was born and brought up. My profession has been and is that of letters, and of all the sciences. My father's name was Giovanni, and my mother was Francesca Savolini; my father was a soldier. He is dead, and my mother also. I am forty-four years old, having been born in 1548," were his words before the tribunal of the Inquisition in Venice in 1592, on entering those dungeons which he only left for the torture-chamber and the stake.

In Nola, where Bruno passed the early years of his life, still lingered the atmosphere of the old occult school of Pythagoras. And the mantle of the Samian fell upon Giordano Bruno. His early years were passed in a time of social and political disorganization; all Italy was in disorder. The Inquisition stood grimly firm, ready to play its part, through all turmoils and devastations. In order to gain opportunities for study, Bruno entered the Dominican convent in Naples when he was fifteen years old. But under the friar's robe beat the heart of the indomitable enthusiast and philosopher.

In Naples he remained till his twenty-eighth year; until his daring and unfettered spirit rousing the fear and hostility of the monks, he was compelled to flee to Rome and thence to Genoa, narrowly escaping the warrant for his arrest.

For some time Bruno earned his bread by teaching the children in the little town of Nola, but after five months he was again obliged to flee, taking refuge first at Turin and afterwards at Venice. There he composed several works, but these, and everything else he wrote in Italy, were destroyed by the murderous Inquisition. Italy was no longer safe, and Bruno took refuge in Geneva amongst the adherents of the new Reformed Church. Their intolerance, however, was only second to that of Rome; he crossed over into France, and for some time lectured in Paris as Doctor of Philosophy. On the conversion of Henri III., Bruno crossed to England, where he met many of the Elizabethan worthies; Sir Philip Sydney, to whom he dedicated "Gli Eroici Furori," Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke and, perhaps, also, Shakespeare. In 1585 Bruno returned to Paris, and then passed through Germany and Austria, resting finally at Frankfort. While there the treacherous

* "The Heroic Enthusiasts" (Gli Eroici Furori), of Giordano Bruno, translated by L. Williams. (George Redway, London, 1887.)

scheme which led up to his martyrdom was being devised at Venice. Gregory XIV. was then Pope. Mocenigo, the infamous tool of the more infamous Inquisition, was the Judas who betrayed him with a kiss. Inviting Bruno to Venice, he treated him with every mark of esteem, while secretly plotting his betrayal and murder. One morning Mocenigo threw aside the veil, and Bruno was cast into the dungeon of the Inquisition. Before the Inquisitors the full nobility and grandeur of his character came out. Instead of weakly pleading for pardon, he boldly, and yet calmly, faced his torturers in their tribunal.

"Being interrogated, he gave details of his life, and expositions of his philosophy. He spoke of the universe, of the infinite worlds in infinite space, of the divinity in all things, of the unity of all things, the dependence and inter-dependence of all things, and of the existence of God in all." He was carried to Rome, and there he passed eight years in dungeons and torture-chambers. On the 17th February, in the year 1600, the fiendish engine of the Inquisition finally struck its victim. Hearing his sentence of death, Bruno said: "You, O Judges! feel perchance, more terror in pronouncing this judgment, than I do in hearing it." Rome was full of pilgrims from all parts, come to celebrate the jubilee of Pope Clement VIII. Bruno was hardly fifty years old at this time; his face was thin and pale, with dark, fiery eyes; the forehead luminous with thought, his body frail, and bearing the signs of torture; his hands in chains, his feet bare, he walked with slow steps in the early morning towards the funeral pile. Brightly shone the sun, and the flames leaped upwards and mingled with his ardent rays; Bruno stood in the midst with his arms crossed, his head raised and his eyes open. When all was consumed, a monk took a handful of the ashes and scattered them in the wind. A month later, the Bishop of Sidonia presented himself at the treasury of the Pope and demanded two scudi in payment for having degraded Fra Giordano the heretic!

Not less remarkable than the purity and heroism of his life, were the grandeur and nobleness of his philosophy.

"He taught that everything in Nature has a soul, one universal mind penetrates and moves all things; the world itself is a *sacrum animal*. Nothing is lost, but all transmutes and becomes."

"The primal idea of Pythagoras, which Bruno worked out to a more distinct development, is this: numbers are the beginnings of things; numbers are the cause of the existence of material things; * they are not final, but are always changing position and attributes; they are variable and relative. Beyond and above this mutability, there must be the Immutable, the All, the One.

"The Infinite must be one, as one is the absolute number; in the original One is contained all numbers; in the One is contained all the elements of the Universe.

* *Vide* "Stanzas from the Book of Dzyan," in the "Secret Doctrine."

“ One is the perfect number ; it is the primitive monad. As from the One proceeds the infinite series of numbers which again withdraw and are resolved into the One ; so from Substance, which is one, proceed the myriads of worlds ; from the worlds proceed myriads of living creatures ; and from the union of one with the diverse is generated the Universe. Hence the progression from ascent to descent, from spirit to that which we call matter ; from the cause to the origin, and the process of metaphysics, which, from the finite world of sense rises to the intelligent, passing through the intermediate numbers of infinite substance to active being and cosmic reason.

“ From the absolute One, the sum of the sensible and intellectual world, millions of stars and suns are produced and developed. Each sun is the centre of as many worlds which are distributed in as many distinct series, in an infinite number of concentric centres and systems. Each system is attracted, repelled, and moved by an infinite eternal passion, or attraction ; each turns round its own centre, and moves in a spiral towards the centre of the whole, towards which centre they all tend with infinite passional ardour. For in this centre resides the sun of suns, the unity of unities, the temple, the altar of the universe, the sacred fire of Vesta, the vital principle of the Universe.

“ That which occurs in the world of stars is reflected in the telluric world ; everything has its centre, towards which it is attracted with fervour. All is thought, passion, and aspiration.

“ From this unity which governs variety, from this movement of every world around its sun, of every sun around its centre sun—the sun of suns—which informs all with the rays of the spirit, with the light of thought—is generated the perfect harmony of colours, sounds and forms. That which in the heavens is harmony becomes, in the individual, morality, and in companies of human beings, law. That which is light in the spheres becomes intelligence and science in the world of spirit and of humanity.

“ Through the revolution of the worlds through space around their suns, from their order, their constancy and their measure, the mind comprehends the progress and conditions of men, and their duties towards each other, the Bible, the sacred book of man, is in the heavens ; there does man find written the word of God.

“ Human souls are lights, distinct from the universal soul, which is diffused over all, and penetrates everything. A purifying process guides them from one existence to another, from one form to another, from one world to another. The life of man is more than an experience or trial ; it is an effort, a struggle to reproduce and represent upon earth some of that goodness, beauty, and truth, which are diffused over the universe and constitute its harmony. Long, slow, and full of opposition is this educational process of the soul. Through struggle is man educated, fortified, and raised.

“Through the midst of cataclysms and revolutions humanity has one guiding star, a beacon which shows its light above the storms and tempests, a mystical thread running through the labyrinth of history—the religion of philosophy and of thought. The vulgar creeds would not and have not dared to reveal the Truth in its purity and essence. They covered it with veils and allegories, with myths and mysteries, which they called sacred; they enshrouded thought with a double veil, and called it Revelation. Humanity, deceived by a seductive form, adored the veil, but did not lift itself up to the idea behind it; it saw the shadow, not the light.

“Speaking of the Immortality of the Soul, Bruno maintained that nothing in the universe is lost, everything changes and is transformed; the soul transmigrates, and drawing round itself atom to atom, it re-constructs for itself a new body. The spirit that moves all things is one; everything differentiates according to the different forms and bodies in which it operates.

“In place of the so-called Christian perfections (resignation, devotion, and ignorance), Bruno put intelligence and the progress of the intellect in the world of physics, metaphysics, and morals; the true aim being illumination, the true morality the practice of justice, the true redemption the liberation of the soul from error, its elevation and union with God upon the wings of thought.” This idea is fully developed in “*Gli Eroici Furori*,” to which, in the present translation, we refer our readers. In the works of this noble philosopher and hero we find all that is vital in the Secret Doctrine of the ages; and more, we find a divine harmony with the one truth, for ever eternal in the heavens. When Bruno’s courage, and dauntless bravery in the face of danger, torture, and death, are more clearly reflected in the present generation of mystical thinkers, when they are more ready to emulate his earnestness, sincerity, and unflinching resolution, then we shall have less hesitation than at present in calling this martyr-hero a “Theosophist.”

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F.T.S.



NOTICE.

THE Lending Library of the T. P. S. will be opened to the Members and Public on the 1st October. The charge will be Twopence per week for each Volume. All inquiries should be addressed to “T. P. S. Library,” 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Country Readers will be charged postage.

Donations of books, or funds for their purchase, will be thankfully received.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

BY CHARLES HANNAN, F.R.G.S., AUTHOR OF "A SWALLOW'S WING," &c.

PART I.

THAT my letter must be of the most fragmentary kind you will understand as I proceed, and you will pardon me if, from time to time, I fail in the transmission of that complete sympathy of thought which, as writer, I would strive to give.

I am a man neither young nor old, and yet the blight of countless ages seems to have descended upon me to make me what I am. Could you see me it would sadden you. See? yes, with the inward eye; in the truest sense conveyed by the simple word. For to see with the eye is nothing if the brain fail more deeply to perceive.

My life has been spent in a single pursuit—a pursuit which never gains its end, for in the momentary satisfaction I have learned that there can only lie that which the oil gives to the flame—and there is no water to quench the thirst in my soul.

Have I done well? I cannot tell. Have I lost my life, or gained it, who shall say?

Mine was always a dreamy nature—dreamy without that sympathy for the beautiful—without that depth which finds a harmony in the fresh airs of spring and bursting of the buds upon the field—dreamy with a vain selfishness which fed upon its lifeless self.

I was never young, for I have never tasted youth. What can I remember in the days which have been which I would desire to recall? Ah! Let the past—my past—be the dead, dumb thing it has become.

Curious that I should say so now! How vaguely do my senses conceive their own volition—how dimly do I understand myself; I who would penetrate into that darkness which is gone—into that darkness far far beyond the years which my memory might recall.

Never young—no, surely never young—and I wonder at those whose youth hangs about them like the ivy that clings to the rotten tree.

No such ivy has circled round the stem of my life, as the years rolled by. Zealously have I pursued my way—only now—now that I know that I possess more than I can understand—have I wakened to the reality of what I am.

There is a great demon within me—an evil spirit that cries endlessly, "Seek—seek—seek and know," and I *have* sought, for who could disobey. Thus has it always been. Yes, I *have* sought for good or ill—I *have* sought ceaselessly for the knowledge which is now stored within.

Knowledge! Thine is the unquenchable flame that consumes my soul—thine the fuel added to the fire—thine the never-ending thirst.

Have I wakened to some truer thing? How shall I say, who write these lines?

Enough. Thus I am young in years, yet old—with a brain stored with accumulated wisdom—fired with the desire, endless in its unsatisfied intensity for more—knowing earthly things as you cannot know them, and desiring that you who read should hesitate upon the threshold of the House where Knowledge dwells.

* * * * *

I write you from the East of Time. It is a strange expression is it not? Yet I can find no other fitted to what I would convey. How far East you must judge, not I. Many centuries have rolled onwards since *you* inhabited the earth. It is through the vista of these centuries that I speak to you now, for I am writing to an age which seems to have passed away.

Centuries lie between you and me, and I who write do so by a strange means *backwards through Time!*

And if *I* tremble and am filled with wonderment at the power which knowledge has given to me, how can *you* understand, who live countless generations before. Is it possible for you to grasp that which I cannot grasp? You forget who and what I am. You forget who it is who writes to you. You fail to remember what he has written of his youthless life.

You cannot believe? Why not? Must the unknown be always refused belief. Is it not possible that others who live after you (who gather from your research a little, it may be), understand more deeply than you.

And I am one of these, and still I say I do not understand.

I simply know what is, and, therefore, must believe.

Do not think that I have not sought to understand. Even as I write to you I would strive at this; and more, I would tell to you the little that I know.

I have studied to be with you, even to think with you, for your age, your little century out of all the past draws me towards it, and were it possible, I would fain have existed amongst you, and with you instead of existing now, hundreds of years in what to you is future time.

I have told you that I know *what is*—that I believe because I *know* and yet cannot fathom all.

This is what I cannot understand;—that you and I are co-existing, living in the world at the same time! You in the nineteenth century, I in the twenty fourth! ! !

What is time? How is it that we, you and I, *are living* (as we must be if I can communicate with you) and yet live different lives in cities

and in towns that are not the same with you and me. It is impossible, and yet *I* write to you—How can I penetrate the past if it is not living, breathing, existing now ?

One word. Can you explain to me the meaning of the word “Everlasting” ? Think well before you frame an answer. Let your mind try to grasp its vastness, its impossibility, and then tell me what it means ! What is Time ? Time is everlasting, are its parts less so ? If Time exist for ever it must simply *be*, it cannot move, so there can be no part that is not present, no future that is not existing now.

But for me, a mortal, it is too deep a question to entertain, and my brain cannot think otherwise than that you are in the past even as I am in the present to myself and in the far future to you !

I write you from the East of Time, that is all. From the land of the ever-rising sun to the land where the sun has long since set.

You are in the distant West to me. I in the far East to you. And I am writing to you through the power of mind over mind, a mental telegraphy if you will, which connects myself with one of you.

You have wondrous tales as to the Mesmeric power, have you not ? I smile sometimes when I read in the old old books of your faint beliefs and strong and firm disbeliefs. *You* do not know the powers that are given to man.

What little I understand I will endeavour to make clear to you—to you as *you* think hundreds of years ago ! I will take an instance which I think may be intelligible to you.

Suppose that I were in India, you in England. If I telegraphed to you, you have my message from beyond the seas to all appearance hours before it was sent off by me. A simple thing bearing nothing on the point at issue ! So you say, but wait. We admit that though by the electric current time appears to have been gained it has been really lost. But supposing that the telegram had come instantaneous as a flash from mind to mind, what then ? It *was* instantaneous ; that was all, no more, there was no gain ! Granted ! but the fact remains that you in England have conceived my thought, *actually at the same moment*, and also actually, as we mortals look upon Time measured in days by the circling of the globe, hours before it had origin with me.

And this is all that I can give you which may be in a degree intelligible to you, the people in the West :—

Think of me as of one in a land more distant than India (I am in England though none of your generation have met me face to face). Think of me as of one in some far Eastern clime influencing by the mesmeric power the man who is writing my words in the distant West ! and the truth may be near you now.

The centuries which have rolled since you were, have changed the world you used to know. I have read much of your day, and I have of late been buried in research, thus it is most interesting for me to write to

you. Could you read the History of the world during the ages which have intervened, I think you would marvel that such things could have been but I do not tell you of these, for mine is a selfish task. I would penetrate into and know something of your time rather than inform you of mine. Yet it is easier for me to write to you than to be with you until——

I broke off suddenly because of the arrival of some news. It comes at all hours and interrupts me frequently when I would be still. And a curious question now occurs to me.

What was my medium—the author who pens for me my words, five hundred years ago—what was he doing during those few seconds whilst I was perusing what had come? Most strange, most unintelligible.

It may be that his inspiration seemed to leave him, for I doubt not he is unconscious even as he writes these words that it is *my* thought, the thought of the man in the East, that he puts upon the page.

Perhaps he sat backwards in his chair merely waiting, or perhaps he crumpled an odd corner of his blotting sheet and threw it into his curious old fire. I would that I could see these things!

I am waiting and I hope that it may be!

My news? you are curious as to what it was and how it came? It may interest you, it is so different from what you knew.

There is a little case standing in the corner of my room. When the bell rings something has occurred and a paper falls out upon the lower shelf which tells me all. Very different, is it not, from those quaint old sheets of which I have quite a number somewhere in my store. And to get my news as it occurs I think I pay considerably less money annually than you expend on your evening "Globe."

Are there no newspapers for sale then in my age? Certainly for those who choose to buy, but you would scarcely know them as such, I think, and it is preferable, is it not, to learn important events as they occur and to have the resumé printed by the same machine at a later hour.

This paper that I have crumpled in my hand comes through the medium of The Universal Agency.

"The Bridge across the Gulf has just been opened in presence of a vast crowd. There have been no accidents!"

That is the sum and substance. The powers of the world have been present and I at this moment, a disinterested individual, am calmly sitting here. The Gulf crossed at last! a huge cavity into which the sea rushed fifty years ago when those who lived believed the world was at an end. It is crossed now, and America I suppose is a single continent once more!

I too shall cross my gulf, a greater gulf it may be, a gulf which I have already half bridged across, the gulf between the present and the past.

For I stand now amongst my fellows as one different from them and callous to the present time.

Do you understand the selfishness of my design? It is to be amongst you though it be but as a dream, to live in your bygone age and to leave this present which I detest, *not* to write to you of the age in which I live.

In Mesmerism, as in electricity, there is a negative power, and upon this do I base my hopes. I, who am mesmerising the man who writes in the West, wait till he shall unknown to himself grow as it were a part of me and call me by the power of his thought over mine into a life that has existence hundreds of years ago!

Meantime I wait.

* * * * *

Amongst my books I came across one lately which I had never opened before, for I have a vast library which I may never live to read, although my time has been ceaselessly spent amongst my books. It was the Biography of an author, in a word that of the man who is writing now, who transcribes as his own this letter from the East of Time. Whence the book came I have been unable to discover. The author's works are unknown now, no one even knows his name, and yet in your day he must have gained a certain fame, else surely none had written of his life! The book is entitled, "An Essay upon the Life and Works of Geoffrey Harborough, in 2 vols."

And I alone possess the book that tells me of his career, a career which interests me deeply for reasons more than one!

I have told you that your age, out of all the past, draws me towards it with a longing to know of your time, a longing which has grown into an unquenchable thirst to be with you and exist with you. This reason made me read the book. It was of your time, and I read.

Often have I longed to pass into the days gone by, and being aware of the power which is mine, that of Mesmerism in its most intense depths, was it not strange that I should hesitate to take the first step?

One moment and I shall explain.

Why should I step into a nature uncongenial to mine?

Where should I find one which could be otherwise?

These two problems held me back. I have never liked my fellows of the present time. My gloomy nature, the knowledge which I have amassed, my vague unending desires to know, separate me from them; and I stand apart.

Shall we suppose it to be a nature alien to mine which lives and breathes my thoughts upon the page you now read five hundred years ago—do you think my communication would be so clear?

That is a small matter to me. This is the greater:—With an alien nature mine would strive. I should never then be able to descend to

your age because, consciously or unconsciously, I should *resist the negative power*, and my mind would refuse to yield to another which it might despise or could not trust. The second problem was solved on the day I found that book, and its solution meant the solution of the first and of all else.

There is a portrait—a curious old thing—at the commencement of the book. When my eye fell upon it a strange excitement filled me, for I seemed to see something of my own nature mirrored on the face of a man still young. The likeness was taken in his youth.

I read the little book with avidity, nor, till I came to the last page that it contains, did I pay attention to the fact that the volume was but one of two, and that I did not possess the whole. The second volume is not in my possession!

My whole library have I ransacked in its search. It is useless, for I cannot find it. But I have enough to prove to me that this, of all others, is the man whose nature is most akin to mine, and yet I would that I might have read the whole.

His portrait first:—I have opened the old volume beside me, and am sitting with it before me, whilst the original of the picture, five hundred years ago, obeys my will and writes this description of himself:—

It is a young face, rather round than otherwise, and somewhat too heavy in features to be esteemed good-looking. Of the face the nose is the most prominent part. The mouth is at once firm and weak; the upper lip exhibits a certain strength; the lower contradicts it, and the slight dimples at either end add to the boyishness of the face. It is in the eyes and forehead that there are some signs of thought. The brows run straight, not curved, and by the power which they indicate might cause us to overlook the sadness which is inseparably connected with the eye itself. For the rest his hair is light, and in the portrait brushed from the brow and too long, and the face itself is hairless. The likeness is that of a young man upon whose features I read chiefly these things—first, Self-conceit, Arrogance, and Belief in his own powers; secondly, Something of sensuality and the gloom of those feelings which intermingle with poesy and love; and lastly, The capabilities of unending misery and mental pain.

Is it strange to you that I should choose this man out of all the ages that have been? Why should I *not* choose thus? My life, as I have said, has known no youth. I have no longing for the youth which others know. And yet I could know—ah, no! I long to know—such a youth as may be his.

There is something in his face, be it in the eye, be it where it will, that speaks to my heart and tells me that he and I have something which others have not, and which is ours alone. I turn again to the book. It is a musty old volume—many pages have here and there been lost, and what remains is yellow and faded with the age of centuries.

Strange, is it not, that I have this before me, I who influence his life in part, stranger still it would be had I the volume I have sought, the second of the two telling of his life. What does it contain? what is the end of the man who interests me, who is inspired by my thought, and who writes now to my will. I have followed his life to the conclusion of the twenty-fifth year. He commenced to write in his early youth, and the volume before me is filled with extracts from his earlier works. It is useless to cry against a fate which has hidden from me the volume which is lost.

There is little to arouse the curiosity even of the most excitable in the account which I hold of the poet-author's earlier years. Were it not that I feel that we are akin, I doubt not but that the book had been cast aside ere now. As it is I have read and re-read, and I have sought in vain for the remainder of the book—it is not to be found.

Yes, there is but little which would interest you in the earlier half of the author's life. He is an orphan where my volume ceases, not wealthy, almost a beggar, and yet not looked upon as such, because his wealthy uncle has taken him under his roof. Does his soul chafe against the dependence forced upon him? Does his heart beat wildly to be free—to face the wild winds of poverty rather than view the gilded cage? My volume does not say!

I have read and re-read, and this poem, simple and crude, if you will, tells me there are thoughts which cannot be chronicled by other than himself. He has a youth—it tells me so.

He has a youth, and I, who have none, long greedily to share its joys.

ONORA MAYNE.

Lilies cluster round
 Lilies fair,
 Simply twined amongst
 Golden hair.
 Eyes so good and true,
 Frank, and calm, and blue,
 Softly raise with trustful gaze
 As she speaks to you.

And methinks a tear
 Dims the eye,
 Something strikes a chord,
 Tell me why
 Is it good to feel
 Mingled woe with weal?
 O'er the heart as if a part
 Holy sorrow steal?

Sadness sheds a beauty
 Undefined
 Pure and gentle shadow
 You may find
 Mirrored there so true,
 Softening eyes so blue,
 Scarce a trace on smiling face
 As she speaks to you!

And then I read the concluding lines of the contents of Volume I. of the author's life. With this the little book stops abruptly and several pages appear to be amissing.

"He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was during "this year that he fell in love. This love, from the depth of his poetic "nature, became a passion of the most intensified character, and was the "cause of that change which cast a shadow upon"

I connect the two! And to gain his youth, his passion and his love, I will brave the unknown shadow of which the volume speaks.

• • • • • •

It is at this period in his lifetime that I would enter your century, your age. I would pierce the veil of centuries, that my mind might be as his mind, to dwell with him—to be with him whilst my earthly frame is left in trance five hundred years in Eastern Time!

I do not want his boyhood—if I shun my own past, let me shun his—let me enter his life as I leave my own, at the age of twenty-five.

And even as I am writing—as he is writing shall I not rather say? I draw nearer to him, for I feel that the negative influence is surely and slowly assuming power, and that it may be that he will call me at last from the future to his time.

I shall know his youth. I who have never tasted youth's joys, shall taste them with his lips. Why not? He can love—why not I.

I thirst that his youth may be mine—that his tale for good or ill, for sorrow or for joy—may be mine, as it shall be when the mesmeric circle is complete.

What change lies before him—as he writes he seems to question his own fate, but it is I, not he, who create the thought.

And I who have read of his youth seek to read in the Book of Life the contents of that second volume which I cannot find!

Do I calculate my risk? What risk?

I exist five hundred years in future time. What is the risk if I step back to be with you. Must I then always live in your age in a day I now look upon as past? No! You forget that there is an awakening from the trance, and my awakening will come in the good time, only I pray it may not be too soon.

I am yielding to the influence that comes back to me—slowly my brain is changing from that which gives an impression to that which receives, and it is by *my* will notwithstanding that this is done. The circle will complete itself!

Onora Mayne—I would love you—yet what have *I* to do with love? Onora Mayne, I near you—where are you, for all is dark and dim around? Onora Mayne! Onora Mayne!

* * * * *

My spirit is falling—falling—downwards—downwards—into an abyss whose depth I cannot gauge—and still I fall.

* * * * *

I have apparently been writing as one in a dream, for I have no consciousness of having transcribed all that I now see written upon the sheets which, as usual, I have cast upon the floor as I wrote. Yet there is something familiar to me in what I now read over for the first time, and some change seems actually to influence me as though an inspiration which were given to me had not yet expended its full force, and still dwelt about me and around me. What a strange thing. I shudder at the thought. Am I then no longer the being that I was? A deeper gloom descends upon me. Onora—Onora. I forget. What has happened to me? Onora! I cannot call your face before me! what blight has fallen upon my soul.

What have I forgotten? I am as one drunken with much wine.

Everything around me seems strange and new, and yet it is the same. The same? As what?

I cannot tell. Only it is as though all were familiar to me just as I have met strange things in dreams which yet were as if real and as possessing an existence which I had known.

* * * * *

I seem to have slowly regained possession of myself.

I have re-perused the unearthly thing which I have written. How did I write it? Under what inspiration? I cannot believe that these words came from my pen for I have never conceived. I could not have conceived of anything so far beyond my comprehension.

This man it would seem, existing in a wonderful world of which we can have no conception (what changes will have lit upon the world by the time spoken of by him!), throws himself back into the past in order to share my youth. Let me think a moment. I cannot understand the full meaning of what my thought puts before me. Let me think.

First—there is the impossibility of such a thing. I am living now. I, Geoffrey Harborough, am living now, how then can any being as yet unborn communicate with me through the space of centuries? It cannot be! Why does my mind not cast aside the thought and cease to dwell upon the unknown? Why can I not say "It is untrue"? My

soul is groping in the dark. A species of madness and weird suspicion of the terrible and of hidden things falls upon and enwraps me as in a cloud of dark impenetrable mist.

Let me read this thing again. I *cannot* have written this, and yet my eyesight is not deceived, my hand has traced every line. Am I still as in a dream, no for I am waking as surely as man was ever so. I swear it. I live and am awake and still I seem to dream.

Strangest of all, these verses are my own. Two days ago, I penned them to you Onora, though you knew it not, and now they come to me thrown backwards by the centuries as though to cause me to believe.

The portrait too! It must be mine!

Suppose then that I do believe, that I accept you, strange unknown spirit from another sphere, that I allow that you, who *will* exist five hundred years after I am dead, *can* be with me now, what then? I become yours, do I not, for you share my life—why not?

Who said "Why not?" a second time. Why does every thought seem to have an echo within my brain?

I cannot write just now. I feel weak and faint as I never felt before, something is strange within me, my pen falls from my hand.

* * * * *

God help me! I know it now. Know it as surely as you know that you have an immortal soul, that some spirit has descended upon me for good or ill with me for evermore.

It is as though I had been born again with two souls, as though two minds dwelt and mingled within me in eternal conflict, which is yet never conflict because the weaker must always yield. And it is as though the old self was subordinate to the newer self, and I cry aloud "God help me!"

In eternal conflict, a silent unseen conflict, for the one soul which is within me must sleep, whilst the other wakes, and when the spirit which has come upon me arises from lethargic sleep to steal my youth, the soul which is mine own passes from me as it were in dream.

One sleepeth and the other waketh! Yet neither sleep, because the two are one.

This cannot be!

And still it is!!

* * * * *

It is early dawn. I am haggard and wan for want of sleep, and the long night has nearly passed away.

I can hear the birds chirping in the trees, though the mist which is rising from the lawn restrains my sight. Though it is summer I feel chilled, for I have spent the night without seeking my couch, and I am glad that the day has come. I remember leaving them early last night, for it was my intention to write for an hour or two at that time, but my work

still stands as before, and I have some doubt now if I shall complete it in good time.

You are aware how I have spent the night! A calm has temporarily descended upon me. I know that it cannot last, for what has been written is true!

All that has gone before must have been written, as I am not in the habit of writing,—a little at a time. There must have been many intervals and long intervals, and yet I took no count of time.

I resumed my writing when I had opened my window just now and looked out upon the mist of the lawn, and it must have been after a very lengthy pause that I did so.

And you ask me now—now that you find me in my sober senses, so you think, and now that you recognise me as the author whom you have perchance known, what is the meaning of all that has gone before. And I ask you in reply, have you been with me whilst I wrote, can you follow sensations, sometimes mine, sometimes apparently given to me, and have you then looked upon me only as one frenzied with his own thought?

Friends it is *not so*. You ask me now, now that my passions, my despair, and the great struggle to be free, are done, what have I to say?

This only :

Every word I believe to be true!

Despair wears itself away into a vague monotony, perhaps it is thus with me, for I am calm, as calm as I have ever been, now, when I declare to you that I am *not* the man I was, that another has come to share my youth.

Cast your eye back a few pages. You have read, have you not, that my works gain me an immortality (false vanity of a bygone dream!) which reaches through the centuries to come—not in my works but through the medium of a single antique volume giving an account of the earlier part of my author life, a life of which only one man at that distant date comes to learn or to read. He is with me as a part of me in the spirit now.

You have not read that volume because it does not yet exist, nor have I, for the power of that which has come from the future time brings with it no recollection, for it has passed back as it were to be born again side by side with my soul. But you and I can read now a part of the volume, that part which came to me from that East of Time before the mind which gave it to me left its own century to enter mine.

And we read there this :

“He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was during “this year that he fell in love. This love, from the depth of his poetic “nature, became a passion of the most intensified character, and was the “cause of that change which cast a shadow upon”

I am Geoffrey Harborough, and I have met Onora Mayne.

• • • • • • •

How the lovely sunlight of the dawn is lighting with its tints of gold
the far off sky! I love the early morn! My spirit wanders into argent
fields where the young lambs bleat in harmony with the new born
day.

“ Breaks the dawn, the distant beacons
Of the darkness die away
As the glory of the morning
Like some giant child at play,
Picks the stars from out the Heavens
In the joy of Baby day. .

(To be continued.)



DEVELOPMENT.

BEHOLD the dazzling hierarchies which Rome,
Thibet, and China show—the gorgeous flow'rs
From germs which lightly fell in spring-time hours
In Syria, India, and the jealous home
Of sage Confucius! Has the fisherman
Swelling to Pope lost those fine saintly powers
Which spent a spirit that 'neath matter cowers
Encrusted and subdued? How quickly ran
Faith like a nymph to clothe herself, and though
Her garments now grow tattered, those frail weeds
Are precious as the carmine flakes the rose
Drops from her leaning breast. The life God shows
Pervades all realms wherever thought can go,
Blooms in our fanes, and withers in our creeds.

MARY W. GALE.

A SUFI'S MYSTICAL APOLOGUE.

(Concluded from the July Number.)

NOTE BY SHEIK L. ALI-FONS OF MOUNT CARMEL IN PALESTINE.

IT seems to me on perusing the foregoing apologue and notes that the divine "Thee" mentioned therein, can be nothing but the primal androgynous being developed within the tissues of the present gross body, and which will survive its decay, such decay and death being caused by the evolution of that higher body. I look upon this "thee" as the spiritual body or "soma pneumatikon" of St. Paul, and the "*soma augoeides*" of the Neoplatonists, the original human being mentioned in "Genesis," as having been created male and female, androgynous, and which is alluded to in Plato's "Banquet."

How this originally biune being came to be separated into two incomplete beings—male and female—is a question too deep for man's present faculty and sources of knowledge, and no doubt lies at the root of the present state of human misery.

It is only by the re-creation or new birth—re-union of these two fragmentary, and consequently wretched and suffering individuals that the primal happiness consisting in their love-union can be produced. This will be the next stage of the evolution of man—replacing the present stage of his separated crucifixion. The void within the soul—that bottomless abyss which everyone now feels within his and her central being, arising from unsatisfied love, can only be filled up by this change to an ever present androgynicity, the male and female elements becoming a new biune being.

It is also my opinion that this androgynous being is the Comforter promised by Jesus, who is to come to each in the future devolution referred to by him.

Behold the season—the time of comfort and joy is at hand! Let each, therefore, prepare for this new advent by purity in heart and soul and body, and by self-sacrifice and devotion to altruistic or world aims and ends, casting out from his and her consciousness all desires for mere personal selfish objects; in other words, let us enter into the sphere of love, so that our lives may be realized by the new creation within each of us of the new biune man and woman.

When this new child of God (the all Father-Mother), shall be developed on earth, then the reign of sorrow shall cease, and that of joy take its place; then shall be fulfilled the taking down from the Cross and the transfiguration and ascension of humanity typified by those events in the life of Jesus—the divine typical Man.

The duality mentioned in the last verse is the separated male and female nature; and when these are reunited the true sympneuma or androgynous celestial being shall be formed, and the present duality shall disappear in the unity of the sympneuma—and in unity with God.

BY THE LIVING EDITOR.

There are many legends and traditions of great antiquity which may perhaps be explained by this doctrine of the "Sympneuma," or the biune nature of the future human being. Of this class of legends is that widespread belief that at a certain epoch spiritual beings, by the ancients called "Gods," held friendly and loving intercourse with the daughters of men. See Genesis. There are also numerous stories of female divinities — nymphs, &c., who had intercourse, friendship and love with men; as in the beautiful stories of Undine, and the New Melusine of Goethe. Ancient mythology indeed is full of these romances, and it is difficult to understand how they all could have originated unless there had been at some remote epoch a foundation in fact for this common and widespread tradition. In almost all mythologies the Gods were male and female—husband and wife; but whether this can be ascribed to anything else than the early anthromorphic tendency of the religious process is difficult to say.*

One of the most interesting of these old stories is told by Plutarch of Numa. (It would be curious if this name Numa should have some connection with the Greek "pneuma" = Spirit, and with the old Egyptian spiritual God, Num.)

Plutarch says that Numa "was endued with a soul rarely tempered by Nature, and disposed to virtue, which he had yet more subdued by discipline, a severe life and the study of philosophy; means which had not only succeeded in expelling the baser passions, but also the violent and rapacious temper which barbarians are apt to think highly of; true bravery, in his judgment, was regarded as consisting in the subjugation of our passions by reason!" "Numa, leaving the conversation of the town (after the death of his wife), betook himself to a country life, and in a solitary manner frequented the groves and fields consecrated to the Gods, passing his life in desert places."

This life in the wilderness appears, in all these old histories of spiritual heroes, to be a necessary stage in the development of the spirit or pneuma, as in the case of the Hindu Rishis, Buddha, Jesus, and many others. "And this in particular gave occasion to the story about the Goddess, namely, that Numa did not retire from human society out of any melancholy or disorder of mind, but because he had tasted the joys of more elevated intercourse, and, *admitted to celestial wedlock in*

One of these hermaphroditic Gods of India, Arddha-Nari or *Siva* with his wife Parvati become one is figured in Moor's "Hindu Pantheon," plate 7.

the love and converse of the Goddess Egeria, had attained to blessedness and to a divine wisdom. The story evidently resembles those very ancient fables which the Phrygians have received and still recount of Atys, the Bithynians of Herodotus, the Arcadians of Eudymion, not to mention several others who were thought blessed and beloved of the Gods."

It is worthy of remark that Numa presents in his rare and beautiful character, lofty aspirations, habits of restraint, simplicity of life and philosophical and transcendental temperament, education and discipline, all the marks which are considered necessary for the evolution of this higher stage of humanity—the celestial androgynous—being.

This Egeria was the most celebrated of the Camenæ—the Latin Muses—the blessed and pure Singers (as the word Camenæ signifies) and Inspirers of sacred song.

Happy was the wise Numa to have been united—in whatever sense of the word—to such a Muse, who, it is said, led him into the assemblies of her sisters in the sacred grove. By her advice, too, Numa abolished the cruel practice of human sacrifices, and introduced law and order into the state. It is also related of Numa that with her advice and assistance he bound the rural, coarse, popular Gods, Faunus (Sensuality), and Picus (Inharmony). Another story, seemingly of a transcendental import, is related of her, viz., that on one occasion when Numa was entertaining his guests, the usual food and the coarse earthenware dishes were suddenly changed, by means of her occult power, into golden vessels filled with godly—ambrosial food. When a Muse (a sympneumatic Spirit) is attracted towards a mortal, and unites herself to him spiritually and somatically, then indeed that happy mortal is born again, the divine inspiration fills the soul, and every event of daily life, here typified by daily food, the necessary source of active life, becomes divine—the veil is rent, the phenomenal world, that circle of pain with its unsatisfying vanities has passed away, or been penetrated and seen through, and the true interior world of beauty and love has become present; the humble vessel of clay (the body) has been changed to gold (*soma augoeides*) and become a resplendent—glowing organism, suited for the higher or rather the interior spheres of being.*

There are hints contained in this beautiful legend that seem to point to Egeria being a prophetic type of the female Sympneuma, and that she and Numa symbolize the dual, androgynous being of the future. She was regarded, for instance, as having power over births, like Diana, and her aid was invoked by Roman women when in childbirth. Even her name seems to point to her as presiding over the birth—the new birth—that crisis and cataclysm of progress from a lower to a higher stage of being, as it is probably connected with "egero"=to bear—to send out. She is the spirit-mother of the new "Soul-Spirit Man," the complete

* This, we are afraid, is a very dangerous ground to tread upon. See *Editors' Note.*—[Ed.]

being, the two segments united, perhaps reunited, what Swedenborg calls the "celestial angel," which is to be the next birth for man out of the womb of Time.

Egeria had a sister Muse whom she wished to be more honoured even than herself, the *Camena Tacita* (Silence). Let us, too, honour this divine Silence, and be dumb as to this mystery of the future, but let us cherish, in the deep silence of our incomplete, sorrowing and divided hearts, hope and faith in this coming of the Comforter.

Another beautiful story of a similar kind is that of the mysterious love of Diana for Endymion, and it is curious that the word Diana seems to have some connection, in its root, with the Sanskrit "Dhyana," expressing amongst other things the abnormal faculty of perception of supersensual beings, spiritual vision, and trance phenomena in general.

Another instance is the occult symbolical tale of Cupid and Psyche related by Apuleius, who was one of the Initiates into the sacred mysteries, and was therefore well acquainted with the old wisdom concerning the correspondences between the invisible and the visible, and the development of the higher human faculties out of the lower.

In modern times the most remarkable case of this kind is that of the celebrated German mystic Gichtel (1638—1710), who affirmed that he was regularly visited by an inhabitant of the supersensual spheres whom he called Sophia, identifying her with the Sophia * or Wisdom, and Celestial Virgin of the Gnostics and Occultists. It appears that Gichtel had long loved this mysterious being in the spirit, but had never seen her until Christmas day of 1673, when she appeared to him as a shining heavenly virgin with a beautiful and resplendent body (Crookes's "radiant matter") and accepted him as her husband, whereupon the marriage was consummated in ineffable delights, she vowing conjugal fidelity, and promising that she would "always dwell with him in the luminous ground *within*." She also gave him hopes of spiritual progeniture, and for dower brought with her "essential—substantial" faith, hope, and charity.

This attribution of essential substantiality to our concepts of faith, hope and charity would seem to point to the view of Mr. Oliphant, that in a higher state of human development (of which perhaps Gichtel was an instance, in an imperfect way) what to us now is mere idea will then become a feeling or sensation. This Sophia (*Sympneuma*) is said also to have enjoyed an interior language without words, which Gichtel was able to understand. This existence of an interior or spiritual language independent of words (which are necessarily all borrowed from sensible objects) is common to many of those who exhibited occult qualities, as was notably the case with the Seeress of Prevorst. Sophia continued to reveal to Gichtel one wonder after another, and he declared that he lived

* In Inman's "Ancient Faiths embodied in Ancient Names," there is an interesting article on this Sophia of the Gnostics.

with her more in heaven than on earth; he always followed her directions, having no will of his own, and it is also said of her that like an earthly woman she was very jealous. It is also said that after Gichtel's death she returned to his house on several occasions in order to put his papers in order and to complete and correct his manuscripts with her own hand. Sophia also made herself visible to some friends of Gichtel's, and amongst them to a Mr. Uberfeld. See as to Gichtel, "Theosophic Correspondence" of St. Martin, translated by E. B. Penny, p. 117 (London, 1863), and "La philosophic mystiques en France," par Ad. Franck (Paris, 1864).

In one of Gichtel's letters he says, "Sophia is a spirit but maketh to herself a regenerate-sensible body, inapprehensible to the natural man," and in another letter are these remarkable words, "*She is the regenerate Christian's new spiritual body* which can stand in the fire, and what the earthly bones are to the gross body that Sophia is to the divine image in the new man, namely, strength—power—and might to fulfil the will of God. This power was extinguished in Adam (Sophia withdrew from him) when he ate of the tree of knowledge. What a nature wife is to her affianced husband, that Sophia is to the soul. What her power in faith is, and her sweetness in the spiritual taste, and what takes place in the soul at the marriage cannot be expressed in words. He that is the bridegroom leadeth home the bride, and the wedding guests rejoice."

Another instance of the mysterious evolution of a celestial bride, is said to have occurred with the well known sensitive, T. Lake Harris.

Until some positive evidence of such abnormal facts as these shall be given, adepts ought not to be offended at outsiders applying the rule mentioned by Plutarch, viz., "for difference of opinion here, the road is broad!"

To that numerous class of unscientific Scientists, and their faithful followers, their "moutons de Panurge," who believe that they already are well acquainted with all the laws of Nature, and who affirm that no further evolution of human life is possible, and that nothing exists in the universe but that which is now manifested to man by his present five senses, the basis of the foregoing remarks will appear as folly; but to those who are acquainted with the history of the sciences, and above all of medicine, steam, electricity, &c., and have thereby come to know how so many co-called *follies* have become *facts*, much weight will not be given to any scientific views held "a priori," on these mysterious abnormal subjects.

Lucerne

A. J. C.

EDITORS' NOTE.

Begging our esteemed correspondent's pardon, we believe it dangerous to leave what he says without an explanation. There is an enormous difference between the *Sophia* of the Theosophist Gichtel, an Initiate and Rosicrucian (1638-1710), and the modern Lillies, John Kings, and "Sympneumatas." The "Brides" of the Mediæval adepts are an allegory, while those of the modern mediums are astral realities of *black magic*. The "Sophia" of Gichtel was the "Eternal Bride" (Wisdom and Occult Science *personified*); the "Lillies" and others are astral spooks, semi-substantial "influences," semi-creations of the surexcited brains of unfortunate *hysteriacs* and "sensitives." No purer man ever lived in this world than Gichtel. Let any one read St. Martin's *Correspondence* (pp. 168 to 198), and he will see the difference. From Marcus, the Gnostic, down to the last mystic student of the Kabala and Occultism, that which they called their "Bride" was "Occult Truth," personified as a naked maiden, otherwise called Sophia or Wisdom. That "spouse" revealed to Gichtel all the mysteries of the outward and inward nature, and forced him to abstain from every earthly enjoyment and desire, and made him sacrifice himself for Humanity. And as long as he remained in that body which represented him on earth, he had to work for the deliverance from ignorance of those who had not yet obtained their inheritance and inward beatitude. "From that time (when he had married his 'Bride'), he gave himself up as a sacrifice, to be accursed for his brethren (men) even without knowing them," says St. Martin. Has this case any analogy with the cases of the Lillies and Rosies of the Summer Land? Sophia descends as a "bride to the Adepts, from the higher regions of spirit, the astral Ninons de l'Enclos, from Kamaloka, to hysterical epileptics. The less one has to do with the latter class—the better. Let "sensitives" talk as poetically as they like, the naked truth is that such unnatural *sexual* unions, between the living man and the beauteous beings of the Elemental world, arise from the abnormal surexcitation of the nervous system and animal passions, through the unclean imagination of the "sensitive." In the Kabalistic world, these "celestial" brides and bridegrooms have always been called by the harsh names of *Succubi* and *Incubi*; and the difference between those creatures and the "Sympneumatas" shown in Laurence Oliphant's *Scientific Religion* is only a supposed one, and exists for no one except the author. There are some such unions between mediums and their "controls"—we have known several such personally—and some involuntarily submitted to, under obsession. The tie is a psycho-physiological one, and can be broken by an exercise of will-power, either by the victim or a friendly mesmeriser. Colonel Olcott cured two such cases—one in America, the

other in Ceylon. Amiable hysteriacs and certain religious ecstasies may give free run to their diseased fancy, and construct Sophias, Lillies, and other "Sympneumas" out of the opalescent aura of their brains ; but all the same they are but unconscious sorcerers : they enjoy lustful animal feelings by *working black magic upon* themselves. If they admit that these unnatural unions, or rather hysterical hallucinations of such are *disease*, then they are on a level with insane nymphomaniacs ; if they deny it, then, accepting responsibility, they place themselves on a far lower level.



"THE GREAT MAN FALL'N."

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE day is dark, all is murky,
 Not a gleam to light a footstep,
 Not a voice to guide to safety,
 Not a hand to shield from danger ;
 Only lightning lurid flashes
 In garish hues illumine the gloom.
 No breath of hope is heard,
 No sound of succour near ;
 Despair alone soughs in moans, in murmurs,
 Swelling high, now low, cleaving heart in twain !

Friends are fled, fled with speed,
 Their accents breath'd contempt :
 Once cheery and jocund,
 Smiles and warmest greetings,
 "Yours sincerely" and "ever yours,"
 "Hoping health and prosperity."

Such sterling friends are born of sterling gold,
 Such faithful Damons come to dance and dine ;
 They wait upon the tide, sail with the wind,
 But on the ebb, at sunset time, disperse !

The coward soldier, at eve of Agincourt,
 Avowed, "I'd gladly part with all my fame
 "And glory for a pot o' beer and safety :"
 He's no model for the bold, doughty heart.
 Yet see to't, ye heav'n assured, in purple
 And fine linen clad, feasting to your bent
 On sumptuous viands, quaffing choicest wines,
 Tripping it lightly on fantastic toe,
 Carolling blithely to the lark or moon,
 That worth and merit are not slain by thee !

July, 1885.

M. MULL.

ASPIRATION AND ENVIRONMENT.

IT has been wisely remarked that the old adage, "The truth lies between two extremes," does not necessarily imply that it lies exactly in the *middle*. That can only be the case where the exaggerating and the underrating have been precisely equal, which can very seldom occur, if ever. The truth will generally be found to lie much nearer to one extreme than to the other, according to the preponderance of abuse over disuse or the reverse.

With regard to the subject of this paper there are two diametrically opposed schools of thought. One—at present in the heyday of popularity—asserts that man is in the most absolute sense the *creature* of his surroundings, that character is merely a mechanical product of circumstance. The other—comprising most of the mystics and enthusiasts of all ages—declares that by subtle but invariable laws man is the *creator* of his surroundings, that circumstance is merely the fruit of character. The truth lies between the two extremes, but much nearer to the latter than to the former.

Undoubtedly we are influenced, and that most powerfully, by our environment. Until we begin to think in earnest, we have no idea of the extent to which our thoughts, feelings, likes and dislikes are coloured by the conditions of our birth, training, and position in the world. Not one man in a million is able even by the most strenuous and prolonged effort to free himself entirely from these invisible chains, or so to "purge the eyes with euphrasy and rue" that he can see Truth in what Bacon calls a "dry light." On the mists of our passions and affections the white rays of the absolute break and disintegrate, and we see, not the pure Eternal Light, but the rainbow; beautiful, indeed, but *partial*.

(I do not forget or ignore the action of Karma. The environment with which each one starts in every fresh incarnation is determined by the net product of acquired tendencies—that is, by "character"; only modified by the national and cyclic Karmas. But the self-causation of our position in the world does not affect the fact that circumstances have a powerful influence in the further development of "character," which is all for which I am contending.)

Nevertheless, that character moulds circumstance is equally patent. Books of "Good Advice to Young Men" (who are somewhat advised to distraction, by the way) abound in instances. It would be a waste of precious space to quote. Everyone knows, or at any rate has read, of scores of such cases.

Are then the two forces equal? Natural Philosophy teaches that

when two opposed forces are equal the result is a deadlock. *One* of the two must be the stronger. And the Higher Wisdom asserts most positively that the power of aspiration excels the power of environment. For the former is of the spirit, Divine ; the latter of the body, Human. The one has the *vis inertia* of dead matter ("dead," that is, relatively to our normal perceptions) ; the other the creative energy of the One-Life.

Very subtly does the higher force work, as is evidenced by the fact of its mere existence being so often denied ; but so, for that matter, does the law of electrical affinity, which no one dreams of doubting. That the magnet, plunged into a heap of mingled sawdust and iron filings, should draw to itself the latter, is as mysterious every whit as that the spirit should draw to itself those material surroundings which best suit its present state. There are modes of action of which our physical senses can take no cognizance. But they are none the less real.

It should be observed that this force is what we call "moral" rather than what we call "mental." It is *Aspiration* which influences environment, rather than *Intellectuality*. A man's surroundings will be shaped more by his character than by his abilities. Doubtless the latter have much to do with the matter ; they exert an influence analogous to the power of his muscles on a lower plane. But it is the former which is the chief factor in the equation of life.

"Like to Like!" It is the law of the universe. Our desires, impulses, longings, aspirations, if they do not influence the material world directly, do so indirectly, by constantly generating a stream of psychic or soul forces, which act upon the objects of the bodily senses. Too abstruse in its undercurrents to be easily traced, it can be seen at work plainly enough in some of its phases. That we seize or let slip this or that opportunity as it comes, depends very largely upon the frame of mind in which we are at the time. To the soul that aspires, circumstances are stepping-stones ; to the soul that creeps, they are hindrances.

The application of this truth to the social life must for brevity's sake be left untouched, beyond the remark that the paramount aim of all reformers should be the inspiring of a better spirit. The *paramount* ; not, of course, the *only*. It is true that little higher development is possible for those whose lives are one long drudgery, whose homes are kennels and whose bodies mere machines. Material progress and moral or spiritual must advance "pari passu," with equal steps. But the material improvements must be regarded as a means, not as an end. And it must never be forgotten that the strongest incentive to a change of surroundings is a change of spirit.

But it is in its application to the individual life that this truth is of special interest and value. How common is dissatisfaction with one's lot, not because it is particularly hard, but on account of the limitations which it imposes (or seems to impose) on one's aspirations ! How

frequent the cry, "O that I had more leisure, more wealth, a different station, more congenial occupations and surroundings! O that I had room to spread my wings! How I would *then* develop myself and grow liker to the unattainable Ideal!" Aye? That depends. It is one of the saddest but not least unfrequent sights of life to see aspirations wither away in the very atmosphere for which they craved, it being obtained; to note how the man who, poor, longed for wealth that he might have opportunities of unfolding his higher nature, rich, forget all dreams and become like Bunyan's man with the muckrake. "Set a beggar on horseback and he will——!" Why? Because he is still a "beggar" at *heart*. Only the *clothes* are changed; the *man* remains the same. And as a rule it may be safely prophesied, that those who have so little knowledge of themselves and of the meaning of Life as to sigh idly for an Eldorado in which they might be what they have made up their minds they cannot be where they are, will not know how to use that for which they long, if Fortune is cruel enough to answer their prayers.

And anyway, it is beginning at the wrong end. "FIRST DESERVE, THEN DESIRE." Though the restrictions inseparable from material conditions, though the injustice of others may surround us with barriers in which the aspirations cannot burst into glorious fruition, at any rate they can (as a rule) put forth the first tender shoots. And do not fear that the growing tree cannot shatter its prison-walls! A seed lodged in the crevice between two blocks of hugest and most firmly cemented masonry can force them apart by sheer force of growth. For they are dead, and it is alive.

Is there not many a Theosophist who longs to enter with full consecration upon the Path, but is prevented by sheer force of his environment from gaining admittance into even the lowest rank of Chelas? Let such a one be wise. If the hindrance is indeed real and not merely apparent, no clearer proof could be given that he is not yet *ripe* for Chelaship. If his longing is genuine and pure, and not an emotional flash of ambition or curiosity, he will steadily set himself so to live that upon his next return to earth he may find himself environed suitably for the solemn initiation.

He who is wise will not long for better environment; he will strive rather to "better *himself*," in the true sense of those terribly misused words, knowing that the fitter environment will come of itself. He will leave to children the desire for that for which he is not fitted. The baby would clutch at and cut himself with the razor; the modest youth leaves it alone till he needs it! by which time, it is to be hoped, he will know how to use it.

Aspire! aspire! only aspire! Believe that matter is but the shadow of spirit; it is the truth. If you are not in that condition of life where you want to be, it is strong presumptive evidence that you are not *fit*

for it; and if not fit, its attainment would be a curse and not a blessing. Promotion is sure, when earned; but it must be earned first. The promotion, however, may not be—seldom is—rapid; for it is only by hairbreadths at a time that we can raise ourselves—our *Selves*, mark; perhaps not enough in one short lifetime to bring about any very appreciable change in environment. Nevertheless, making every allowance and deduction, the truth of the matter may be summed up in one sentence: if you are dissatisfied with your lot in life, and would change it, *change yourself*.

ERNEST HAWTHORN, F.T.S.



EDITORIAL NOTICE.

H. P. BLAVATSKY begs leave to announce that owing to the continued severe illness of her Co-Editor, MABEL COLLINS, she (H. P. B.) accepts, until further notice, the sole editorial responsibility for the Magazine.

A GLANCE AT THEOSOPHY FROM OUTSIDE.

TO attempt anything like what is asked of me,* that is a criticism of the philosophical notions and strange events grouped together in the history of modern Theosophy, would be impossible, on account both of my imperfect knowledge and of the reasonable limitations of an ordinary magazine article. The utmost I can hope to do is to set before you clearly a few of the chief points wherein I fancy you will find that many earnest people sympathise with you, and others wherein they will differ from you; people who measure all possible theories and even the most miraculous of facts by one simple standard; namely the direct practical bearing which they have upon the one really valuable and wonderful thing that we know of, the Life which we, men and women, now live in the flesh. I am a little more confident of succeeding in the attempt than I should otherwise be, because of the strong sympathy that I feel with some of the purposes of Theosophy, and the direct and living contact with fervent and most excellent Theosophists which I count among my cherished privileges. Sound criticism being, as I take it, more dependent upon feeling and vital connection with embodied facts, than upon acute research and profound scholarship.

From the time when "Theosophy" as a system of faith, or rather of science and morals, was first heard of, I, as an old student of so-called Spiritualism (though transcendental materialism might be a better title), found myself much interested in its fortunes, and have since followed them carefully through good and evil report up to the present moment. The most evil report of all came, of course, from India in 1885, and curiously enough I had the opportunity given me of hearing at the same time, privately, the opposite versions of the story told in letters from Adyar and from the Free Church College at Madras, before the matter was debated in the newspapers. Suffice it to say that the impression left upon me after it was all over has never varied from then till now. I see in Madame Blavatsky an extremely clever,† enthusiastic

* This paper was written at the special request of a friend, whose connection with Theosophy is of itself quite enough to account for any interest I may feel in its fortunes.

† We demur to the epithet "clever," which is too elastic to be passed over without a few words of comment. "Clever" may mean talented, clever in speech and daily life, but it may also convey the sense of being dexterous, skilful, and a clever *trickster*. To the former we object, because if Mme. Blavatsky had been endowed with average common-sense, not to say *cleverness*,

and impressionable woman, surrounded by a crowd of enthusiastic and rather stupid disciples craving for a "proof from miracles" before they could do anything energetic for the cause which she had at heart and for which she had risked life and fortune. In order to satisfy and quiet these weak brethren, to induce them to leave off gaping and to begin working, Madame Blavatsky apparently did what many a religious, and irreligious, missionary has done under similar circumstances, she made cherries drop from Heaven into their open mouths.* So long as the changing of pens into pen-wipers, the falling of mysterious missiles, the appearance of unexpected visitors and the sudden mending of broken china is generally held to prove either the virtues of a Teacher, or the value of his doctrine, the same sort of appeal will continue to be made by those who consider that in Philosophy and Religion, no less than in prize-fighting, it is important to have a good mob-backing.† But however reprehensible it may be to become either a miracle-worker or a mountebank for the sake of a philosophical Idea,‡ it is assuredly far

she would never have taken on board the Theosophical ship, almost without scrutiny, a lot of cabin and deck passengers, ready to bore holes in the bottom and scuttle the vessel, when not watched. As to the second definition, the only necessary reply is, that posterity will justly judge whether the public have been *cheated* by Mme. Blavatsky or her pretended expositors.—[ED.]

* In saying this I am very far from denying that abnormal powers, peculiar to certain organisations, are really possessed by Madame Blavatsky, and equally far from asserting that the phenomena above alluded to were not due to those powers. I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance, and do not desire in any way to criticise her actions.

† And the changing of water into wine: was this no more dignified a "miracle," also for "mob-backing"? For simple, honest folk, elementary phenomena; for the Gamaliels, philosophy.—[ED.]

‡ No true theosophist—the accused party least of all—believes in *miracles*, though every true theosophist ought to believe in the existence of abnormal powers in man; "abnormal" because, so far, either misunderstood or denied. All such objective physical phenomena, however, are simply psychological "glamour," *i.e.*, if not witchery, at least "a charm on the eyes and senses." This, people may call brutally "trick," but since they are *psychic*, they cannot be *physical*; hence, no conjuring or "sleight of hand." As well call "tricksters" the grave medical celebrities, who hypnotize their subjects to see things which have no reality! "Theosophical phenomena" differ from these in this: that while hypnotic hallucinations are suggested by the operator's idle fancy, occult manifestations are produced by the will of the Occultist, that one or a hundred men should see *realities*, generally hidden from the profane, *e.g.*, certain things and persons thousands of miles away, whose astral images are brought within the view of the audience. Thus a cup *may never have been broken in reality*, and yet people are made to see it shattered in atoms and then made whole. Is this a *juggler's* trick? Occult phenomena are then simply a hundred-fold intensified hypnotism, and between the hypnotic hallucinations at the *Salpêtrière* and the *magic* of the East there is chiefly a question of degree.—[ED.]

worse to declare that one has assisted in working miracles for the sake of a living, and afterwards to turn informer, leave the scavengers of society to pick out from the unsavoury heap of mud and magic whatever abominations they shall choose, and assign all blame to those who have befriended us. And since the direct evidence against Madame Blavatsky rests entirely upon the word and deed of those accomplished conjurors and unprincipled adventurers, M. and Mme. Coulomb, it ought to be received, I think, with extremest caution by people who desire to treat all things humanely.

Now a word about the good reports of the Society. These have little to do with miracles and deal with far more interesting subjects. The revival in India of an intensely keen interest in ancient Aryan literature, the strengthening of the bond of fellowship between native and European, the renewal of a healthy and hopeful activity in venerable Faiths which had almost ceased to influence conduct, the levelling of the barriers of sect and caste, and the publication of delightfully quaint fragments of ancient tradition, noble poetry, pithy fable and neglected folk-lore, by natives who had passed through no system of foreign culture, and who would have suffered many things rather than open their ancient treasure-houses to the investigations of an ordinary English editor.* Work of this kind has been the real business of the Theosophical Society, and much of it has been done both honourably and well. Work that remains, as I endeavoured to point out to the S.P.R. unaffected by the actuality or falsehood of those little pieces of alleged Mahatma-performance at Adyar, just as Christianity remains unaffected by the gymnastics of the nearest pulpit, the hysteria of Paray le Monail or the *tours de force* of Simon Magus. And I might have added that though, to a Society intent upon Telepathy, blown bladders and sliding panels were naturally disappointing, though the simulation and the shifting were inexcusable on the part of professing philanthropists, yet for us, the externally interested public, it was well worth while for the sake of one early volume of the Theosophist, that the "household utensils should fall" several times "upon the head of Damodar." †

Having thus glanced at a few of the practical and supernatural workings of Theosophy, I come now to the consideration of it as a philosophical and religious system.

I have often said to my friends that philosophies and religions, *so far*

* Why omit that branch of our work, which many deem the noblest, the founding of an Oriental Library which may become the most valuable in India, if present appearances are not deceptive ; the opening of many Sanskrit schools ; the publication of the Vedas in the original tongue? And why not mention our several charitable dispensaries, where from 10,000 to 15,000 poor patients are annually treated free of any charge?—[ED.]

† See letters attributed to Mme. Blavatsky by Mme. Coulomb.

as they are *dogmatic*, resolve themselves always into idealisations of the condition of life to which the authors and receivers of them have been accustomed, that they are in fact the far-projected shadows of the conditions under which men find themselves placed in the world, and this will, I think, be found true whatever the particular case may be to which we choose to apply it. Among races and nations and under circumstances where strong feeling is naturally called out, philosophers and philosophies seldom arise, but Religions always do so. For what is religion but the sum of the grander perceptions, grounded upon the mental and moral life of men, transfigured, as Arnold says, by emotion? Speculative philosophy is the sum of similar perceptions remaining untransfigured; and there is no test so crucial which can be applied to the higher imagination of any people as the one which they apply to it themselves, in calling those imaginations by the name of religion or philosophy, or by a new-fashioned double-barrelled title now popular in America---"Religio-Philosophy." The Religio-Philosophy *par excellence* is what Theosophy claims to be, the ultimate of the loving hopes nourished in times when feeling is strong---the final religion. The ultimate of the feverish quest after knowledge of men brought up upon the Binomial Theorem and in the physiological laboratory---the final "Philosophy." Now finality to some ears has always a fatal ring about it and causes distrust at the outset. We are beginning to feel that Infallibility is about the least desirable claim that religion can make for herself, because Infallibility must necessarily involve something manifestly tiresome and hopeless, and that is immobility. To believe that somebody, somewhere, even though he be called a Mahatma and dwell upon the highest peak of Kanchanjunga, can say the last word about the human soul, the word which all the ages have been trying to utter and which our own age has made just a little more articulate, is a concession to the Individual that few are prepared to make who confide in human solidarity. Nay, further, the kind of cherubic sense of vigour and peace aimed at and possessed by more than one Theosophist in large measure, is attainable, I think they would tell me, in shorter and more simple ways, than by making interminable walking tours round and round the Universe by oneself.

As regards metaphysical infallibility, it has been claimed so often, by so many people, and for so many systems, that the reiteration of the claim by Theosophists is less striking than they might wish it to be. With evolution, the Indian theories as to Reincarnation, the indisputable phenomena of English and American "Spiritualism," to start with, a little subtle and diligent interweaving by an educated Hindu, or a speculative Scotchman, would bring something very similar to birth in a year.*

* Then why has no one of them done so, before us? Moreover, no one, as far as we know, has ever claimed metaphysical infallibility---not even the Masters who do not demand from the Europeans even their due---a simple recognition of their wisdom.--[Ed.]

Let the question of religious and metaphysical perfection be winnowed away then, along with the conjuring, and let us see if we have no strengthening wheat left in the little heap below our flails. Let us look upon Theosophy naturally, as a product of our own time, and not of the acons or the Absolute, recognizing to the fullest extent how it has come to include within itself the unexhausted tendency of our Puritan breeding towards conflict between soul and body—toward what is called religious asceticism. Then the increasing tendency of unemployed but well-to-do persons towards marvel-hunting. And lastly the tendency of feverish and unhealthy brain-stimulation towards fruitless endeavour to plausibly solve the insoluble. Having done this honestly, we shall find afterwards on looking into each of these tendencies a little more closely, that they have, like every other product of human thought, valuable aspects as well as foolish ones, things to be taken to heart as well as things to be lightly passed over.*

Take first of all Asceticism, the assertion of the supremacy of the Spirit and the reiterated advice to have done with the temporary and the fleshly,† separated as it is in later Theosophical literature from anything like a detailed creed or a selfish motive; for the new infallible Religion is in many things as protestant and private-judging as Emerson's. Is not this assertion one more evidence of a general moving up to higher levels of consciousness, of earnest people engaged in the most various kinds of physical and mental occupation? Experiment, as well as experience, justify us in looking for inward evolution of this sort, and its gradual manifestation is already acting as an effectual check upon the hasty conclusions drawn by the pseudo-scientific, who reason only upon their avowedly limited sense-relationship to their present environment.

Our highest nature is, it goes without saying, the part of us that is tuned to the finest issues, and the realisation of a "vast flowing vigour" of unselfish affection and of mental freedom undreamed of before, repels us most powerfully from the places in which we do not expect, and have always been taught not to expect, any similar exhilarations. Those places are our bodily structure and earthly surroundings. Faber, speaking from a high level of the merely Christian consciousness, expresses the feeling exactly:—"Earth looks so little," he says, "and so low when faith shines full and bright." Now the sense of larger living in Theosophy being undoubtedly a more complex, though I will not say a more delightful, thing than it is in Catholicism, involves the same

* Our esteemed correspondent speaks like a materialist, even if a "transcendental" one. We occupy two different standing points, and therefore see things in different lights.—[ED.]

† To subordinate, rather, to assign the lower rank to the temporary, the higher to the eternal. See next foot-note, however.—[ED.]

kind of rebound from the physical and sensual world. The result being that while making tentative discoveries, which I hope to speak of more particularly presently, in a region of subtle sensation previously almost unentered, Theosophy warns us away from absorption in common life, just as fervently as does Buddhism or monkish Christianity.* Indeed such abandonment seems always something of a necessity, till the man within the man can hold his ground beside the good-natured dog, and the less good-natured wolf within him; though there are happy indications and heraldings of a good time coming when our children will be able to live a million times more vividly true than (with some notable exceptions) we can to-day to the "kindred points of heaven and home." Nevertheless, while the "good grey poet" is still vigorous over there in America surely even we ourselves need not despair of feeling "through all this fleshly dress (some) bright shoots of everlastingness." Meantime let us give due meed of thanks to those who are leading into mountain air in one direction, while he is leading into it in another.

Next month with your permission I may have something more to say upon the subject.

JAMES A. CAMPBELL.

* So does it, also, warn us against ascetic retirement, save in those very rare and exceptional cases where the individual has brought over from his last preceding birth an irrepressible attraction for the life of the Spirit and repugnance for the life of the flesh. The normal man is in normal sympathetic relation with his fellow men at each successive stage of human development. But under the law of psychical differentiation, there are in each epoch beings ahead of the average of the race at that time. From their number develop the teachers, seers and saviours of mankind.

Respecting the whole tenor of the above, we have only to thank our esteemed contributor for the doubts expressed in his article. In these days of wholesale slander:—

". . . that worst of poisons (which) ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds,"

—as Juvenal says, even an honest and cautious doubt must be gratefully received. Moreover, there is a line of demarcation beyond which one ought rather to feel proud of being slandered, than otherwise. For Swift's remark: "the worthiest people are the most injured by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at"—may serve as a consolation.—[E.D.]



THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A LETTER just received by the President Founder from one of the Australasian colonies, is worthy of reproduction, as it shows so forcibly that no amount of calumny is capable of obscuring unprejudiced and well-balanced minds. The malicious attempt by the S. P. R. of London, or rather Cambridge, in 1836, to upset a good and useful movement, and to cover with opprobrium two innocent people who have devoted their lives to the Cause of Truth, does not seem to bear much fruit. These are some *verbatim* extracts.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a form of application for admission into the Theosophical Society, etc.

I have been a student of the Theosophical philosophy for the last six years, and a subscriber to the *Theosophist* since 1883. I was at first greatly prejudiced against Theosophical views, but by degrees my early impressions wore off, and in their place arose an absorbing interest in the Esoteric philosophy. I introduced the subject often to my friends, and we were about to form a Branch and apply for admission into the parent Society; but, the so-called *exposé* . . . shocked my faith and separated our intending members. Then some died, others never recovered their interest . . . I have closely followed the discussion on the *bond-fides* of Theosophy since, for . . . I can only get satisfaction through my reason, and need evidence and analysis to get conviction. I have been in correspondence with —, have read, I think, all the pamphlets (Mdme. Coulomb's, Hartmann's, Sinnett's, and the latest attack, *The Report of the "Society for Psychical Research,"* etc. etc.), and it may interest you to know that I do not consider a case is made out against the Society, or its leaders. Indeed it is mainly owing to a re-perusal of the "S. P. R.'s" *Report*, that I have decided to take the step of applying for admission into the Theosophical Society. Notwithstanding the character there given to yourself and others like Mdme. B(lavatsky). . . whom I have learned to honour, and *what must appear to any one only superficially acquainted with the subject as the crushing effect of the whole article*, I, rising fresh from a perusal of the *Report*, *assert it fails to destroy the evidence of the general truth* of the Esoteric phenomena, even to a mind like my own, open to evidence on either side, and only reaching its conclusions slowly and by dint of study and earnest attention.

Forgive me if I dilate on this, for I feel sure such an expression of opinion from a stranger like myself, far removed from personal contact with Theosophists or their enemies, must be some slight consolation to you for the *reward* you and your colleagues have received for your unselfish efforts to promote the good of humanity, from your opponents in India and other parts of the world. The success which still attends

the Society—especially the bright prospects among the 60,000,000 of America—is the substantial answer to your detractors, and I earnestly hope that this answer you will be able to give more fully and admirably every year.

* * * * *

With every fervent wish for the success of your Society and the happiness and welfare of yourself and colleagues, I remain, etc. etc.

* * *

“ A M O T H E R ’ S S O R R O W . ”

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD-MOORE.

“ And now, having filled the life of the unfortunate Queen with gall, he gives her the last deadly blow by depriving her of her only child ; making of her a Rachel weeping, and refusing to be comforted.” . . .—LUCIFER.

“ An American mother has been deprived of the custody of her daughter by the Swedish guardian of the helpless invalid, who is detained in an Austrian private asylum against her mother’s wishes.”—*The Press*.

“ THEY have ta'en the Prince from the fair young Queen,
 They have taken her boy away : ”
 I said the words as alone in the night
 I watched for the dawn of day.
 O'er land and o'er sea for many a league
 Had I come to my helpless child ;
 And the door was bolted and barred between,
 And my heart and my brain grew wild.
 They have ta'en the Prince from the Queen, I said,
 And they have taken my child from me :
 But Jehovah is on the side of Right ;
 Our Rock of Defence He will be.
 The Queen has a balm denied unto me—
 It's a tyrant who is her foe !
 While for me it's the hands I loved the best
 That have struck me my deadly blow.
 In the light of day—in the face of all—
 The tyrant declared himself foe,
 In mystery dense came the stab to my heart ;
 For “ they struck in the dark ” their blow !
 They have done their worst ; we will do our best ;
 On a righteous God we lean :
 The law may rob—may our treasures keep—
 But the world will judge between.”

Zurich, 2nd September.

TO THEOSOPHISTS.

IT having been affirmed by some French members of the Theosophical Society (in the *Bulletin d'Isis*), as well as some in England, that the undersigned had exceeded her constitutional powers as Corresponding Secretary and Co-Founder of the Theosophical Society, in issuing an emergent order dissolving the Staff of the "Isis" Branch of the T. S. in Paris, and its bye-laws, and authorizing Mr. F. K. Gaboriau to reconstitute it *ad interim*, until the pleasure of the President in Council could be ascertained, the following extracts from the official "DECISION" of Colonel H. S. Olcott sitting in arbitration at Paris, on the 17th of September last, will be read with interest and profit.

" . . . Mme. Blavatsky having learnt that Mr. Froment would not accept the Presidency (to which he was entitled as Vice-President, upon the death of the President, Mr. Louis Dramard to succeed, (under the bye-laws of 'Isis'—ED.), and seeing the Branch upon the point of falling into anarchy, issued *ad interim* (and despite the protestations of Mr. Gaboriau, who preferred to remain secretary) an order by which the *Bureau* (Staff) was dissolved, its bye-laws cancelled. She named at the same time as President of the Branch, Mr. Gaboriau, one of its founders, who had given many proofs of his devotion to the theosophical cause. Moreover, Mr. Gaboriau was commissioned to compile new bye-laws. The Branch continued to exist, and the rights of its members were maintained pending the adoption of the new bye-laws. It has been objected that Mme. Blavatsky had not the right to act in this manner; that her interference was illegal according to the *Rules* of the Theosophical Society, because 'she is not a member of the *Isis* Branch,' but member of the 'Blavatsky Lodge' of London, and that no Branch has a right of jurisdiction outside the limits prescribed in its charter. But, in point of fact, Mme. Blavatsky is *member of no Branch*, she is with me Co-Founder of the Society, Corresponding Secretary and, *ex officio*, member of the General Council, of the Executive Council and of the Annual Convention, a sort of Parliament held at Adyar by delegates from all countries. (*Vide art. 17c of the Rules of T. S.*)"

She was then perfectly authorized (*competente*) to issue the order in question as a temporary measure, an order which must be finally submitted for approbation to the President in Council. The Executive Council, in its Session of 14th July, formally ratified the measure taken by Mme. Blavatsky, a measure which was urgent and which I declare to have been legal. . . .

This settles the question of the actual right of the Corresponding Secretary—one of the Founders—to interfere in such exceptional cases, and when the welfare and reputation of the Theosophical Society are at stake. In no other, except such a case, would the undersigned have consented, or taken upon herself the right of interfering.

Moreover, the extent and limits of such interference are very succinctly and clearly defined in a letter from one of the Masters, to our President, Colonel Olcott, received by him on his way from India to Europe, only a few weeks ago. Besides general instructions respecting the policy he should pursue in the present crisis, there were the following special paragraphs relating directly to the undersigned. Colonel Olcott's sense of justice is so strong that, although some of the passages in the letter have a tone of reproach for his having permitted himself to think harshly of his old and tried friend and co-worker, he has unreservedly given permission to copy the passages relating to her, *in extenso*; and with full comprehension of the risk he runs of being calumniated. He has done this in the hope that the warning and declaration conveyed in the letter may prove profitable to others who find themselves in a hostile mood towards the undersigned.

As the Master's letter can interest none except certain members of our Society, it will be sufficient to quote in this magazine only a few select sentences from the said letter:—

“ . . . Misunderstandings have grown up between Fellows both in London and Paris which imperil the interests of the movement. You will be told that the chief originator of most, if not of all those disturbances is H. P. B. This is not so, though her presence in England has, of course, a share in them. But the largest share rests with others, whose serene unconsciousness of their own defects is very marked and much to be blamed. . . . Observe your own case, for example. . . . But your revolt, good friend, against her ‘infallibility’—as you once thought it—has gone too far, and you have been unjust to her,* for which I am sorry. . . .

“ Try to remove such misconceptions as you will find, by kind persuasion and an appeal to the feelings of loyalty to the cause of truth, if not to us. Make all these men feel that we have no favourites, nor affections for persons, but only for their good acts and Humanity as a whole. But we employ agents—the best available. Of these, for the last thirty years, the chief has been the personality known as ‘H. P. B.’ . . . Imperfect and very troublesome, no doubt, she proves to some; nevertheless, *there is no likelihood of our finding a better one for years to come,*† and your theosophists should be made to understand it. . . .

“ Since 1885 I have not written, nor caused to be written, save through

* And if our kind Colonel Olcott was “unjust,” what, then, shall be said of others?—[Ed.]

† The italics are ours.—[Ed.]

her agency, direct or remote—a letter or a line to anybody in Europe or America, nor have I communicated orally with, or through any third party. Theosophists should learn it. You will understand later the significance of this declaration, so keep it in mind. . . . Her fidelity to our work being constant, and her sufferings having come upon her through it, neither I nor either of my brother associates will desert or supplant her. As I once before remarked, ingratitude is not among our vices. . . . To help you in your present perplexity: H. P. B. has next to no concern with administrative details, and should be kept clear of them. . . . But *this you must tell to all: with occult matters she has everything to do.* . . . We have *not* ‘abandoned her’; she is *not* ‘given over to chelas.’ *She is our direct agent.* . . . In the adjustment of this European business you will have two things to consider—the external and administrative, and the internal psychical. Keep the former under *your* control, and that of your most prudent associates, jointly; *leave the latter to her.* You are left to devise the practical details. . . . Only be careful, I say, to discriminate when some emergent interference of hers in practical affairs is referred to your appeal between that which is merely exoteric in origin and effects and that which, beginning on the practical, tends to beget consequences on the spiritual plane. As to the former, you are the best judge; as to the latter, she”

. . . (This letter) . . . is merely given you as a warning and a guide; . . . you may use it discreetly, if needs be. . . . Prepare, however, to have the authenticity of the present denied in certain quarters. . . .

(Signed) K. H.

[Extracts correctly copied.—H. S. OLCOTT.]

No use repeating over and over again that neither this “Master” nor any other Colonel Olcott and I have to do with, are “Spirits.” They are living and mortal men, whose great Wisdom and Occult Knowledge have won the profound reverence of all those who know them. Those who *do not* are welcome to spin out any theory they like about the “Adepts”—even to denying point-blank their existence. Meanwhile, the incessant charges and denunciations, the idle gossip and uncharitable constructions to which the President-Founder and the undersigned have been subjected for the last three years force us now to make the declaration which follows.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

A JOINT NOTE.

TO dispel a misconception that has been engendered by mischief-makers, we, the undersigned, Founders of the Theosophical Society, declare that there is no enmity, rivalry, strife, or even coldness, between

us, nor ever was; nor any weakening of our joint devotion to the Masters, or to our work, with the execution of which they have honoured us. Widely dissimilar in temperament and mental characteristics, and differing sometimes in views as to methods of propagandism, we are yet of absolutely one mind as to that work. As we have been from the first, so are we now united in purpose and zeal, and ready to sacrifice all, even life, for the promotion of theosophical knowledge, to the saving of mankind from the miseries which spring from ignorance.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

H. S. OLCOTT.



THE ECHO.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Beloved and good mother, O bear me no ill-will!
 You saw that Robin kissed me out yonder on the hill;
 I'll tell you all about it, if you will patient be—
 'Twas the Echo on the hill-side brought this rebuke on me.

I sat out on the meadow, he saw me there to-day;
 But, in his loving reverence, he stood quite far away,
 And said, "Glad I'd come nearer, did I not think you proud.
 Maid, am I welcome?" "Welcome!" the Echo answered loud.

Then came he to me, and we sat together on the ground;
 He called me his own maiden, and wound his arm around,
 And begged that I would grant him, out on the hill beyond,
 The treasure of my heart's love. "Heart's love," quoth Echo fond.

He heard it, and still closer he drew me to his side,
 Believing I had spoken each time the echo cried;
 "O let me," quoth he tenderly, "call thee henceforth my bride!
 And as thy heart's pledge, kiss me!" "Kiss me," the Echo sighed.

Now see, dear, how it happened that Robin kissed my brow;
 That wicked, wicked Echo! it makes me angry now.
 And mother! see, he's coming—I can hear him at the gate—
 To tell you how he loves me, and learn from you his fate.

Is Robin, dearest mother, not worthy mine to be?
 Then tell him that the Echo deceived him cruelly;
 But, if you think we're fitted each other's joys to share,
 Tell him, in accents loving—I was the Echo there.

New York "Echo."

Reviews.

THE NATIONAL EPIC OF FINLAND.*

THE last proof of the universality in time and space of that grand system of philosophy, called by its disciples the Archaic Wisdom Religion, or the Secret Doctrine—comes to us from a little-known people, inhabiting a bleak, wild, and seldom-visited land. In the “Kalevala,” the national epic of Finland, we find many traces of the Archaic philosophy, some clear and luminous, others more veiled and hidden. This epic cannot be less than 3,000 years old; probably it is much older. Though but recently reduced to writing, it has been preserved orally for ages, and dates from the time when the Finnish tribes lived far south of their present home, probably on the Black Sea or the Caspian.

The Finns, whose origin is very mysterious, but who are evidently related to the peoples now settled on the tablelands of Tibet and Central Asia, stand to the Slavonian nations—Russia especially—in the same mystical relation as the magicians and sorcerers of Thessaly stood to the rest of the Hellenes. The folk-lore of pagan and also Christian Russia is full of the Northern *Koldvon* (enchanters, from the word *Chaldean*, probably), of their deeds and magic powers. One of the best epic poems of Alexander Pouschkine, “Rooslan and Ludmilla,” is based on the magical struggle and feats of two Northern enchanters, the old and beneficent “wise Finn,” and a wicked sorceress of the same nationality—Naina; the former working for and the latter against the loving couple. These are the embodiment of Good and Evil. The very term “Finn” is almost a synonym, in Russian folk-lore, of magician. All these come from the far North, in the popular idea; for many of the gods of pagan Russia were natives of Finland and Scandinavia by early emigration and intercourse of the tribes that peopled the shores of the Baltic and the Northern seas.

The Finns, as reflected in their poetry, are a wonderfully simple nation, still untouched by civilisation’s varnish. They live close to Nature, in perfect touch and harmony with all her living powers and forces.

In the words of the Proem to the Runes:—

There are many other legends,
Incantations that were taught me,
That I found along the wayside,
Gathered in the fragrant copses,
Blown me from the forest branches,
Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
Scented from the vines and flowers,
Whispered to me as I followed

* “The Kalevala, The Epic Poem of Finland.” English Verse translation by John Martin Crawford; New York, 1888. (John B. Alden.)

Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
 Over hillocks green and golden.
 Many runes the cold has told me,
 Many lays the rain has brought me,
 Other songs the winds have sung me ;
 Many birds from many forests,
 Oft have sung me lays in concord ;
 Waves of sea and ocean billows,
 Music from the many waters,
 Music from the whole creation,
 Oft have been my guide and master.

Could any "Hymn to the Influences of Nature," be more delightful? A glance at the mythology of this little-known people will show the result of their reflective deliberation on these waves of influence from the great mother whose caresses they felt to wrap them round. With them "all beings were persons. The Sun, Moon, Stars, the Earth, Air, and the Sea, were to the ancient Finns, living, Self-conscious beings. All objects in Nature were governed by invisible deities, called by them *haltiat* or Regents. These *haltiat*, like members of the human family, have distinctive bodies and spirits; but the minor ones are immaterial and formless, and their existences are entirely independent of the objects in which they are particularly interested. They are all immortal, but rank according to the relative importance of their respective charges. The lower grades of the Finnish gods are subservient to the deities of greater powers. Above all was a Supreme Ruler. The daughters (Regents) of the Sun, Moon, Great Bear, Pole-star, and of the other heavenly dignitaries, are represented as ever-young and beautiful maidens, sometimes seated on the bending branches of the forest trees, sometimes on the crimson rims of the clouds, sometimes on the rain-bow, sometimes on the dome of heaven."

How closely all this agrees with what the Secret Doctrine teaches of the hierarchies of Dhyan Chohans, and the lower grades of ethereal beings—the hosts of the elementals—a close comparison sufficiently shows. It is true, the Finns have clothed their ideas in a garland of poetry, but through this the radical identity shines out clearly. Among the Ancient Finns, as in India at the present day, we have the ceremony of Shradhha, and the invocation of ancestors.

As ably pointed out in the Preface to the volumes before us, "the deeper and more esoteric meaning of the *Kalevala* points to a contest between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil; the Finns representing the Light and the Good, and the Lapps the Darkness and the Evil. Compare with this the wars of Ormuzd and Ahriman; of the Aryas and the Rakshasas; of the Pandus and Kurus.

The most valuable echoes of the Secret Doctrine in the *Kalevala* are found in the Rune of the birth of Wainamoinen; a series of quotations from this Rune may advantageously be given.

In primeval times, a maiden,
 Beauteous Daughter of the Ether,

Passed for ages her existence
 In the great expanse of heaven,
 In the infinite expanses
 Of the air above the sea-foam,
 In the far out-stretching spaces,
 In a solitude of Ether.

The Ether or Akâsa being the first *Idea* of the yet uncreated Universe ; from which must emanate the future Kosmos, in its descending grades of materiality. The Ether is the "Vast abyss" on which the Spirit "dove-like, sat brooding ;" it is also "the face of the waters" on which "the spirit rested." The Epic continues :

She descended to the ocean,
 Waves her couch, and waves her pillow.

For *seven* hundred years she wandered o'er the ocean

Toward the east, and also southward,
 Toward the west, and also northward.

From the embraces of the ocean, she conceived her first-born, and was in travail *seven* hundred years, corresponding to the sevenfold division of Manvantaras, or Creative periods. The world is formed, but only mediately through the influence of the daughter of the Ether. She lamented her loneliness, and

When she ceased her supplications,
 Scarce a moment onward passes,
 Ere a beauteous duck descending,
 Hastens towards the water-mother,
 Comes a-flying hither, thither,
 Seeks herself a place for nesting.

This "beauteous duck" corresponds exactly, both in idea and imagery, to the *Kâlahamsa*, or "Swan of Time," of the Hindu Pantheon and the Secret Doctrine. The bird sought in vain a place for nesting :—

Then the daughter of the Ether,
 Now the hapless water-mother,
 Raised her shoulders out of water,
 Raised her knees above the ocean,
 That the duck might build her dwelling,
 Build her nesting-place in safety.
 Here she builds her humble dwelling,
 Lays her eggs within, at pleasure,
 Six the golden eggs she lays there
 Then a *seventh* egg, of iron.

Compare with this the Chaldean account of Tiamat, the great Sea and the birth therein of the Seven Spirits ; the Kabalistic teachings in which the feminine Sephirah is called the "Great Sea," and the seven lower Sephiroth are born in the "Great Sea," for this was one of the names of Binah (or Jehovah), the Astral Ocean ; and the Puranic accounts of Creation.

The maiden moves her shoulders, and the nest and eggs fall into the ocean.

Dashed in pieces on the bottom
Of the deep and boundless waters.
In the sand they do not perish,
Not in pieces in the ocean ;
But transformed, in wondrous beauty
All the fragments come together
Forming pieces two in number,
One the upper, one the lower,
Equal to the one, the other.
From one half the egg, the lower,
Grows the nether vault of Terra ;
From the upper half remaining,
Grows the upper vault of Heaven.

This echoes exactly the Indian thought, in the egg of *Hiranyagarbha*, which divides into two, and from the two parts are produced the universe, above and below ; and the duplex heaven, in the Kabala, the higher and the lower, or Heaven and Earth, are said to have been formed of the "White Head," the skull or *cranium* being the luminiferous Ether.

We regret that lack of space prevents us from quoting the suggestive Rune of Wainamoinen's seven-fold sowing, where each crop springs up after a conflagration and strewing of ashes—the periodical dissolutions and reconstructions of the universe always completed in seven. The Runes of "the Origin of Iron," the "Finding of the Lost-word," the "Origin of the Serpent," and the "Restoration of the Sun and Moon," are also full of Occultism ; but for these we must refer readers to Mr. Crawford's admirable translation.

EMENDATIONS OF "PARADISE LOST." *

IN reviewing Mr. Mull's edition of Hamlet in our August number, we called attention to his wonderful genius for discerning false readings, and his unflinching discrimination in emendation ; and the edition of "Paradise Lost," Books I.—VI., by the same hand, which we have before us, strongly confirms us in our admiration of these qualities of Mr. Mull's work.

That the text of "Paradise Lost" is extremely corrupt is doubtless a surprising piece of intelligence not only to lovers of English Literature but also to scholars ; and the honour of discovering this corruption—strongly suspected by Bentley—not less than of remedying it to no small degree, belongs pre-eminently to Mr. Mull.

And yet this faulty condition of Milton's text arises from causes universally recognised, though not traced to their legitimate conclusion—the fact of Milton's blindness, his inability to procure proper amanuenses, his consequent dependence on casual and unskilful aid, added to the well-known ignorance and stupidity of the early printers—all these might have induced at

* "Paradise Lost," Emendations, Notes, and Preface, by Matthias Mull. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co, 1884.

least suspicion, where we find nothing but awe-struck reverence for the original text.

Yet another evident cause of corruption, Milton's constant use of latinisms; when we remember that a printer has to carry in his mind a complete clause, while collecting the type, it at once becomes clear how easily a more familiar word might slip in and displace one of Milton's "golden" terms.

Mr. Mull's book amply justifies his bold statement in the Preface that he furnishes manifold proofs of "the discovery that much of the charm and splendour of the lofty Epic of the English-speaking race has been buried under a farrago of unmeaning verbiage, as though some great artistic production, the admiration of the world, had been bedaubed and defaced, or some fair creation of Nature had been despoiled of its beauty;" and again, "I assert that the whole dramatic character of the Poem is rendered weak and unspeakably inanimate throughout by the accepted punctuation; and all that is involved therein—pathos and passion, tenderness and tumult, joy and sorrow, repose and impetuosity, every emotion and element that give character and effect to a drama, which move feeling and stir imagination—is left to be laboriously supplied (or not) by the reader at every step of his progress."

Of Mr. Mull's essay on the Value of Milton's works to Intellectual Development, we need only say that their effect shines through every page of Mr. Mull's own writing.

Of verbal emendations, the following appear to us the most noteworthy and valuable: in Book I. Mr. Mull reads:—

With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt, and her priests to DECK
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. [Line 480]

Substituting *deck* for the usually accepted *seek*. This strikes us as admirable.

The next emendation requires careful consideration. Mr. Mull supports it with great skill, but we cannot yet consider it as certainly right: it is, in Mr. Mull's reading:—

The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue (held [to be]
Gods, yet confessed later [as] FROM Heaven and Earth,
Their boasted parents): Titan, . . . [Line 510]

Substituting *from* for *than*, with important changes in punctuation.

This quotation instances what we cannot but consider a fault, though a slight one, in Mr. Mull's system of printing. It is the insertion, in square brackets, of glosses which do not belong to the text, and which are likely to mislead the eye, and jar the sense of rhythmic continuity of lovers of Milton who are not scholars. Perhaps, in his second edition, Mr. Mull will hit upon some plan of banishing these hypermetric strangers.

Again, Mr. Mull reads:—

The VASTY multitude admiring entered . . . [Line 730]

Substituting *vasty* for "hasty."

In Book II. we find the following important changes :—

Without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger—WHERE the scourge
Inexorable and the torturing FIRE
GALLS US TO DEFIANCE ?

[Lines 89-92]

The ordinary reading and punctuation are :—

Without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, *when* the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing *hour*,
Calls us to penance ?

Undoubtedly Mr. Mull's reading approaches very close to the true one, but we find a syllable too much in the second foot of the last line. It is true that tribrachs and anapæsts occur in Milton, as Coleridge pointed out, but this line has not the Miltonic ring. Perhaps Mr. Mull reads the line :—

Galls us to *d'fiance ?* More destroyed than thus
We should be quite abolished and expire.

Such a contraction is not unknown in Milton, nor was it rare in his century, —especially the contraction of *the* into *th'* ; the following reading is possible :—

Galls to defiance ? More destroyed than thus
We should . . .

We find the same difficulty of metre in Mr. Mull's reading :—

his look denounced
Desperate revenge and battle dangerous
To no less than GOD !

[Line 108]

Instead of *the older :—

battle dangerous
To less than gods !

The difficulty of metre Mr. Mull partly conquers by making the second half of the line begin a new passage, with a pause between. But there is still a difficulty of sense. It seems to us that Milton may have written :—

battle *dangerous*
To less than GOD !

Mr. Mull reads :—

and build up here
A GROANING empire doubtless ? While we dream . . .

[Line 315]

Instead of a *growing* empire.

And again :—

What sit we, then, projecting peace OR war ?

Instead of *peace* and *war*.

These are as certain as any emendation can be. Equally good is :—

the subtle fiend his LUST
SORE learned—now milder,

[Line 815]

Instead of—his *lore soon* learned.

And further on,

the unpierced shade .

IMBOWERED the noontide HOURS

[Line 256]

Instead of "*Imbrowned* the noontide *bowers*."

Mr. Mull's change is like an echo of the refrain of Rossetti's well-known "EDEN BOWER."

The opening lines of BOOK V. are reconstructed by Mr. Mull as follows :

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
 Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl
 And temperate vapours bland, which Aurora's fan
 Lightly dispersed—the only sound of leaves
 And fuming rills, and the shrill matin song
 Of birds on every bough;—so much the more,
 When Adam waked, so customed (for his sleep
 Was æry light

The change is excellent, and deserving of the highest praise. The third line seems still imperfect ; perhaps it may be :—

Sowed the earth with orient pearl ;
 The temperate vapours bland, Aurora's fan
 Lightly dispersed—

For in Eden even the chill morning vapours had something heavenly.

In conclusion, we must sincerely thank Mr. Mull for the unalloyed pleasure the study of his book has given us ; if his life-work were to stop here, he would have already conferred on all lovers of the great and good in our national literature a boon which not even gratitude could repay, a pleasure which time could not efface. But Mr. Mull generously increases our pleasure by giving us the hope that at no distant date we shall receive the six later books of "Paradise Lost" from his hands ; and we believe that Mr. Mull has also a dozen or more of Shakespeare's plays in preparation ; if this is so, and their production depends on the reception the present work receives, we sincerely hope that that reception will be as generous as our debt to Mr. Mull is great. We learn that his "Macbeth" is now in the press.

THE SEVENTH DREAM.

By "RITA," author of "The Mystery of a Turkish Bath." (London : F. V. WHITE & Co.)

THIS shilling publication justifies fully the opinion passed on the author by the critic in the *Whitehall Review* with regard to her preceding novelette : "Every fresh piece of work which 'Rita' publishes shows an increase of power and a decided advance on the last." This was said of "The Mystery of a Turkish Bath," and "The Seventh Dream" excels the latter, or, indeed, any of the works we have hitherto read from the pen of this talented lady. This would seem almost ridiculous to say of a small booklet in large type, of only 116 pages ; nevertheless, it is strictly true. For "Rita" has a

way, essentially her own, of compressing within the smallest space, ideas and thoughts sufficient to serve as subject matter, for the most thrilling mystical novels in three 8vo volumes each. Her little "One shillings" are like "Liebig's Extracts," true literary tin-pots of Occult essences. Her "Seventh Dream" may be only a good railway companion to the profane. To the Mystic and Occultist, however, it is full of esoteric truths, of deeply hidden roots, the gaudy and fictitious blossoms of which are only as so many landmarks and sign-posts throughout the realm of the Occult. The ideas and short sentences scattered throughout the little volume, show more than a simple "call from the occult world which seems to have left her a partial believer," as remarked by one of her critics. They show such ideas inherent in the very nature of the author, more, a *pre-natal* possession of such truths.

This looks more like a "psychometrical delineation of character" in the language of the Spiritual mediums—of Rita herself than a review of her "Seventh Dream." But—*le style c'est l'homme*. The leaflet torn out from the life of a dreamer, of a "madman," and his disquisitions upon subjects "not of this world," show in the author more than a superficial insight into such things unseen, and an exuberance of imagination second to none among our popular novelists.

In the short story under review—the unbroken narrative of a dream, and no more—one finds correct aphorisms upon Karma, Re-birth, and the origin of evil; reflections upon various possibilities of white and black magic, and passages upon the many phases of hypnotic or rather mesmeric power, which are full of weird suggestion. One must have a certain knowledge of the laws of the Occult, with regard to the dual nature of man who lives at once in Heaven and on Earth, inside and outside his form of clay, to be able to describe such terribly realistic scenes. In this case, the Occult teacher of the dreamer is a bright being of the Fairy Land, a female spirit in whom the Occultist sees the impersonation of the Occult Wisdom, like in the vision of the gnostic Marcus, and the followers of Laurence Oliphant's doctrine of "Sympleumata," are likely to suspect the dreamer's Twin Soul.

"Nature's laws change not," says the "White Queen" of "the city of the Future," speaking of terrestrial suffering—

"Let man infringe them in the smallest detail, and he brings suffering and sorrow on his head. Creeds and forms and prayers avail nothing. . ."

The "Magic Lake," in the bowers of the Silver City, whose waters of "intense, clear, glowing green" show the gazer into their emerald depths "the secrets of earth" attract not the White Queen to them. Nyleta is a reincarnation of a slave of days of old, the victim of Chaldean masters, of whom she says:—

"Great was their power and their spells, and their methods of using the subtle and material force of nature. But theirs was the power of an evil sorcery, for, as doubtless my lord knows, the *motive alone influences the power of magic, and gives to it malignance or beneficence.*"

Who is Nyleta? She is the heroine of dreamland, a dream within a dream dreamt by a City man who lost his way in a London fog. The man, an habitual dreamer, knocks his head in the Egyptian darkness of that fog against a dead wall of a house, and a few minutes later another man shares the same fate. The latter proves to be the proprietor of the house, as

well as a magician, an old Alchemist and a sorcerer—"a shape of uncanny and evil mystery" indeed, since his gifts do not prevent him from coming to grief through the fog like any other profane blinded by the pest of London. The old man offers hospitality to the younger one, in a quaint room wherein all is *sevened*; seven black stars on a red carpet, seven brass candlesticks on the mantel-shelf, seven books in the book-case, and seven curiously shaped tiles on the hearth. He finds also his thoughts read and answered by his uncanny host, and recognizes in him an associate of a recent dream. He knows it, he says:—

"Because I shared it, I know it because I met you there. Oh, foolish and blind, for what, think you, are those glimpses into other worlds and other scenes granted? For how long will you, and thousands such as you, be content to look no deeper and inquire no further into the mystery of *yourselves*? Shall I prove to you . . . the *dual* life? Nay, I do but bid you close your eyes and you will know, even as I know, where even one step further on the path of the hidden Wisdom may lead. . . ."

The magician proved his word good by putting his guest to sleep. It is on the series of dreams that follow, that the episode and the terrible events embracing several months' duration are cleverly built.

This is the PROLOGUE. The several acts and the Epilogue of the Seventh and most terrible dream, will be divulged to anyone who has an hour or two for the perusal of this little book and—a shilling, to spare. The thrilling little novel belongs by right to the Literature of Occult fiction, and no library of theosophist or mystic ought to be without it.

THE LIFE OF JEHOShUA.*

THE PROPHET OF NAZARETH.

THE title of this book will probably convey much of what it contains; at any rate, it at once gives the leading character to the contents.

The author throughout bases the life of the Christ of the New Testament on the life of Jehoshua ben Pandira, as contained in the *Sepher Toldos Jeshu* and other similar works. Curiously enough Dr. Hartmann, while taking this foundation for his work, and while declaring that the "Gospel history" was a compilation, does not make very clear what his own opinion is concerning the facts he has collated in this book.

One thing however is plain. The facts, as narrated in the New Testament, are not physical facts necessarily to Dr. Hartmann, but are allegorical symbols pertaining to psychic and psycho-spiritual occurrences in the life of Jehoshua ben Pandira.

The book is valuable, not so much for the historical evidence put forward in it, nor for the comparison of the various disputes of learned historians: but for the manner in which it has enabled the author to convey in intelligible form certain truths which pertain to the history of initiation.

Jehoshua's childhood and boyhood are slightly described, but the centre of interest is at once transferred to Jehoshua as a candidate for initiation into the

* Boston: THE OCCULT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 120, Tremont Street. London: THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Wisdom of the Egyptians. Of course it may be open to question whether Dr. Hartmann has disclosed facts concerning initiation in their correct sequence and detail. Probably, judging by all that has ever been declared, the account is purposely jumbled and confused. But in any case, correct in sequence and detail or not, the account serves the purpose of conveying to the student much information of a most valuable character. There is a marked resemblance between much of Dr. Hartmann's explanations concerning initiation and those treated by Mdme. Blavatsky in her forthcoming work on the "Secret Doctrine"; her explanations being based, as she says, on truths divulged only in the mysteries of initiation. Further, Dr. Hartmann makes very plain in this that the laws which govern the psychic and astral worlds are closely connected with and are the lower correlations of the laws which govern the moral and spiritual worlds. Again, although the candidate might gain the command of the psychic and astral forces, he was never allowed to go forth into the external physical world until he had gained the consciousness of the moral and spiritual laws which alone would enable him to direct these forces rightly and become a co-worker with nature. So far Dr. Hartmann seems to have gathered his materials from sources other than those to be found in the New Testament. He now brings Jehoshua back to his native land and shows him as exposed to the temptations, not of the individual personal man, but to those of the leader among men—to those of a man of larger life and scope. These Jehoshua met in his "Temptation" in the desert; Dr. Hartmann giving an explanation which differs from that ordinarily accepted.

Following this comes the explanation concerning the "Sermon on the Mount"; and both these explanations may be studied with interest, even though one may not agree with them.

The author treats of Herodias and St. John the Baptist, of Jehoshua's journey to Jerusalem, and the loss of his life. It is in this part of the book that one is sometimes puzzled to determine how far Dr. Hartmann considers the history as historical, and how far allegorical. He gives many new meanings to the facts narrated if they are allegorical; but, if historical, his explanations are not always logical or consistent.

What he makes very plain is that he does not consider Jehoshua or Jesus to be a God but to be a man made divine by union with the Absolute. He shows too how his immediate followers materialised his teaching and distorted it for their own purpose. Thus they created a system of ecclesiastical polity which has grown into a church with dogmas resembling those of the Pharisees. That the founder of Christianity would approve of such a creation or of the acts of his followers, is certainly open to grave doubt; and it is only by the appearance of such books as Dr. Hartmann's that the world may be aroused to the right conception of the character of Jehoshua or Jesus and may appreciate his efforts as well as those of other Adept-enlighteners of mankind.

Anyhow, whatever the inner conviction of the author, the biography of Jesus of Nazareth in the Gospels is *not* historical, and the whole is an allegory based upon a personage who lived, taught and suffered, probably more than a century before the year 1, A.D. Opinions may be divided upon the question among the profane, but among the Occultists of any learning and standing, there can be

but one conviction. A Jesus or Jehoshua has lived at some time or other, though the alleged biographical sketches of the drama in the four Gospels, are, as appears plain to any Occultist or Kabalist not a narrative of real events, but an allegory which depicts the trials, sufferings and temporary death of a disciple on probation or a postulant to adeptship, and final victory of the candidate for Initiation into the sublime Mysteries.

The Book is more than worth reading. It is a valuable addition to the literature now being demanded by the general desire to look into the truth.

BUDDHIST CATECHISM.

AN INTRODUCTION INTO THE DOCTRINES OF BUDDHA GAUTAMA.

By SUBHADRA BICKSHU.

THE above is the translation of the title of a new German book which has recently appeared at Braunschweig. In the preface we are informed that Col. Olcott's "Buddhist Catechism" having originally been intended merely as a book of primary instruction for Singhalese children; this new catechism is intended to carry the reader deeper into the mysteries of Buddhism, and thus to supply a want felt by the educated and intelligent public of Germany.

It can only be gratifying to Buddhists to see an increase of Buddhistic literature in Europe, and we therefore welcome this contribution in spite of its language being in some places ungrammatical and mixed with provincialisms, and although some of its questions are puerile. The contents justify its claims, for it contains a great deal of valuable information, and enters far deeper into the true spirit of Buddhism than any similar publication.

Unfortunately, the value of the book is considerably lessened by some serious mis statements in the accompanying foot-notes.

Thus, on page 19 we are informed that each mother of a Buddha has to die seven days after the birth of the latter, "because her womb can henceforth no more give birth to ordinary children," making it appear as if a woman had no other choice but to die or to give birth to children.

On page 22 it is stated that one of the first conditions in accepting Buddhism is to give up all of one's earthly possessions. . If this were true, there would be very few Buddhists in the world.

On page 25 we are told that a yogi becomes an Adept by hypnotizing himself. He "suggests" to himself that he is an Adept and thus he makes an (imaginary?) Adept out of himself. We would suggest to the writer the idea that nobody can truly imagine himself to be a real Adept unless he can realize that state, and that before he can realize it he would have to be an Adept.

There are a number of other similar mistakes in this book, and it is to be hoped that they will all be corrected in the second edition.

SATYA KAMA SHARMA.

FOUR NEW PAMPHLETS.*

THE T. P. S. continues manfully its work of propaganda by issuing pamphlets from time to time on theosophical subjects. It is a pity that theosophists do not support it better, for more subscribers means more pamphlets. If there were a few thousand members of the T. P. S., there would be a continual stream of interesting monographs flowing from 7, Duke Street, Adelphi. Five shillings a year, after all, is very little more than a penny a week, a sum which does not seem extravagant as a yearly subscription, if it be remembered how freely it is spent in other ways.

Number 10 of the series is an interesting paper on Elementals, or nature spirits, by "Nizida," whose writings are well known to Spiritualists, and who, being clairvoyante, speaks as one having authority, at least, as regards the appearances. This essay is followed by another on Elementaries, under which head come several classes of more or less familiar "bogies."

Number 11 is called "The Higher Science," and is pronounced by a great many readers the best of the Series so far issued. It is by Mr. William Kingsland, a man of science, and an electrician. Clear, logical, and wide in its generalizations, this number deserves to be read with attention by anyone who wishes to get an idea of the wide range over which Theosophy spreads its wings.

Number 12 is a criticism of the personality of Jesus, in answer to the question, "Was Jesus a perfect man?" Those who have not gone very deep into mysticism will find of much interest the view of the character of Jesus therein put forth, as it is written more from the sceptical than from the Occult standpoint.

Number 13 is a reprint, whereas 10, 11, and 12 are original essays. It is, however, the reprint of a little work which, most probably, not ten persons in England know anything about. When it is remembered that the popular superstition about the number 13 being unlucky is traced to the fact that Judas was the 13th person at the last supper, it certainly seems a little odd that the 13th issue of this series should have reference to the Wandering Jew. According to this curious pamphlet, published over thirty years ago, and long since out of print, the mission of the Wandering Jew is to bring about the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. For this purpose he is re-incarnated again and again, being possessed of the secret of Solomon's Seal, and lending its miraculous powers to those whom he thinks will further his fixed purpose. "The Hebrew Talisman" is evidently the work of someone who was *au courant* with the public life of his day, political and financial; and some things in the reprint it might have been questionable taste to have republished, had not the events and persons concerned passed by this time into the realm of "ancient history."

* Published by the Theosophical Publication Society, 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.

MYSTERIES OF THE HAND,* &c.

BY ROBERT ALLAN CAMPBELL.

AN excellent little contribution to the Materialistic School of Palmistry comes to us from St. Louis, U.S.A. It bears the title, "Mysteries of the Hand Revealed and Explained," and the author, Mr. Robert Allen Campbell, evidently understands his subject. It is a curious matter for reflection that while on the one hand policemen were never more active than they are to-day in arresting humble persons who practise palmistry among the Masses, and magistrates never more zealous in sentencing these poor wretches to prison; on the other hand, palmistry has, perhaps, never before in "Christian times" been so favourite a study, and fashionable amusement, as it is to-day among the Classes, and new books on the subject are constantly appearing, which are eagerly purchased by people of education. One would have thought that sauce for the servant-maid's goose ought to be served, in this case, to the mistress's gander (*Classes* and *Masses* both end in "asses"!). It is very doubtful, after all, whether fortune-telling is more seriously regarded, and therefore more dangerous, in the kitchen than in the drawing-room. In both spheres it is regarded as a species of amusement, which a certain percentage of its more impressional devotees are disposed to take somewhat in earnest; and those who do take it in earnest are superstitious in very good company, according to our author, for he claims the Patriarch Job as a professor of the Science, as well as Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato, and a long line of later worthies, ending with the lamented W. H. Vanderbilt—to say nothing of the Egyptian Magicians and Chaldean Magi.

The author "unequivocally discards" the Astral theory of Palmistry, which maintains that the destiny of man is determined by his susceptibility to Astral influences—the influences, that is to say, of the seven planets, through each of which there flows one of the seven rays or streams of influence that together compose the Astral light—just as the seven rays of the solar spectrum compose the white light of the sun. This theory is the most mystical and the most fashionable among the Classes; but our author prefers the other, namely, that character determines the hand (not the hand the character). Palmistry thus treated is a sister science to phrenology, a simple body of deductions from observation, leaving *causes* out of sight, and dealing only with effects, and having no more pretensions to tell the future or the past than any other "official" science. By this system a good line of life might show a healthy constitution, and therefore the probability of living long, just as a good pair of legs shows the probability of winning a race, or escaping from a policeman; and a skilled practitioner of this science ought to be able, without much difficulty, we should think, to make up a little history from such-like signs and hints, that would pass with the majority (mistresses as well as maids) for oracular.

* J. W. Campbell, St. Louis, Mo. 12mo., pp. 202.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.*

(A Record of Communications through H. B. Champion, with Explanations and Observations by J. B. Ferguson.)

LUCIFER has been favoured with one of the one hundred copies printed of the above work. It is a reprint of Inspirational Utterances by Mr. H. B. Champion, originally published in 1854, and contains matter of very much higher grade than is usual for such productions, reminding us of Mr. Stainton Moses's "Spirit Teachings." The motto of the book, a saying of Mr. Champion, gives a good idea of the lines on which the work runs; it reads: "*Love is the immutable principle that must bind in harmony and union this extended Universe. Then will God be God in the heart of Humanity.*" The chief inspirer of the medium is claimed to have been the celebrated Unitarian minister DR. CHANNING; but in the preface to the present edition an important qualification is made in regard to the meaning of this claim; for we read as follows: "It was asked, 'Do we really hold personal and direct communication with the spirit of Dr. William Ellery Channing?' It was answered, Yes, and no. Names have an occult meaning. They bring the person *en rapport* with the qualities of the person who is named; hence, both the danger and advantage of the invocation of names. The ancients understood this, and made it a solemn part of their worship. It survives only, in the present day, in the Catholic Church. The name JESUS has an especial significance to all Christians. The name of CHANNING has such a responsive significance to all who love the qualities expressed by his life-work. When in the form he was in spiritual rapport with an innumerable host connecting him mediately with God. All bear this relation." This teaching is half-way between Spiritualism and Occultism.

Nevertheless, in page 104 we read, "On the next day Mr. C. came under the direction of an Indian chief, and commanding me to follow him, wended his way directly to the family cemetery, and there pointed out to us the tombs of many whose spirits, he said, had greeted us the night before." This association of the "Spirit" with the churchyard is, of course, spiritualism of the most grossly materialistic kind. In turning over the pages of this book, as of other works purporting to come from spirits, the reader is constantly in doubt whether it is a spirit that is speaking, and, if so, which spirit. They all give vent to similar ideas, in much the same language; and there is not a line which might not have been written by an intelligent spirit still inhabiting the flesh. That the inspirer was not a disembodied spirit, who has learned new truths, is proved by the fact that he gives utterance to the ideas current at the time—chiefly broad generalities. Channing knew nothing of reincarnation or karma, neither does his "spirit." No mention of either of them occurs in the book, and at the present day it would seem to be a very difficult task to write a book treating of a future life and a spiritual world without bringing in these central pivots of Theosophy, and, indeed, of all true Occultism; in fact, one can hardly meet with a modern spiritualistic work in which, if not the names, reincarnation and karma, at least the things signified are not considered and discussed.

* Revised Edition, printed at Parkersburg, U.S.A., for private circulation, 1888. 8vo. pp. 261.

Correspondence.

“CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.”

LUCIFER'S criticism of the statements of “Christian Science,” as contained in a published course of “Lessons,” begins with an objection to the name after a fair digest of the “Lessons” themselves.

This objection is the one most frequently made, not only by those who are aware of the sublime teaching of eternal principles long before what is called Christianity was heard of, but by those who profess to be the keepers and guardians of the statements of the Nazarene; and which, misunderstood and adulterated with misconceptions of the Old Testament, are accepted by those who think through others, as truth absolute.

But theological Christianity and scientific Christianity are widely different. The one is dogma; the other, fact. The one is accepted without knowledge, and faith is the only requisite to salvation through it. The other requires understanding, abjures belief and furnishes proof to him who understands.

The objection to the name “Christian,” as coupled with “Science,” would be valid if by the term were meant theological or ecclesiastical Christianity. But if—as is claimed—the statements of Jesus of Nazareth were scientific statements; if their inner significance was a logical deduction from a universally, if unconsciously, accepted premise; if they are—as is seen when understood—an advance upon the statements of the world's teachers; carrying to a probable conclusion what they had approached; if his teachings, together with the Old Testament, are a presentation of the law of laws; then the terms “Christian” and “Science” are not incongruous, but form a unity expressive of the fact that “Christian Science” is not one among other sciences; but is the science of sciences; is the embodiment of manifestation whose many forms constitute the sciences, the philosophies, the religions of mankind.

Instead of being the “Buddhist,” or the “Yoga” science, it is the science of those sciences individually and collectively. It reveals what they conceal.

LUCIFER suggests “Yoga Science” as the best name of all, because its aim “is pre-eminently to attain union with the Universal Spirit.” If this is true, a foundation statement of “Yoga Science” must be, non-union of man with the Universal Spirit. But a foundation statement of “Christian Science” is man's unchangeable and indestructible union or one-ness with spirit itself.* Not something which has been or will be, but everlasting is; and consciousness of that which is, is what is to be attained by him.

This is what Jesus taught; is the underlying substance of the “Sermon on the Mount”; is the interior meaning of the four gospels. “Divine” or

* Facts are against this assumption. Were the “Union” *universal* there could be no evil, no disease or suffering in this world.—[Ed.]

“Christian Science” is what is therein expressed ; and it is the essence of all sciences. Those who do not find it there will naturally demur to the statement ; it does not follow that others have not.

There is not an affirmation or denial made as a statement of Christian Science which was not made by Jesus, whose work it was thus “to save the world from original sin,” for that sin was ignorance ; and every such affirmation and denial was made from a perception of the truth of Being instead of from a sense of being. And only as those who heard grew gradually to perceive their real selves while still in the consciousness of a seeming self, could they, in their turn, deny the latter with its environments to be the Truth of Being ; while they affirmed that truth which they perceived and which was true in itself, though not yet a fact to consciousness.

“To deny disease and evil is to fly in the face of fact, and encourage the unwary mystic to *ignore* instead of *killing* his sinful nature,” says LUCIFER. Christian Science does not teach ignoring of disease and evil. It teaches emphatically recognition of them ; but recognition of the truth about them ; not that recognition which is an acceptance of their claim to be what they seem to be. We deny that a counterfeit dollar is a dollar. We deny its claim to be such. We declare it to be a falsity and affirm the genuine to be the only dollar. Recognition of the truth about the counterfeit dollar is a necessity to the understanding of its nature. Denial of its claim to be what it seems to be, is necessary to the putting it out of circulation. To ignore its claim would be to leave it unmolested. The denial is the direct result of the perception of its nature, and necessitates action against it.

The denial of diseases and evil is an essential part of the work of redemption from them. Not one jot or tittle of the work which we have to do for our selves is hidden or prevented by the teachings of Christian Science. On the contrary, it lays bare the work and the way to do it as no philosophy or science has yet done ; and the healing of disease simply is but a fragment of the mighty work whose outcome is consciousness of our real selves ; our oneness with the Infinite Spirit. Who works to this end through “Christian Science” has a principle by which to walk and work which is the clue in the labyrinth of mysticism where so many, in seeking a way out, but cross and recross each other’s paths. The mazes and windings of this labyrinth are marvellous ; and the man who has wandered from one to another till he knows them all, has a fund of knowledge which is as marvellous as the region from which he gathered it, but it is not knowledge of the way out.

The question “Is it true that all our diseases are the result of wrong belief,” would more completely embody the teaching of Christian Science if “wrong” were omitted. Belief is considered the opposite of understanding ; and the question can only be answered by each one for himself, from the latter standpoint. All outward evidence seems to disprove the statement. If one makes no attempt to study the science of mathematics himself, he is dependent upon some one who has done so, and in none of his affairs involving mathematical calculation, does he know why the result is as it is. A would-be student of the science, who rests upon the statements of his teacher, believing what he is told, will never be a mathematician, will never be able to gain the correct

answer to his problem and know that it is correct. He accepts the statements as made for the time being only; working out for himself the why and wherefore of them. He must understand before he can be a mathematician. Having reached that point, perceiving the principle of the science, he knows that all mathematical problems are forms which express the principle. He knows that any error in the answer to the problem is the fault of the worker of it, and is not there as a legitimate part of the problem, and he knows too that only by strict adherence to and following of the principle can he detect and destroy the error. He does not declare—if he is wise—that because he discerns what a mistake is, he is beyond the possibility of making one.

“Christian Scientists,” like all mankind, are engaged in working out the problem of Being, in making a fact to consciousness that which seems but an abstraction; the true ones do not for a moment claim that because they—as they think—discern the nature of disease, they will never more manifest any appearance of it. LUCIFER asks “Are there not among the renowned teachers of the new science, who are themselves afflicted by disease, often incurable, by pain and suffering?” And the answer is frankly given—yes. There are Christian Scientists who manifest in their own persons a contradiction to statements they make. Does this fact alter for one moment the truth of the statements if they be true? Is that a just conclusion which says: “What you say cannot be so, because I see in you something that contradicts it?”

A teacher of mathematics tells his student that two and two are four. The student may see him dealing with another and making two and two five, in his calculations. If he does not understand for himself why and how two and two are four, he will say: “What you told me cannot be true because you are making five out of two and two.” If he does understand the four to be a manifestation of the principle of the science, he will not be affected in the least by what he sees in his teacher; he will know where the error lies, but only such an one can know.

On the other hand, many Christian Scientists afford proof—to those to whom such a fact is proof—of the efficacy of the understanding of the science, by a change in physical conditions which appears wonderful.* Many, as is known to the writer, both by personal experience and some years of close observation, have exchanged suffering long continued, both mental and physical—the latter in many forms pronounced incurable by the medical fraternity—for comparative freedom from pain and disease, and the ability to meet and discharge the everyday duties which were formerly almost entirely suspended. But the only proof which really is proof, is a matter of one’s own consciousness. The outer, seen of many, is as variously pronounced upon. The inner is known to one’s self.

To perceive the direct connection between a certain form of physical disease and the mental state manifest therein—as quoted by LUCIFER—seems to the author of the “Lessons” unlikely in the present stage of the development of the science; and something which all Christian Scientists should be slow to do. Statements which are more the result of enthusiasm than sound deductions from a given premise, are justly open to criticism and least able to withstand it.

* No such “proofs” afforded by the adepts of “Christian Science” here: not in London at any rate. “Physician, heal thyself.” . . . —[ED.]

The future of Christian Science does not and cannot depend upon its method of treatment of disease as practised by the few for the many, though the favourable results so gained are the "signs" which naturally draw those who receive them to a consideration of the method which has furnished them. The understanding of the science in their turn reveals its preventive value and exemplifies the old adage "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

LUCIFER asks for "the guarantee, the hall-mark of the true Christian Scientist by which he can be known to the unwary." There is none. Is there any hall-mark by which a mesmerist can be known to those ignorant of mesmerism? One by which a book-keeper can be known to do his work honestly? LUCIFER says truly, "If this, like other spiritual things, can only be spiritually discerned, the patient must be equal to the healer and will have no need of him." This is exactly what Christian Science teaches; that every man is his own best physician. He must administer that truth which heals to himself. Unable to do so, he is as approachable by one kind of an influence as another. Having this ability, he grows gradually able to detect the nature and quality of every influence, and to ward off those which assimilate with personal man.

One who understands mathematics can reckon up his accounts himself. One who does not, must depend upon some one else to do it for him; and because he is so dependent, he is in danger of being cheated. He is freed from that danger only by gaining the necessary understanding for himself.

Suppose a friend to be suffering intensely from information received of the death of an absent loved one; and you discovered that the information was false; that the supposed dead still lived. You would state that fact to your friend, accompanied with proof that what you said was true. Her suffering would disappear. Why? Because the truth itself, not you, had overcome and dispelled it. She would not think that the loved one was alive simply because you thought so. But a mesmerist would make her think a certain one was dead whom she knew to be alive before she was subjected to his influence; because while under it, she unconsciously ceases to think for herself and thinks only what he wills her to think. No will power is employed in the first instance except the impulse of good-will to help one in affliction to see the truth which dispels suffering. In the second, domination or control of what one thinks regardless of truth or falsity is gained by the person exerting his will to that end.

The one is white magic; the other black. The one is a treatment according to Christian Science; the other is mesmerism. The one manifests the power of Truth; the other, the power of belief. The one, the self-lessness of Truth; the other, the all-self of the human mind.*

The article, "Let every man prove his own works," in LUCIFER No. 3, closes with an excellent analysis of a Theosophist. A parallel statement would be, *He who does not declare and maintain his divine right to think for himself; he who does not unceasingly strive to discern the truth for its own sake; he who does not as unceasingly desire that that truth shall be made manifest regardless of gain or loss to himself; he who does not help to that result by unselfish effort for others; he*

* This is against all the teachings of Occultism, and is an arbitrary assumption, showing that the writer knows nothing of either white or black magic. To help anyone with a cancer on the nose to fancy he has *no* cancer, can only be done through mesmerism, or *hypnotism*, although the operator may call it as he chooses.—[ED.]

who is not ever ready to rob evil of its power by speaking the word of truth ; by helping others to see and speak in their turn ; by comforting the sorrowing ; by aiding the weak ; by charity for all and malice toward none ; he who does not rigorously refrain from mentally influencing another so as to cause action on his part through other than his own will, is no Christian Scientist.

URSULA N. GESTEFELD.

THE BARISÁL GUNS.

COLONEL OLCOTT'S paper on the above phenomenon is couched in such an exact spirit of enquiry, that as a scientific teacher, I must supplement it by my own observation of an analogous occurrence.

In May 1868, I was alone in a small boat in the San Juan river of Nicaragua, when I heard in the day time, the sun shining brightly, and the weather being that of the "dry season," successive detonations which were prolonged at intervals, approximately of 40 seconds between each.

On the theory *Nihil tam absurdé dicitur, quod non probat quidam philosophus*, some theories may be proposed to account for these sounds.

A. They may be produced by musketry shots.—*Answer.* They occurred at a spot 30 miles from any other human being than myself, and 70 miles from any human being possessing a gun.

B. They were produced by the howler-monkey, or *mono (Myctes flavus)*.—*Answer.* I am well acquainted with the habits of the howler-monkey, who rises "oft in the stilly night" and sleeps all day. Like the nightingale in the song, he

"warbles by night, and not by day."

Besides, the note of the howler-monkey, appalling though it may be in the desert solitude, is a long *sostenuto* note, quite unlike the detonations heard by me.

I hope we shall have more cases of detonatory sounds, that may be referable to spirit-action.

C. CARTER BLAKE.

THE SHUTTLE OF KARMA.

THINKING over the correspondence on the subject of Karma in the July LUCIFER, it does seem to one observer at least that some writers on the philosophy of human life from the Theosophical Society's standpoint are more concerned about our deserts than our duties, more anxious to explain "undeserved" misery than ready to accept the idea of our all needing lessons, be they bitter or be they sweet. To the mind wont to regard the workings of Divine Providence as absolute perfection in their sphere of education, the notion of Karma lapsing here or there from justice and "making it up" on another occasion is as droll as the other suggestion (*vide* footnote p. 415). That circumstances cropping up in a casual kind of way, like a stray bullet may hit the wrong man!

If the elements of our environment, our contact with men and things, be not included in the working of Karma, pray what is its field of action? And if they be, then it should adjust itself as minutely to the inner states of its subjects as a perfect machine to the fulfilment of its functions. Now, is Karma a teacher or is it a police magistrate? In the one case our past record of action is of the slightest consequence *except* as evidence of our spiritual level at any given time; and as the same deed may be an outcome of quite different mental states according to the characters of the doers, the Karma resulting for each should depend not on any external *doing* but on internal *being*; while the manifestation on the external plane is merely the raw material we each supply for Karmic purposes directed toward the whole race. In this light our deeds here in London are as pertinent to the Patagonian savage as to our next neighbour—they are but spinning the yarn while Karma throws the shuttle where she knows the web has need.

Perhaps I do the Karma of the Theosophists more than justice—perhaps her function is indeed that of the police court, in one scale so much naughty behaviour, in the other so many stripes—and there an end. Or possibly a last state worse than the first; for is not Avitchi looming in the distance? But it seems to me that the real Karma, the true law of adjustment in human life, must enter as surely and deeply into the inner needs of humanity as the sea into its bays and caves, and must bring its salt wave of healing into the hidden depths each flow of its tide fraught with new life.

As to “personal merit,” “desert,” and the like, it is difficult to understand when separateness embodies in itself all evil tendencies, how merit peculiar to one alone can be anything but an aggravation of that chief sin. The child of the race, in other words, the Son of Man, was content to declare—there is none good but God alone.

To conclude with a word of comment on the objection brought against “Christian Science” in the interests of Karma (LUCIFER, July, p. 413), which latter is supposed to be in danger of losing its rights, and can “hardly be satisfied with such an easy arrangement.” How about chloroform?—another easy arrangement. Are so many ages of Karma’s birchen rod to have taught nothing yet, and are we all to be chastised with the same twig for ever and ever because that has been part of the lesson? The Reincarnationists surely ought to be glad that some of us poor pilgrims have gained high enough ground to throw their packs behind them and catch a glimpse of the Delectable Mountains. Disease is part of Karma; yes, and so is healing. Those who can pass on their way rejoicing because the Karma of disease has no more lessons for them are fulfilling Karma’s laws instead of avoiding them.

K.

London, July 24, 1888.

KARMA AND FREE WILL.

There is, I think, one fatal objection to the view of Karma advanced by “K,” in the foregoing letter:—namely, that it completely destroys any exercise of free-will, and consequently any responsibility on the part of humanity. If that which happens to a man, at any given moment of his life be always exactly what

he deserves, it would follow that evil done by one man to another is done under the irresistible impulsion of Karma, and by no exercise of free-will on the part of the actor, who is nothing but a blind instrument of the Law. This is sheer fatalism, and not only does away with all idea of merit and demerit, but also destroys the sense of duty on which "K" lays so much stress.

The footnote on page 415 really gives as clear an explanation as can be given of so difficult a subject. Unfortunately the misprint of "casual" for "causal" connection which did not deceive those who were somewhat more versed in Theosophical literature, seems to have led "K" entirely astray. Every exercise of free-will by a responsible being, in the choice between two courses, starts a fresh Nidana, or chain of causation, and thereby disturbs in some direction the Universal Harmony. It is, as "K" rightly says, the province of Karma to readjust such disturbance, and restore the balance; but does it not stand to reason that unless such disturbances of Harmony are continually being produced, there can be no sphere of action for Karma at all? When once the balance is finally redressed the work of Karma is finished, but till that time the scales of Justice cannot be even.

In conclusion I will say that even if "K" be justified in his assertion that certain writers on Theosophical subjects "are more concerned about our deserts than our duties," no such charge at least can be brought against the teaching as a whole. "The way is to be sought for its own sake, not with regard to your feet that shall tread it." So is it said in "Light on the Path," and the thought is echoed in all that portion of Theosophical literature which deals with the Ethical side of the philosophy.

THOMAS B. HARBOTTLE.

London, September 2nd, 1888.

THE DEVIL—WHO IS HE?

SIR,—Mr. Thomas May (under the above title) tells your readers in the September number of LUCIFER that, with the accumulation of centuries, a very Gordian knot of theological confusion, contradictions and contrarieties, has been made, which has caused an unedifying intermingling of the attributes of "the Supreme," and that he, Mr. Thomas May, can cut this knot in a moment, by simply telling your readers that the Devil and Jesus, or the Devil and God, are one and the same Supreme being or person, only seen under different aspects at different periods of time. (1.)*

And with this simple statement that two contradictory ideas have only one and the same supreme being or person for their origin, Mr. May seems to imagine that he has at once removed all the theological confusion, contradictions and contrarieties, which for centuries have accumulated and perplexed mankind respecting Jesus and the Devil, God and Satan, good and evil.

But when it is conceded to Mr. May that there is but one Supreme being or person: it yet remains to be determined, revealed, or understood what "the Supreme" is? and whether "the Supreme" is good, or evil.

* Vide *Editors' Note*.

Mr. May in his letter would seem to imply that "the Supreme" is both evil and good, in like manner as a period of 24 hours, which we call a day, is partly light and partly dark. (2.)

But then this dark period of the day, which we call night, is not evil, but, on the contrary, it is a period of beneficial rest for recruiting and renewing the strength of our bodies in sleep.

And it is possible that Mr. May might also say that what is commonly called evil is also not evil, but is only a course of educational training which is highly beneficial for our spiritual growth and strength.

But when good and evil are thus intermingled as being one and the same, the danger immediately arises of creating theological confusion, contradictions and contrarieties. And I do not learn from Mr. May's letter that he has avoided this religious difficulty (3), but that he has himself created it, by speaking of good and evil as being one and the same.

For although Isaiah tells us that God alone is the Supreme Creator both of good and evil, yet it is only in a corrective sense, as a Father would correct his Child, that Isaiah intends to speak of God as creating evil; because the whole burden of Isaiah's writing is to reproach those who called the good evil, the evil good, and the doing of evil doing good.

And it is because this intermingling of God and the Devil, and of good and evil, as being one and the same, made it such a complicated question, that therefore the Scriptures were written in order to make manifest what is good and what is evil. (4.) And in the Scriptures it is recorded that so great had become the power of those who made the Word of God of none effect by their evil traditions that they conspired to betray "the Son of Man," who would reconcile the ways of God as being good and not evil, to be crucified as a devil.

And it is the true lesson which is to be learnt (when freedom in the Church can be obtained to teach it) from the Crucifixion of "the Son of Man," which can alone remove the religious difficulty which disturbs both the Christian and he Jewish World: because it is not true, as Mr. May asserts, that good and evil, or Jesus and the Devil, are one and the same. (5.)

REV. T. G. HEADLEY.

Manor House, Petersham, S.W.

EDITORS' NOTES.

(1.) This idea is not original with Mr. May. Lactantius, one of the Fathers of the Church, expressed it in no equivocal language, for he states that the "Word" (or Logos), is the *first-born brother of Satan*" (*Vide Inst. div.* Book ii., c. viii.); for Satan is "a Son of God" (*Vide Job*, ii., i.)

(2.) The "Supreme," if it is infinite and omnipresent, cannot be anything but that. It must be "good and evil," "light and darkness," etc., for if it is omnipresent it has to be present in a vessel of dishonour as well as in one of honour, in an atom of dirt as in the atom of the purest essence. The whole trouble is that theology and the (even *militant*) clergy are not consistent in their claims; they would force people to believe in an infinite and absolute deity, and dwarf

this deity at the same time by making of it a *personal* being *with attributes*, a double claim mutually destructive, and as absurd philosophically, as it is grotesque and soul-killing.

(3.) The fact then that by showing good and evil intermingled in the deity creates "religious difficulty," *i.e.*, "theological confusion," is the fault of and rests with the clergy and theology, and not at all with Mr. May. Let them drop their idea of a personal god with human attributes, and the difficulty will disappear.

(4.) The Scriptures were written to conceal the underlying allegories of cosmogonical and anthropological mysteries, and not at all "to make manifest what is good and what is evil." If our respected and reverend Correspondent accepts Eden and the apple *au sérieux*, then why should he not accept "Crucifixion," as taught by his church, also? "To be crucified as a devil" is a queer phrase. We have heard of several "Sons of God" crucified, but never yet of one single devil. On the other hand, if Christians accepted, as seriously as they do the "apple and the rib," the simple and impressive words of their Christ on the Mount, who says: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake,"—then they would abstain from reviling and persecuting and saying all manner of evil against the poor Devil; who, if he is to be regarded as a *personality*, is sure to "blessed," as no one from the beginning of Christianity has ever been more reviled and falsely persecuted than was that scapegoat for the sins of man! Finally:

(5.) If one takes "good and Evil, or Jesus and the Devil," for personalities, then as no personality from the beginning of the world was free from evil, Mr. May's proposition must prove correct and the Reverend Mr. Headley be shown in a vicious circle of his own making. *Demon est Deus inversus* is said of a manifested, *differentiated* deity, or of the Universe of Matter. That which is *Absolute* cannot even be homogeneous, it is *Ain*—nothing—or *No-thing*; and if men of finite intellects will insist upon speculating upon the infinite, and therefore to them unreachable and incomprehensible, otherwise than as a necessary philosophical postulate, then they must expect to be worsted by that same philosophy.

PERTINENT QUERIES.

You invite questions respecting all points of difficulty in subjects connected with Occult Science. I cannot reconcile some things relating to the Apostles of Modern Theosophy.

In the "*Preface* to the Original Edition" (page xxiii. of the 5th Edition) of "*Esoteric Buddhism*," by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, there are these words—"Two years ago, neither I, nor any other European living, knew the alphabet of the science here for the first time put into a scientific statement." This is an emphatic expression; it would seem to imply that the thinking world is exclusively indebted to this book and to its author for that knowledge of the truths of Esoteric Science, which is now making its way amongst European and American Theosophists. But this can hardly be Mr. Sinnett's meaning.

For, can the statement and its implication be consistent with the fact that Madame Blavatsky, herself a European,* had, some years previously, written "Isis Unveiled," which though it does not give the same constructive teaching respecting the mysteries of the Universe as does "Esoteric Buddhism," does yet imply a knowledge on the part of its author of much more than "the alphabet of the science"?

But is it not true, as indicated in "The Occult World," that Mr. Sinnett owed to Madame Blavatsky his own first knowledge of Esoteric Science, and also his introduction to the adept teacher, the Master from whom he derived the bulk of his information? Madame Blavatsky, we have been led to understand, taught these truths of Occult Science years previously to Colonel Olcott, and in so doing converted him from a Spiritualist to a Theosophist. It is further likely that Madame Blavatsky taught others the same truths.†

I would also ask if there are no secret students of Science, in its broadest aspects, who have known these things in advance of its recent publication?

It would be a satisfaction to myself and others if it could be stated how the recent teachings of Occult Science really originated, and what the true position of "Esoteric Buddhism" is as an authoritative exponent of Occult truth.

Now that Theosophical teachings are taking hold of men's minds, it is very desirable that the genesis of the modern movement should be truthfully known. I acknowledge myself greatly indebted to "Esoteric Buddhism," but I am very anxious to understand the facts to which I have alluded, and to have them reconciled.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES B. INGHAM.

EDITORS' ANSWER.

The case in point is a good illustration of the misconceptions which often spring from looseness of expression in a writer. Certainly, Mr. Sinnett could have no wish whatever to convey the idea that he was the first and only channel for the transmission of Esoteric doctrine. In fact, he specially repudiates the claim, as our correspondent will find if he will turn to p. xxi. of the Preface to the very edition he cites. "Let me add," says Mr. Sinnett, "that I do not regard myself as the sole exponent of the outer world, at this crisis of Esoteric truth." If he omitted to mention the writer and her American pupils and colleagues of 1874-8, Colonel Olcott and Mr. Judge, it was undoubtedly because he regarded "Madame Blavatsky," on account of her Russian nationality, as more Asiatic than European—a harmless delusion many a patriotic Englishman labours under—and the former gentlemen, as Americans. It had also escaped him for the moment, no doubt, that among the group of Initiates to which his own mystical correspondent is allied, are two of European race, and that one who is that Teacher's superior is also of that origin, being half a

* In view of a number of such letters received, a full answer will be given in the "Secret Doctrine," now nearly ready.—[ED.]

† She did, most undeniably. But as her several pupils (Europeans) were *pledged* disciples, which Mr. Sinnett never was, they could not give out to the world what they had learned.

Slavonian in his "present incarnation," as he himself wrote to Colonel Olcott in New York.

"Esoteric Buddhism" has rendered precious service, by popularizing in exoteric form esoteric truths, meddling with pure metaphysics being disclaimed by its author (*Vide* p. 46), and in the propagation of theosophical ideas throughout the world; and it has proved its popularity by passing already through six editions, and being just at this moment about to appear in a seventh. Yet it is not free enough of minor errors to entitle it to be regarded as an infallible Scripture, nor its modest author as a Divine Revelator—as some foolish enthusiasts, in search of new idols, figure to themselves. The correspondent's question as to "how the recent teachings of Occult Science really originated," is easily answered. A crisis had arrived in which it was absolutely necessary to bring within reach of our generation the Esoteric Doctrine of the eternal cycles. Religion, both in the West and East, had long been smothering beneath the dust heaps of Sectarianism and enfranchised Science. For lack of any scientific religious concept, Science was giving Religion the *coup-de-grace* with the iron bar of Materialism. To crown the disorder the phantom-world of Hades, or Kama-loca, had burst in a muddy torrent into ten thousand séance-rooms, and created most misleading notions of man's *post-mortem* state. Nothing but a few fundamental tenets from the Esoteric philosophy, sketched in broad outlines by such a clear and brilliant writer as Mr. Sinnett is known to be, could snatch mankind from drowning in the sea of ignorance. So once again the Gates of the Palace of Truth were opened and Mr. Sinnett and many other willing workers have caught each a ray. But as all the light can only be got by re-uniting all the different rays of the spectrum, so the archaic philosophy in its entirety can only be apprehended by combining all the glimpses of light that have passed through the many intellectual prisms of our own and preceding generations.

HOW TO HELP THEOSOPHY.

The recent spread of theosophical literature renders it advisable to increase the information given out by this means, both through the *Path*, and the International Theosophical Publication Society (T.P.S.) in London. The expenses of both fall heavily upon some half-dozen individuals, such enterprises, in general, "paying" only through advertisements. Students of limited means are constantly heard from, to whom literature is a necessity denied. Such a need ought to be fraternally met, and is now very inadequately met for want of sufficient funds.

These publications are not confined to purely theosophical subjects. Topics of the day will receive due attention and explanation, both from specialists and also in the light of occult teachings. It is hoped that new developments will take place in all departments of Thought, and that people of all opinions will receive a fresh impetus, and enlargement, whether in Christian Science, in Spiritualism, in Dynamics, in Mesmerism, etc., and in Spiritual Truth, which underlies all the rest.

To this end the support of all thoughtful persons (whether theosophists or not) is needed. This being the age of Investigation and Co-operation, we hope they will be glad to aid in this liberal movement by contributing to a Fund to be wholly devoted to such purposes. Only the minimum of help is asked from each person. In this way, none need be debarred from giving for the enlightenment of Humanity. If all will aid in this scheme (not original with us), a fund will be raised with little trouble.

Each person receiving this paper is asked to make two (2) copies of it, putting *the next number higher, and the same letter* at the top of each copy, and to send each to a friend, at the same time mailing the paper received to Mrs. J. C. Ver-Planck, Wayne, Delaware Co., Penn., with ten cents in stamps enclosed. The two friends are asked to go through the same process with as little delay as possible.

Anyone declining this small aid is requested to send the paper received back to Mrs. Ver-Planck at once, for this is the only way she has of knowing that the chain is broken : though it only means ten cents and a little trouble to each person, yet any break in the chain will involve serious loss to the Fund.

Endorsements of the scheme will be found in *The Path* and LUCIFER.
Wayne, Del. Co., Pa. Sep. 1888.

EDITORS' NOTE.—This scheme deserves the careful attention of all who are anxious to serve theosophy. Too many people, who profess an interest in theosophy, are inclined to call upon others to make bricks without straw. Therefore this suggestion has the hearty approval of the Editors.



IN TIME OF STORM.

SUNSHINE and melody follow the rain—
Patter the rain-drops merrily !
Spring joy follows the winter pain,
Then, ho ! for the earth's green holiday.

Flutter the rovers from over the sea—
Greet them, robin, right heartily !
Nest and twitter in field and tree,
And O ! for love's sweet holiday.

Wait and the winds of the winter cease :
Up, little heart, beat hopefully !
After the warfare cometh peace—
And O ! for a life's glad holiday.

New York "Echo."

THE ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

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Owing to the fact that a large number of Fellows of the Society have felt the necessity for the formation of a body of Esoteric students, to be organised on the ORIGINAL LINES devised by the *real* founders of the T. S., the following order has been issued by the President-Founder:—

- I. To promote the esoteric interests of the Theosophical Society by the deeper study of esoteric philosophy, there is hereby organised a body, to be known as the “Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society.”
- II. The constitution and sole direction of the same is vested in Madame H. P. Blavatsky, as its Head; she is solely responsible to the Members for results; and the section has no official or corporate connection with the Exoteric Society save in the person of the President-Founder.
- III. Persons wishing to join the Section, and willing to abide by its rules, should communicate directly with:—Mme. H. P. BLAVATSKY, 17 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.

(Signed) H. S. OLCOTT,
President in Council.

Attest :—H. P. BLAVATSKY.