

# LUCIFER

---

VOL. II.

LONDON, JUNE 15TH, 1888.

No. 10.

---

## THEOSOPHY OR JESUITISM?

“Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites.” . . . —JOSHUA, xxiv., 15.

“The thirteenth number of *Le Lotus*, the recognised organ of Theosophy, among many articles of undeniable interest, contains one by Madame Blavatsky in reply to the Abbé Roca. The eminent writer, who is certainly the most learned woman of our acquaintance,\* discusses the following question: ‘*Has Jesus ever existed?*’† She destroys the Christian legend, in its details, at least, with irrecusable texts which are not usually consulted by religious historians.

“This article is producing a profound sensation in the Catholic and Judeo-Catholic swamp: we are not surprised at this, for the author’s arguments are such as it is difficult to break down, even were one accustomed to the Byzantine disputes of theology.”—PARIS, Evening paper, of May 12th, 1888.

---

**T**HE series of articles, one of which is referred to in the above quotation from a well-known French evening paper, was originally called forth by an article in *Le Lotus* by the Abbé Roca, a translation of which was published in the January number of LUCIFER.

These articles, it would seem, have stirred up many slumbering animosities. They appear, in particular, to have touched the Jesuit party in France somewhat nearly. Several correspondents have written calling attention to the danger incurred by Theosophists in raising up against themselves such virulent and powerful foes. Some of our friends

\* The humble individual of that name renders thanks to the editor of PARIS: not so much for the flattering opinion expressed as for the rare surprise to find the name of “Blavatsky,” for once, neither preceded nor followed by any of the usual abusive epithets and adjectives which the highly-cultured English and American newspapers and their gentlemanly editors are so fond of coupling with the said cognomen.—[ED.]

† The question is rather: Did the “historical” Jesus ever exist?—[ED.]

would have us keep silent on these topics. Such is not, however, the policy of LUCIFER, nor ever will be. Therefore, the present opportunity is taken to state, once for all, the views which Theosophists and Occultists entertain with regard to the Society of Jesus. At the same time, all those who are pursuing in life's great wilderness of vain evanescent pleasures and empty conventionalities *an ideal worth living for*, are offered the choice between the two now once more rising powers—the Alpha and the Omega at the two opposite ends of the realm of giddy, idle existence.—THEOSOPHY and JESUITISM.

For, in the field of religious and intellectual pursuits, these two are the only luminaries—a *good* and an *evil* star, truly—glimmering once more from behind the mists of the Past, and ascending on the horizon of mental activities. They are the only two powers capable in the present day of extricating one thirsty for intellectual life from the clammy slush of the stagnant pool known as Modern Society, so crystallized in its cant, so dreary and monotonous in its squirrel-like motion around the wheel of fashion. Theosophy and Jesuitism are the two opposite poles, one far above, the other far below even that stagnant marsh. Both offer power—one to the spiritual, the other to the psychic and intellectual Ego in man. The former is “the wisdom that is from *above* . . . pure, peaceable, gentle . . . full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy,” while the latter is “the wisdom that *descendeth not from above*, but is earthly, sensual, DEVILISH.”\* One is the power of Light, the other that of Darkness. . . .

A question will surely be asked: “Why should anyone choose between the two? Cannot one remain in the world, a good Christian of whatever church, without gravitating to either of these poles?” Most undeniably, one can do so, for a few more years to come. But the cycle is rapidly approaching the last limit of its turning point. One out of the three great churches of Christendom is split into atomic sects, whose number increases yearly; and a house divided against itself, as is the Protestant Church—MUST FALL. The third, the Roman Catholic, the only one that has hitherto succeeded in appearing to retain all its integrity, is rapidly decaying from within. It is honeycombed throughout, and is being devoured by the ravenous microbes begotten by Loyola.

It is no better now than a Dead Sea fruit, fair for some to look at, but full of the rottenness of decay and death within. Roman Catholicism is but a name. As a Church it is a phantom of the Past and a mask. It is absolutely and indissolubly bound up with, and fettered by the Society of Ignatius Loyola; for, as rightly expressed by Lord Robert Montagu, “The Roman Catholic Church is (now) the largest Secret Society in the world, beside which Freemasonry is but a pigmy.” Protestantism is slowly, insidiously, but as surely, infected with Latinism—the new ritualistic sects of the High Church, and such men among its clergy as

\* James' General Epistle, chapter iii., 15, 17.

Father Rivington, being undeniable evidence of it. In fifty years more at the present rate of success of Latinism among the "upper ten," the English aristocracy will have returned to the faith of King Charles II., and its servile copyist—mixed Society—will have followed suit. And then the Jesuits will begin to reign alone and supreme over the Christian portions of the globe, for they have crept even in to the Greek Church.

It is vain to argue and claim a difference between Jesuitism and Roman Catholicism proper, for the latter is now sucked into and inseparably amalgamated with the former. We have public assurance for it in the pastoral of 1876 by the Bishop of Cambrai. "*Clericalism, Ultramontanism and Jesuitism are one and the same thing—that is to say, Roman Catholicism*—and the distinctions between them have been created by the enemies of religion," says the "Pastoral." "There was a time," adds Monseigneur the Cardinal, "when a certain theological opinion was commonly professed in France concerning the authority of the Pope. . . . It was restricted to our nation, and was of recent origin. The civil power during a century and a half imposed official instruction. Those who professed these opinions were called Gallicans, and those who protested were called Ultramontanes, because they had their doctrinal centre beyond the Alps, at Rome. To-day *the distinction between the two schools is no longer admissible*. Theological Gallicanism can no longer exist, since this opinion has ceased to be tolerated by the Church. *It has been solemnly condemned, past all return, by the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican*. ONE CANNOT NOW BE A CATHOLIC WITHOUT BEING ULTRAMONTANE—AND JESUIT."

A plain statement; and as cool as it is plain.

The pastoral made a certain noise in France and in the Catholic world, but was soon forgotten. And as two centuries have rolled away since *an exposé* of the infamous principles of the Jesuits was made (of which we will speak presently), the "Black Militia" of Loyola has had ample time to lie so successfully in denying the just charges, that even now, when the present Pope has brilliantly sanctioned the utterance of the Bishop of Cambrai, the Roman Catholics will hardly confess to such a thing. Strange exhibition of *infallibility* in the Popes! The "infallible" Pope, Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), suppressed the Jesuits on the 23rd of July, 1773, and yet they came to life again; the "infallible" Pope, Pius VII., re-established them on the 7th of August, 1814. The infallible Pope, Pius IX., travelled, during the whole of his long Pontificate, between the Scylla and Charybdis of the Jesuit question; his infallibility helping him very little. And now the "infallible" Leo XIII. (fatal figures!) raises the Jesuits again to the highest pinnacle of their sinister and graceless glory.

The recent *Brevet* of the Pope (hardly two years old) dated July 13th (the same fatal figure), 1886, is an event, the importance of which can never be overvalued. It begins with the words *Dolemus inter alia*, and

reinstalls the Jesuits in all the rights of the Order that had ever been cancelled. It was a *manifesto* and a loud defiant insult to all the Christian nations of the New and the Old worlds. From an article by Louis Lambert in the *Gaulois* (August 18th, 1886) we learn that "In 1750 there were 40,000 Jesuits all over the world. In 1800, *officially* they were reckoned at about 1,000 men, only. In 1886, they numbered between 7 and 8,000." This last modest number can well be doubted. For, verily now—"Where you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of falsehoods, or the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid, there is a follower of Unsaint Ignatius," says Carlyle, and adds of that black militia of Ignatius that: "They have given a new substantive to modern languages. The word Jesuitism now, in all countries, expresses an idea for which there was in nature no prototype before. Not till these last centuries had the human soul generated that abomination, or needed to name it. Truly they have achieved great things in the world, and a general result that we may call stupendous."

And now since their reinstalment in Germany and elsewhere, they will achieve still grander and more stupendous results. For the future can be best read by the past. Unfortunately in this year of the Pope's jubilee the civilized portions of humanity—even the Protestant ones—seem to have entirely forgotten that past. Let then those who profess to despise Theosophy, the fair child of early Aryan thought and Alexandrian Neo-Platonism, bow before the monstrous Fiend of the Age, but let them not forget at the same time its history.

It is curious to observe, how persistently the Order has assailed everything like Occultism from the earliest times, and Theosophy since the foundation of its last Society, which is ours. The Moors and the Jews of Spain felt the weight of the oppressive hand of Obscurantism no less than did the Kabalists and Alchemists of the Middle Ages. One would think Esoteric philosophy and especially the Occult Arts, or Magic, were an abomination to these good holy fathers? And so indeed they would have the world believe. But when one studies history and the works of their own authors published with the *imprimatur* of the Order, what does one find? That the *Jesuits have practised not only Occultism, but BLACK MAGIC in its worst form,\* more than any other body of men; and that to it they owe in large measure their power and influence!*

To refresh the memory of our readers and *all those whom it may concern*, a short summary of the doings and actings of our good friends, may be once more attempted. For those who are inclined to laugh, and deny the subterranean and truly infernal means used by "Ignatius' black militia," we may state facts.

\* Mesmerism or HYPNOTISM is a prominent factor in Occultism. It is *magic*. The Jesuits were acquainted with and practised it ages before Mesmer and Charcot.—[ED.]

In "Isis Unveiled" it was said of this *holy* Fraternity that—

"though established only in 1535 to 1540—in 1555 there was already a general outcry raised against them." And now once more—

"that crafty, learned, conscienceless, terrible soul of Jesuitism, within the body of Romanism, is slowly but surely possessing itself of the whole prestige and spiritual power that clings to it. . . . Throughout antiquity, where, in what land, can we find anything like this Order or anything even approaching it? . . . . The cry of an outraged public morality was raised against it from its very birth. Barely fifteen years had elapsed after the bull approving its constitution was promulgated, when its members began to be driven away from one place to the other. Portugal and the Low Countries got rid of them, in 1578; France in 1594; Venice in 1606; Naples in 1622. From St. Petersburg they were expelled in 1815, and from all Russia in 1820."

The writer begs to remark to the readers, that this, which was written in 1875, applies admirably and with still more force in 1888. Also that the statements that follow in quotation marks may be all verified. And thirdly, that the principles (*principii*) of the Jesuits that are now brought forward, are extracted from authenticated MSS. or folios printed by various members themselves of this very distinguished body. Therefore, they can be checked and verified in the "British Museum" and Bodleian Library with still more ease than in our works.

Many are copied from the large Quarto \* published by the authority of, and verified and collated by, the Commissioners of the French Parliament. The statements therein were collected and presented to the King, in order that, as the "Arrêt du Parlement du 5 Mars, 1762," expresses it, "the elder son of the Church might be made aware of the perversity of this doctrine. . . . A doctrine authorizing Theft, Lying, Perjury, Impurity, every Passion and Crime; teaching Homicide, Parricide, and Regicide, overthrowing religion in order to substitute for it superstition, by favouring *Sorcery*, Blasphemy, Irreligion, and Idolatry. . . etc." Let us then examine the ideas on *magic* of the Jesuits, that magic which they are pleased to call *devilish* and *Satanic* when studied by the Theosophists. Writing on this subject in his secret instructions, Anthony Escobar † says:

"IT IS LAWFUL . . . TO MAKE USE OF THE SCIENCE ACQUIRED THROUGH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE DEVIL, PROVIDED THE PRESERVATION AND USE OF THAT KNOWLEDGE DO NOT DEPEND UPON THE DEVIL, FOR THE KNOWLEDGE IS GOOD IN ITSELF, AND THE SIN BY WHICH IT WAS ACQUIRED HAS GONE BY." ‡

\* Extracts from this "Arrêt" were compiled into a work in 4 vols., 12mo., which appeared at Paris, in 1762, and was known as "Extraits des Assertions, etc." In a work entitled "Réponse aux Assertions," an attempt was made by the Jesuits to throw discredit upon the facts collected by the Commissioners of the French Parliament in 1762, as for the most part malicious fabrications. "To ascertain the validity of this impeachment," says the author of "The Principles of the Jesuits," "the libraries of the two Universities, of the British Museum and of Sion College have been searched for the authors cited; and in every instance where the volume was found, the correctness of the citation was established."

† "Theologiæ Moralis," Tomus iv. Lugduni, 1663.

‡ Tom. iv., lib. xxviii., sect. 1, de Præcept I., c. 20, n. 184.

True: why should not a Jesuit cheat the Devil as well as he cheats every layman?

"Astrologers and soothsayers are either bound, or are not bound, to restore the reward of their divination, if the event does not come to pass. I own," remarks the good Father Escobar, "that the former opinion does not at all please me, because, when the astrologer or diviner has exerted all the diligence in the diabolical art which is essential to his purpose, he has fulfilled his duty, whatever may be the result. As the physician . . . is not bound to restore his fee . . . if his patient should die; so neither is the astrologer bound to restore his charge . . . except where he has used no effort, or was ignorant of his diabolic art; because, when he has used his endeavours he has not deceived." \*

Busebaum and Lacroix, in "Theologia Moralis," † say,

"PALMISTRY MAY BE CONSIDERED LAWFUL, IF FROM THE LINES AND DIVISIONS OF THE HANDS IT CAN ASCERTAIN THE DISPOSITION OF THE BODY, AND CONJECTURE, WITH PROBABILITY, THE PROPENSITIES AND AFFECTIONS OF THE SOUL" ‡

This noble fraternity, which many preachers have of late so vehemently denied to have ever been a *secret* one, has been sufficiently proved to be such. Its constitutions were translated into Latin by the Jesuit Polancus, and printed in the college of the Society at Rome, in 1558. "They were jealously kept secret, the greater part of the Jesuits themselves knowing only extracts from them. || *They were never produced to light until 1761, when they were published by order of the French Parliament in 1761, 1762, in the famous process of Father Lavalette.*" The Jesuits reckon it among the greatest achievements of their Order that Loyola supported, by a special memorial to the Pope, a petition for the reorganization of that abominable and abhorred instrument of wholesale butchery—the infamous tribunal of the Inquisition.

This Order of Jesuits is now all-powerful in Rome. They have been reinstalled in the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, in the Department of the Secretary of the State, and in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Pontifical Government was for years previous to Victor Emanuel's occupation of Rome entirely in their hands . . . —*Isis*, vol. II., p. 355, et seq. 1876.

What was the origin of that order? It may be stated in a few words. In the year 1534, on August 16th, an ex-officer and "Knight of the Virgin," from the Biscayan Provinces, and the proprietor of the magnificent castle of *Casa Solar*—Ignatius Loyola, § became the hero of the following incident. In the subterranean chapel of the Church of Montmartre, surrounded by a few priests and students of theology, he received their pledges to devote their whole lives to the spreading of Roman Catholicism by every and all means, whether good or foul; and

\* *Ibid.*, sect. 2, de Præcept I., Probl. 113, n. 586.

† "Theologia Moralis nunc pluribus partibus aucta, à R. P. Claudio Lacroix, Societatis Jesu." Coloniae, 1757 (Ed. Mus. Brit.)

‡ Tom., ii., lib. iii., Pars. 1, Fr. 1, c. 1, dub. 2, resol. viii. What a pity that the counsel for the defence had not bethought them to cite this orthodox legalization of "cheating by palmistry or otherwise," at the recent religio-scientific prosecution of the medium Slade, in London.

|| Niccolini: "History of the Jesuits."

§ Or "St. Inigo the Biscayan," by his true name.

he was thus enabled to establish a new Order. Loyola proposed to his six chief companions that their Order should be a *militant* one, in order to fight for the interests of the *Holy* seat of Roman Catholicism. Two means were adopted to make the object answer; the education of youth, and proselytism (*apostolat*). This was during the reign of Pope Paul III., who gave his full sympathy to the new scheme. Hence in 1540 was published the famous papal bull—*Regimini militantis Ecclesiæ* (the regiment of the warring, or *militant* Church)—after which the Order began increasing rapidly in numbers and power.

At the death of Loyola, the society counted more than one thousand Jesuits, though admission into the ranks was, as alleged, surrounded with extraordinary difficulties. It was another celebrated and unprecedented bull, issued by Pope Julius the III. in 1552, that brought the Order of Jesus to such eminence and helped it towards such rapid increase; for it placed the society outside and *beyond* the jurisdiction of local ecclesiastical authority, granted the Order its own laws, and permitted it to recognise but one supreme authority—that of its General, whose residence was then at Rome. The results of such an arrangement proved fatal to the Secular Church. High prelates and Cardinals had very often to tremble before a simple subordinate of the Society of Jesus. Its generals always got the upper hand in Rome, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of the Popes, who thus frequently became tools in the hands of the Order. Naturally enough, in those days when political power was one of the rights of the “Vice-gerants of God”—the strength of the crafty society became simply tremendous. In the name of the Popes, the Jesuits thus granted to themselves unheard-of privileges, which they enjoyed unstintedly up to the year 1772. In that year, Pope Clement XIV. published a new bull, *Dominus ac Redemptor* (the Lord and Redeemer), abolishing the famous Order. But the Popes proved helpless before this new Frankenstein, the fiend that one of the “Vicars of God” had evoked. The society continued its existence secretly, notwithstanding the persecutions of both Popes and the lay authorities of every country. In 1801, under the new *alias* of the “Congregation of the *Sacré Cœur de Jésus*,” it had already penetrated into and was tolerated in Russia and Sicily.

In 1814, as already said, a new bull of Pius VII. resurrected the Order of Jesus, though its late privileges, even those among the lay clergy, were withheld from it. The lay authorities, in France as elsewhere, have found themselves compelled ever since to tolerate and to count with the Jesuits. All that they could do was to deny them any special privileges and subject the members of that society to the laws of the country, equally with other ecclesiastics. But, gradually and imperceptibly the Jesuits succeeded in obtaining special favours even from the lay authorities. Napoleon III. granted them permission to open seven colleges in Paris only, for the education of the young, the only

condition exacted being, that these colleges should be under the authority and supervision of local bishops. But the establishments had hardly been opened when the Jesuits broke that rule. The episode with the Archbishop Darboy is well known. Desiring to visit the Jesuit college in the *Rue de la Poste* (Paris), he was refused admittance, and the gates were closed against him by order of the Superior. The Bishop lodged a complaint at the Vatican. But the answer was delayed for such a length of time, that the Jesuits remained virtually masters of the situation and *outside* of every jurisdiction but their own.

And now read what Lord R. Montagu says of their deeds in Protestant England, and judge :

“The Jesuit Society—with its Nihilist adherents in Russia, its Socialist allies in Germany, its Fenians and Nationalists in Ireland, its accomplices and slaves in its power, think of that Society which has not scrupled to stir up the most bloody wars between nations, in order to advance its purposes ; and yet can stoop to hunting down a single man because he knows their secret and will not be its slave . . . think of a Society which can devise such a diabolical scheme and then boast of it ; and say whether a desperate energy is not required in us ? . . . If you have been behind the scenes . . . then you would still have before you the labour of unravelling all that is being done by our Government and of tearing off the tissue of lies by which their acts are concealed. Repeated attempts will have taught you that there is not a public man on whom you can lean. Because as England is ‘between the upper and nether millstone,’ none but adherents or slaves are now advanced ; and it stands to reason that the Jesuits, who have got that far, have prepared new millstones for the time when the present ones shall have passed away ; and then again, younger millstones to come on after, and wield the power of the nation.”—(“Recent Events and a Clue to their Solution,” page 76.)

In France the affairs of the sons of Loyola flourished to the day when the ministry of Jules Ferry compelled them to retire from the field of battle. Many are those who still remember the useless strictness of the police measures, and the clever enacting of dramatic scenes by the Jesuits themselves. This only added to their popularity with certain classes. They obtained thereby an aureole of martyrdom, and the sympathy of every pious and foolish woman in the land was secured to them.

And now that Pope Leo XIII. has once more restored to the good fathers, the Jesuits, all the privileges and rights that had ever been granted to their predecessors, what can the public at large of Europe and America expect? Judging by the *bull*, the complete mastery, moral and physical, over every land where there are Roman Catholics, is secured to the Black Militia. For in this bull the Pope confesses that of all the religious congregations now existing, *that of the Jesuits is the one dearest to his heart*. He lacks words sufficiently expressive to show the ardent love he (Pope Leo) feels for them, etc., etc. Thus they have the certitude of the support of the Vatican in all and everything. And as it is they who guide him, we see his Holiness coquetting and flirting with every great European potentate—from Bismarck down to the



crowned heads of Continent and Isle. In view of the ever increasing influence of Leo XIII., moral and political—such a certitude for the Jesuits is of no mean importance.

For more minute particulars the reader is referred to such well-known authors as Lord Robert Montagu in England; and on the Continent, Edgard Quinet: *l'Ultramontanisme*; Michelet: *Le prêtre, la Femme et la Famille*; Paul Bert: *Les Jésuites*; Friedrich Nippold: *Handbuch der Neuerster Kirchengeschichte and Welche Wege führen nach Rom?* etc., etc.

Meanwhile, let us remember the words of warning we received from one of our late Theosophists, Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie, who, speaking of the Jesuits, says that:—

“Their spies are everywhere, of all apparent ranks of society, and they may appear learned and wise, or simple or foolish, as their instructions run. There are Jesuits of both sexes, and all ages, and it is a well-known fact that members of the Order, of high family and delicate nurture, are acting as menial servants in Protestant families, and doing other things of a similar nature in aid of the Society's purposes. We cannot be too much on our guard, for the whole Society, being founded on a law of unhesitating obedience, can bring its force to bear on any given point with unerring and fatal accuracy.” \*

The Jesuits maintain that “the Society of Jesus is not of human invention, *but it proceeded from him whose name it bears*. For Jesus himself described that rule of life which the Society follows, *first by his example*, and afterwards by his words.” †

Let, then, all pious Christians listen and acquaint themselves with this alleged “rule of life” and precepts of their God, as exemplified by the Jesuits. Peter Alagona (*St. Thomæ Aquinatis Summæ Theologiæ Compendium*) says: “By the command of God it is lawful to kill an innocent person, to steal, or commit . . . . (*Ex mandato Dei licet occidere innocentem, furari, fornicari*); because he is the Lord of life and death, and all things, *and it is due to him thus to fulfil his command*” (*Ex primâ secundæ, Quæst.*, 94).

“A man of a religious order, who for a short time lays aside his habit *for a sinful purpose*, is free from heinous sin, and does not incur the penalty of excommunication.” (*Lib. iii.*, sec. 2., Probl. 44, n. 212). ‡ (*Isis Unveiled*, vol. II.)

John Baptist Taberna (*Synopsis Theologiæ Practicæ*) propounds the following question: “Is a judge bound to restore the bribe which he has received for passing sentence?” *Answer*: “*If he has received the bribe for passing an unjust sentence, it is probable that he may keep it. . . . This opinion is maintained and defended by fifty-eight doctors*” (Jesuits).||

We must abstain at present from proceeding further. So disgustingly licentious, hypocritical, and demoralizing are nearly all of these precepts,

\* “Royal Masonic Cyclopædia,” p. 369.

† Imago: “Primi Sæculi Societatis Jesu,” lib. 1., c. 3., p. 64.

‡ Anthony Escobar: “Universæ Theologiæ Moralis receptiore, absque lite sententiæ,” etc., Tomus i., Lugduni, 1652 (Ed. Bibl. Acad. Cant.). “Idem sentio, e breve illud tempus ad unius horæ spatium traho. Religiosus itaque habitum demittens assignato hoc temporis interstitio, non incurrit excommunicationem, *etiamsi dimittat non solum ex causâ turpi, scilicet fornicandî, aut clam aliquid abripiendî, set etiam ut incognitus ineat lupanar.*” Probl. 44, n. 213.

|| Pars. 11., Tra. 2., c. 31.

that it was found impossible to put many of them in print, except in the Latin language.\*

But what are we to think of the future of Society if it is to be controlled in word and deed by this villainous Body! What are we to expect from a public, which, knowing the existence of the above mentioned charges, and that they are not exaggerated *but pertain to historical fact*, still tolerates, when it does not reverence, the Jesuits on meeting them, while it is ever ready to point the finger of contempt at Theosophists and Occultists. Theosophy is persecuted with unmerited slander and ridicule at the instigation of these same Jesuits, and many are those who hardly dare to confess their belief in the philosophy of Arhatship. Yet no Theosophical Society has ever threatened the public with moral decay and the full and free exercise of the seven capital sins under the mask of holiness and the guidance of Jesus! Nor are their rules *secret*, but open to all, for they live in the broad daylight of truth and sincerity. And how about the Jesuits in this respect?

"Jesuits who belong to the highest category," says again Louis Lambert, "have full and absolute liberty of action—even to murder and arson. On the other hand, those Jesuits who are found guilty of the slightest attempt to endanger or compromise the Society of Jesus—*are punished mercilessly*. They are allowed to write the most heretical books, provided they do not *expose* the secrets of the Order."

And these "secrets" are undeniably of a most terrible and dangerous nature. Compare a few of these *Christian precepts* and rules for entering this Society of "*divine* origin," as claimed for it, with the laws that regulated admissions to the secret societies (temple mysteries) of the Pagans.

"A brother Jesuit *has the right to kill anyone that may prove dangerous to Jesuitism*."

"Christian and Catholic sons," says Stephen Fagundez, "may accuse their fathers of the crime of heresy if they wish to turn them from the faith, although they may know that their parents will be burned with fire, and put to death for it, as Tolet teaches. . . . And not only may they refuse them food, . . . *but they may also justly kill them*." †

It is well known that Nero, the Emperor, *had never dared* seek initiation into the pagan Mysteries on account of the murder of Agrippina!

Under Section XIV. of the *Principles of the Jesuits*, we find on *Homicide* the following *Christian* ethics inculcated by Father Henry Henriquez, in *Summæ Theologiæ Moralis*, Tomus I., Venetiis, 1600 (Ed. Coll. Sion): "If an adulterer, even though he should be an ecclesiastic . . . being attacked by the husband, kills his aggressor . . . *he is not considered irregular: non ridetur irregularis* (Lib. XIV., *de Irregularitate*, c. 10, § 3).

\* See "Principles of the Jesuits developed in a Collection of Extracts from their own authors." London, 1839.

† In "Præcepta Decaloga" (Edit. of Sion Library), Tom. i., lib. iv., c. 2, n. 7, 8.

"If a father were obnoxious to the State (being in banishment), and to the society at large, and there were no other means of averting such an injury, then I should approve of this" (for a son to kill his father), says Sec. XV., on *Parricide and Homicide*.\*

"It will be lawful for an ecclesiastic, or one of the religious order, to kill a *calumniator* who threatens to spread atrocious accusations against himself or his religion," † is the rule set forth by the Jesuit Francis Amicus.

One of the most unconquerable obstacles to initiation, with the Egyptians as with the Greeks, was any degree of murder, or even of simple unchastity.

It is these "enemies of the Human Race," as they are called, that have once more obtained their old privileges of working in the dark, and inveigling and destroying every obstacle they find in their way—with absolute impunity. But—"forewarned, forearmed." Students of Occultism should know that, while the Jesuits have, by their devices, contrived to make the world in general, and Englishmen in particular, think there is no such thing as MAGIC, these astute and wily schemers themselves hold magnetic circles, and form magnetic chains by the concentration of their collective will, when they have any special object to effect, or any particular and important person to influence. Again, they use their riches lavishly to help them in any project. Their wealth is enormous. When recently expelled from France, they brought so much money with them, some part of which they converted into English Funds, that immediately the latter were raised to par, which the *Daily Telegraph* pointed out at the time.

They have succeeded. The Church is henceforth an inert tool, and the Pope a poor weak instrument in the hands of this Order. But for how long? The day may come when their wealth will be violently taken from them, and they themselves mercilessly destroyed amidst the general execrations and applause of all nations and peoples. There is a Nemesis—KARMA, though often it allows Evil and Sin to go on successfully for ages. It is also a vain attempt on their part to threaten the Theosophists—their implacable enemies. For the latter are, perhaps, *the only body* in the whole world who need not fear them. They may try, and perhaps succeed, in crushing individual members. They would vainly try their hand, strong and powerful as it may be, in an attack on the Society. Theosophists are as well protected, and better, than themselves. To the man of modern science, to all those who know nothing, and who do not believe what they hear of WHITE and BLACK magic, the above will read like nonsense. Let it be, though Europe will very soon experience, and is already so experiencing, the heavy hand of the latter.

Theosophists are slandered and reviled by the Jesuits and their adherents everywhere. They are charged with idolatry and superstition; and yet we read in the same "Principles" of the Father Jesuits:—

\* Opinion of John Dicastille, Sect. xv., "De Justitia et Jure," etc., cens. pp. 319, 320.

† *Cursus Theologici*, Tomus v., Duaci, 1642, Disp. 36, Sect. 5, n. 118.

"The more true opinion is, *that all inanimate and irrational things may be legitimately worshipped,*" says Father Gabriel Vasquez, treating of Idolatry. "If the doctrine which we have established be rightly understood, not only may a painted image and every holy thing, set forth by public authority, be properly adored with God as the image of Himself, but also any other thing of this world, whether it be inanimate and irrational, or in its nature rational." \*

This is Roman Catholicism, identical and *henceforth one* with Jesuitism—as shown by the pastoral of the Cardinal Bishop of Cambrai, and Pope Leo. A precept this, which, whether or not doing honour to the Christian Church, may at least be profitably quoted by any Hindu, Japanese, or any other "heathen" Theosophist, who has not yet given up the belief of his childhood.

But we must close. There is a prophecy in the heathen East about the Christian West, which, when rendered into comprehensible English, reads thus: "When the conquerors of all the ancient nations are in their turn conquered *by an army of black dragons begotten by their sins and born of decay*, then the hour of liberation for the former will strike." Easy to see who are the "black dragons." And these will in their turn see their power arrested and forcibly put to an end by the liberated legions. Then, perhaps, there will be a new invasion of an Atilla from the far East. One day the millions of China and Mongolia, heathen and Mussulman, furnished with every murderous weapon invented by civilization, and forced upon the *Celestial* of the East, by the *infernal* spirit of trade and love of lucre of the West, drilled, moreover, to perfection by Christian man-slayers—will pour into and invade decaying Europe like an irrepressible torrent. This will be the result of the work of the Jesuits, who will be its first victims, let us hope.

\* "De Cultu Adorationis, Libri Tres," Lib. iii., Disp. i., c. 2.

---

SCENE: THE GARDEN OF A TEMPLE.

*Dramatis Personæ*, SERVIA, a novice.

MARK, a man of the world.

THE WISE ONE.

*Servia*: The problem of life appears to me to be that one can never attain the right condition for learning its lesson. One is always learning, but one has never learned.

*Mark*: Why not say rather that new experiences crowd out the old ones before one has time to digest their various morals or lessons?

*Servia*: In each life it is as in this garden. Certain flowers only are permitted by nature to grow. Therefore they should be able to come to full fruition as they do in this garden.

*Mark*: Then they are busied in sowing seed and have no time to consider the lesson involved in flowering properly. And after all, is there any lesson in it?

*The Wise One*: No, except to those who wish to become more than flowers and are weary of for ever sowing seed only to become flowers again. This temple is good, and well-built; but who would for ever build temples? The lesson of the temple is the object for which it is built.

## LEYLET-EN-NUKTAH

("THE NIGHT OF THE DROP").

NOTE.—The night of the 17th June (*i.e.*, the 11th of the Copt, or Christian-Egyptian month, "Bauneh") is, to this day, known amongst the populace as *Laylet-en-Nuktah* ("The Night of the Drop"). The time-honoured old legend relates—and it is a creed upheld by many Egyptians to the present day—that a wonderful, mysterious drop falls during this night upon the breast of the Nile, whose waters immediately respond and rise, until at length the great river overflows its banks. This drop was believed by the ancient Egyptians to be *a tear shed by the Great Mother, Isis.*

## AN INVOCATORY ODE TO ISIS.

(DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO GERALD MASSEY.)

O ISIS! Mother of the trickling rills  
Which Nature from her bounteous bosom fills,  
Behold! Our Nile lies low.  
See! 'Twixt his banks with sleepy flow  
He creepeth; still and slow as oil.  
Our wells and cisterns dry, with ceaseless toil  
We seek some deeper pools that lie  
Within his breast, and dip our jars;  
When from the rustling reeds all crisp and dry  
Straight upwards doth the Ibis fly;  
And lurking low the alligator bars  
Our urgent way, with lolling tongue, athirst,  
And red eye glaring, like a beast accurst.

O Isis! Mother of the founts  
And cataracts of holy Nile,  
Behold our father lieth low!  
He springeth from the snow-crown'd mounts,  
And long his devious way doth wile  
Through desert sands, where Simooms blow  
To strangle him while a child at play  
For many a mile and many a day;  
But like the bounding Arab steed,  
He flingeth off, with hast'ning speed,  
The clinging death of stifling sands,  
And soon within Egyptian lands  
Reclineth, like a god, with fair  
Rich gardens smiling round his feet,

And corn-fields waving in the air  
 Their glad thanks for his waters sweet.  
 The cane sucks sugar from his waves,  
 The cotton whitens like the snow  
 Which wrapt him soft when he was born  
 A baby-giant, at rosy morn,  
 With gurgling laughter soft and low,  
 In Abyssinia's mountain caves.

O Isis! Mother! Lov'st thou not  
 Thy Daughters, and thy Sons of Nile?  
 Can'st thou in Heav'n be happy while  
 Our lovely land all parched and hot  
 Lies with'ring 'neath dread Typhon's breath? \*  
 From south-west blows he, scorching Seth,  
 All red and yellow as the sand  
 Fierce *chamsin* † drives, with wilting wing,  
 From Lybia's desert darkening.  
 The dry sand-islets with which he  
 Divides our blue Nile like not we.  
 His sixteen cubits ‡ must our father grow,  
 And cover them with stately flow.

Then thou, sweet Isis, wife and queen,  
 Shall reign in peace o'er thy demesne.  
 The palms shall lift their slender stems  
 Date-crown'd, to see how Nilus hems,  
 With silv'ry stretch of waters fair,  
 The whole land in his full embrace.  
 The sun wide-spangled track shall trace  
 Across his rippling breast all day;  
 All day athwart this golden road  
 Shall seeming float in golden air  
 The white lateen-sails, spreading broad  
 Like white-wing'd gulls in soaring play.

But Isis! Now our Nile lies low.  
 Like string of beads round maiden's throat  
 Twines he about fair Egypt's breast;  
 A silv'ry streak in placid rest  
 Scarce giving space to a floating boat.  
 Like agéd king he creepeth slow,

\* Typhon, and Seth, Set, or Sut, are names given to the father of Osiris, who is said, in the ancient Egyptian myth, to have murdered him. The wind from the south-west, coming across the desert, is also called Seth, or Typhon.

† Storm-wind.

‡ Sixteen cubits is considered a good rise for the Nile.

And ling'reth languid in his bed.  
 The Priests of *Hapi* \* wait in vain  
 Where old Silsileh lifts his rocky head.  
 No incense floats from out the fane ;  
 God *Hapi* waits his lotus-crown, and train  
 Of gorgeous-vestured worshippers, and hymns  
 Slow-chanted to his praise, when bounding free  
 With glad roar rushes he,  
 Silsileh's pass o'erbrims,  
 And wrangling loud he floods the thirsty plain.

O Isis! Mother! Haste thee! Weep!  
 And stay our thirsting anguish deep.  
 To-night, dear Isis, whilst we sleep,  
 Let fall on Nile that drop of bliss.  
 Be sure, with joyous leap,  
 He'll upward spring to meet its kiss :  
 His life renewed, his fountains filled  
 From the fountain of thy tear-drop spilled.  
 At break of day will resound the glad cry  
 The welcome chant of *Munadi-en-Nil*. †  
 To the river banks the crowds will fly,  
 And songs and shouts the air will fill.  
 The youths their *tarabookas* drum,  
 And maidens veil'd about the lips,  
 Their hymns religiously will hum :  
 The dancing girls with arms upflung,  
 From which the gauzy robe off slips,  
 Will twirl to the sound of castanets rung  
 Aloft in the air so merrily.  
 At night from the tents the torches' gleam  
 Will dance over Nile so cheerily ;  
 The stars will look down with their steady beam,  
 From the midst of the moon-lit sky,  
 On the gay *dahabeeyahs* floating by,  
 When e'en the ready sad-ey'd slaves  
 Forget their native land and smile,  
 As they hang the lanterns red and blue  
 'Neath pennons flicking their fork'd tails.  
 No man now his fate bewails,  
 For this is the joyous " Feast of the Nile ! "

\* God *Hapi-Mu* is the Nile, to whose honour were constructed Rock-Temples at *Silsileh* ; and where, by commandment of the Pharaohs, Rameses II. and III., were solemnised two festivals to celebrate the rising of the Nile, at the beginning and close of the inundation.

† *Nile-criers*, who announce each day the number of inches the Nile has risen.

The sons of Islam, the Copt and the Jew  
 Together join in a brotherhood true  
 Of human want and necessity  
 To welcome the fruit-giver, Nile :  
 For he lavisheth broad prosperity  
 And maketh the whole land smile.

But still, sweet Isis, we wait for thee,  
 When, leaning from thy heav'n above,  
 Fair Goddess-mother, filled with love  
 And pity for our misery,  
 Thou'lt shed one tear-drop on Nile's breast  
 And rouse him from his swooning rest,  
 All day the sun, with angry glare,  
 At the Pyramids strikes his pointed darts.  
 They laugh and hold fast their impregnable hearts,  
 Where their secret chambers lie.  
 But *Usertesen's* monolith standing high,  
 Trembleth aloft in the burning air ;  
 For the sun waxes fierce, and the orange groves  
 Stand parch'd amidst the cactus clumps,  
 Where the obelisk's shadow slowly moves  
 In obedience to the sun ;  
 Like a long finger pointing out the stumps  
 Of ruin'd columns, and massive walls,  
 Which graced the city of *On* ; \*  
 And stirless lie the lizard and eft  
 On the stone of the altar cleft,  
 Where the shadow's finger falls.  
 Let Nile's sweet waters cover them all  
 With a winding, waving pall ;  
 And the thick'ning mud of his rich land-gift  
 Shall bury them deep beneath its drift.

Then weep, O Isis ! Dear mother, weep ;  
 Whilst heavy slumbers wrap us deep.  
 Sure the night—the "Night of the Drop"  
 To thy eager children draweth near,  
 When from thy heavenly heights of love  
 Thou wilt shed the mysterious tear.  
 Over other lands from the clouds above  
 The rain falls richly for stock and for crop,  
 But we, sweet Isis, have only *one drop*,  
 We have nought but thy pitying tear.

NIZIDA.

\* *Heliopolis*, the "City of the Sun.



THE ROMANTIC STORY OF GENGHIS KHAN,  
THE CONQUEROR OF ASIA.

His identification with the celebrated Japanese Hero-warrior Minamoto no Yoshitsune, the pupil of the Sorcerers of the Mountains, in Magic, Occult Science, and the Arts of War and Government. Collated from native sources. By C. PFOUNDES (OMOI TETSZUNOSTZUIKE).

**T**HE Emperor *Sei Wa* of Japan, 56th of the Dynasty, in the fifth decade of the ninth century of the Christian era, conferred upon his grandson the honorary title of *Gen* otherwise *Minamoto*, and one of the sons of this prince was named Midzumata, but most frequently was called Mantchoo. The descendants of that personage attained great power; but another warlike and powerful clan were their great rivals, and the struggle for mastery reached a crisis, at the latter end of the year A.D. 1158.

*Yoshitomo*, the chieftain of the *Gen* family, was defeated and treacherously assassinated, and his two eldest sons died in battle, fighting.

The mother of the three youngest, the renowned beautiful Tokiwa, fled with her children, to a place of safety. (Her romantic story is a fruitful and most popular theme with Japanese Poets and Dramatists.)

With a babe in her arms (the hero of this tale) and two little boys by her side, the eldest carrying his father's sword, she trudged through the snowstorm, to a humble shelter in the hill-side forests; but the victor, planning to exterminate his rival's family, seized the mother of Tokiwa, threatening torture and death if the children were not given up to him.

The struggle between filial and parental affection and duty was intense; but a promise to spare the lives of the children, swayed the decision, and she went to the victorious rival of her children's father, to plead her cause. Struck by her surpassing loveliness, and her evident ability, of which he had long been aware, he used his power over the lives of her parent and her offspring, to effect his own ends, and induce her to conform to his ardent desires to possess her for himself.

The three boys were separated, and sent to remote monasteries, to be immured as priests, and celibacy enforced, so that the race might become extinct, and they be reared in ignorance of their heritage of a noble name, their birth—and right to retrieve the fortunes of the clan. Our hero alone survived—but an elder half-brother, who was exiled, having been captured by the enemy, became also one of the principal personages in Mediæval Japanese history.

The infant, who was called Ushiwaka, was impatient of control and the monotonous life of the monastery on Mount Kurama; and with a worker in iron, who travelled with his wares to distant parts of the

country, he escaped—and wandered about the distant parts of the provinces for a time—gaining experience, and making friendships of momentous importance.

The popular story relates circumstantially many curious and interesting adventures, especially his nightly visits to the Gnomes, who instructed him in War and Occult Science. Certain it is, however, that he developed marvellous strength, skill, and ability.

Having discovered the secret of his birth, and that one of his elder half-brothers still survived, he roused himself to the circumstances that demanded preparation for a great struggle to re-establish the family. With the aid of old retainers, secret friends of the clan, and the Magic support of his spirit teachers, as he grew up to manhood, he became in every way wonderfully well fitted to ably assist his elder brother, who began to collect around him the nucleus of the army of valiant and loyal followers who subsequently won the great battles of the Civil Wars of the period. Ushiwaka now adopted the name of his manhood, *Yoshitsune*, by which he is best known; indeed no historic personage is more familiar to old and young in his native land.

The restless energy that had given the monks such endless trouble—so that they took no pains to report his flight, or discover his whereabouts—now developed into superhuman activity and intelligence.

In A.D. 1180, when he was just 20, and his brother 33, the white standard of the family was raised once more on a field of battle against their hereditary foe.

Yoshitsune soon took the supreme command and direction of affairs. His transcendent genius and military and administrative abilities were developed to an extraordinary degree, and the result was that the succeeding battles all ended favourably to our hero's cause.

With success and prosperity arose jealousies, fostered by designing lieutenants and powerful partizans, who feared the growing power of the founder of the feudal system in Japan. The superior talents and greater popularity of the younger man embittered his elder half-brother, but the result was, in short, that our hero fled to the Northern provinces, and then more than merely suspecting treachery and to escape a violent death of an ignoble character, he crossed over to the Island of Yezo, where there are still numerous shrines dedicated to his memory. He resided there for some time, devoting himself to the welfare of the yet uncivilized natives, who were mostly descendants of the wild tribes driven from the larger southern island in former ages. Marvellous stories of his escape and adventures are related; the loyalty of a small band of followers, congenial spirits, being esteemed and highly commended by natives in all time. Some had been also priests and initiates into the mysteries of the *Ten-man-gu*—Gnomes\* and spirits of wisdom, two of

\* Called "Gnomes" probably on the same principle that certain ascetics in the trans-Himalaya regions who live in deep underground caves, are called "Spirits of the Earth." *Lha*, "Spirit" or Divine Being, is the name generally given to great adepts in Thibet, as the name of *Mahatma*, "Great Soul," is given to the same Initiates in India.—[ED.]

whom are specially distinguished, the erst priest-warrior, *Saito Benkei*, and another faithful henchman. Yoshitsune disappears from Japanese history after the fight at the river Koromo in the spring of 1189, and it was given out that he was slain, but no proof was shown—his wife and children also vanished. The Yezo islanders have numerous stories of his memory which they revere, and to them he is known as *Hangan* and *Okikirimai*. (Vide notes.)

Sailing from Yezo, and crossing the narrow sea that separates the island from the continent, here too traces are still found. Three and four hundred years ago such traces of his presence were matter of common report in Japan, and it appears that his memory was held in equal reverence on the continent all along the route of his sojourn and travels, as in the islands. Benkei and his other henchman are both also remembered in common with our hero.

Their knowledge of priestcraft, ability to recite the rituals, and occult knowledge, were of the utmost value to the trio and the score or so other followers, some of whom had been also monks, throughout all these trying episodes.

Soon after setting foot on the continent of Asia this unique band of valiant men became masters of the region, subdued and civilized the inhabitants; and, ere many years had elapsed, laid the foundation and planned the series of brilliant conquests that the history of the age teems with. And various stories were set afloat to account for the disappearance of our hero, his family, and a number of his most devoted adherents—indeed it does not appear that any real efforts were set on foot to trace them—and certain mysterious events connected therewith have never been clearly explained by writers on the subject. There is evidence that the escape was connived at, but public feeling had to be allayed at the time, and is now recognised to be an indisputable fact.

Yoshitsune and his bodyguard appear to have planted the seeds of their beliefs firmly wherever they went, for temples founded by them, dedicated to the Spirit of War—the eight bannerets—are still existing, and many curious facts have been brought to light of late. Yoshitsune was apotheosized ere many years had passed, and numerous shrines erected—some still kept in repair—by the Manchu and other people. Customs still exist, attributed with good reason to the days of Yoshitsune—such as the annual ceremony of the feast and bonfires when irons are heated and welded by the tribe each in turn, according to station and age, together with numerous minor rites, ceremonies and customs, undoubtedly introduced by the Japanese initiates into the mysteries.

The son of a gifted race, the favoured pupil of the all-knowing sages of the innermost recesses of the remote mountains, who succumbed only to one of his own race, his senior, against whom he, above all others, would be the last to raise a hand—is the immortal hero of a vast continent, and the adjacent populous islands. Moreover, he is the

ancestor of the Emperor Kian Leong, and of his and other Imperial Dynasties—as that ruler himself stated. The identification is confirmed by the Chinese writing used throughout, in China as in Japan, the ideographic value being identical, though the phonetic diverges—hence Minamoto or Yoshitsune was of the Sei Wa Gen-ji, or Gen-ji Kei or Gen-gis Khan, the Chinese being Tsing Ho Yuen Ye Ring for the same written character, meaning exactly the same and used precisely for the same idea—in the same way.

For further particulars and references see :—

*O Dai Ichi Ran*—Imperial Japanese History.

*Dai Ni Hon Shi*—History of great Japan.

*Higashi Yezo Yu Wa*—Tales of Eastern Yezo for Evenings.

*Henkai Bem Kau*—Tales of the Coast and Borders.

*Yezo Kim Ko Ki*—Achievements in Yezo.

*Gem Pei Sei Sui Ki*—Narrative of Rise and Fall of Gem and Pei.

Howorth's History, &c.

History of Tartar, &c., by Abulgaghi Khan, &c. (1663)

Petis de la Croix.

*Yuen Shi*—(Chinese) History of Yuen Dynasty, &c., &c., &c.

Yoshitsune, or we should now call him Genghis Khan, died about 1227, and his grave has been shown to recent travellers, and he gave the name of his celebrated ancestor, Manchö, to the country of his first conquest and subsequent adoption—on the Continent.

His connection with the priests of Thibet, and intercourse with the Lamas is matter of history. His antecedent training in the fastnesses of the mountains, whither he was miraculously conveyed nightly, for long distances, as it is related and credited in the land of his birth, prepared him for admission to the inner circles of the Ri-shi and communication with the Arhats of the age, whom doubtless he sought and met in his travels and the regions he subdued.

There is no doubt of the identity, and there can be no question of the special peculiar circumstances of his instruction, Yuen Ye Ki, of the Chinese, Genghis Khan, the conqueror, and Gen-ji-Kei, otherwise Minamoto Yoshitsune, are one and the same—Buddhist Acolyte, Japanese Prince, and student of the Occult, Magician, Conqueror, Hero, Revered Divinity of the North East of Asia.

NOTES.—Yoshitsune appears to have assumed the name of Temugin, after crossing over to Asia ; this is probably derived from his Guru's name (Tenmangu), or from Tenjin, another Divine title ; and the Natives of Mongolia refer to his ancestry by the title of Yezo-kai, which in Japan is another name for the Northern Island.

The former name of Manchuria, was Mich kuh—anciently called Soo-shun, but changed to Manchu by Genghis, to perpetuate his ancestor's name. (See *Chiu guai keir Den*, by Ban Nobuyuki.)

## THE WOMAN IN THE STONE TOWER.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE summer of 1885 had been very quiet and dull for me. I was young, but much alone, having no companions apart from my music and painting, to which I devoted myself with an artist's love. I seldom went for a walk, and allowed myself no recreation, except an hour every evening which I spent at the most popular church in the town of F—, where I reside. It was an endless source of delight to sit there and listen to the sympathetic harmonies swelling from the beautiful organ, as the gifted master's firm fingers pressed the trembling notes.

The summer sped away and autumn came. I dreaded the coming winter, with its dreary evenings and melancholy winds. Had I a companion, I thought, life would be brighter; but the friends of my childhood belonged to a foreign land, and were scattered, like autumn leaves, I knew not where.

Full of these melancholy thoughts one night, I fell asleep and dreamed. The dream was so vivid, and the characters who played their parts in it so real, that it seemed more like a vision than the fanciful and absurd panoramas which flit across the brain, when sleep draws her curtain over weary eyes.

I dreamed that I saw myself clad in a long, loose, grey robe. I wore a close white cap upon my head, over which was thrown a veil, the colour of my dress. Suspended from a silk rope, encircling my waist, hung several keys, a curious seal, and a pair of scissors. Upon my breast rested a large black wooden cross. In fact, I was transformed into a Sister of Mercy. After waiting some little time, deliberating in my mind where I should go, I saw an arched doorway; the door, which was oaken and studded with huge nails, was closed, but it yielded to my touch; so I opened it, and found myself in a low square stone room. Upon my right I saw a holy-water stoup, and above it a crucifix. I merely noticed these things in passing, and walked on; I turned down a short passage at right angles with the entrance, at the end of which was a flight of winding, stone stairs. I began to ascend. It was evidently a tower of considerable height. Upon my right at regular intervals I passed low-arched doorways where fearful, pitiful, starved creatures, sinstained and wretched, shrank within their gloomy, cavernous cells, as I passed like a spirit up the winding shadowy steps.

At last I gained the top, and found myself on a square stone flagging; immediately in front of me there was a blank stone wall, and on either side a doorway. I entered the room upon my left; it was small and all of stone, with but one barred window at the end, through which the last

rays of a dying sun were stealing ; they faintly lit up the worn features of a woman who was lying upon a rude straw bed in one corner.

I silently knelt down beside her, and gazed into her beautiful face ; it was deadly white, and in contrast to this, there shone out a pair of melancholy brown eyes. Her hair was slightly tinged with gold, and fell carelessly over her forehead ; her eyebrows were level, but curved artistically into the line of the nose ; this feature inclined to the Roman type ; her lips were made for smiles that, alas, had vanished.

It was all very pitiful ; her delicate face so woe-stricken, and her poverty so apparent ; yet I shed no tears. I only opened a small book which I carried, and softly read out the "Office for the Dying," then I arose, and at last spoke.

"You have but an hour to live, and I must leave you."

She did not answer, and I left, as silently as I came ; down the stone stairway, and past those gloomy cells, where the terrible figures fell back as I approached, like silent, mournful spectres of some lost world.

I gained the foot of the stairs and glided along the passage to the doorway ; a beggar stood without and solicited alms. I had nothing, but at that moment I discovered that bread had been placed in my hands. I gave it to him and went my way through a long garden. I remember seeing nothing more, except a long, low shed built against the garden wall ; this shed was divided into two compartments, one much smaller than the other, and filled with gardening and other implements.

This was the dream, and for days it haunted me. I could always see that spiral stairway and those fleeting figures retreating into the gloom. I always felt those sad, mysterious eyes, gazing into my very soul, and pleading to me from that gifted, eloquent face. Was it but a dream, or was it more ? I thought it prophetic, and time proved it to be so, as you shall hear.

I was sitting in my usual seat at church one evening, some few weeks after the dream ; across the aisle sat a young lady dressed in black, her small, slender figure first riveting my attention. She was simply dressed, but every fold lingered about her graceful form with ease and elegance. Her face was most beautiful, a delicately chiselled profile, perfect in every detail. I could not see the colour of her eyes, and was just trying to discover, when the choir came in ; we stood up as usual, and the service proceeded. I could feel that the young lady opposite was studying me attentively, so I dared not look at her for some time, but when I did, I discovered that her eyes were brown, the colour I admire most, and that their glance was soft as a gazelle's and swift as an Indian's. I felt that her face was familiar, and yet I could not bring to mind where I had seen it. When I arose to leave she did the same, and walked beside me down the aisle and out through the doorway.

For successive evenings she continued her church-going. I used to watch eagerly for that small, graceful figure, and that melancholy

beautiful face. She charmed and fascinated me, I always found myself turning around and looking at her, but, when I did so, I invariably caught her dark eyes fixed on me, and was forced to turn quickly round again. I used to think about her a great deal, and wished to speak to her, but I was naturally timid, and disliked addressing strangers first ; I also felt it impossible to go up to her and say, as I really wished to :

“ Your face is familiar to me, and yet I know you are a stranger. I like you immensely, may we be friends ! ”

And yet I knew that she would have given anything to have spoken to me. On the following Sunday, after morning service, we walked down the aisle together as usual, and at the door she turned to me and asked if the eight o'clock daily communion was choral ; it was the first time I had heard her speak, her voice was well-modulated and sweet, her manner charming. I was not surprised that she chose me out of all the congregation to ask this common-place question. I answered in the negative, and then turned from her on my way home.

On the Thursday as we came out we grew more friendly, she asked me how long the church had been built, and spoke of the excellent music, the well-trained choir, and the broad views of the incumbent. I answered enthusiastically that he was indeed a very clever composer, and possessed an original and advanced mind. She asked whether I played, I answered :

“ Yes, but I spend most of my odd time in painting.”

“ Indeed ! ” she exclaimed. “ You are an artist then ? ”

“ In a small way,” I answered. “ I am very fond of it, but I lead a busy life, and cannot devote myself to it as I wish.”

She seemed much interested, and walked on with me.

“ And what do you do all day, how do you fill in your time ? ”

I laughed as I answered : “ That is not difficult. I have an invalid mother, and I am housekeeper ; I write, read, sew, paint, study music, and do a little of everything.

“ Have you painted much ? ”

“ O, yes, I have several pictures at home, but I find it very difficult to get good models.”

“ I suppose so ; you paint from life the human face and figure ? ”

“ Certainly, that is art in its loftiest form ! ”

She gave a short sigh, and then exclaimed :

“ How I should like to see your pictures ! ”

“ Should you ? ” I asked. “ Then cannot you come and see them ? They are not very good, I suppose, but you might be interested.”

“ How I should like to see them,” she repeated. But we leave to-morrow on our way to London. We have been abroad four years, and are only taking a little rest here. Our train leaves at noon.”

I certainly felt disappointed that I was about to lose this charming acquaintance just as I had found her, but I asked :

"Cannot you come early to see me? Any time would do."

She thought a moment and then answered:

"Yes, I will. I can ask the servant to call me early. I should so like to come. May I ask your name?"

I gave it to her with my address.

We continued our walk, each quite heedless of where the other was going, until we found ourselves again at the church door. We had taken a circuitous route which had brought us again to the place from where we had started.

We stopped at the beginning of the road which led me home, and I pointed out the direction she was to take to find our house; then we shook hands and parted, after warmly expressing our pleasure at having formed this strange friendship.

The next morning I arose very early, but, alas, the rain came down in torrents! It rained as if it never intended to stop again, and I waited in vain for my friend. She did not come. I remained in until long past the time she had named for her visit, and then, as I had an engagement, I put on my outdoor garments and went out. She had told me where she was staying, and I felt compelled to go and find her. I did so. She saw me from her window and came to the door herself. She took me by both hands and led me into a dining-room at the back of the house, where she said we could talk undisturbed.

We conversed for over an hour upon various topics, and were equally delighted to find how our tastes and ideas agreed. Then we spoke of our homes and our lives, and she seemed to relapse into a sadness which I had not remarked before.

I felt a strange something coming over me as she stood pensively beside the window looking out upon the gardens beyond. Her face seemed strangely familiar. At last it dawned upon me. *She was the woman of my dream whom I had seen lying upon the straw pallet in the gloomy tower!*

I do not know why it was, but I never mentioned my dream to her. We went on talking for some time, and then I left. She kissed me affectionately and accompanied me to the door, after having promised to write to me the following day. I returned home and resumed my duties, with a strange feeling that I had lost something and found something. On Sunday morning I received a characteristic letter from her. So few people write perfect letters, but hers were such, and seemed to me a key to her mind, being fluent, cultivated, and full of lofty thought. We corresponded freely, and every one of these charming epistles was quite an event in my lonely life.

At last she wrote that she, with her family, were about to return to the Continent. I was therefore anxious to see her, and bid her good-bye, and as my father very much wished to take me to the Exhibition, we decided to run up to London for a day, and see her at the same time.



We did so. She received us most kindly, and pressed us to stay to luncheon. I had a long talk with her and we parted, she promising to continue her correspondence with me.

She was strangely beautiful that day during the luncheon hour. When the conversation was general she was cheerful and brilliant, but when we were in her room alone, she relapsed into the melancholy pale beauty of the stone tower.

We parted. I received a short but kind note from her a few days after to the effect that they started for Paris at once ; and that was the last I have ever heard of my strange, sweet friend.

I used to wait anxiously and sorrowfully for a letter, but month after month rolled away and none came. I knew that some sad mystery enveloped her, which I could not fathom. I could not relapse into my former solitary mode of life, so I went about more and endeavoured to shake off the loneliness which her silence caused me.

At this period of my life, I became acquainted with a very clever and charming woman who was a clairvoyante. We often used to sit together, as we do now ; and she would describe vividly the scenes of my childhood, which, as I have mentioned, were spent in a foreign land. One evening, as we sat thus, she turned to me saying :

“How strange ! You have turned into a Sister of Mercy, my dear, and I see you climbing up a winding stone stairway.”

I was startled, and answered : “Indeed ! What more do you see ?”

She went on describing the holy-water stoup, the arched doorways, and the cells, inhabited by evil spirits, as she termed them. She also told me about the bare stone room in the tower, and the beautiful sad woman on the straw pallet. She spoke, too, of the garden outside with a shed against the wall, which was divided into two compartments, one much smaller than the other, and filled with gardening and other implements. . . .

Thus ends my curious, but true narrative. Shall I ever see my mysterious friend again ? I think so. There are links that bind sympathetic souls together which no distance or time can sever, and those links bind us.

My story is perhaps disappointing, because it has no satisfactory conclusion, but it may take years for the dream to be fulfilled, if it ever is ; and as everything I have related is perfectly true and unembellished, I prefer to leave it so, and trust that the melancholy drama of my vision has been played in some previous earth-life when she and I were friends. It was but a faint awakening of a memory that is struggling for recollection, not an event to come and overshadow our lives with the fearful mysterious tragedy of my dream.

HELEN FAGG.

## THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

(Continued.)

---

BY MABEL COLLINS.

---

### CHAPTER XXVI.

“**H**ER day is over,” said Fleta, after a minute or two. “She must go!”

“But who is she? What does this mean? What mad folly is it now that you are engaged in?”

“You know,” said Fleta quietly, “that this peasant girl has taken my place here before.”

“You have told me so, but I never believed it.”

“Surely you believe now. You saw my hand, and knew me when I entered disguised.”

“It is true. Why indulge in such masquerades?”

“It is not my doing that she is here. It is her own hardihood, for which she must suffer.”

“But how is the thing possible, that my own eyes and senses could be deceived? Fleta, you are cheating me!”

“You have been cheated, certainly,” said Fleta coldly. “If you would listen to the voice of your higher instincts you would not be so easily cheated. Adine might easily deceive the world, even might readily deceive Hilary Estanol, because he is blinded by longing. But I do not think she could have deceived you, save for the fumes of wine. You would know your daughter, did you not sacrifice all right to your relationship with her. Come now, let us put this scene to an end. You must contrive some mode of sending Adine out of the palace unseen; and for me to go to my own rooms unseen. I am worn out with hardships.”

“It is impossible!” said the king. “There is no way from this room.”

“Positively none?” said Fleta. “Think!” She had lived so little in the palace that she knew nothing of its construction. It was well-known to contain many secret passages and doorways.

“Positively none,” said the king.

“Then I must act for us all,” said Fleta. “Come, Adine, make haste and take off that dress and give it me.”

Adine did so tremblingly, and with nerveless hands. Her face was as

white as the dress. The king stood watching her face. Suddenly he turned to Fleta.

"How had that girl the power to make herself your image till just now?"

"The power was given to her," said Fleta, "and she has abused it."

The king turned away with an impatient movement.

"You always talk enigmas," he said.

"I answer plainly," said Fleta, "as I will answer any question you ask me."

"Where is your husband?"

"Dead. I myself have seen his dead body, have seen it burned to ashes, have seen his spirit freed from it."

"It is true, then!" said the king mournfully. "I had hoped against hope."

Adine was now dressed in the fortune-teller's cloak, and masked. Fleta had not put on her the priestess's robe she had worn herself, but had put the cloak over the white lace-decked under-dress which Adine wore. She was completely disguised.

"Now stoop, as I did," said Fleta. "Come, you can imitate me well enough. Now, father, open the door and let her go. Hasten, Adine, go to your home and repent. And do not forget that unless you keep a close watch upon your tongue about all that you have known and seen, the Dark Brothers will visit you with instant death. Be warned!"

The king opened the door and Adine passed through it, entering at once into a crowd, which was greatly surprised to see her come out. She was questioned on every side but would return no answer. Without speaking she hurried through the rooms and down the great staircase.

"What has happened?" said the guests one to another. "Why are the king and the princess shut in there together still?"

"What are we to do now?" asked the king, shutting the door and turning again to Fleta.

"You go," said she, "tell them the gipsy came to bring me the certain news of Otto's death, that she brought me the signet-ring from his finger. See, I have the ring here; I took it myself from his dead hand. Let the guests go. I shall go to my rooms; I shall take my place as his widow, returned to you."

"You are right," said the king. "It is the best way. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Fleta. "Go. Leave the door open to me when you go, and let anyone come to me that wishes."

She sat down on a chair by the table, rested her arm on it and her head on her hand. She was utterly worn out, and she knew that if she simply let herself feel her complete weariness and heart-sickness, no acting would be necessary to present the appearance of grief. The moment she relaxed her effort the light fled from her face, her eyes grew dull, she had all the look of one crushed under a heavy blow.

Instantly that the king left the doorway Hilary Estanol appeared in it. But when he caught sight of Fleta's figure he did not enter; he paused horror-stricken; he heard the king speaking and turned to listen to him. Some of the court ladies came to the doorway and pushed past him. He let them go in. An hour ago, maddened by his love for Fleta, he would have dared any comment and approached her first had he seen her in trouble. But a strange chill had fallen on him when first his eyes met those of the gipsy when she entered; he had not recognised her—was it likely, so completely deceived as he was?—but he was terrified by her, and had lingered near the door of the room in great fear. Now that he saw her figure sitting there so rigidly, with that terrible death-like look on her face, he staggered, overpowered by something he could not understand. It was as though an ice-cold hand had caught at his heart and checked its very beating. Ah, poor Hilary!

In half-an-hour the palace was almost deserted. While still there were a few guests in the rooms Fleta rose and walked through them. Stately, sorrow-stricken, with darkened eyes she passed.

"She must have cared for him, then!" they whispered one to another, "and really would not believe him dead. And we all thought her heartless."

So the young uncrowned queen, the young widow, went to her own rooms, followed by sympathy. And who could guess at the deep solitude, the hopeless sorrow, of that heart? The neophyte, who had failed and lost all that made life dear in the failure; the would-be initiate, who knows all love and companionship must be laid aside for all time. This is the darkest hour of human life, this fearful moment of shadow before the dawn, when passion and love, and all unequal friendship or companionship, must be for ever surrendered for the hopeless and absolute solitude which darkens the door of initiation. Into such an hour of despair and agony none dare penetrate. It was easy for Fleta to wear the appearance of a widow grieving for her husband, when in her heart was the awful grief which every candidate of the White Brotherhood who fails carries in his heart for ever. The grief of complete surrender, not of one love, or one loved, but of all, does not touch the soul nor pollute the thoughts of him who has made himself ready for the Hall of Initiation.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

FLETA bore out the character of one overcome by grief only too easily. She found herself close to the crisis, the bitterest suffering of her life; and the fierce regret for the past stood in her way. In the morning, when she rose and stood before her mirror, she saw a worn, wan face eyes deeply bordered with shadow, and a new line of pain on her

smooth forehead. She saw these things, but without thought. It was just what she had expected to see, for she had let the storm rage in her soul through the night. And now she stood there muttering to herself :

“The expiation is close—I have to begin the expiation.”

It was a cool, fresh, clear morning ; Fleta had risen very early. She set her window wide open and stepped out on to the balcony. From it she could see over the city and away to the blue hills beyond. For a long hour she leaned here, drinking in the morning freshness, and a dim, faint peace came to her soul from the clear skies. At last her attention was attracted by a sound in the room, and she turned to look back into it. A figure stood there ; she looked doubtfully at it. Yes it was her father, the king.

He regarded her very earnestly as she re-entered the room. She wore a loose white gown, on which her dark hair fell in a tumbled mass. It was a sad figure.

“Do you wonder at this early visit ?” said the king. “I have not rested at all ; and just now I was wandering in the garden when I saw you standing here. I have come to ask you a strange question. Who are you ? What are you ?”

“Why do you ask me these things ?” said Fleta, in a very low voice.

“Because you cannot be my child, nor yet your mother’s. Last night’s experience convinced me of your extraordinary powers. You divested Adine of her likeness to yourself. How, I cannot tell. I would never let myself believe you to be a magician until now ; but it is useless any longer to hide the truth. I have been looking at you from the garden. There is no mark of my family or your mother’s in your face or figure. I saw you as I have never seen you before, without a mask. You have always worn one for me. Just now I discovered a profound unfamiliarity in you which has roused my curiosity into a passion. Your face, divested of its softer charms, is that of a man ; through it looks a spirit which suffers. Tell me what you are.”

“I am your daughter,” said Fleta. “You need not doubt that, or fancy me changed in my cradle. My heritage is true, unlike though I may be to you and the others who have gone before me.”

“Your heritage ! It is not mental, nor physical ; it is not in any way visible.”

“That,” said Fleta, “is because I have moulded myself for my own ends.”

“Now you speak as you look. You have some strange power. Whence do you get it ? I say, what are you ? You are no ordinary mortal.”

Fleta smiled ; a smile of such sadness as can hardly be imagined.

“No ; I am not an ordinary mortal. The difference is only this. I had found out that there is a straight path to divinity, and I was treading that path : but lost my way.”

"You have not begun to tread it since I have known you," said the King. "You began before." He spoke in a changed voice.

"Yes," said Fleta. "I began before. I began in a pre-historic age when the world was a vast wilderness of savage beauty. I marked out my destiny then by a fierce act of rebellion against the passion which makes human life possible, against the blind hunger of man for sensation which drives him into this dull world of matter and compels him to live innumerable ignorant lives, worthy only of animals. I hated it! I rebelled! I raised my hand and took life. It was the first step into power, and it has darkened the sun for me through ages. I have lived it out, I have expiated it only after many lives of pain. But in taking power I took knowledge. I began to climb the great ascent of life towards the divine. And in every re-birth I have gained more power and more knowledge."

She ceased. She had spoken passionately, from her heart. The King had never taken his eyes from her face. The soldier, rough, almost devoid of sentiment, stood there spell-bound. He was facing a reality.

"Tell me more," he said. "Why do you suffer so now?"

"Why do I suffer?" said Fleta. "Must you ask me this?"

"I desire very much to know," said the king, in a low voice.

"You have a right to ask me," said Fleta sadly. "Not your right as my father, but your right as a servant of the White Brotherhood. You are but just within their influence, and you have never been conscious of it, though you have obeyed it. I have been possessed by an arrogance which convinced me I could by my strength obtain the right to enter the order. My longing to enter it gave me the privilege of birth in your house. I have had great opportunities, but," she concluded, in a tone of infinite sadness, "I have failed!"

"Is that why you suffer?" said the King.

"No," answered Fleta. "I suffer because those who loved me long ago love me still; they have been in the marvellous orchard of life where Nature flowers in superb lavishness. The orchard is beautiful, yes! Nothing can be more beautiful. But there is a force always at work, a force which demands progress. After the blossom the fruit. To be man and woman, to love, to live each for the other, this is glorious, as is everything in nature. But it comes to an end. The miracle of transmutation must be worked. The sweet softness of the blossom, mere beauty, this must pass and the hard fruit come and ripen to its harvest. The lesson must be learned, and the soul pass on. O! there is one who holds me from the gate by his love. But I must purify him, I must take him to the gate, or else lose all hope myself of ever reaching it!"

She hardly seemed to remember who she spoke to. Her pent-up feeling had broken into words, and emotion made her speak on without

pause till she ceased. There was silence for a minute or two; then the King approached her.

"Tell me," he said. "What am I to you?"

"A friend," she answered, "always a good and true friend. Nothing else. Your lessons in life have lain apart from me. We have never even been father and daughter save in circumstance."

"It is true," he answered, with a sigh. "Yet I would it were not so. You are far beyond me. Help me."

Fleta held out her hand. The King took it, and so they stood for a few moments in silence. Then she gently took her hand away, and turning from him, sat down in a chair. Her pallor was so extreme the King was alarmed. And, indeed, she looked more like death than life. He hastily left the room, returning in a few moments with a slender glass full of a dark wine. He put it to her lips. She opened her eyes, smiled faintly, but pushed back his hand.

"I need it not," she said as the King held the glass in his hand. "Though it is more than mortal brain can endure to look back over the stairway of life. Reason seems to reel on its throne before such a sight. So deep is the abyss, so great the height, so incredible the ascent. My mind is worn out. I must rest, I must sleep, or I shall lose my senses. Let no one disturb me till I call; but do one thing for me, my father; let Hilary Estanol be sent for. I must see him when I wake."

She rose, and moving to her bed flung herself upon it. What a death like figure it was! The king turned away. He could not bear the sight. He left the room, and calling a waiting woman to him bade her sit by the door and watch it, letting no one enter but himself. Next he sent a messenger to Hilary. Then he went to his own writing-room, where he moved to and fro, thinking; his thoughts were running riot, plunging back into the past, leaping into the future; he was unconscious of the present moment, once having let it go.

---

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THREE hours later Fleta awoke. She had been wrapped in a profound sleep; so deep, she was as one returning from the dead. It had restored her mind; her inner strength had returned. She knew, in the moment she woke, that she was fit now to go on with her task.

She rose, went to the door, and called. The waiting woman who sat close by came to her. When she found Fleta wished to dress she went away, bringing back with her some sewing-maids who had been busily working all the morning. In a little while Fleta had bathed, her hair had been dressed and coiled round her head, and she was robed in black—mourning for her husband of a day. Her burned and helpless arm was wrapped in black silk and placed in a sling. She looked in the glass

and smiled. Fleta the beautiful, the radiant, thus disfigured, thus dressed! She quickly turned away, trailing her black train after her.

She had already inquired and learned that Hilary Estanol was waiting for her in her own old sitting-room, where she had made her home when necessity or caprice had induced her to dwell in the palace for a few days together during her girlhood. It was kept as it had always been—bright, coloured in gold and white, the walls lined with books, the windows filled with flowers.

Hilary started up as he heard her at the door. He uttered a sharp cry of pain as she entered. The change was indeed awful—from Adine, the flower and froth of Fleta's gayest superficial life, to this pallid, trouble-stricken, sad-eyed woman. Her dress accentuated his feeling. It seemed to shock and surprise him. He had forgotten, in his recent happiness, that she was Otto's wife. He turned away and hid his face in his hands.

"Do not be so distressed," she said in a very sweet and quiet tone. "This must seem terrible to you when but yesterday you were dancing with my mocking shadow. I have sent her away from me for ever, because she has too deeply betrayed my trust in her in betraying you. How is it possible that you, born under the star of true knowledge, like myself, one of the children of the life of effort, could be so cheated and pleased by a mere phantasm? Well, I know you regret that phantasm—I know you loved it very dearly. I read the pain in your heart because I show myself to you without the phantasmal appearance—without beauty or youth or gaiety. My dear friend, it is not for you to choose between pain and pleasure. You have not the power. If you choose pleasure you will be for ever pursuing a will o' the wisp and never reaching it; the pursuit will soon become pain. But though you have not that choice I can give you one which may seem to you very like it. You can choose between this Fleta who now speaks to you, the servant of the White Brotherhood, and that Fleta whom you worshipped such a little while ago—my mocking shadow."

"Where shall I find that Fleta?" asked Hilary in a strained voice of pain.

"You will be mocked by her as much as you will if you choose to be so," was all Fleta's answer.

"But will *you* wear that guise?"

"Ah, you want the two Fletas in one!" she cried out—"no, that is over. You have desired that for a long time, and now and then you have almost fancied you have got it—is it not so? In that morning sunshine, on the first journey we took together—sometimes at the garden house—you imagined that without losing the priestess you could claim the woman. That is impossible—it never has been, it never can be, you must have the one or the other. I have waited for you long enough; now you must choose. I have the power to give you what you wish. If you only



desire the woman, the thing that will die in a few years, then I will make this body that now speaks to you young and beautiful and gay, and leave it for your amusement ; for I am very weary of it and it is only for your sake that I now stay in it, and if you make that choice we part for ever. But if you choose me as I am, the servant of knowledge, then you have to recognise in me your master and desire nothing from me but such knowledge as I can give you."

Hilary rose and went to the window. It seemed for a moment as if his senses were about to desert him. But a moment later he turned round and faced her.

"I am not strong enough to make such a choice," he said with a sort of defiance in his tone.

"Not strong enough!" exclaimed Fleta in a voice full of contempt. "Go then, and take your own way, followed by the darkness you have worked for yourself. Do not blame anyone else, whatever you may suffer. You have invoked the false shadows that surround the man who knows not whether he wishes good or ill. It is over."

She turned and moved very slowly out of the room, her black dress trailing behind her. Hilary started forward as if to stop her, but immediately drew himself back again, and remained standing motionless, watching her go. The door closed and still he did not move. But at last, after a long silence, he roused himself—for his one wish was to leave the palace without having to speak to anyone again. He succeeded, although he had to grope his way almost like a blind man. He was stupefied, half dazed, scarcely conscious of what he was doing. A great loneliness was eating away at his heart—a hunger was at work there, as real as physical hunger. For he had more than worshipped Fleta the woman—he had lived on the thought of her, on the passion he had only for her image. And now she seemed to have been shattered before his eyes, and to be like a broken statue destroyed for ever. He comforted himself perpetually with the thought that he had not chosen this so easily destroyed idol. And yet, even in the midst of this comfort, another memory would come—of Fleta's scorn, when he said he could not choose. This gave him some dumb perplexity and pain ; but he was not learned enough to know that if he had chosen the woman she would have had less scorn for him, and more pity. It was the weakness of that dreadful moment, come and gone so quickly, which condemned him in the sight of Fleta and her order. Had he but found power enough to decide positively for ill, he would have laid the foundations of such power as would have enabled him, later on, to choose positively for good, in another earthly life.

The moment had, indeed, come quickly and gone quickly, and it appeared to Hilary as if he had no time given him in which to decide and choose. And yet he dimly knew that if that moment could have been protracted to a thousand years he would have been no nearer a

positive choice ; and he dimly knew, also, that the moment which seemed to come so unexpectedly was, indeed, only a summing-up of his life—that ever since he had known Fleta he had been in this state of hopeless indecision. The great chance had been given him and he had been unable to take it. He did not realise the blow in this form yet, though the consciousness came, keenly enough, later on. He only knew, as yet, that he had lost Fleta—all the Fleta he had known and worshipped, the woman and the priestess both.

It was over.

---

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THE next morning Fleta had a long talk with the king ; a very quiet and serious one. During that day on which she saw Hilary she would see no one else, not even her father ; she remained alone, and no one knew whether she slept or waked, whether she was suffering or at rest. But in the morning she went to her father's breakfast-room, and entered it, wearing her black robes. She was altered by the hours of solitude ; at first the king thought it was her youth and beauty that had returned to her. But a second glance showed him that this was not so. The subtle, feminine charm which she had hitherto exercised was gone. She stood before him slender, fair, proud in bearing as ever ; but the radiant beauty had not returned. The eyes were sad, the strange, sweet smile had seemingly left the mouth for ever. Had a painter put her on his canvas he would have used the face for one of those sexless angels the early Italians knew how to paint.

"I am going to England," were her first words. "Will you help me?"

"It is my business," was the king's answer. "Tell me what you wish."

Fleta sat down beside him ; and they talked for a long while. Then she returned to her room, and the king summoned his secretary and his steward, and began to make the arrangements she wished.

Late that afternoon Fleta left the palace. She was wrapped in a fur cloak that hid her black dress, and her pale face was hidden by a black lace veil. She put this aside and kissed the king's hand as she took a final leave of him in the great hall of the palace.

"Send for me instantly if you need me," he whispered to her. She bowed her head and turned away. The whole retinue of the palace was assembled to see her depart. But no one accompanied her, or entered her travelling carriage with her. On this journey she was to go alone. Not even a maid or servant of any sort was with her.

*(To be continued.)*

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

## NOTICE I.

Complaints having been addressed to the Editors with reference to certain paragraphs in Mr. George Redway's *Literary Circular*, bound up with last month's LUCIFER, the Editors take this opportunity of stating that they are in no sense responsible for the contents of these circulars, as they are bound up with the magazine by the publisher, without being submitted to them. Any complaints, therefore, should be addressed to the publisher.

## NOTICE II.

An important error was made by the printers, and overlooked by the proof reader, in the May Number of LUCIFER, on page 249. It is in the first Hebrew line, where we ought to read, : שְׁכַחְתִּי (s-b-th-ni, *unvowelled*) as it stood in manuscript. Unfortunately the first letter *shin* (ש) was replaced by two letters, *ayin* (א) and *vau* (ו), which makes nonsense of the word. Such errors may be sometimes unavoidable, but they are very annoying to the editors and perplexing to the readers.

The following lines have been sent by the Editors of LUCIFER to their colleague and Brother, the Editor of the New York PATH:—

In the May number of your valuable journal, on page 60, we read:—"With much deference we venture to invite the attention of LUCIFER to the grave etymological objections to its definition of pentacle as a *six-pointed star*."

The attention of our benevolent corrector is invited to "Webster's Complete Dictionary of the English Language. . . *thoroughly revised and improved* by Chauncey A. Goodrich, D.D., LL.D. . . late Professor of Yale College, and Noah Porter, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. . . assisted by Dr. C. A. F. Mahn, of Berlin, and others. New edition of 1880, etc., etc. London."

At the word "Pentacle," we read as follows:—"Pentacle. . . a figure composed of two equilateral triangles, intersecting so as to form a *six-pointed star*, used in ornamental art and also with superstitious import, by the astrologers, etc."

This (Fairholt's) definition is preceded by saying that *pentacle* is a word from the Greek πεντε, *five*—which every schoolboy knows. But *pente* or *five* has nothing to do with the word *pentacle*, which Eliphaz Levi, as do all Frenchmen and Kabalists, spells *pantacle* (with an *a* and not with an *e*); and which is more correct than the English and less puzzling. For, with as much "deference" as shown by the *Path* to LUCIFER, LUCIFER ventures to point out to the *Path* that according to old Kabalistic phraseology, a *pantacle* is "*any magic figure intended to produce results*."

Therefore, if anyone is to be taken to task for overlooking "the grave etymological objections to the definition of *pentacle* as a *six-pointed star*" it is the great Professors who have just revised Webster's Dictionary, and not LUCIFER. Our corrector has evidently confused *pentagon* with *pentacle*—"ERRARE HUMANUM EST."—Fraternally, yours,

London, June, 1888.

EDITORS OF LUCIFER.

## THE SRADDHA.

*(Continued from the May Number.)*

**T**HAT the Sraddha did not originate in the Hindu system is evident from the contradiction in which it stands to caste, to which it must have been anterior, and, further, from its incompatibility with transmigration, which, though in dogma directly opposed to it, has not prevailed against it. They have, further, the tradition of the introduction of this dogma, which is attributed to several personages, but especially to Pururavas, son of Buddha,\* chief of the Lunar Line, a line marked throughout by religious innovation, and presenting, if not the fleshly body, at least the "ferver" † of Buddhism.

We must naturally look to the names as furnishing further elucidation. Ekkodishto,‡ the monthly oblation, does not sound by any means Sanscrit; the Zend, however, may aid us. Kuds and Kuddus is the name anciently given to Jerusalem, and still preserved; Feridoun conferred it on a religious edifice which he there constructed. The great annual oblation is called Sapindana; in this the cow is consecrated for sacrifice; and here Sanscrit philologists are entirely at fault. In Turkish, *dana* is "cow"; it is the common word in use in every field, market-place and butcher's shop. If so, we have then a compound word. Sabin is not Turkish; but if we write the word Sab-i-dana, we have, in Turkish, "the master and the cow." §

Swadha is the word ceremoniously pronounced during the oblation; it means "food," but the Hindus render it "oblation," and they personified it as the daughter of the patriarch Packshu, and the wife of the Pitris. Swadha is "the consuming power of sacrificial fire," which they personify as the sister of the former, and make the wife of *Vahni*, "the god of fire." Sraddha itself is in like manner a sister of the other two, and the wife of *Dharma*, "the lord of righteousness." In Sanscrit, it is rendered "faith." Had it originally had this meaning it could never have been given to any ceremony in particular. It follows, then, that

\* This is a mistake on the part of the author. The name of the Son of Soma (the moon) by Tārā, Brihaspati's wife—whose infidelity led to the war of the Gods with the Asuras—is Budha (Intelligence) with one *d*, not Buddha, the Enlightened.—[ED.]

† The Buddhists have never had among their religious beliefs that of "Ferver," if this word is meant by "Ferver." It is a term, meaning the double, or copy body, a *Sosis*, and belongs to the Zoroastrian religion.—[ED.]

‡ *Ekkodishta*, is a Sanskrit word—with one *k*, and two *d*s.—[ED.]

§ This might be so, if the word "Sapindana" had not been a mistake of Wilson's, who made many, and of other scholars. In the original Sanskrit MSS. the term used is *Sapindikarana*. See *Vishnu Purāna*. Wilson's translation, edited and corrected by Fitzedward Hall. (Vol. III., p. 154.) Curious etymology. What can the "master and cow" or Sap-i-dana in Turkish, which is no ancient tongue, have to do with the Sanskrit *Sapindikarana*?—[ED.]

the word was foreign, and the rite imported at a time when there existed no abstract idea of faith. Now, in the cuneiform we have the *Thrada*, and it applies to this ceremony; the Sanscrit word, is, therefore, adopted from the *Zend*, with the addition of an "s." The philosophical character of the Chinese places in a clear light an institution which the legendary, metaphorical and metaphysical spirit of the Hindus has disguised with fable, and enveloped in mystery. There it is assumed to be the foundation of doctrine, and the political bond of the constitution. What is left to inference and interpretation in India is, in China, declared as maxim, and asserted as Truth; for instance: "A child serves the dead parents as if they were alive."

"The want of posterity is the greatest of defects." The only act worthy of being esteemed great is the rendering due service to the dead. "All virtue and all wisdom reside in reverence for elders and parents." "That reverence towards the living was maintained by the influence of this ceremonial towards the dead."

After an interval of twenty-five centuries the *Sraddha*, which was restored under the *Hya*, has lost nothing of its grandeur, and it is thus described as actually practised:—

"According to the ritual which regulates the state proceedings of the Emperor of China, he is bound to visit every year, on the first day of the moon, the temple of his ancestors, and to prostrate himself before the tablet of his fathers. There is before the entrance of this temple, a long avenue, wherein the tributary princes, who have come to Peking to render homage to the Emperor, assemble. They range themselves right and left of the peristyle, in three lines, each occupying the place appertaining to his dignity; they stand erect, grave and silent. It is said to be a fine and imposing spectacle, to witness all these remote monarchs attired in their silk robes, embroidered with gold and silver, and indicating, by the variety of their costumes, the different countries they inhabit, and the degrees of their dignity."

In one respect, however, they failed in philosophy, as compared with the Hindus—they wailed and lamented; grief was not with Roman stoicism forbidden, it was indulged in, cultivated, and exhibited; it was a luxury, a passion, and a performance. The period of mourning lasted for three years, during which time the son was incapacitated for public functions, sometimes dwelling at the entrance of the tomb, and there serving the dead as if yet living.

While the religion of *Hoangti* anticipated Brahminism in date, the detailed practices, as recorded so far back as the times of the *Hya*, exactly correspond with those of the Tartars under their tents. In the "earliest antiquity," the body was cast out into the ditches by the way-side; it is actually exposed by the Tartars on the hill-tops. The number of sacrificial vessels used by the Emperors was nine. The same number is daily used by every Mogul, and the oblations made therewith

by the votaries of Buddha are identical with those prescribed in the Brahmin ritual. The Chinese vases were, so to say, the earliest coinage, and the most ancient of continuous records ; they were costly in material, elaborate in their workmanship, beautiful in their forms, and necessarily devoted to the then highest objects of worship ; they were sacrificial. Four emblems are to be found on them—the Moon, the Fish, the Eye, and the Cross. The two first are united in one of the most ancient ; the third appears on nearly all ; and the last is often repeated, and in various forms. We have already seen that the moon was the abode of the ancestors ; we, therefore, perfectly understand its introduction as an emblem on an ancestral vase, without adopting the explanation offered of moon-worship. The fish and the eye are easily explained in the same manner. The first lived in the element of which the moon's substance was held to be a concretion. The eye presents us with a point of greater intricacy ; and to which belong a multiplicity of interesting ramifications. Whoever has visited the Mediterranean, has observed it painted on the bow of boats and galleys, as it was on those of the Phœnicians of old. It was, amongst the Jews, enclosed in a triangle—an emblem of the deity. There is a species of Etruscan vase, which has not been understood ; in it also are two great eyes. It is figured in gigantic proportions on the exterior of the Chaitiyas of the Buddhists ; now we discover it in China, on the oldest monuments. The character of those monuments, and the other emblems with which it is associated, point at once to the ancestral worship, the origin of all forms of worship.

The Eye from its transparent nature in the body, from its connexion with light, would naturally be one of the first of symbols employed by an allegorising faith ; but we must find some minute point of identification to connect it with the manes ; and it appears to me that that is afforded in the consecration of the hare by the Chinese, the cat by the Egyptians, and the rabbit by the Greeks. Great importance was attached in the ancestral worship to the increase and decrease of the moon. This was supposed to be typified in the dilation and contraction of the iris in these animals ; if they were accepted as emblems of the moon, how much more the eye itself ? There was not only the "lunar eye," which expressed duty, but the "solar eye," with a more general significance, conveying benevolence. Thus the Brahmin prays, "May all things view me with the eye of the sun. I view all things with the solar eye. Let us view each other with the solar eye." The eye was also the visible sign of grief, and thus we have among the Egyptians the eye and the tear ; the right eye being supposed to represent the sun ; the left the moon.

The Jews placed the eye in the triangle : now, the triangle is connected, though in a manner which I do not understand, with the *Shaddha*, for it was one of the forms of the earth-elevation or altar

constructed for that purpose. It was a square in ordinary cases ; but for a person recently deceased, and apparently during the season of mourning, *it was a triangle.* \*

It is impossible not to suspect here that that great mystery of the Trinity, which pervades all Eastern religions, was itself connected with the ancestral sacrifice. How else explain the use of this remarkable figure which has ever continued to be its emblem? To this we join the triple division of Fire, essentially belonging to the same worship. The Chinese defined the Deity as "Trinity in Unity and Unity in Trinity." This doctrine, it will be self-evident, has no connection whatever with the Trinity of the Brahmins or the Trinity of the Buddhists, which had reference to attributes, combination or time, being the Creator, Preserver and Destroyer ; "Wisdom, Nature and Union ;" and "Past, Present and Future ;" whilst its original form on the eastern limits of the old continent exactly corresponds with the specification of the Athanasian creed, being the three Hypostases or Impersonations of one and the same divine nature.

If we are to accept this as a record of primitive revelation, all inquiry is at an end, and all argument ceases ; but if we are to consider it in a mere human sense, that is to say, as a doctrine evolved by the unaided effort of the spirit of man, then must we proceed as in respect to any other phenomenon. Now, as in our own faith, the doctrine of the Trinity confessedly transcends reason, it is hopeless to look for the origin of it in the Chinese ; that is to say, if we consider it as a conclusion arrived at with reference to the nature of the Deity ; but there is a path which we may take, and proceeding by which we may find the problem less intractable.

The primitive conception of God must have been one of such profound reverence that to dare to inquire into His nature would have been deemed sacrilege. In the words of Menu, He could be "apprehended only by the class of abstraction." He was without form, without limit, without name. How then could he be divided into three persons? In fact, that Materialism which produced Polytheism sprang from the deep abstraction connected with the idea of a Creator. It may, therefore, be inferred, looking at the matter in a human point of view, that the doctrine of the Trinity as regarded the Godhead, was not primitive, but derivative.

Whence then could it have sprung? From Psychology? Death though a mystery, did not repel, it invited inquiry ; the nature of death could be comprehended only by that of life.

"What is God?" is a question which no primitive man would ask. "What am I?" is one which must ever have been present to his

\* All this is occult, and has an esoteric meaning. The triangle (or symbol of the three higher principles) is all that remains of the mortal septenary, whose *quaternary* remains behind him. Every theosophist knows this.—[E.D.]

thoughts. Suppose now, that the answer made had been by a division of the soul into different natures, and these threefold, would we not have, as regards human life, three in one and one in three? If so answered in respect to the life of man, the idea of a Trinity of Spirit was established in his mind, and might thereafter be applied to other spiritual existences, and even to the Divine Nature itself.

This is no hypothesis ; we have this very division of Life as a fundamental dogma amongst those populations who have preserved the earliest records of religious thoughts and ceremonies.

The Khond say that life is composed of three souls, one of which is animal, one intellectual and one Divine ; that the first, when the body dies, dies with it ; that the second, after death, is punished or recompensed, according to the body's deeds ; and that the third returns to and is absorbed in the Deity from which it had originally emanated.\*

An ampler conception of life and existence has not been attained to by all subsequent metaphysics ; extending immortality backwards, and separating the taint of earth from the breath of Heaven ; and in it we may recognise conjoined the elements of the several dogmas on which are based the various structures of philosophy, belief and superstition. The point upon which I rest here is that this Trinity was connected with the soul of man, and therefore with the ancestral oblations ; that with it, too, was connected the figure of the Triangle, especially applied at the time when the separation was supposed to take place by the occurrence of death.

It was only in the fourth century, and after the Labarum of Constantine had appeared in the skies, that the Christian Church adopted the cross as an emblem ; it was centuries later that the cruciform cathedral came into use, through the Goths of Spain and the Saracens of Africa, whose architecture was adopted from the Philistine tribes of Barbary. The Chaitiya Buddhists, in all the completeness still to be witnessed in the rock temples of India, was then inaugurated in Europe, as at once the Gothic and Christian architecture. If it be repugnant to all our notions to assert that the cross, as a Christian emblem, did not originate in the crucifixion, so it is perplexing to our condition to find it a religious emblem before that event, and an object of veneration and adoration through all the regions of the earth, and from the earliest times.

The Cross was known to the Jews ; Moses raised the serpent on a cross in the desert ; Christ refers to it as an emblem of persecution. On the two earliest monuments of China we have that cross, which is called "Greek," and also one with a longer limb—that called "Latin." In the hieroglyphics the cross appears on the breast of the tribes of Northern Asia, fifteen hundred years before the Crucifixion. It is tattooed on

\* Read the Theosophical and Esoteric literature on the Division of *Inner Man*.—[Ed.]



those of the Berber tribes of Africa, as it was on those of the tribes of North America, in whose tombs it was also found, and who adored it when presented to them by the Spaniards. It appears in the Buddhistic monuments of India, and the coins called Hindu-Scythic, and amongst the stamps by which the tribes of Tartary marked their horses. In one of the last discovered Assyrian monuments it hangs on the breast of a king, exactly in the form and fashion of a modern decoration.\*

The only explanation which has been offered for the paramount importance of this figure is that it typified the four elements and the four cardinal points; but the elements were five, not four, as amongst them was enumerated the empyrean, or *Αιθηρ*, because the points of the cross are five, not four; nor was it necessary to typify what itself was the point of adoration.

All the sacred buildings of antiquity were most rigidly mathematical in their form, and astronomic in their position. They are composed of the circle, the oval, the square, the parallelogram, and the cross. The circle belongs to the worship of fire, and we are familiar with it in the beautiful temple of Vesta at Rome, and in the majestic Pantheon, originally a fire temple, but restored and disfigured by Agrippa by the addition of the colonnade. The Dagopas were also round, which I take, however, to be only a modification of the square pyramid. In every case the ground plan presents the circle enclosed within a square. To the building so modified, they gave the shape of a bell, evidently in connexion with the figure of the lotus, and with the "sacred bell," itself, so essential an instrument in their worship.

The oval represented the figure of the ecliptic. The examples of it are rare.

The square structures are both monumental, as in the Dagopa and the pyramids of Egypt, and ecclesiastical, as in the pagoda; and are invariably placed according to the cardinal points.

In the Pagoda and in the Chaitiya the square becomes extended to the oblong and to the cross. I give a description of one from Tavernier, which will further exhibit the still closer approach to the Catholic form of worship in his day; it is the celebrated Pagoda of Casi or Benares. "It is placed on the bank of the Ganges, into which a flight of stone steps descends from the gate of the pagoda. The body of the temple itself is constructed in the form of a VAST CROSS, with a very high cupola in the centre of the building, but somewhat pyramidal towards the summit; and at the extremity of each of the four parts of the Cross is a tower with an ascent on the outside, and balconies at stated distances affording delightful views of the city, the river, and the adjacent country. Under the high dome, in the middle, there stands an altar, in form of a

\* The Cross was, from the highest antiquity, a spiritual, a Psychic, and a phallic symbol, metaphysical, astronomical, numerical and occult. (*Vide* Mr. Gerald Massey's "The Natural Genesis." Vol. I., pp. 500 et seq.)

table, eight feet in length and six in breadth, covered sometimes with rich tapestry, and sometimes with a cloth of gold or silver, according to the greater or less solemnity of the festival. Upon this altar were several idols, one of which, six feet in height, had its neck splendidly decorated with a chain of precious stones, of which the priests have a variety for different festivals, some of rubies, some of pearls, and others of emeralds. The head and neck of this idol were alone visible; all the rest of the body was covered with an embroidered robe spreading in ample folds upon the altar below."

The Pagoda of Seringham recalls Ecbatana. Mr. Orme describes it as composed "of seven square enclosures, one within the other, the walls of which are twenty-five feet high, and four thick. These enclosures are 350 feet distant from one another, and each has four large gates with a high tower, which are placed one in the middle of each side of the enclosure, and opposite to the *four cardinal points*. The outward wall is nearly four miles in circumference."

The systematic regularity of those buildings shows the deep importance that was attached to the position of the worshippers, and which we are naturally to expect in religions which saw in the heavenly bodies animated intelligences, considered the firmament to be tenanted by countless numbers of spiritual beings endowed with terrible and Divine power, as also by maleficent spirits almost equally gifted, and in whose struggles the fate of man was involved, where the preponderance of the benign over the maleficent influences, though daily in the balance, was necessary to ensure the order of nature, and the existence of the universe. Even without a celestial belief or a Divinatory Code, we see faiths and institutions threatened by the revolving motions of a priest round an altar table.

Under these impressions, not only the plan of the Temple, but the respective positions of host and guest, etc., were subject to astronomic conditions. In every daily ceremony the different points of the Heavens had to be turned to or avoided, according to their various influences, or symbolical applications. The Arhan and the Brahmin, the Yogi and the Sudra, had equally at every moment, and in every incident, to mark the divisions of the compass with a steersman's accuracy.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

(To be continued.)

## HOW HE SOUGHT MARY MERIVALE.

MARY MERIVALE having left her husband, as explained before in Parts I. and II., after a time he follows her, and finds traces of her teaching as he journeys on seeking her.

*(Continued from the 9th Number.)*

THRO' cities passed I where folks crowd together,  
 Nowise because the spirit of love hath bound  
 Heart unto heart, despite Fate's bitter weather  
 Cold fireless lives that sheltered not, I found.

Yet ever found, too, traces of her teaching,  
 Like strewn rose-petals sweetening the air,  
 And 'mid the bitterest of earth's star-reaching  
 Her name lay on white lips and met me there.

And if I passed a suffering soul and saddened,  
 Poor, hopeless, powerless, and gently said,  
 "Friend, have you chanced to meet her?" His eyes gladdened,  
 "Blest be the woman-Christ!" he simply said.

And women blessed the woman who had holden  
 Their sobbing little ones, and soothed their pain,  
 And children with blue eyes and hair all golden  
 Lispered, "Comes not the dear Mother back again?"

And little bands of maidens bore her teaching  
 (Sweetened by their sweet lips that softly spake),  
 To outcast men and women, with beseeching  
 And tender speech that might new life awake.

And rough men now grown tender, toiled together  
 The gracious promise of her words to reach:  
 "Land, light, air, joy, to all, uncounting whether  
 Or king or peasant, love the law for each!"

And hostels had she set in myriad places,  
 Not only for the human, but all things  
 That breathe in earth or sea, the wondrous phases  
 Of life that tilts on sweet innumerable strings.

“For how,” she said, “shall man arise and hearken,  
 Clear-browed, heroic, 'neath the dominant sun  
 If he let smoke of slaughter dim and darken  
 The toiling path of any lesser one?”

“Yea brothers are we all, set by our father  
 To live and labour in the little span  
 Of time that frames our life, behold love hath her  
 Soft fingers round the brute as well as man!”

“And whoso tortureth for his base pleasure,  
 No matter how he name it, sport, or war,  
 Shall be shut out from love, and joy, and leisure,  
 And all that maketh sweet our wandering star.

“Not yet man's heart hath grasped it, the undying  
 Rhythm that rules in all things great and small,  
 Where blow that smites another into sighing  
 Must back return, and on his head must fall

“Who smote it; flux and reflux, ebb and flow still  
 Make up the marvellous many-coloured song  
 Whereto all life is wroughten, and will grow still  
 With strengthening music clearer and more strong!”

And where the schools stood, at her gentle pleading  
 Rose places where a plenteous meal was set  
 Before the starving children, who were needing  
 Bread *first* and *after* knowledge, and I met

A many little creatures warm and hasting  
 Bright-faced and happy to their task hard by,  
 And knew without her those small lives untasting  
 Food all day long, had shivered hungrily.

And women with sweet faces, saintly-fashion  
 (So pure they dared forgive impurity)  
 She taught to read with love and deep compassion  
 Those blotted pages of the shame story.

Wherein no woman dared until her teaching  
 Cast innocent eye of maiden or of wife:  
 “For ah,” she said, “what guerdon of our preaching  
 If it pass over one poor scorned life?”

“ A woman’s innocent eyes alone can fathom  
 The deepest depths of her frail sister’s sin,  
 Translating from her passionate heart she hath some  
 Deep knowledge of the things that dwell therein.

“ Yet being innocent she hath compassion,  
 Lo none so hard as those who fear to fall,  
 Or self-convicted in their righteous fashion  
 Make mirrors of themselves to portray all ! ”

And churches had arisen fair and stately,  
 Wherein God’s wondrous messages were read  
 By calm-browed men, who sought and laboured greatly,  
 With tension of strest mind, and heart, and head,

To find the innermost meaning God had written  
 In script of rock and flower, tree and bird,  
 And gem and fish and fossil, ’mid the unlitten  
 Great waters and dark earth, nor was unheard

The marvellous story of each day’s revealing,  
 As science slowly climbed the hill of thought,  
 At each step culling fruit, or herbs of healing  
 Whereby man’s life grew sweeter ; and enwrought

With this high scripture, art’s fair message featly  
 In poem, picture, statue, song, was set,  
 Like wings that fly before to herald sweetly  
 The feet that follow, while they toil on yet.

For “ worship is of all ; art, science, action,  
 And Atheist there is none, save only he  
 Who will not work, nor yield his small life-fraction  
 To swell the great sum of Eternity.

“ He worships who fulfils sweet-hearted, willing,  
 The little task, the slow day’s puny dole ;  
 He worships, too, whose strength is spent in tilling  
 The earth, and he who tills the immortal soul.

“ He worships who hath wandered in mysterious  
 Dim realms of art, where dreams fulfil the air,  
 And he who strains high soul to render serious  
 These haunting dreams that make life strong and fair.

“ He worships who hath raised a fallen brother,  
 Tho’ naught of creed or science recketh he ;  
 He worships who renounceth for another  
 Aught precious or desired !” So preach’d she.

And colleges she builded, where disdainning  
 The old curst teaching, “save thyself,” she taught—  
 “ Save thou thy brother, heart and spirit straining  
 To reach the fruitage of that blessed thought !”

And youths and maidens laboured, all unknowing  
 How bitter to unlearn . . . how hard a thing  
 To slay the old false faith grown strong ’mid growing  
 Óf frost-bound heart, that yet *feels* toward the Spring.

EVELYN PYNE.



### INDIAN PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT.

**O**N a lake reflecting myriads of stars a swan, by night seeking the young lotus buds, though wise, was for a time deceived. Through fear of being deceived by the stars, the swan, even by day, shunned the white lotus. Thus he who has been deceived dreads evil even in truth.

Krishna, the beautiful haired god, replied not to the reviling of the King of Chedi. To the roar of the tempest, and not to the jackal's howl, the elephant trumpets a reply.

Not the tender pliant grass is uprooted by the storm, but the lofty trees—the mighty war only with the mighty.

In sandal trees there are snakes ; in lotus tanks are there not alligators ? in happiness there is envy ; there are no unmixed pleasures.

The root by serpents, the blossoms by black bees, the branches by monkeys, the top by bears ; truly no part of the sandal tree is not resorted to by evil natures.

Fret not about sustenance ; providence will supply it. When a creature is born, the mother's breast supplies milk.

Who gave the swan his whiteness, and the parrot his wings of green, who gave the peacock his iris-hues, will he not provide for thee ?

C. J.

THE BEWITCHED CURIOSITIES ; OR, THE PAWNED  
PLEDGES AND THE SPIRITS.

BY C. PFOUNDEN \* (Omoie).

From the Original, BAKU-KIN NO SICHY-YA NO KURA.

(Translated into English from the Japanese, dated 1826.)

NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

**I**N the early years of the fourteenth century A.D., civil war had reduced many of the noble families to dire straits ; and, to provide necessaries of life, as well as the sinews of war, many household treasures were sold, or pledged to money-lenders.

A wealthy trader, who was something of an amateur virtuoso, and a dilettante student of the curious, had obtained a great many heirlooms. Some he had purchased, others he had advanced ready money upon, indeed he was almost a pawnbroker in fact, though not professedly so ; but this enabled him to gain freer access to many families, and obtain curious articles, with long series of years' historical associations, which otherwise might not have fallen into his hands.

One of the menials of his household was a character, quite an eccentric one in his way, overflowing with bits and scraps of quaint lore and curious out-of-the-way knowledge of men and things, old and new. His one great failing was, alas, one but too common in genius nowadays. He indulged too freely in the flowing bowl, and jovial cup passed round never left *his* lips till drained to the last drop.

Once when he had indulged but too freely, as usual when he had the opportunity, he hid himself in an obscure corner of the fireproof storehouse, wherein his master's curious collection of art treasures were packed most carefully away. It being one of this human curiosity's duties to look after this building, there was nothing strange in his going there ; but he fell asleep, and someone, unconscious that anybody still remained inside, closed the fireproof doors, a usual precaution, and fastened them, so that when he awoke he could not get out, nor even had he wished, make himself heard to those outside. But he dreaded trying to attract attention, fearing to be reprimanded, so made up his mind to spend the night, and with that intention set about making himself as comfortable as possible. There was little difficulty in his doing this, as there was plenty of suitable material, old robes, hangings, &c.

Settling himself down comfortably, he was soon once more slumbering soundly.

\* Author of "*Per-ser mimi bukuro*—A Budget of Notes," "*Koromo Mukashi Banashi*—Little Folks' Olden-time Chats," &c.

Anon his sleep was broken by strange sounds. Arousing himself cautiously, for he feared it might be robbers or assassins, he peeped cautiously out from under his coverings, but could not see anyone or hear any sounds of persons; again the sounds, and again he peeped, but nothing was to be discerned.

Perhaps it is weasels, or rats, or bats, thought he. Again aroused, he became thoroughly awake, but very much frightened. Was it an earthquake? yet the building did not shake, but the things on the shelves were coming down, actually moving along the floor.

The fact that their movements created very little noise appeared most strange, but presently he became conscious of low whisperings, as of voices, of persons aged and feeble conversing in broken disjointed sentences; he became quite entranced, fascinated indeed, and the scene he then witnessed forms the narrative that follows.

The next day someone having occasion to enter the store, found our story-teller in high delirious fever, the hair on one side of his head being quite white, in strange contrast to the jet black of the other.

Careful nursing brought him round, and his night's adventure was a sedulously guarded family secret, for in those times it was most unsafe to divulge any marvellous occurrences. We will now relate the story precisely as told by the witness to this most extraordinary scene.

Many of the articles had descended from their allotted places on the shelves ranged round the interior part of the building—had emerged from their covering boxes and wrappers, and arranged themselves symmetrically round the room. [Note—All valuables were carefully packed in wrappers and boxes, ready for instant removal in the event of fire spreading in the vicinity.]

A reading desk moved to the place of honour, then an old brazier, next a lute, then a cap of ceremony, then several cabinets, perfume cases, and a variety of articles such as may have been possessed, and in use amongst the princes and nobles of olden time. Then with each article, indistinct shadows grew into human form, robed ceremoniously, all ranged in order of precedence, chiefly venerable personages of both sexes.

Behind the reading-desk was seated the most venerable and dignified personage that one could conceive, gorgeously arrayed in sumptuous court robes of ceremony, wearing the cap of office of the highest courtly grade.

The silence was broken in upon by a faint voice that rose louder and clearer, calling upon the assembled guests to fix their attention upon the duties of the assembly—and to fulfil each a share in contributing to the intellectual harmony and enjoyment of these *séances*, which, it was explained, were held for the purpose of relating the adventures of the owners of the various articles collected together in the warehouse.

The President was, by tacit agreement, given to understand that the



assembled ones desired to hear his experiences as a reading-desk, and after some hesitation, and due apologies, he thus related them.

#### THE STORY OF THE SPIRIT OF THE READING DESK.

“In ancient times people were more devoted to learning than they are in these degenerate days ; and I was then in great request. I was daily in use at the palaces of the great scholars, who had received from their ancestors a gift of appreciation for literature, as well as the hereditary leadership of classical studies.

Civil war arose, and books were laid aside, and reading neglected, in the more exciting warfare and ambitious careers.

Families were divided ; and raising the hand against one’s kindred was a common daily occurrence.

I passed into many hands, but few of whom had any use for me ; and their lives are unworthy of record, or relation in a learned assembly of embodied spiritualities.

A country school teacher who became possessed of me, was robbed, and his house set on fire. I was rescued from the flames by a farm labourer, who took me to the city and sold me, intending to use the money for unhallowed purposes ; but he was waylaid, robbed, and murdered, as I afterwards learned.

Then a prince of the imperial palace bought me ; and I was for long his daily companion ; but upon his death, the heir dissipated his inheritance and I again fell into strange company, where I heard of this youth’s evil deeds, selling the valuable books I had become so intimate with, scattering the valuable literature amongst unappreciative owners.

On future nights I may narrate to you some of my experiences amongst the priests—their arguments on the various doctrines, or with those who held to our country’s ancient faith, or who were more enamoured with the Chinese Philosophy of ancient times.

Again, there were the village festivals, the family gatherings, and celebrations, when at long intervals I was taken out of my coverings, and witnessed the clownish efforts of illiterates. Story tellers, amateur reciters, and other such small fish, were my constant abhorrence.

Heretofore accustomed to the companionship of scholarly notables, of rank and ancient lineage—to become the plaything of these country folk—sad, indeed, is my lot ; and in common with my friends, some of whom have experience of refined associations and elegant scholarship, now to be condemned to be a mere pledge, for a paltry sum of sordid pelf, here in this warehouse !”

The assembled spirits, one and all, spontaneously agreed with the Ancient Scholar, but several expressed a desire to make some excuse, as in bounden loyal duty, for their masters and previous worthy owners.

“When civil war brought distress on the vanquished, suffering to the

women and children of the slain, household treasures must be converted into the means of providing food and raiment in winter."

"A pawn office is useful to conceal our suzerain's poverty, which would be exposed by our being offered for sale. The names of dutiful vassals find record in history, let us therefore be loyal, and deserve mention; nay let us, even apart from all hope of this, still be loyal, for right and duty teach us this. Let us therefore submit, not ignobly, to our fate, console each other, and make the best of the unavoidable."

Then the spirit again addressed them, having blown his nose, and wiped his tearful eyes, so overcome was the aged one.

"What you say is plausible, and to some degree quite just, there are several sides to this, as to all questions.

The robber's first search is for coin, which he can easiest pass along, then for clothes, which are a danger; then for swords, valuable, and charmed weapons especially, which he will use in his marauding forays.

The mean thief will take away even poor persons' clothes that are being hung out to air and dry after cleansing.

But no one cares to pilfer books—true, if you lend a book, you must see to it that it is returned to you; but this is because it is valued, the common thief will not cumber himself with books, therefore are books superior to all other valuables because the thief touches them not. They are superior to the tricks of the thief and his accomplices; and literature is above all things stronger than a multitude of powerful, if they are ignorant, persons.

Who can steal the knowledge we acquire from books? No one, now or in the future lives."

Hereupon it was agreed to continue these assemblages, and each in turn relate some interesting scrap of legend or history.

The pawnbroker, who was a timid wakeful person, frequently rose up in the night; his footsteps alarmed the spirits, but his assistant did not hear him. And by the time he had approached the aperture in the ventilators, to peep into the storehouse, the spirits had vanished.

#### TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

The stories continued, travelling over a wide field of history, family traditions, political and religious argument; the assistant being drawn to hide himself night after night—and in time confiding to the master—he too joined him, so that when the assistant sickened and died, the pawnbroker hastened to write down all that could be remembered, as he too had a premonition of his own approaching end.

*(To be continued.)*

## KARMIC VISIONS.

Oh, sad no more ! Oh, sweet *No more !*

Oh, strange *No more !*

By a mossed brook bank on a stone

I smelt a wild weed-flower alone ;

There was a ringing in my ears,

And both my eyes gushed out with tears,

Surely all pleasant things had gone before.

Low buried fathom deep beneath with thee, NO MORE !

—TENNYSON ("The Gem," 1831).

## I.

**A** CAMP filled with war-chariots, neighing horses and legions of long-haired soldiers. . . .

A regal tent, gaudy in its barbaric splendour. Its linen walls are weighed down under the burden of arms. In its centre a raised seat covered with skins, and on it a stalwart, savage-looking warrior. He passes in review prisoners of war brought in turn before him, who are disposed of according to the whim of the heartless despot.

A new captive is now before him, and is addressing him with passionate earnestness. . . . As he listens to her with suppressed passion in his manly, but fierce, cruel face, the balls of his eyes become bloodshot and roll with fury. And as he bends forward with fierce stare, his whole appearance—his matted locks hanging over the frowning brow, his big-boned body with strong sinews, and the two large hands resting on the shield placed upon the right knee—justifies the remark made in hardly audible whisper by a grey-headed soldier to his neighbour :

"Little mercy shall the holy prophetess receive at the hands of Clovis !"

The captive, who stands between two Burgundian warriors, facing the ex-prince of the Salians, now king of all the Franks, is an old woman with silver-white dishevelled hair, hanging over her skeleton-like shoulders. In spite of her great age, her tall figure is erect ; and the inspired black eyes look proudly and fearlessly into the cruel face of the treacherous son of Gilderich.

"Aye, King," she says, in a loud, ringing voice. "Aye, thou art great and mighty now, but thy days are numbered, and thou shalt reign but three summers longer. Wicked thou wert born . . . perfidious thou art to thy friends and allies, robbing more than one of his lawful crown. Murderer of thy next-of-kin, thou who addest to the knife and spear in

open warfare, dagger, poison, and treason, beware how thou dealest with the servant of Nerthus!"\* . . .

"Ha, ha, ha! . . . old hag of Hell!" chuckles the King, with an evil, ominous sneer. "Thou hast crawled out of the entrails of thy mother-goddess, truly. Thou fearest not my wrath? It is well. But little need I fear thine empty imprecations. . . . I, a baptized Christian!"

"So, so," replies the Sybil. "All know that Clovis has abandoned the gods of his fathers; that he has lost all faith in the warning voice of the white horse of the Sun, and that out of fear of the Allimani he went serving on his knees Remigius, the servant of the Nazarene, at Rheims. But hast thou become any truer in thy new faith? Hast thou not murdered in cold blood all thy brethren who trusted in thee, after, as well as before, thy apostasy? Hast not thou plighted troth to Alaric, the King of the West Goths, and hast thou not killed him by stealth, running thy spear into his back while he was bravely fighting an enemy? And is it thy new faith and thy new gods that teach thee to be devising in thy black soul even now foul means against Theodoric, who put thee down? . . . Beware, Clovis, beware! For now the gods of thy fathers have risen against thee! Beware, I say, for . . ."

"Woman!" fiercely cries the King—"Woman, cease thy insane talk and answer my question. Where is the treasure of the grove amassed by thy priests of Satan, and hidden after they had been driven away by the Holy Cross? . . . Thou alone knowest. Answer, or by Heaven and Hell I shall thrust thy evil tongue down thy throat for ever!" . . .

She heeds not the threat, but goes on calmly and fearlessly as before, as if she had not heard.

". . . The gods say, Clovis, thou art accursed! . . . Clovis, thou shalt be reborn among thy present enemies, and suffer the tortures thou hast inflicted upon thy victims. All the combined power and glory thou hast deprived them of shall be thine in prospect, yet thou shalt never reach it! . . . Thou shalt . . ."

The prophetess never finishes her sentence.

With a terrible oath the King, crouching like a wild beast on his skin-covered seat, pounces upon her with the leap of a jaguar, and with one blow fells her to the ground. And as he lifts his sharp murderous spear the "Holy One" of the Sun-worshipping tribe makes the air ring with a last imprecation.

"I curse thee, enemy of Nerthus! May my agony be tenfold thine! . . . May the Great Law avenge. . . ."

The heavy spear falls, and, running through the victim's throat, nails the head to the ground. A stream of hot crimson blood gushes from the gaping wound and covers king and soldiers with indelible gore. . . .

\* "The Nourishing" (Tacit Germ XI.)—the Earth, a Mother-Goddess, the most beneficent deity of the ancient Germans.

## II.

Time—the landmark of gods and men in the boundless field of Eternity, the murderer of its offspring and of memory in mankind—time moves on with noiseless, incessant step through æons and ages. . . . Among millions of other Souls, a Soul-Ego is reborn: for weal or for woe, who knoweth! Captive in its new human Form, it grows with it, and together they become, at last, conscious of their existence.

Happy are the years of their blooming youth, unclouded with want or sorrow. Neither knows aught of the Past nor of the Future. For them all is the joyful Present: for the Soul-Ego is unaware that it had ever lived in other human tabernacles, it knows not that it shall be again reborn, and it takes no thought of the morrow.

Its Form is calm and content. It has hitherto given its Soul-Ego no heavy troubles. Its happiness is due to the continuous mild serenity of its temper, to the affection it spreads wherever it goes. For it is a noble Form, and its heart is full of benevolence. Never has the Form startled its Soul-Ego with a too-violent shock, or otherwise disturbed the calm placidity of its tenant.

Two score of years glide by like one short pilgrimage; a long walk through the sun-lit paths of life, hedged by ever-blooming roses with no thorns. The rare sorrows that befall the twin pair, Form and Soul, appear to them rather like the pale light of the cold northern moon, whose beams throw into a deeper shadow all around the moon-lit objects, than as the blackness of night, the night of hopeless sorrow and despair.

Son of a Prince, born to rule himself one day his father's kingdom; surrounded from his cradle by reverence and honours; deserving of the universal respect and sure of the love of all—what could the Soul-Ego desire more for the Form it dwelt in.

And so the Soul-Ego goes on enjoying existence in its tower of strength, gazing quietly at the panorama of life ever changing before its two windows—the two kind blue eyes of a loving and good man.

## III.

One day an arrogant and boisterous enemy threatens the father's kingdom, and the savage instincts of the warrior of old awaken in the Soul-Ego. It leaves its dream-land amid the blossoms of life and causes its Ego of clay to draw the soldier's blade, assuring him it is in defence of his country.

Prompting each other to action, they defeat the enemy and cover themselves with glory and pride. They make the haughty foe bite the dust at their feet in supreme humiliation. For this they are crowned by history with the unfading laurels of valour, which are those of success. They make a footstool of the fallen enemy and transform their sire's little kingdom into a great empire. Satisfied they could achieve no

more for the present, they return to seclusion and to the dreamland of their sweet home.

For three lustra more the Soul-Ego sits at its usual post, beaming out of its windows on the world around. Over its head the sky is blue and the vast horizons are covered with those seemingly unfading flowers that grow in the sunlight of health and strength. All looks fair as a verdant mead in spring. . . . .

## IV.

But an evil day comes to all in the drama of being. It waits through the life of king and of beggar. It leaves traces on the history of every mortal born from woman, and it can neither be scared away, entreated, nor propitiated. Health is a dewdrop that falls from the heavens to vivify the blossoms on earth only during the morn of life, its spring and summer. . . . It has but a short duration and returns from whence it came—the invisible realms.

“How oft 'neath the bud that is brightest and fairest,  
The seeds of the canker in embryo lurk!  
How oft at the root of the flower that is rarest—  
Secure in its ambush the worm is at work. . . .”

The running sand which moves downward in the glass, wherein the hours of human life are numbered, runs swifter. The worm has gnawed the blossom of health through its heart. The strong body is found stretched one day on the thorny bed of pain.

The Soul-Ego beams no longer. It sits still and looks sadly out of what has become its dungeon windows, on the world which is now rapidly being shrouded for it in the funeral palls of suffering. Is it the eve of night eternal which is nearing?

## V.

Beautiful are the resorts on the midland sea. An endless line of surf-beaten, black, rugged rocks stretches, hemmed in between the golden sands of the coast and the deep blue waters of the gulf. They offer their granite breast to the fierce blows of the north-west wind and thus protect the dwellings of the rich that nestle at their foot on the inland side. The half-ruined cottages on the open shore are the insufficient shelter of the poor. Their squalid bodies are often crushed under the walls torn and washed down by wind and angry wave. But they only follow the great law of the survival of the fittest. Why should *they* be protected?

Lovely is the morning when the sun dawns with golden amber tints and its first rays kiss the cliffs of the beautiful shore. Glad is the song of the lark, as, emerging from its warm nest of herbs, it drinks the morning dew from the deep flower-cups; when the tip of the rosebud thrills under the caress of the first sunbeam, and earth and heaven

smile in mutual greeting. Sad is the Soul-Ego alone as it gazes on awakening nature from the high couch opposite the large bay-window.

How calm is the approaching noon as the shadow creeps steadily on the sundial towards the hour of rest! Now the hot sun begins to melt the clouds in the limpid air and the last shreds of the morning mist that lingers on the tops of the distant hills vanish in it. All nature is prepared to rest at the hot and lazy hour of midday. The feathered tribes cease their song; their soft, gaudy wings droop, and they hang their drowsy heads, seeking refuge from the burning heat. A morning lark is busy nestling in the bordering bushes under the clustering flowers of the pomegranate and the sweet bay of the Mediterranean. The active songster has become voiceless.

"Its voice will resound as joyfully again to-morrow!" sighs the Soul-Ego, as it listens to the dying buzzing of the insects on the verdant turf. "Shall ever mine?"

And now the flower-scented breeze hardly stirs the languid heads of the luxuriant plants. A solitary palm-tree, growing out of the cleft of a moss-covered rock, next catches the eye of the Soul-Ego. Its once upright, cylindrical trunk has been twisted out of shape and half-broken by the nightly blasts of the north-west winds. And as it stretches wearily its drooping feathery arms, swayed to and fro in the blue pellucid air, its body trembles and threatens to break in two at the first new gust that may arise.

"And then, the severed part will fall into the sea, and the once stately palm will be no more," soliloquises the Soul-Ego as it gazes sadly out of its windows.

Everything returns to life in the cool, old bower at the hour of sunset. The shadows on the sun-dial become with every moment thicker, and animate nature awakens busier than ever in the cooler hours of approaching night. Birds and insects chirrup and buzz their last evening hymns around the tall and still powerful Form, as it paces slowly and wearily along the gravel walk. And now its heavy gaze falls wistfully on the azure bosom of the tranquil sea. The gulf sparkles like a gem-studded carpet of blue-velvet in the farewell dancing sunbeams, and smiles like a thoughtless, drowsy child, weary of tossing about. Further on, calm and serene in its perfidious beauty, the open sea stretches far and wide the smooth mirror of its cool waters—salt and bitter as human tears. It lies in its treacherous repose like a gorgeous, sleeping monster, watching over the unfathomed mystery of its dark abysses. Truly the monumentless cemetery of the millions sunk in its depths . . . .

"Without a grave,  
Unknell'd, uncoffined and unknown . . . ."

while the sorry relic of the once noble Form pacing yonder, once that

its hour strikes and the deep-voiced bells toll the knell for the departed soul, shall be laid out in state and pomp. Its dissolution will be announced by millions of trumpet voices. Kings, princes and the mighty ones of the earth will be present at its obsequies, or will send their representatives with sorrowful faces and condoling messages to those left behind . . . .

“One point gained, over those ‘uncoffined and unknown,’” is the bitter reflection of the Soul-Ego.

Thus glides past one day after the other; and as swift-winged Time urges his flight, every vanishing hour destroying some thread in the tissue of life, the Soul-Ego is gradually transformed in its views of things and men. Flitting between two eternities, far away from its birth-place, solitary among its crowd of physicians, and attendants, the Form is drawn with every day nearer to its Spirit-Soul. Another light unapproached and unapproachable in days of joy, softly descends upon the weary prisoner. It sees now that which it had never perceived before. . . . .

## VI.

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the sea-shore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth—the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But——

“When silently we watch the bed, by the taper’s flickering light,  
When all we love is fading fast—how terrible is night. . . .”



## VII.

Another day is added to the series of buried days. The far green hills, and the fragrant boughs of the pomegranate blossom have melted in the mellow shadows of the night, and both sorrow and joy are plunged in the lethargy of soul-resting sleep. Every noise has died out in the royal gardens, and no voice or sound is heard in that overpowering stillness.

Swift-winged dreams descend from the laughing stars in motley crowds, and landing upon the earth disperse among mortals and immortals, amid animals and men. They hover over the sleepers, each attracted by its affinity and kind; dreams of joy and hope, balmy and innocent visions, terrible and awesome sights seen with sealed eyes, sensed by the soul; some instilling happiness and consolation, others causing sobs to heave the sleeping bosom, tears and mental torture, all and one preparing unconsciously to the sleepers their waking thoughts of the morrow.

Even in sleep the Soul-Ego finds no rest.

Hot and feverish its body tosses about in restless agony. For it, the time of happy dreams is now a vanished shadow, a long bygone recollection. Through the mental agony of the soul, there lies a transformed man. Through the physical agony of the frame, there flutters in it a fully awakened Soul. The veil of illusion has fallen off from the cold idols of the world, and the vanities and emptiness of fame and wealth stand bare, often hideous, before its eyes. The thoughts of the Soul fall like dark shadows on the cogitative faculties of the fast disorganizing body, haunting the thinker daily, nightly, hourly. . . .

The sight of his snorting steed pleases him no longer. The recollections of guns and banners wrested from the enemy; of cities razed, of trenches, cannons and tents, of an array of conquered spoils now stirs but little his national pride. Such thoughts move him no more, and ambition has become powerless to awaken in his aching heart the haughty recognition of any valourous deed of chivalry. Visions of another kind now haunt his weary days and long sleepless nights. . . .

What he now sees is a throng of bayonets clashing against each other in a mist of smoke and blood; thousands of mangled corpses covering the ground, torn and cut to shreds by the murderous weapons devised by science and civilization, blessed to success by the servants of his God. What he now dreams of are bleeding, wounded and dying men, with missing limbs and matted locks, wet and soaked through with gore. . . .

## VIII.

A hideous dream detaches itself from a group of passing visions, and alights heavily on his aching chest. The night-mare shows him men, expiring on the battle field with a curse on those who led them to their

destruction. Every pang in his own wasting body brings to him in dream the recollection of pangs still worse, of pangs suffered through and for him. He sees and *feels* the torture of the fallen millions, who die after long hours of terrible mental and physical agony ; who expire in forest and plain, in stagnant ditches by the road-side, in pools of blood under a sky made black with smoke. His eyes are once more rivetted to the torrents of blood, every drop of which represents a tear of despair, a heart-rent cry, a life-long sorrow. He hears again the thrilling sighs of desolation, and the shrill cries ringing through mount, forest and valley. He sees the old mothers who have lost the light of their souls ; families, the hand that fed them. He beholds widowed young wives thrown on the wide, cold world, and beggared orphans wailing in the streets by the thousands. He finds the young daughters of his bravest old soldiers exchanging their mourning garments for the gaudy frippery of prostitution, and the Soul-Ego shudders in the sleeping Form. . . . His heart is rent by the groans of the famished ; his eyes blinded by the smoke of burning hamlets, of homes destroyed, of towns and cities in smouldering ruins. . . .

And in his terrible dream, he remembers that moment of insanity in his soldier's life, when standing over a heap of the dead and the dying, waving in his right hand a naked sword red to its hilt with smoking blood, and in his left, the colours rent from the hand of the warrior expiring at his feet, he had sent in a stentorian voice praises to the throne of the Almighty, thanksgiving for the victory just obtained ! . . .

He starts in his sleep and awakes in horror. A great shudder shakes his frame like an aspen leaf, and sinking back on his pillows, sick at the recollection, he hears a voice—the voice of the Soul-Ego—saying in him :—

“Fame and victory are vainglorious words. . . . Thanksgiving and prayers for lives destroyed—wicked lies and blasphemy !” . . . .

“What have they brought thee or to thy fatherland, those bloody victories !” . . . . whispers the Soul in him. “A population clad in iron armour,” it replies. “Two score millions of men dead now to all spiritual aspiration and Soul-life. A people, henceforth deaf to the peaceful voice of the honest citizen's duty, averse to a life of peace, blind to the arts and literature, indifferent to all but lucre and ambition. What is thy future Kingdom, now ? A legion of war-puppets as units, a great wild beast in their collectivity. A beast that, like the sea yonder, slumbers gloomily now, but to fall with the more fury on the first enemy that is indicated to it. Indicated, by whom ? It is as though a heartless, proud Fiend, assuming sudden authority, incarnate Ambition and Power, had clutched with iron hand the minds of a whole country. By what wicked enchantment has he brought the people back to those primeval days of the nation when their ancestors, the yellow-haired Suevi, and the treacherous Franks roamed about in their warlike spirit,

thirsting to kill, to decimate and subject each other. By what infernal powers has this been accomplished? Yet the transformation has been produced and it is as undeniable as the fact that alone the Fiend rejoices and boasts of the transformation effected. The whole world is hushed in breathless expectation. Not a wife or mother, but is haunted in her dreams by the black and ominous storm-cloud that overhangs the whole of Europe. The cloud is approaching. . . . It comes nearer and nearer. . . . Oh woe and horror! . . . I foresee once more for earth the suffering I have already witnessed. I read the fatal destiny upon the brow of the flower of Europe's youth! But if I live and have the power, never, oh never shall my country take part in it again! No, no, I will not see—

'The glutton death gorged with devouring lives. . . .'

"I will not hear—

' . . . . . robb'd mothers' shrieks

While from men's piteous wounds and horrid gashes

'The lab'ring life flows faster than the blood!' . . . ."

#### IX.

Firmer and firmer grows in the Soul-Ego the feeling of intense hatred for the terrible butchery called war; deeper and deeper does it impress its thoughts upon the Form that holds it captive. Hope awakens at times in the aching breast and colours the long hours of solitude and meditation; like the morning ray that dispels the dusky shades of shadowy despondency, it lightens the long hours of lonely thought. But as the rainbow is not always the dispeller of the storm-clouds but often only a refraction of the setting sun on a passing cloud, so the moments of dreamy hope are generally followed by hours of still blacker despair. Why, oh why, thou mocking Nemesis, hast thou thus purified and enlightened, among all the sovereigns on this earth, him, whom thou hast made helpless, speechless and powerless? Why hast thou kindled the flame of holy brotherly love for man in the breast of one whose heart already feels the approach of the icy hand of death and decay, whose strength is steadily deserting him and whose very life is melting away like foam on the crest of a breaking wave?

And now the hand of Fate is upon the couch of pain. The hour for the fulfilment of nature's law has struck at last. The old Sire is no more; the younger man is henceforth a monarch. Voiceless and helpless, he is nevertheless a potentate, the autocratic master of millions of subjects. Cruel Fate has erected a throne for him over an open grave, and beckons him to glory and to power. Devoured by suffering, he finds himself suddenly crowned. The wasted Form is snatched from its warm nest amid the palm groves and the roses; it is whirled from balmy south to the frozen north, where waters harden into crystal groves and "waves on waves in solid mountains rise;" whither he now speeds to reign and—speeds to die.

## X.

Onward, onward rushes the black, fire-vomiting monster, devised by man to partially conquer Space and Time. Onward, and further with every moment from the health-giving, balmy South flies the train. Like the Dragon of the Fiery Head, it devours distance and leaves behind it a long trail of smoke, sparks and stench. And as its long, tortuous, flexible body, wriggling and hissing like a gigantic dark reptile, glides swiftly, crossing mountain and moor, forest, tunnel and plain, its swinging monotonous motion lulls the worn-out occupant, the weary and heart-sore Form, to sleep. . . .

In the moving palace the air is warm and balmy. The luxurious vehicle is full of exotic plants; and from a large cluster of sweet-smelling flowers arises together with its scent the fairy Queen of dreams, followed by her band of joyous elves. The Dryads laugh in their leafy bowers as the train glides by, and send floating upon the breeze dreams of green solitudes and fairy visions. The rumbling noise of wheels is gradually transformed into the roar of a distant waterfall, to subside into the silvery trills of a crystalline brook. The Soul-Ego takes its flight into Dreamland. . . .

It travels through æons of time, and lives, and feels, and breathes under the most contrasted forms and personages. It is now a giant, a Yotun, who rushes into Muspelheim, where Surtur rules with his flaming sword.

It battles fearlessly against a host of monstrous animals, and puts them to flight with a single wave of its mighty hand. Then it sees itself in the Northern Mistworld, it penetrates under the guise of a brave Bowman into Helheim, the Kingdom of the Dead, where a Black-Elf reveals to him a series of its lives and their mysterious concatenation. "Why does man suffer?" enquires the Soul-Ego. "Because he would become one," is the mocking answer. Forthwith, the Soul-Ego stands in the presence of the holy goddess, Saga. She sings to it of the valorous deeds of the Germanic heroes, of their virtues and their vices. She shows the soul the mighty warriors fallen by the hands of many of its past Forms, on battlefield, as also in the sacred security of home. It sees itself under the personages of maidens, and of women, of young and old men, and of children. . . . It feels itself dying more than once in those forms. It expires as a hero-Spirit, and is led by the pitying Walkyries from the bloody battlefield back to the abode of Bliss under the shining foliage of Walhalla. It heaves its last sigh in another form, and is hurled on to the cold, hopeless plane of remorse. It closes its innocent eyes in its last sleep, as an infant, and is forthwith carried along by the beautiful Elves of Light into another body—the doomed generator of Pain and Suffering. In each case the mists of death are dispersed, and pass from the eyes of the Soul-Ego, no sooner does it

cross the Black Abyss that separates the Kingdom of the Living from the Realm of the Dead. Thus "Death" becomes but a meaningless word for it, a vain sound. In every instance the beliefs of the Mortal take objective life and shape for the Immortal, as soon as it spans the Bridge. Then they begin to fade, and disappear. . . .

"What is my Past?" enquires the Soul-Ego of Urd, the eldest of the Norn sisters. "Why do I suffer?"

A long parchment is unrolled in her hand, and reveals a long series of mortal beings, in each of whom the Soul-Ego recognises one of its dwellings. When it comes to the last but one, it sees a blood-stained hand doing endless deeds of cruelty and treachery, and it shudders. . . . . Guileless victims arise around it, and cry to Orlog for vengeance.

"What is my immediate Present?" asks the dismayed Soul of Werdandi, the second sister.

"The decree of Orlog is on thyself!" is the answer. "But Orlog does not pronounce them blindly, as foolish mortals have it."

"What is my Future?" asks despairingly of Skuld, the third Norn Sister, the Soul-Ego. "Is it to be for ever dark with tears, and bereaved of Hope?" . . .

No answer is received. But the Dreamer feels whirled through space, and suddenly the scene changes. The Soul-Ego finds itself on a, to it, long familiar spot, the royal bower, and the seat opposite the broken palm-tree. Before it stretches, as formerly, the vast blue expanse of waters, glassing the rocks and cliffs; there, too, is the lonely palm, doomed to quick disappearance. The soft mellow voice of the incessant ripple of the light waves now assumes human speech, and reminds the Soul-Ego of the vows formed more than once on that spot. And the Dreamer repeats with enthusiasm the words pronounced before.

"Never, oh, never shall I, henceforth, sacrifice for vainglorious fame or ambition a single son of my motherland! Our world is so full of unavoidable misery, so poor with joys and bliss, and shall I add to its cup of bitterness the fathomless ocean of woe and blood, called WAR? Avaunt, such thought! . . . Oh, never more. . . ."

## XI.

Strange sight and change. . . . The broken palm which stands before the mental sight of the Soul-Ego suddenly lifts up its drooping trunk and becomes erect and verdant as before. Still greater bliss, the Soul-Ego finds *himself* as strong and as healthy as he ever was. In a stentorian voice he sings to the four winds a loud and a joyous song. He feels a wave of joy and bliss in him, and seems to know why he is happy.

He is suddenly transported into what looks a fairy-like Hall, lit with most glowing lights and built of materials, the like of which he had never seen before. He perceives the heirs and descendants of all the monarchs of the globe gathered in that Hall in one happy family. They wear no

longer the insignia of royalty, but, *as he seems to know*, those who are the reigning Princes, reign by virtue of their personal merits. It is the greatness of heart, the nobility of character, their superior qualities of observation, wisdom, love of Truth and Justice, that have raised them to the dignity of heirs to the Thrones, of Kings and Queens. The crowns, by authority and the grace of God, have been thrown off, and they now rule by "the grace of divine humanity," chosen unanimously by recognition of their fitness to rule, and the reverential love of their voluntary subjects.

All around seems strangely changed. Ambition, grasping greediness or envy—miscalled *Patriotism*—exist no longer. Cruel selfishness has made room for just altruism, and cold indifference to the wants of the millions no longer finds favour in the sight of the favoured few. Useless luxury, sham pretences—social and religious—all has disappeared. No more wars are possible, for the armies are abolished. Soldiers have turned into diligent, hard-working tillers of the ground, and the whole globe echoes his song in rapturous joy. Kingdoms and countries around him live like brothers. The great, the glorious hour has come at last! That which he hardly dared to hope and think about in the stillness of his long, suffering nights, is now realized. The great curse is taken off, and the world stands absolved and redeemed in its regeneration! . . .

Trembling with rapturous feelings, his heart overflowing with love and philanthropy, he rises to pour out a fiery speech that would become historic, when suddenly he finds his body gone, or, rather, it is replaced by another body . . . Yes, it is no longer the tall, noble Form with which he is familiar, but the body of somebody else, of whom he as yet knows nothing. . . . Something dark comes between him and a great dazzling light, and he sees the shadow of the face of a gigantic timepiece on the ethereal waves. On its ominous dial he reads:

"NEW ERA : 970,995 YEARS SINCE THE INSTANTANEOUS DESTRUCTION BY PNEUMO-DYNO-VRIL OF THE LAST 2,000,000 OF SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD, ON THE WESTERN PORTION OF THE GLOBE. 971,000 SOLAR YEARS SINCE THE SUBMERSION OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENTS AND ISLES. SUCH ARE THE DECREE OF ORLOG AND THE ANSWER OF SKULD. . . ."

He makes a strong effort and—is himself again. Prompted by the Soul-Ego to REMEMBER and ACT in conformity, he lifts his arms to Heaven and swears in the face of all nature to preserve peace to the end of his days—in his own country, at least.

A distant beating of drums and long cries of what he fancies in his dream are the rapturous thanksgivings, for the pledge just taken. An abrupt shock, loud clatter, and, as the eyes open, the Soul-Ego looks out through them in amazement. The heavy gaze meets the respectful and solemn face of the physician offering the usual draught. The train stops. He rises from his couch weaker and wearier than ever, to see around him endless lines of troops armed with a new and yet more murderous weapon of destruction—ready for the battlefield.

SANJNA.

## LOUIS DRAMARD.

**T**HROUGH the recent death of LOUIS DRAMARD, the President of L'ISIS, the French Branch of the Theosophical Society, the movement in that country loses one of its most devoted and self-sacrificing supporters. In the full sense of the word he was a true Theosophist, and the deep respect and affection which he inspired in all who were brought in contact with him, were as much a tribute to the nobility of his character and the self-devotion of his life, as to the great intellectual gifts with which he was endowed.

Ill health prevented him from ever visiting England, so that he remained but little known to the general body of Theosophists in London. For this reason the following extracts, translated from a brief biography of Dramard by his old friend M. Benoit Malon, will probably be of interest to our readers, and convey to them an impartial view of his connection with Theosophy.

M. Malon is a well-known and self-sacrificing member of the working men's party in Paris. From this point we quote from his *brochure*.

---

“The greedy hand of death almost always snatches away whatever is best on earth, while the vilest things accomplish their destiny.” These words of the ancient poet came back to my memory when, on March 15th, a telegram informed me that we had lost, in the person of Louis Dramard one of the principal founders of the *Revue Socialiste*, one of its most eminent contributors and one of the most distinguished and dearest of our friends.

The cruel disease which carried him off, at the age of 39,\* had been undermining his health for more than 15 years, leaving him no hope of recovery. But such was the nature of the man whose loss we deplore, that the fatal and torturing disease, instead of darkening his mind and drying up his sympathies, could only exalt the gifts of intellect and heart which were his. Under the bitter teaching of suffering, he became the refined thinker, the kind, just, and generous man, the devoted friend, the valiant socialist we have known. He was thus the living demonstration of D'Alembert's noble thought, that suffering, in the gifted, enlarges and ennobles the soul.

A man truly worthy of the name knows, without needing to read it in the Iliad or in the Bible, that “life is bitter and full of tears,” that “every creature groans,” that consequently everyone has his burden which must be courageously borne. He knows too, that life is nothing, unless consecrated to personal improvement and the accomplishment of social duty; and that, according to a

\* Louis Dramard was born at Paris, Rue de Provence, on December 2nd, 1848.

powerful saying of Strauss,\* he alone is to be reckoned in reality among human beings who, in his sphere, whether great or small, has toiled according to his strength to bring about a just condition of things, and has been enlightened, good and useful.

This is the reason why, under the pressure of physical illness, of a torn and bleeding heart, of mental and bodily fatigue—content if he but had bread and a roof, dear ones who loved him, the possibility of not being useless to his fellows, and of working at the holy task of the moral and social renovation of humanity—he could, nevertheless, number himself among the happy. He would have blushed to think of his own troubles, in face of the immense veil of suffering which the cruel nature of things has spread over human life and still more even over life universal. He employed all his remaining strength to combat the evil and the suffering around him, to create for himself an altruistic rule of conduct, and he found in the fulfilment of his duties, and in spite of adversity, the austere consolation that comes to the good and the strong.

Such was Dramard; resigned to the inevitable and ever devoted to the common good. Under all circumstances he sought always duty, as others seek happiness. Thus, when illness forced him to spend one half of his life in Algeria, he at once concerned himself to ascertain what good could be done on African soil, and he did not err. He constituted himself, before public opinion, advocate for the natives; he claimed for them first, justice, and then, gradual emancipation. This cost him many a bitter hour, many a calumny; but his protest was not entirely fruitless, for, thanks to him, crying evils have been unveiled, and the right of the Algerian Arabs and Berbers to political freedom, has been formulated: it will have its day.

Dramard did not rest content with this generous advocacy in favour of the natives. The great social problem always occupied the first place in his mind; and as with this fanatic of duty the action ever followed the thought, he planted militant socialism in Algiers by creating there the first "*Cercle d'Etudes Sociales*." The group of men thus brought together by Dramard, who at the same time endeavoured to re-organise the "*Workmen's Syndicates*," has been the nucleus of the Working Men's Party in Algeria, which has subsequently assumed such large proportions, notably in the town of Algiers. . . .

But as I was about to sketch the life, too short and entirely inward, of this man of intellect and justice, I received from his family the oration pronounced over his tomb by Dr. Moreau, for sixteen years the friend and medical attendant of Louis Dramard, with a request for its insertion.

[Dr. Moreau traces briefly the course of M. Dramard's life, which, interesting as it would be to the reader, the unavoidable limitations of space prevent our reproducing in LUCIFER. But some years before the close of his life, M. Dramard became actively connected with the Theosophical movement, and we shall now translate the concluding passages of Dr. Moreau's address as quoted by M. Malon.]

. . . . Towards the close of his life, already undermined by the cruel disease

\* "Essays in Religious History," &c., by D. F. Strauss.



to which he was destined to succumb, Louis Dramard devoted himself to a new class of studies ; he joined the *Theosophical Society*.

He had, indeed, penetrated to some extent the sanctuary of the ancient traditions and civilisations of India. He returned thence marvelling. He plunged into these subjects anew, and brought to the study of the sciences called occult, called mysterious, of which contemporary hypnotism lifts one corner of the veil, his scientific and vigorous mind, as his articles on the "Esoteric Doctrine" prove.

Here, as always, he obeyed the dual impulse of which I have spoken, hatred of oppression, love of the oppressed. He took the side of the independent workers against the Positivists *à l'outrance* who, setting themselves up as a Church, anathematise everything which does not bear the stamp of official science, and who treat searchers as charlatans.

I will not follow Dramard into this new phase of his philosophical ideas. I am not sufficiently competent to do so. What I know is, that these ideas brought to his mind a great calm ; he watched the approach of death with perfect tranquillity, and he died, as he wished to, very gently. And little by little, as he approached the end, his vigorous hatred against the oppressor lost its bitterness and his sympathy for the oppressed gained in intensity. A great example has been left us by this true republican socialist."

M. Malon then traces the history of Louis Dramard's activity and literary labours in the cause of Socialism; after which he continues :

"Dramard's mind, however, was not entirely satisfied. He was one of those men of whom Littré has said, that 'rejecting the theological conception of the world as irreconcilable with positive knowledge, they endeavour to create for themselves a faith which shall be in harmony with the real circumstances of humanity.' \*

"Starting from this principle that our judgments as well as our actions cannot dispense with a conception of some mode and some rule of conduct, he was far from saying with this same Littré : 'Boundless space, the endless concatenation of causes, is absolutely inaccessible to the human mind, but inaccessible does not imply null or non-existent. Immensity, natural as much as intellectual, is bound by a close tie to our knowledge, and only becomes a positive idea of the same order in virtue of this alliance ; I mean that in touching and approaching them, this immensity appears in dual character, the real and the inaccessible. It is an ocean which beats upon our shore, and for which we have neither boat nor sail, but of which the clear vision is as salutary as it is awe-inspiring.'"

This clear vision Dramard thought he had found in Hindu esotericism, which has recently become known in the West under the name of *Theosophy*.

The fact of the adhesion of Louis Dramard to the Theosophical Society is a fact too important in his life to permit us to abstain from entering into some detail concerning it ; and one cannot do better in the first instance, than reproduce, on this subject, a letter from our regretted friend to Mme. Camille

\* Littré, *la Philosophie Positive*, Sept.-Oct., 1879.

Lemaître ; \* one of those rare letters in which this thinker, who united to an exquisite delicacy the very greatest modesty, spoke a little about himself. We quote :

“Let us insist on the necessity for Theosophists of battling bravely for truth on the objective plane of existence where they find themselves placed by the Cosmic law ; the perfecting of their souls even ought to be subordinated to the fulfilment of their duty on earth. The chief commandment of the doctrine is: the rigorous fulfilment of duty on the field where one is placed. The teachers write from India to the European theosophists that : if they cease to interest themselves in human affairs, in the social and religious questions so important at the present moment, if they form little chapels for their own isolated development towards perfection, their work is doomed to nothingness.”

“Duty, then, that is to say solidarity, before all else. Moreover, we only become fit to rise in the psychic scale in direct proportion to our renunciation of Self.”

“Such an one, who spends all his time in the work of self-perfection, thinking only of himself, makes not one single step in advance ; he is fortunate if he does not go backwards, for the esoteric doctrine teaches us, contrary to the Catholic dogma, that the ‘salvation’ or moral elevation of one’s neighbour, of one’s relations, and friends, of our brethren of the lower kingdoms, that the progress of the universe, in one word, ought to be our chief motive.

“Moreover, it is our interest to act thus, for we can advance only when carried onwards by humanity to which we belong.

“On the other hand, circumstances apparently fortuitous assist the effort if one is fulfilling his duty, more or less well, but disinterestedly.

“I shall allow myself to cite here my own example, though it is but little remarkable in this respect.

“I was disabused of the Catholic teachings and ardently desirous of truth for its own sake. All the philosophical systems passed under my eyes ; none satisfied me.

“I stopped at simple materialism, in spite of its small value, because it offered me at least a positive criterium : observation, experiment.

“I was not, however, the dupe of the inconsistencies of this system, the moment it passes from analysis to synthesis, and I perceived very clearly that the materialists, as touching, for instance, the future life, were as dogmatic in their denials as the metaphysicians in their affirmation, and were altogether outside of the famous criterion which they employed to demolish the theories opposed to them, but carefully put on one side in order to build up the materialistic theories.

“Nevertheless, I remained a materialist ; for want of anything better, I deduced, from the law of the universal attraction of atoms, the solidarity of all

“Madame Camille Lemaître, the co-religionary, and to some extent the disciple of Dramard, sends us this extract in a letter full of feeling, in which our departed friend is spoken of with an eloquence inspired by a sympathy and an admiration which he fully deserved. We regret extremely to be unable, owing to want of space, to reproduce this touching tribute to our valued friend.”  
—[B. MALON.]

that lives, in direct proportion to the resemblance of the forms, and in theory as in practice, I was a socialist, that is to say that I admitted for all men the equality of the goal to be attained, and the obligation to mutually assist each other.

"Now, during this period, and even previously, when I was struggling against Catholic obscurantism, in spite of my best reasonings, a fixed idea kept on returning to me without cessation, and always more imperious and more precise:—*There must certainly exist one Universal Truth, comprehensible to each one according to his intellectual capacity, and that Truth you shall one day know.*

"The more I shrugged my shoulders, the more I piled up my materialistic syllogisms, the stronger grew this idea and the more did it take form; and always this truth exists, not only above man, but in humanity itself; a few sages are its depositories, transmitting from one to another from generation to generation—one day thou shalt know it.

"Impossible to banish this idea which I considered foolish and fantastic.

"Once, by chance, I read 'Zanoni' by Bulwer Lytton, the meaning of which struck me, apart from the fictions required by the needs of romance.

"Thou wilt have a similar adventure, my fixed idea kept repeating to me, and at this moment my incredulity began to be shaken.

"At last I read Edgar Poe's 'Eureka,' and this admirable poem made me understand the great lines of universal evolution on the objective plane (the only one for me at the time).

"Still one Truth, even limited, virtually contains all the others, and cosmic evolution contains the idea of the One, its beginning and its end.

"I marvelled, and then it was that I formed the project of publishing in the *Revue Socialiste* an article on Cosmogony according to Edgar Poe, with the purpose of connecting scientifically to the primordial cosmic laws the idea of universal solidarity and progress, through ever-increasing union with the Universe as a basis of human morality.

"I propose to follow out the consequences of the cosmic law from the point of view of geology and biology up to man, and Malon was to complete the work from the historical and philosophic aspect.

"This led him to study all the religions, all the schools and sects of philosophy, ancient and modern, in their relation to morality. (The result he arrived at was that the moral development always advances in proportion to the social development, *i.e.*, to the degree of solidarity.)

"Now this work led Malon to study the theories of the ancient theosophists and occultists. He was keenly interested.

"Pushing his researches still further, he learnt that there existed in Paris a group recently founded. He communicated to me his discovery.

"I had a presentiment then that I had reached an important phase of my life, and that my fixed idea was about to find a beginning of its realisation; and I was not mistaken."

And Dramard did become an adherent of Theosophy.\*

\* "My own philosophic convictions did not permit me to follow Dramard in this instance. I have remained for the Theosophists one of the profane, being unable to accept their cosmogony, but one who attaches the greatest importance to their ethical philosophy, which is, moreover, in accord with that of the greatest and most human moralists of all ages and to which I have done full justice in my *Social Morality.*"

After stating in a few words the objects of the Theosophical Society, too well known to need repetition here, M. Malon continues:—

Dramard was not over fond of the name "Theosophy" which gives a false semblance of Deism to the new doctrine, which is, in truth, an idealistic pantheism; he preferred the name of "*Esoteric Synthesis*," or even the still simpler one of "*Esotericism*." \*

In his view, *Esotericism* contains one fundamental cosmic principle and three important laws which western science has equally verified:—

"The Cosmic principle is that of the *Unity*, original and final, of the Universe, from which is derived the law of gravitation and consequently all the cosmic laws which rule all things. The knowledge of this principle saves humanity from the enervating doubt as to the origin and object of the Universe, a doubt which continually threw back the fearful minded into the arms of superstition. Henceforward, if the teaching is based on the pregnant principle of the *Unity*, Science will wrest from the so-called revealed religions the last weapon left to them, and will conquer the moral guidance of men, as it has already conquered their intellectual guidance, and will anew reign over our planet.

"The three important laws derived from the cosmic principle of the *Unity* are:—

"1st. *The law of universal causation*, by which all phenomena, all manifestations of the cosmic principle are linked together, and mutually determine each other, with strict rigour. Once thoroughly grasped, this law for ever frees humanity from superstition and sterile scepticism, because it excludes equally every extra-cosmic intervention, whether of an imaginary being, or of chance. It teaches, moreover, to man that all causes, all effects, all laws, are reciprocally linked together up to the original, final and absolute principle of all things; man can and he ought, by toil, to elevate himself progressively towards absolute knowledge and power. Finally the law of inevitable and infinite progress follows from the principle of *Unity* and the law of causation.

"2nd. *The law of Universal Solidarity* which follows from the principle of *Unity* and the preceding law, as can be demonstrated mathematically. This law teaches men that they are intimately linked to all things that exist, as well in the present as in their previous causes, and in their future effects, and that this solidarity between all beings increases in the direct ratio of their nearness to each other.

"From the most distant nebulae to the nearest planets, from the mineral or vegetable categories to the animal kingdom, from the lowest insect up to the least advanced of savages, from the foreigner to the compatriot, from the neighbour to the friend or relation, the solidarity between the beings born of the *Unity* increases in the inverse ratio of the square of the distances separating them. Mathematical science, cold and infallible, would permit to an adept, sufficiently advanced, to calculate the sum of the evils which are engendered

\* The principal works of M. Dramard on Esotericism are the following: "La Doctrine ésotérique" (*Revue Socialiste*, August 15th and September 15th, 1885), "La Science occulte" (*Revue Moderne*, May 1st and 15th, June 1st, July 15th and 20th, 1885), "La Synarchie" (*Revue Socialiste*, December 15th, 1887). With the exception of the last, these studies have been published in pamphlet form by the administration of *Le Lotus*: Directeur, Gaboriau, 22, rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, Paris.

for themselves respectively by the despot who oppresses his fellow-men, by the egotist who exploits them, and even by the indifferent man who neglects to succour them.

“3rd. *The law of Karma*, which proceeds from the two previous laws, and demonstrates that man, physical, moral, and intellectual, is modified, transformed, created, by causes resulting from his action upon the surroundings through which he passes. As, on the other hand, he is constantly acting upon this environment, it may be asserted that this environment is almost exclusively the product of his thoughts, his words, his actions, and that he is maker of his own destiny.”

This extract will suffice, if not to give an idea of *Esotericism*, at least to show us what a philosophical and synthetic mind was Dramard's.

A thinker of such power, who had at his service a style uneven, but clear and incisive, would have become, assuredly, one of our best writers on social philosophy, one of our most suggestive moralists, if his unrelenting malady had permitted him to unfold his powers, and if death had not so soon borne him away from our affection, and from the sacred cause of human renovation.

But if he has been struck down in the midst of his labours, at the moment when his thought had enfolded itself in all its power, and when his moral qualities had reached their full brilliancy; if he leaves, alas! his wheat-sheaf unfinished, yet his short passage will not have been useless. He leaves behind him a track luminous with purity, with justice and with goodness, the example of which will not be lost.

All who knew him, esteemed him; all who approached, regret him; as for those he loved and who loved him, they preserve, and will preserve to their last day, a profound and unchangeable memory of love and admiration for one who, climbing the shining summits of duty and drawing inspiration from the *universal sympathy* of Schopenhauer, constantly followed the precept of Goethe: *Improve thyself*, and that of Auguste Comte: *Live for others*.

His death was that of Lafontaine's sage; he passed away so softly that in his last moments and after his last sigh “he seemed to sleep an angel's sleep,” as his good and worthy wife informs us. No remorse troubled, nor could it trouble, his last moments: he had lived only to do good; never had he committed a base or an unjust action; he was in the full force of the term, a man—pure, just, unselfish, a man of personal and social virtues, a hero of duty.

May his example sustain us in the terrible and interminable struggle we are carrying on, in these dark and troublous times, in order that more light, more justice, more goodness and happiness may be won for our poor Humanity!

BENOIT MALON,

8, Rue des Martyrs, Paris.

[Would that many other Theosophists should resemble Louis Dramard! Then, indeed, Theosophy would become a mighty power for good in the world! —Ed.]



## Reviews.

HERR PAULUS.

BY WALTER BESANT.

IT has been said by some writer that those people are the happiest who retain longest their illusions. As youth slips away our beautiful fancies and ideals are apt to vanish also. Heroes descend from their heights and become ordinary human beings; poets, statesmen, generals and priests develop attributes quite open to the criticism of those who come in contact with them in daily life. Mr. Besant, in writing Herr Paulus, has destroyed for us one more illusion, not the one however he probably intended to annihilate.

He obviously wished to make clear to the public the already known fact that there are in the world impostors. This we recognised even before reading the book.

The illusion that has passed away in the dreary task of getting through these three volumes is the belief in Mr. Besant himself. The book is so disingenuous, the want of knowledge of the matters dealt with so glaringly obvious, that all confidence in the author as a writer who makes himself thoroughly master of the facts and theories he expounds is shattered. From this point of view the book for many readers may be described as a "shocker."

To take a generous view of the book we must suppose it was written in the hope of effacing the foolish and injurious belief that so many people nurture in regard to what used to be called the supernatural.

The plan adopted by the author for bringing home to his readers the rottenness of the structure on which they build their hopes is one by no means original in conception and is in its development rather illogical.

Mesmerists and mediums, no matter how genuine their power, are sometimes also cheats and liars. Mr. Besant goes even farther than this, and implies that every one who is in any way connected with occult research must be, if not an active impostor, at all events a conscious hypocrite. Mesmerism as a fact in nature is admitted, the genuine exercise of the force is made to appear charlatanry.

The central figure and hero of the book is represented as being at the same time a real mesmerist whose powers might have thrown Mesmer himself into the shade, a conjuror equal to the very best known artists of the day, *and* a trickster. The mesmeric power (which the reader is assured is genuine) thus backed up is made to produce wonders and miracles which, we may mention *en passant*, neither mesmerism, conjuring nor imposition, separately or in combination could possibly have brought about. The sceptic of the novel, who sets himself to watch, find out and expose Herr Paulus, asserts his firm belief in mesmerism, and says, in speaking of the so-called miracles that are performed in his presence,

that, admitting the man to be a mesmerist, everything he does may be explained with the aid of trickery and sleight of hand.

In the same way it may be supposed that the phenomena of spiritualism, including slate writing and the passing of matter through matter, can easily be explained, provided there is present a *real* medium, who is also a conjuror and impostor.

On the strength of this happy idea the sceptic arranges upon the roof of the house a remarkable and impossible apparatus, which he dignifies by the name of camera obscura. It should be mentioned that the sceptic is by way of being a student and devotee of physical science. This young man may have a perfect knowledge, theoretical and practical, of the system of mirrors and lenses necessary to the reproduction of a picture which does not lie immediately in front of the camera. If so, Mr. Besant, in describing this apparatus, either fails to express his meaning, or else he betrays in this instance, as in so many others, the ugly fact that he has contented himself with using the vaguest and most untrustworthy sources of information in order to give credibility to the incidents of the story, without taking any trouble to ascertain whether they were, or were not, reliable.

One of the most curious facts in connection with mesmerism is the influence that the operator has over his sensitive. He can not only render the physical body impervious to pain, but what is much more important he has entire control of his mind and soul, which, for the time, are in absolute subjection to the mesmerist's will. This power Herr Paulus, according to Mr. Besant's description, has in a very complete degree, and yet eventually he is made to confess, and even to believe himself a thorough-going impostor, because he mixed up trickery with his real power. This was, of course, an ignoble and dishonest part for any man to play, and cannot be too strongly condemned. At the same time, it should be remembered that mesmerism, no matter how much degraded, when adopted and made use of by charlatans, remains a standing and unexplained fact. It cannot be much longer disregarded by science, neither can it be disproved by such means as these adopted by Mr. Besant.

It would be just as logical to cast ridicule and discredit on any branch of physical science when such are occasionally used to aid an illusion on the stage as to infer that the phenomena of spiritualism or mesmerism are all false because mediums sometimes cheat, and charlatans live upon the credulity of the majority, who it has been very well said are mostly fools. This is exactly what the author does in Herr Paulus. He accepts or implies that there is a basis of truth underlying the superstructure of imposition in occultism. At the same time he concerns himself only with that superstructure, using it to cast ridicule and disgrace upon the foundation of truth, the existence of which he does not deny. The disingenuousness of the book is not unfortunately the worst of its numerous faults. Its leading characteristic for people who have any grasp or comprehension of the questions raised, will be the singular absence of accurate information displayed in every department of the subjects which are brought upon the scene. Mr. Besant apparently knows no more of conjuring, its possibilities and limitations, than he does of mesmerism; and he seems to be as far from understanding the principle or capabilities of the working powers of

a camera obscura as he is of realising or dimly perceiving the first rudiments of occult philosophy. Students of the latter believe that all pain, misery, sin and wickedness are the result of ignorance. The characters depicted in this book are excellent illustrations of this idea. Moreover, the novel itself is a standing testimony to the same theory, for if the writer of it had had a small amount of that wisdom that deters men from folly, he would never have sent Herr Paulus into the world. Apart from its incorrectness it is too dull as a story to add to Mr. Besant's reputation as a clever novelist, while it is more than likely to efface in many minds belief in the *bona fides* of some of the best of his former books.

We cannot help contrasting with the tone adopted by Mr. Besant that of another opponent of Theosophy and Occultism, Sir Monier Williams,\* Boden Professor of Sanskrit at Oxford. In an address read before the "Victoria Institute," on June 4th, 1888, under the title of "Mystical Buddhism, in connexion with the Yoga Philosophy of the Hindus," he says :

"It is worth noting that many believers in Asiatic occultism hold that a hitherto unsuspected force exists in Nature, called Odic force (is this to be connected with Psychic force?), and that it is by this that the levitation of entranced persons is effected. Some are said to have the power of lightening their bodies by swallowing large draughts of air. The President of the Theosophical Society, Colonel Olcott, alleges that he himself, in common with many other observers, has seen a person raised in the air by a mere effort of will. . . .

". . . It is contended, that 'since we have attained, in the last half century, the theory of evolution, the antiquity of Man, the far greater antiquity of the world itself, the correlation of physical forces, the conservation of energy, spectrum analysis, photography, the locomotive engine, electric telegraph, spectroscope, electric light, and the telephone, who shall dare to fix a limit to the capacity of Man?' † Few will be disposed to deny altogether the truth of such a contention, however much they may dissent from Colonel Olcott's theosophical and neo-Buddhist views. . . .

"Nevertheless, it (Asiatic occultism) seems to me to be a subject which ought not to be brushed aside by our scientists as unworthy of consideration. It furnishes, in my opinion, a highly interesting topic of enquiry, especially in its bearing on the so-called 'Spiritualism,' 'neo-Buddhism,' and 'Theosophy,' of the present day. The practices connected with mesmerism, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, thought-reading, &c., have their counterparts in the Yoga system prevalent in India more than 2,000 years ago. 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.'"

It thus appears that Sir M. Williams takes a broader view of these subjects than does Mr. Besant, whose book, however, can only mislead people whose knowledge of occultism is as shallow as his own.

\* In the course of his address, Sir M. Williams refers to Dayan and Saraswati, the founder of the Arya-Samaj, and gives some details of his life, which seem to be derived from the autobiographical sketch, prepared by himself, which appeared in the *Theosophist* for 1880. We are not aware that these details were ever given elsewhere.

† Colonel Olcott's *Lectures on Theosophy and Archaic Religions*, p. 109.



## SHEYKH HASSAN, THE SPIRITUALIST.\*

**M**R. HILLAM presents to us a very peculiar book. It bears very evident mark that the author is more at home among the facts which he endeavours to weave into the form of a narrative than he is in the literary labour of book-making. The result is that he has written a story full of most interesting information, but which is told in such a dry manner that the reader has brought home to him the creaking of the machinery by which the puppets are moved. But this only adds, in a way, to the intrinsic value of the story. One feels that the author records recollections and facts, scorning to supplement them with additions of mere fiction.

We are introduced by the narrator to three Sheykh-in-chief. Sheykh Moosa is shown as the learned chief of a Theological college, so far as learning and knowledge of legend and scripture are concerned, he is regarded as a master. But he is honest enough to confess that there is such a thing as "the 'Ilm E' Rohanee," the knowledge of the spiritual power, but that he himself knows nothing of it. Then there is Sheykh Kasem, who is apparently only an ordinary specimen of a "medium," such as many of the "Darweesh" often are. However, he, unlike many of the "mediums" in the West, although he invariably pockets the money necessary to purchase incense and other things for the ceremonies, is unable at all times to produce his "wonders." Finally we come to Sheykh Hassan, and his character must be judged by the reader who follows the story.

This Sheykh Hassan finally consents, on the introduction of Sheykh Moosa, to show to the narrator some of the powers of the *Rohanee*; but before he can be present at the "adjuration," he has to undergo a three days' preparation. This consists of meditation on self-control, and the acquisition and preservation of this last during that period.

The test to which he is subjected is that, at the midnight hour of the three days, there comes upon him the thrill of dread which comes upon all at their first introduction to the consciousness of the unseen world. To this is added the perception of Beings who endeavour to daunt the aspirant by threats and warnings. These, however, he has sufficient courage to disregard, and by invocation "of the All-knowing," the vision is dispelled. Sheykh Hassan, on learning that he has succeeded in this first test of his self-control, then proceeds to inform his pupil as to the nature of "the 'Ilm E' Rohanee." This explanation also gives the rationale of the method of testing, and reason why the aspirant is tested.

"The 'Ilm E' Rohanee," said Sheykh Hassan, "is the knowledge and possession of a spiritual power, by which the person endowed with it is able to see and to understand some of the mysteries of the unseen world. He is also able, by its power, to have a real and personal communication with the spirits in this existing, though hidden world, such spirits who are created beings and who have a real individual existence, spirits both good and evil, and who are entirely distinct from the souls of departed human beings. . . ."

"The Rohanee, or the Spiritual, is in no way connected with the art called

\* W. H. Allen & Co., 13, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

E' Sehr, magic or witchcraft, which is of an evil form, and is, in many cases, a pretended power, but which certain people claim to have, and for sordid purposes profess to use, in order to heal the sick, or find treasures, or to raise the spirits of the departed. All this is false, and is used to deceive the superstitious and the ignorant."

"The 'Ilm, or Knowledge, of the Rohanee, is composed of two divisions.—the *Ilwee*, or Heavenly; the *Suflee*, or the Earthly. The *Ilwee* confers the privilege of personal communication with those angels and good spirits who have the care of human beings, both living and departed, entrusted to them. . . ."

"The *Suflee*, or earthly, gives the power of communication with, and a certain amount of control over, some of these evil spirits who, through rebellion, have separated themselves from the good angels, and having placed themselves under the leadership of the chief rebel *Ibles*" . . . . "have been driven from the abodes of bliss, and have made their sojourn in this world

"These spirits have through the subtlety of their chief, acquired a degree of power over man and over the earth which he inhabits; and these evil ones . . . . have knowledge of mysteries, which knowledge those who possess the power of the Rohanee desire to obtain."

"The object of the *Ilm* is to acquaint the one who seeks it with the hidden and spiritual life, to acquaint him, and him alone, with the secrets of the past, to reveal to him the events of the future, the mysteries of things that were before the creation of the world, the mysteries of things that shall be after it has passed away; to allow the soul to begin its education while still unseparated from the body; to explain the real individual and distinct life of the soul during its union with the body, and of the life that awaits it after its severance therefrom, and of the unending life after it has again been united to the body; to teach him to understand that it is the soul which lives and grows, but its existence is unbounded, unhampered by time and space. It is the knowledge that gradually, even while it grows and develops, raises the veil from before one's view, that removes the scales from the eyes, and that opens a vista into the hidden mysteries of the past as well as the future. . . ."

"Part of the knowledge of these secrets must be obtained from these out-cast beings, and is thus called *Suflee*—Earthly. These spirits regard the world as their own, and desire, though that wish is, and ever will be, defeated, to keep mankind in subjection to themselves alone, and to hold back the knowledge of the higher and hidden life; they therefore resist all attempts that men may make to obtain this knowledge, for by it a person who receives it acquires power over these fallen spirits, and they are afraid that by the spreading and development of the knowledge their influence over mankind would diminish and ultimately cease altogether."

Then Sheykh Hassan stated that the only person who obtained the knowledge and was permitted to reveal it was Solomon the son of David. But that Solomon had not finished both books of his revelation and that they were carried off at the time of his death by the evil spirits, a belief and tradition common to Mussulman Mystics and Jewish Kabalists.

"The great object, then, of anyone who has, by knowledge of the Rohanee, a power over these spirits, is to learn the contents of these books."

Sheykh Hassan considered that he would, after obtaining the revelation of the Suflee, be able to "rise to a higher and more extensive knowledge, through the other branch of the 'Ilm of the Rohanee, the Ilwee, or the Heavenly." Also that the power could only be obtained by those who "have dedicated their lives to its search and acquirement, and who have been predestined by the Highest Will to obtain it. To a person so privileged to receive the power of the Rohance, its possession must be his most constant desire and most ardent hope; and by long years of meditation and prayer, by untiring watchfulness and fasting, the body must be forgotten, the earthly subdued; his thoughts must be firmly fixed on the Almighty Power, which he must never cease to invoke. His whole being must be ever imbued with the constant wish, the burning longing, the merging of his entire self into that intense feeling of desire and hope; and this not for one day, or week, or month, but for many long years both by day and by night. Then—and if such be the Written Will, such the predestination—the great Name by which the Power is obtained will be revealed to him. No voice, no sound is heard, but it is shown in characters which leave their imprint on his very soul. . . ."

The views of Sheykh Hassan "the Spiritualist" are expressed clearly in a direction very much opposed to the views of modern "spiritualists."

Readers of LUCIFER who will trouble to compare the articles on "Practical Occultism," and on "Occultism *versus* The Occult Arts," will at once appreciate the good points of the foregoing quotations, and will see also that there is a good deal of the Occult Arts in them. In the description of the Adjurations, this is more plainly brought forward, and the reader is made to see that the rites of the 'Ilm E Rohanee as put forward in this book can only be compared to the Indian Tantrika ceremonies, with the exception that the purposes of the 'Ilm are beneficial while those of the Tantrika are usually the reverse.

The story of Hassan's life is given to enable the reader to observe that Hassan did not make a voluntary sacrifice of his "earthly" life, but was forced by the loss of what he had to realise that it was gone from him. He did not give it up but lost it in a mysterious way. Consequently, when he finally succeeded in summoning the guardian of the past, that guardian ruined Hassan's power of self-control by presenting before him the semblance of the manner in which he had been stripped of all that he had valued on earth. He failed in the trial and then loses his life in a manner which seems to be only a slight and rather "forced" variation on Lytton's "Strange Story." The aspirant for Occultism would do well to ponder on Hassan's words as stated on p. 162, for they contain much that will be valuable not only to him but to all men. The description of the Khilweh or monastery in the desert and of the two years' terrible probation and tortures and five years' training as ghastly afterwards, the whole constituting seven years' probation, will be found of interest to those who desire to learn something of the trials of chelaship. Finally, though we cannot agree with the use of such terms as "the Highest will" and "predestination" "Solomon" &c., we know that these take a prominent place in Mohammedan esotericism, but that the Sufis do not use them. The result is, that we have presented before us a most interesting book, which, unlike many of those so-called "occult" literature of the present day, contains more than a mere flavour of truth, but of *real* occultism. We recommend it thoroughly to our readers, and especially to Theosophists.

## "NEW LIGHT ON OLD TRUTHS."

By I. O. M. T. and M. A. M. T. Sold at Hygienic Dépôt, 23 Oxford Street, London. Price 1s.

THIS little volume is written by two authors who call themselves "Ministers and Servants of the New Dispensation," in one of whom we recognise a clergyman of the Church of England not unknown to us. Its purpose is contained in the sentence on page 6. "Select from each church and from all nations and all ages the things that are good, and beautiful, and true, and when thou hast formed them into one, instil them into the minds of the people for their use." No one interested in Theosophy can deny that this is a high aim and one worthy of adoption.

In the course of about 140 pages but few of these truths can be touched upon; but we may safely recommend this book to our readers as an attempt to throw light upon many of the mysteries of Christian dogma. The authors say: "Abbé Roca and others have spoken in the Roman Church, and that with no uncertain sound, and the initiates among the higher clergy may have the knowledge which yet they will proclaim; but who in the English or other Protestant Churches have dared to teach the esoteric and hidden doctrines of the Catholic faith?" We have then an exposition of the tenet which is a cardinal point in the New Dispensation Creed, the *Motherhood* conjoined with the *Fatherhood*, in the heavens above as in the earth beneath.

The Protestant Church refuses to allow of any Divine Mother, but the Roman Church has preserved this doctrine of antiquity, though in a distorted form, and it is now finding its way into most of the mystic writings of the times. We are in "New Light," referred for its corroboration to the Tadmudical writings, in which such benedictions as this occur, "The Great Jehovah blessed is He! and his Shechinah, blessed is She—even the holy Duality in Unity on the throne of Their Glory," &c., &c. But it is only within the last few years that this mystery of all times has been insisted upon as a necessary factor in all religion and ethics; the woman clothed with the Sun, being the type of the divinity of woman, and of the spirit of pure Love which must rule co-equally with the spirit of wisdom, typified in man, when the world shall be overcome by the Universal Brotherhood for which we are all yearning.

I. O. and M. A. deal with many other questions of great importance to man in this, his earth life, such as those of re-incarnation and Karma, and adduce interesting indications of belief in these doctrines from the Old and New Testaments. In this connection an extremely poetical *Vision* is narrated, wherein the Universe appeared as a great crystal globe filled with an ethereal fluid containing countless lesser globes of the colour of a rose. "Each lesser globe seemed to pale in turn and disappear for a season, and then to re-appear increased in its capacity, and receptiveness, and the larger became centres to the many smaller which were about them."

We strongly advise our readers to obtain this little book, and follow for themselves the clue which it gives to many of the rites of Christian Churches; and, in conclusion, can only give one more quotation which should recommend the work to all Theosophists.

"There is an ascent of the Soul and a descent of the Spirit. As the Soul rises higher and higher into the Spirit she becomes Divine, and filled with the fulness of God, and as the Spirit of God descends deeper and deeper into the Soul, He 'becomes man.' He, or she, who has the Spirit in *all* its fulness, whose Soul has ascended highest into the Spirit, and into whose Soul the Spirit has descended most deeply, the same is a Christ of God."

## Correspondence.

### A PROTEST.

As a subscriber to the Theosophical Publication Society, I have lately received their Pamphlet No. 6, the first paper in which is an able and interesting exposition of the doctrine of Re-incarnation, signed "T. B. Harbottle." It contains, however, one statement with regard to the teaching of the Christian churches so astonishing, and, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, so incorrect, that unless some abler pen than mine should be first in the lists, I must beg your permission to break a lance with the (otherwise) learned occultist; and though Mr. Harbottle's paper appears separately, I take it that LUCIFER is the Arena in which theosophical questions such as these may be fought out.

I will begin by quoting certain passages from Mr. Harbottle's paper, page 6.

"Protestantism offers no scheme of punishment for those who are partly bad; no reward for that which is good in those who are partly evil" . . . "What is necessary, according to the teachings of Protestantism, is repentance and faith . . . With these, a man is released from the necessity of fighting his lower nature. . . The Church of Rome has preserved, in her doctrine of purgatory, a punishment for the evil done by those who are not wholly bad, and so far her teaching is somewhat more philosophical and logical than that of Protestantism; but she teaches, also, that faith is the first requisite. . . *In neither section of Christianity, indeed, is there any recognition of the necessity of that self-conquest which is the basis of the Theosophical system of ethics. Both believe in a divine grace which, descending into the heart of man, takes as it were the battle out of his hands and relieves him from responsibility and possibility of failure.*" (The italics are mine.)

With regard to what may be the "teachings of Protestantism," I do not intend to deal, because Protestantism being a congeries of innumerable sects with very various teachings, it is impossible to speak of each separately, and I should be certain to fall foul of some. But as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, which is the "Mother and Mistress"\* of all Christian Churches and from which they are all derived, in a greater or less degree, I can speak with certainty, because all her children are taught the same doctrine, and are trained, up to a certain point, in the same practice.

Now, what is the earliest teaching given to the young, and to converts? That "we must renounce the devil (evil of every kind) and all his works"; that "we must follow the rule of life taught by Jesus Christ," that we must love one another, "never allowing ourselves any thought, word or deed to the injury of anyone," that we must "forgive our enemies, from our hearts"; that we must deny ourselves "by giving up our own will, and by going against our own

\* We object to the claim. See Editors' note.

humours, inclinations, and passions"; that "we must take up our cross by submitting with patience to the labours and sufferings of this life, embracing them willingly for the love of God"; and that "we must watch and fight against all temptations."

All these quotations are extracted from the Catechism taught to every child. Now these are not theoretic teachings merely, but are enforced from an early age in the confessional, that "powerful engine" as our enemies call it; and they are right, for confession, and the right preparation for it, if a man is sincere, teach him to know more of himself and of what he really is, than anything else I know of. The Catechism teaches moreover, that no absolution is effectual unless joined to contrition, namely, "a hearty sorrow for sins, with a firm purpose of amendment," and to "satisfaction," namely, making reparation for injury done, and doing any penance imposed.

Now if any one sees in all this "no recognition of the necessity of self-conquest," and thinks that the battle is taken out of a man's hands, and that he is relieved from "responsibility," he must be wilfully blind or woefully perverse.

Apart from the confessional, there are the "powerful engines" of the pulpit, of the personal influence of the priest in house-to-house visitation, in the Offices for the sick and dying, in Confraternities for men, for women, for families; of the ministrations of nursing sisters, of Little Sisters of the Poor, of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, of the Christian Brothers, and other educational bodies. Each and all of these represent the hand of the strong held out to protect the weak, to raise the fallen, to help if it be but one soul to bear the burden of life, and to fight the battle of sin, and sorrow and suffering.

How often are we reminded of the words of St. Augustine: "God made us without ourselves, but He will not save us without ourselves!" and it is a Catholic poet who says:

" And does the road lead up hill all the way?  
Yes; to the very end.  
And will the journey last the whole, long day?  
From morn to night, my friend."

The fight can never be given up; one by one the passions must be subdued, trodden down, or rooted out; and those who find the attractions and temptations of this wicked world too strong for them, or even too interrupting for the pursuit and cultivation of the Spiritual life, are fain to retire into the seclusion of the monastery; and they make the "Great Renunciation" not in order—as the unknowing often assert—that they may lead lives of idleness and luxury, but that, face to face with themselves and with the Eternal, they may rise upon the "Stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

Mr. Harbottle will, I am sure, forgive me if I appear to have classed him among the "unknowing" ones. That is far from my thought; but in this vast field in which we are fellow-students, and may even, I hope, be fellow-workers, each can point out to another some corner yet untilled, the fruit of which is necessary to complete the whole fabric of philosophy. And if Theosophists desire to set forth the truths underlying all religions, they must first take care to have a correct knowledge of those religions, and not to misrepresent teachings the facts concerning which can be easily verified.

In my humble opinion, our object should be to heal breaches, not to increase their number; and by fairness and charity to bring nearer the great Day of Reconciliation, desired by all true lovers of Truth and of mankind.

DISCIPULA.

---

EDITORS' NOTE.

We denounce the claim, that the Roman Catholic Church is "the Mother and Mistress of all Christian Churches," as one of the many arrogant assumptions made by Papism, and which are neither *warranted by history nor by fact*. For, while history shows it to be quite the reverse of truth, facts are there to *withstand* "Peter to the face" once more. If Greek Ecclesiastical History is to be set aside, there are Dean Stanley's Lectures to prove the facts; and the Dean, as an *historian*, was surely an unprejudiced authority. Now what do both history and the Dean say? That the Christian Church began her existence as a colony of *Greek Christians*, and of Grecianized, Hellenic Jews. The first and earliest Church Fathers, such as Clement of Rome, Ireneus, Hippolytus, etc., etc., *wrote in the Greek language*. The first Popes *were Greeks*, not Italians, the very name "Pope" being a Greek not a Latin name, "*Papa*" meaning father. Every Greek priest is called to this day "*papa*," and every Russian priest "Popc." The first quarrels which led to the separation of the Church, into the Latin and the Greek or Eastern, did not take place earlier than the IXth century, namely, in 865, under the Patriarch Photius; while the final separation occurred only in the XIth century, when the Latin Church proclaimed herself with her usual arrogance the one universal Apostolic Church and all others Schismatics and Heretics! Let our esteemed correspondent read History, and see what happened at Constantinople, on May 16, 1054. She will then learn that on that day a crowd of Roman delegates, led by Humberto, broke into the cathedral of St. Sophia, and laid down upon the altar their *bull of ANATHEMA against those who would not follow them in their various innovations and schemes*. Thus it would seem that it was Latinism which broke off from the Greek Oriental Church and not the latter from Rome. *Ergo*, it is the Roman Church which has to be regarded not only as guilty of a schism but of *rank heresy* in the eyes of every *impartial* Christian acquainted with history. Hence, also, it is the Greek Oriental Church which is the "Mother and Mistress" of all other Christian Churches—if any can claim the title. Assumption of authority is no proof of it. As to the *rules of life* taught by Jesus, if the Roman Church had ever accepted them, surely she would never have invented the infamy called the Inquisition; nor would she have slaughtered, in her religious fury and in the name of her God, nearly 50,000,000 of human creatures ("heretics") since she came to power. As to her *rules* and ethics, she may *pretend* to teach people to "forgive their enemies from their hearts," but she takes good care never to do so herself. Nor can Christian endurance or "renunciation of self" ever reach the grandeur in practice of the Buddhist and Hindu devotee. This is matter of history too. Meanwhile, "God the Father," if this person could be conveniently consulted, would surely prefer a little less "lip-love" for himself, and a little more heart-felt sympathy for Humanity in general, and its suffering hosts in particular. "Little Sisters" and Big "Christian Brothers" do frequently more mischief than good, especially the "Nursing Sisters," as some recent cases can show.—[ED.]

## WHAT REINCARNATES?

With reference to the recent discussion as to how much of the personality, if any, accompanies the divine individuality in its passage from death to birth, the Bhagavad Gita speaks with no uncertain sound. The following is Mr. Subba Row's reading of the 8th verse in chapter 15.

"When the lord Jiva quits one body and enters another, he carries with him the mind and the senses, as the wind carries the fragrance of flowers from their source."

However necessary a fresh revelation may have been to bring before the Western mind in a definite form the truths we recognise under the name of the Occult Philosophy—and much that has been written on the subject, notably, the little book called "Light on the Path," may be regarded as such a new revelation—yet nothing can take the place of the older scriptures, and among these none stand on such a supreme height as Bhagavad Gita, containing, as it does, in its instruction on the Sacred Science, the very essence of all the Vedas.

It may sometimes speak in mystic language not always fully interpretable by the Western scholar, but where it states a thing definitely, it may be said to settle the question—and the above would seem to be a case in point. There is not much room for difference of opinion as to what is meant by the mind and the senses. To the writer it seems that not only the "Manas," but the Kamarupa is included in the totality of the entity that reincarnates (see Editors' note), and this only bears out the logical conception that there are no great leaps in nature, and that the man or woman takes up at each re-birth the threads of his or her character—alteration of sex should there be such notwithstanding—pretty much where he or she left off. The occult law which teaches that before a man can attain knowledge he must have passed through all places, foul and clean alike, will thus have to be accounted for by the gradual alterations of character during each lifetime.

PILGRIM.

---

[EDITORS' NOTE.—Our correspondent is mistaken. Nothing of the "Kamarupa" reincarnates. As well imagine that a locket and chain we had worn all our life, or our reflexion in the mirror—reincarnates. Such is not the teaching we believe in. However similar, our philosophy is not that of the Vedanta.]

---

 INDIAN PROVERBS.

Of this world's poison-tree, there are two honey-sweet fruit; the enjoyment of the divine essence of poetry, and the friendship of the noble.

All good fortune belongs to him of contented mind; is not the whole earth leather-covered for him who wears shoes?



# LUCIFER

---

VOL. II.

LONDON, JULY 15TH, 1888.

No. II.

---

## FORLORN HOPE.

“Should a wise man utter vain knowledge  
and fill his belly with the east wind?”

(*Eliphaz*, in *Job* xv. 2.)

IN days of far, far away Antiquity, namely, in 1886, a suggestive Theosophical Fable went the round of our circles, and found room in the March number of the *Theosophist* for that year. Its subject was a Society named “Harmony,” born to investigate the music of the Spheres, and established in the far East. It had, ran the fable, a queer “instrument,” to attune which a great genius descended occasionally from the upper realms and made the instrument repeat the music of the spheres. It possessed also a president, who, in the great honesty and innocence of his heart, had been imprudent enough to boast of his possession, and had made the instrument sing to whomsoever came within the range of his vision: so much so, that finally the instrument was made quite cheap.

Then the *fabula* showed how the learned men of the West—who believed in neither genius, spheres nor the instrument—put their wise heads together, and finding that even if the instrument was no fiction, yet, as it was not built on any rules of the modern science of acoustics *known to them*, it had, therefore, no right to existence. Forthwith they concluded not to permit the music of the spheres to be played, least of all, believed in. So, goes on the fable, they “selected a smart boy, gave him a penny and asked him to go across the big water” and report upon what he would see in the “Harmonial Society.”

“The smart boy went and looked at the instrument. But when he came there, it gave forth only discordant sounds, because his own soul was not in harmony with it. . . . Then the President took out his book of incantations and tried every conjuration to force the genius of the spheres to play a tune for the smart boy. But the genius would not come. So the smart boy took his travelling bag and went home, and told his fathers in learning that he had not seen the great genius and did not hear the music of the spheres. The learned men put their heads together a second time. . . . and the result was they said that the smart boy was wise, and that the President of the Harmonial Society was—mistaken.”

Or, in less polite, but still more untruthful words, the president, his society, and his "instrument" especially, were all either fools, frauds or both. The charge of "humbug and imposture" against the "Harmonial" Society was thus proven, and became *un fait accompli*. Henceforth that idea was photographed in the shallow drums that public opinion mistakes for the heads of its leaders, and it became indelible.

From that time forward adjectives such as "fraud, deception and imbecility" became attached to the "Harmonial" Society and followed it everywhere, like a tail follows its comet. The theory struck deep roots in the hearts and minds of many non-theosophists and became at last part of the very being of the British public. This proverbially "fair minded" body had heard one side of the question and—felt satisfied. Its pioneer-gossips, full of Christian charity and 5 o'clock tea, had ransacked the contents of the "smart boy's" travelling bag. Having greedily fed themselves upon the adulterated food which was like heavenly manna for their insatiate stomachs, they differentiated, and then shared it with all who were hungry and thirsty for such celestial nourishment. Thus, Grundy's cackle-twaddle was kept up in loud and authoritative tones for some three years, until gradually it succeeded in making "Theosophy" a byword synonymous with every kind of iniquity. Theosophy was set up as a target for daily slander, verbal and printed; it was proclaimed a fallen idol whose feet of clay had at last given way, and it was hourly advertised dead as a door nail and buried for ever. But, lo and behold! a dark shadow has suddenly fallen across the face of this sweet and secure hope. . . .

It is quite touching to read certain jeremiads in the daily papers, to learn the pathetic regrets expressed with regard to the suspected instability of public opinion. The attitude of certain social circles is visibly changing, and something will have to be done once more to bring Theosophy into disrepute, if we would not see it resurrect like Lazarus out of his tomb. For, as time goes on, more than one enemy begins to express grave doubts. Some suspect that the theosophical Jezebel may, after all, have been merely a victim: Job, visited by permission of KARMA—or if so preferred, by that of the enthroned Almighty, granting to his Son-Satan full liberty to test the endurance of his "uprighteous servant" of the land of Ug (Job, ii. 1-8). Others perceived that though Satan-Grundy, using the venomous tongues of the multitudes, had covered "Job" with sore boils, yet the patient had never collapsed. Theosophy was neither knocked off its feet by the mighty wave of calumny and defamation, nor did it show any signs of agony. It was as firm on its legs as ever. *Mirabile dictu* and acme of impudence!—cried its enemies. Why here it is again, and it begins to raise its voice louder than ever! What does the creature say? Listen . . . .

"Aye, right honourable, as well as right dishonourable opponents and enemies. Your Mrs. Grundy has filled me with *wrinkles* as Satan

filled Job, but these are witness only against herself. 'He tearth me in his wrath, who hateth me'—but I hate no one and only pity my blind slanderers. 'He gnasheth upon me with his teeth'—and I only smile back. 'Mine enemy sharpeneth his eyes upon me,' and I offer to lend him mine to allow him to see clearer. 'They have gaped upon me with their mouth wide open'; and, like Jonas swallowed by the whale, I have found no uncomfortable quarters for philosophical meditation inside my enemy, and have come out of his voracious stomach as sound as ever! What will you do next? Will you smite me 'upon the cheek reproachfully'? I shall not turn to you the other, lest you should hurt your hand and make it smart and burn still worse; but I shall tell you a story, and show you a panoramic view, to amuse you. . . ."

See how the enemies of the Theosophical Society and its leaders look disconcerted! Hear how in the bitterness of their heart, for sweet hopes frustrated, they writhe and have not even the decency to conceal their bad humour at what they foolishly regard as the *triumph of theosophy*. Truly has the east wind filled their—brains, and vain knowledge has disagreed most decidedly with the learned men of the West! For what do *they* do? Listen once more.

Fearing lest their appetite for devouring and assimilating the carrion food snatched from the beaks of the Bombay ravens by the "smart boy" should slacken, the wise men of learning have devised, it appears, a fresh little plan to strangle Theosophy. If one can believe the *Birmingham Post* (the very sincere *daily* which lets out the secret), the big-wigs of the very Christian "Victoria Institute" have not forgotten the fable of the "monkey and the cat." The "monkeys" of science, had selected for some time past the paws of their ablest cat to draw the chestnuts for them out of the theosophical fires, and had hoped thereby to extinguish the hated light for ever. Read and judge for yourself the bit of interesting information contained in the above mentioned *daily* for June 15th of the present year of grace. Says the loquacious writer:—

Even Science herself, generally so steadfast in her progress, so logical in her conclusions, so firm in her pursuit of a sure result, has been made to tremble on her lofty perch by the shock given her by the discourse of Sir Monier Williams at the Victoria Institute, last Monday. Sir Monier Williams is Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, and regarded as the first Sanskrit scholar in the world. The announcement of the choice made by the learned professor of the subject of his discourse as being that of "Mystical Buddhism in Connection with the Yoga Philosophy of the Hindoos," had created an immense degree of interest amongst the learned portion of the society of London. It was firmly believed that Sir Monier Williams had chosen the subject for the express purpose of demolishing the errors and superstitions of a creed which has crept in upon us by degrees from the intrigues of sundry impostors who have worked upon the love of the marvellous so inherent to human\* nature to establish themselves as prophets of a new doctrine. This was the opinion

\* The writer in his grief seems to have forgotten his commas. The subject, also, to produce the desired effect should have been handled in more grammatical English.

of all learned men in general, and they had been watching with great eagerness for a refutation from the pen of Sir Monier Williams of all the "sleight-of-hand principles," as the experiments of the Theosophists were called. This refutation in writing had never come, and therefore it was with redoubled interest that the speech which would demolish the audacious pretensions of the conjuring philosophers was waited for. What, then, was the surprise of the assembly of wise men when Sir Monier Williams, instead of denying, almost confirmed the truth of the assertions made by the Theosophists, and actually admitted that, although the science of modern Theosophy was imperfect, yet there are grounds for belief which, instead of being neglected as they have been by students of philosophy, ought to be examined with the greatest care.

A wise man, for once in his generation, this newly knighted lecturer! The greater the pity that this "first Sanskrit scholar in the world" (Professors Max Müller, Whitney, Weber and the *tutti quante*, hide your diminished heads!) knows so little of Buddhism as to make the most ludicrous mistakes. Perchance, there was a *raison d'être* for making them. Both his lectures, at any rate those about which some fuss has been made, and one of which was noticed in the 8th number of LUCIFER—both these lectures were delivered before very Christian audiences at Edinburgh and before the "Philosophical Society of Great Britain," whose members *have to be Christians*. Nevertheless, one fails to see why a little more correct information about the difference between *Raj Yoga* and *Hatha-Yoga* should not have been offered to that audience? Or why again it should be told that, in the days of Gautama Buddha, Buddhism "set its face against all solitary asceticism," and "had no occult, no esoteric system of doctrine which it withheld from ordinary men"—both of which statements are historically untrue. Worse still. For having just mentioned at the opening of his lecture, that Gautama had been "reborn as Buddha, the enlightened," that he had reached *Parinibbāna* or the great, *highest Nirvana*; that he had passed through the highest states of *Samadhi*, the practice of which confers the "six transcendent faculties," *i.e.*, clairvoyance, or "the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world," "knowledge of the thoughts of others, recollection of former existences. . . . and finally the supernatural powers called *Iddhi*," the professor coolly asserted that it was never stated "that Gautama ever attained to the highest . . . Yoga of Indian philosophy—union with the Supreme Spirit!" Such a statement may flatter the preconceptions of a few bigots among a Christian audience, but we question whether it is not one entirely unworthy of a true scholar, whose first duty is to be impartial in his statements, lest he should mislead his hearers.

While Theosophists should feel deeply thankful to Sir Monier Williams for the excellent advertisement their society and philosophy have received at his hands, the Editors of LUCIFER would fail in their duty were they to leave unnoticed several self-contradictions made in this lecture by "the greatest Sanskrit scholar in the world." What kind of definite idea can an audience have on Buddhism when it hears the two following statements, which directly contradict each other:—

“ He (Buddha) was ever careful to lay down a precept that the acquisition of transcendent human faculties was restricted to the perfected Saints, called Arhats.” This, after just stating that Buddha had never himself “ attained to the highest yoga,” that he was no Spiritualist, no Spiritist,\* but “ a downright *Agnostic*”—he, the “ Buddha,” or the Enlightened!!!

The outcome of this extraordinary lecture is that Gautama Buddha had never reached even the powers of a simple modern Yogi. For such transcendent powers are allowed by the lecturer even in our present day to some Hindus. We quote again from the *Birmingham Post* :

The word Yoga, according to Sir Monier Williams, literally means union, and the proper aim of every man who practises Yoga is the mystic union of his own spirit with the one eternal soul or spirit of the universe, and the acquisition of divine knowledge by that means. This was the higher Yoga. But the lower practice seeks to abstract the soul from the body and the mind, and isolate it in its own essence. So may be acquired the inner ear, or clair-audience, by which sounds and voices may be heard, however distant ; the inner eye, or clairvoyance, the power of seeing all that happens in every part of the world, and a knowledge of the thoughts of others. These acquirements have become developed into demonology† and various spiritual phenomena connected with that esoteric Buddhism which every schoolgirl is studying in secret nowadays. Long and persevering study of the great science will lead to the practice of twisting the limbs, and of suppressing the breath, which latter faculty leads to the prolongation of existence under water or buried beneath the earth. Many Hindoo ascetics have submitted to interment under this influence. Colonel Meadows Taylor once assisted at the burial of a man who professed to be able to remain nine days beneath the earth without drawing breath during that time. Colonel Taylor, determined that no deception should be used, was present during the ceremony of interment, and, after seeing the man duly covered with earth, sowed seed upon the grave, which, being duly watered, sprang up with luxuriance long before the expiration of the nine days‡ probation. More than this, the grave was watched day and night by two English sentinels, so that there really appears no reason to suppose that any deception could possibly be practised, the more so that Colonel Taylor himself had chosen the place of burial, which circumstance precludes all idea of subterranean passages, which had been suggested in other cases of the like nature. At the end of the nine days the grave was opened with all due solemnity. The buried man was found in the same position in which he had been laid down, and when he opened his eyes his first enquiry was for his bowl of rice, adding that he felt hungry, and that he would be glad to eat. Professor Monier Williams did not quote this example—he dwelt more lengthily upon the absorption of the mental faculties rather than on that of the physical powers. He went on to explain how internal self-concentration may lead to the acquisition of supernatural gifts, and enable a man to become invisible at will, to appear at any spot however apparently distant, to gain absolute power over himself and others, to bring the elements into subjection, and to suppress all desires.

\* Let us fondly hope so ; and that Allan Kardec will not be placed by Sir Monier Williams one day on a higher level than Buddha.

† This is *entirely false*. Any one who would like to acquire the proofs that this statement is a gratuitous calumny has only to read theosophical literature, and even the last numbers of LUCIFER. The methods described belong to *Hatha Yoga*, and are very injurious and dangerous ; still, even this is no *demonology*, but simply a lower form of Yoga. The Theosophical Society has fought from the beginning against these methods. Its teachers went dead against it, and even against some forms of mediumship, such as sitting for materialization—the necromancy of the Bengal Tantrikas !

‡ We have always believed the period to have been 40 days, and this is borne out by the planting of the seed. Surely for seed to sprout and grow “ with luxuriance ” in *nine days* would be almost as great a “ nine days’ wonder ” as the interment of the Yogi ?

A Yogi, when thus befitted, can float in the air, fly through space, visit the planets and stars, create storms and earthquakes, understand the language of animals, ascertain what occurs in every part of the earth, and even enter into another man's body and make it his own. The Professor then related how a powerful Yogi had once entered into the dead body of a king, and had governed the country for three whole weeks. It is still believed that certain of the Eastern sages can eject the ethereal body through the pores of the skin, and render this phantasmal form visible in distant places. The effect produced by the Professor's discourse may readily be imagined. Here was justification in full of the theories, hitherto so scorned and abused, of Colonel Olcott, Mr. Sinnett, and Madame Blavatsky. Here was almost an avowal of belief in the possibility of the truth, if not in the truth itself, of the realisation of that recognition of the powers of darkness from which all Christian souls are taught to shrink with horror and dismay. The Professor seemed so well aware of the impression produced by his discourse that, as if feeling himself compelled to add a few words by way of excuse for the extreme lengths to which he had been led, he added by way of conclusion that he was induced to doubt whether the practices assumed to be possible to the Theosophists would stand the light of European science. "But nevertheless the subject must not be dismissed as unworthy of consideration. It furnishes," said Sir Monier Williams in conclusion, "a highly interesting topic of enquiry, especially in its bearing on the so-called Spiritualism, neo-Buddhism, and Theosophy of the present day. The practices of magnetism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., have their counterparts in the Yoga system of the Hindoos prevalent in India more than two thousand years ago." At the end of the lecture a vote of thanks was proposed by the Bishop of Dunedin, who undertook, as it were, the apology of the doctrine expounded (scarcely to the satisfaction of all present), and who thought it his duty to point out the distinction between Christianity and Buddhism—the former reliant upon God's mercy, the latter on the efforts of man to work out his self-deliverance from evil. I have dwelt thus long upon the subject of the great professor's discourse because the world of thought—of scientific research—having found at last a footing in London society, these things are talked of and examined with reflection, and without detriment to the flow of small-talk which used formerly to occupy the whole attention of the world of fashion.

Thus ends the plaint of the Birmingham Jeremiah. It speaks for itself, and we thank the writer for letting, so naively, the cat out of the bag. The real "cat," however, the one on which the "monkey" of the "Victoria Institute" and other scientific establishments had placed such optimistic hopes, has played its colleagues false. It has turned tail at the last moment, and has evidently declined the loan of its paw to draw from the fire the too hot chestnuts for the benefit of the scientific "researchers" of the day. Like Balaam, whom the King of Midian would willingly have bribed to curse the Israelites, Sir Monier Williams, K.C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Boden Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Oxford (where, "for reasons of ill-health," he can no longer lecture, but lectures for our benefit elsewhere)—has not cursed the Theosophists and their teachings—but has blessed them. Alas! Alas!

"Compelled to praise!" It cannot be  
 By prophet or by priest;  
 Balaam is dead? . . . yet don't we see  
 And hear, perchance—his beast? . . .

TO THEOSOPHISTS AND READERS OF LUCIFER.

**T**HE Editors of LUCIFER feel it right that this number, the first published at the new offices and by the actual owners of the magazine, should contain some statement as to the reasons which have led to this change being made.

The first reason was the desire to form a fresh centre of Theosophical work, a meeting place for students, and a mechanism for the publication and distribution of the literature of mysticism, which should be entirely free from all considerations of personal gain or profit.

That this has been the spirit animating the founders and proprietors of LUCIFER throughout, is proved by the fact that, although nearly all the copies of the magazine printed have been sold, yet the first year's experience has shown that it is impossible to carry on the magazine at its present price without incurring considerable loss.

Therefore, in establishing these new offices, the editors and proprietors have been also influenced by the hope of effecting some reduction in the expense by taking the publication into their own hands, and they hope that their readers and subscribers will continue to give them their hearty support, in spite of the necessity which has arisen of raising the price of single numbers of the magazine to eighteen-pence and the annual subscription to fifteen shillings, commencing with the September number.

Our supporters may feel sure that their help will be used to further the cause of Theosophy, and will subserve no personal ends; for the proprietors have bound themselves to devote any eventual profits which may accrue to the furtherance of the cause in the interests of which LUCIFER was founded.

The new offices, at NO. 7, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI, will be open to members of the T.S. and the T.P.S. and their friends, as well as to all enquirers and persons desiring information about the Society or the subjects which it was founded to study, on TUESDAY and SUNDAY evenings from 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. and on FRIDAY afternoons from 3.30 till 6. These days have been chosen purposely, so as not to conflict with the Wednesday evenings—the meeting-days of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, at 15, York Street, Covent Garden.

It is hoped that many will avail themselves of these opportunities for meeting other students and for mutual instruction and discussion.

## ACROSS CEYLON.

CEYLON is the jewel-pendant of the Indian Empire—a glowing luxurious garden teeming with natural beauties in infinite variety, where the fierce heat of India is softened by “purple spheres of sea,” and the climate, an almost unchanging continuity of the richest imaginable midsummer. P. and O. passengers staying for a day or two, or for a few hours only, at Galle or Colombo, on their way to or from Australia or the Indian ports of the Bay of Bengal, will gather from even such passing glimpses of Ceylon, bright memories of its tropical glory that can never afterwards fade entirely away. The abundant vigour of the vegetation, the glowing oriental magnificence of the landscape, rolling up inland into great mountains and everywhere glossy with shining verdure and scented with tropical forest, the natural splendour of the whole country must always leave an impression on imaginative minds, that no lapse of time or variety of other scenes can efface. But the passing European traveller or tourist will generally associate Ceylon with ideas of languor and enervating enjoyment. Nor will many residents reproach the island in their recollections with any worse attributes than those that may have been associated with their own *ennui*. They may have a large experience of its Anglicised aspects without realizing much of the inner life of the natives, or of the wild interior. Their travels may never take them out of reach of the imported luxuries of European homes, and they may little realise the very different impressions of Ceylon that they would accumulate if they struck away from the railway lines and the easy comforts of plantation homesteads, in search of a path through unfrequented districts.

My own acquaintance with Ceylon, does not extend much beyond the beautiful Wackwalle Bungalow—a tourists' restaurant near Galle, which commands a view of a valley so surpassing in its loveliness that it realises, better than any other scenery I have ever encountered, the popular conception of the Garden of Eden. But the Wackwalle view has often been described, and it is not my present purpose to dwell upon its charms, for I have a friend in Ceylon who lives there for purposes unconnected with the satisfaction of epicurean tastes; and the contrast to be observed between recent experiences of his and the Ceylonese excursions likely to be familiar to readers who have visited the island under ordinary conditions, has flashed upon my own mind so forcibly that I cannot feel free to leave a narrative he has recently sent me buried in the obscurity of private correspondence.

It is only necessary to premise that my friend, a devoted Theosophist,



lives habitually in Ceylon (for reasons wholly unconnected with personal interests and ambitions), and is engaged in benevolent work for the advantage of the native population. A few months ago, being then at Colombo, he found himself required, in fulfilment of what he conceived to be a Theosophical duty, to repair to Madras with all possible speed. With a native companion he had arranged to leave Colombo on the 21st of December by the steamer *Almora*. But on the evening of the 19th, he heard that that vessel had been delayed in the Red Sea, and would not arrive till the 27th, so he and his friend had to find some other means of transit. I continue the story in his own words :

“ On the morning of the 20th I went round to every steamer office in Colombo trying to find something—anything, even a cargo boat—that would put us ashore in India in time, but nothing of the kind was to be had. I had heard that there were little native brigs running between Colombo and India, so I went to see about them also, but I found that their captains were all afraid to put out in consequence of the bad weather. Several had started the night before and had to return, getting back into the harbour with great difficulty and some serious damage. As the weather still continued unfavourable on the morning of the 21st, and it therefore seemed unlikely that any of these little boats would leave that day, I determined to try what is called the land route—that is to travel by land to the north of Ceylon, and make my way somehow or other across the narrowest part of Palka Strait. No one seemed to know much about this land route—I could not find that any of my friends had ever travelled by it ; but I knew there was a land route, and it seemed the only way open to us.

“ Accordingly, we left Colombo by the 7.30 train on the morning of the 21st, and reached Kandy at 11 o'clock, and Matale, the northern limit of the railway at present, at noon. From that point what little traffic there is is carried on by an arrangement called a coach, though it is very different from our English coaches. Here commenced our difficulties, for the agent at the coach office informed us that because of the heaviness of the roads the proprietor had ordered him not to allow more than two passengers to travel on any one day, and that those two places were already engaged several days in advance. I explained the circumstances of our case, and showed how urgent it was that we should get on quickly. I even offered extra payment, but in vain ; the agent could not make any exception to his employer's rule. I then enquired where the proprietor was to be found, and was told that he lived about eight miles along the road. I suggested that we might at least go in the coach as far as that ; *that* could not do the horses much harm ; and I would undertake to persuade the proprietor to relax his rule. With much difficulty I induced the agent to agree to this, but he protested all the while that we were foredoomed to failure. He was quite sure his master

would not let us go on. I thought differently, and I was right ; a little judicious management of the proprietor soon procured for us the requisite permission for us to travel as far as Anuradhapura,\* the limit of this jurisdiction. As I have already described the journey to that town, I need not say much about it here.

“ My present experience differed from the earlier one only in two ways—first, that owing to the heaviness of the road, we were nine hours late, and, secondly, that in several places there were considerable inundations. Twice the road was so entirely washed away that we had to get out and wade for half-a-mile over sharp stones through a rapid current over knee deep, the empty coach following as best it might. At last, about three miles from Anuradhapura, we found a bridge washed away, and our road barred by a furious torrent, half-a-mile wide, of unknown depth. We had no boat, and my companion could not swim. I thought of making a raft, but soon gave up the idea, perceiving that the swiftness of the current would render it utterly unmanageable. The best thing to do seemed to be to skirt the torrent and try to strike the north road at some point higher up ; so we abandoned the coach and walked to Mihintale, eight miles off, through rain of truly tropical vigour. It was after dark when we reached there, but still we managed to hire a bullock cart to take us to Madavachchi, a village on the Jaffna road. We arrived there at daybreak only to find that as there was no booking-office, we could not obtain coach tickets there. Immediately we engaged another bullock-cart and pushed on to Vavoniyavilankulam.

“ We were by this time in the part of the island where nothing is spoken but Tamil, a language of which neither I nor my companion knew ten words, so we were rather uncertain as to what the people meant ; but at any rate they would issue us no tickets and would say nothing at all about the coach. In consequence of the inundations everything was thrown out of order, and we had no idea at what time

\* Anuradhapura is the wonderful ruined city of Ancient Ceylon, where the sacred “ Bo-tree ” still grows. It is of this place that Mr. Burrows speaks in his “ Buried Cities of Ceylon,” when he describes the former inhabitants of the island as a nation “ that could build a city of gigantic monoliths, carve a mountain into a graceful shrine, and decorate the pious monuments with delicate pillars that would have done credit to a Grecian artist.” My friend had visited and described Anuradhapura more than a year previously to his present journey, so that he does not now stop to enlarge upon its wonders. “ The first thing that attracted our attention,” he wrote of Anuradhapura on that occasion, “ on descending from the coach, was a collection of sixteen hundred square granite pillars, arranged in rows of forty, and standing about six feet apart, so as to cover an area of about two hundred and forty feet each way. Though they stand some twelve feet out of the ground, each pillar is one solid block of stone. . . . These sixteen hundred pillars, it seems, originally supported the floor of an enormous monastery called ‘ The Great Brazen Place,’ built by King Dutugemusue in the year 161 B.C. This building, we read, was nine storeys in height, each storey being less in size than the one below it. It contained a thousand dormitories for priests, besides various other apartments, including a great hall supported on golden pillars resting on lions, in the centre of which stood a magnificent ivory throne, and as the whole vast fabric was roofed with tiles of burnished brass (whence its name), it must have presented a truly imposing appearance in those brave days of old.”

the coach would come, so we dared not leave the road for a moment, but had to sit out there in the pouring rain till eight o'clock at night when it arrived.

"Imagine a platform of rough boards about three feet by four, set on wheels and covered by a sort of bamboo roof about four feet above it. Then suppose this machine loaded with mail-bags, tin boxes, and miscellaneous luggage, on the top of which were somehow crouched (for there was no room either to sit or to lie) two forlorn human beings—everything inside and out being thoroughly, hopelessly, soakingly wet—and perhaps you may succeed in forming an imperfect picture of Her Majesty's Jaffna mail coach as it drew up that night at Vavoniyavilankulam.

"The coach driver having, as we afterwards discovered, received the same order as the agent at Matale, opposed our attempt to get in, and of course the miserable passengers already in possession viewed the prospect of still further crowding with anything but joy. Remember that we did not understand the language and had no means whatever of explaining the urgency of the case, or inducing anybody to listen to reason. What could we do? Nothing, I think, but what we did; and that was to push aside all opposition, throw in our bags, climb upon them ourselves and simply sit there, trying to look unconscious of the torrent of vigorous vituperation that was being poured upon us. After a few minutes the driver took away the oxen from the coach and was evidently refusing to proceed; however, we judged we could probably tire him out at that game, because, as he had mail bags on board, he would not dare to delay much; so we pursued a policy of masterly inactivity. The driver retired into a hut and stayed there half-an-hour; still we were immovable. Presently he reappeared and began to adjure us once more, but this time in a much more respectful tone, and—seeing, I suppose, that sulkiness was of no use—one of our unfortunate fellow passengers now discovered that he could speak a little English and proceeded to act as interpreter.

"Through him the driver represented that he could not possibly take us. The roads were very bad, the coach would break down, the oxen would be unable to draw it, and above all, his orders to take only two passengers were precise and he was afraid of the consequences if he disobeyed. I rejoined on my side that business compelled me to go, that I was willing to take all responsibility as to coach and cattle, that I would myself see the proprietor and exonerate the driver; and, in fact, that I was simply going on in spite of everything. Well, it all seemed useless, but at last the man incautiously remarked that if there had been only *one* of us, perhaps the thing might have been possible. I at once pinned him down to that admission, and told him that if he would take my friend and the luggage, I would cheerfully walk. We were not much more than 100 miles from Jaffna, and I knew I could

get over the ground quite as fast as the coach on such a road as that, so I felt quite safe in making the proposal. In this manner, then we eventually started—I walking, or rather wading, behind and the other three passengers riding. There were more inundations, and the road was a mere apology for one for some distance; but after about twenty miles we got to drier ground, and I was able to ride; though riding in that vehicle was certainly more uncomfortable than walking. Presently dawn came, and all that weary day we jogged on in incessant heavy rain through unbroken and more or less inundated jungle, seeing no houses and no human beings except at the little isolated huts where, at regular intervals, we changed cattle. Recollect that not for one moment was any approach to rest or comfort possible, that we were soaked to the very bones, and that we could get no food of any description—indeed nothing whatever had passed our lips for two entire days and nights—and you will begin to realise our condition when, after four nights without sleep, without even a chance to take our wet coats off, we reached an obscure seaport named Kayto on the morning of Christmas day.

“We had arrived at Jaffna, I should have said, just at midnight, and learning that there were no vessels leaving there for India had at once engaged a bullock cart to go on to Kayto. Here there was only about forty miles of sea between us and India, but still our evil fortune did not desert us. There were twenty-six native boats (of 16 or 18 tons) ready to start, but the weather was so bad, and the wind so unfavourable, that the crews were all afraid to go. We offered double fare, but it was useless. The natives are not good sailors at the best of times, and nothing would tempt them to risk their ricketty craft in such weather. Here at last was an obstacle that all our perseverance could not surmount. There was nothing for it but to wait, so we went up to what is called the “rest house”—of course there are no such things as hotels in these places—and managed to get some curry and rice cooked, the first meal we had sat down to since leaving Colombo. While it was cooking we took off our wet clothes—also for the first time since leaving Colombo—had a most refreshing bath, and put on, not dry ones, for nothing was dry, but comparatively clean ones. Then we took our food and enjoyed it, and after that, as it was evening (our enquiries and bargainings had taken time), we went straight off to bed. Of course our bedding, like everything else, was soaked through and through, but we were tired enough to sleep in the bed of a river. We just dropped down and lay like logs for fourteen hours or so.

“In most countries such an adventure would end in a rheumatic fever, but in this glorious climate, after all this and much more, we are both as flourishing as ever. To cut the story short, on the following day the weather improved slightly and we found a Mahomedan captain who was willing to start. About five o'clock p.m. we got under weigh. The sea

was rough and we had to beat up against the wind, but still we got on pretty fairly until the middle of the night, when we were suddenly struck by a squall. It looked very grand as it came up ; there seemed to be a huge pyramid of inky black cloud on the horizon, and then all in a moment it leaped upon us, and we were in the midst of a raging storm. A magnificent effect for a painter, but I don't want to see it again under exactly the same conditions. The helmsman was half asleep and all the other fellows entirely so, so I was absolutely the first man to see the thing. For a moment I scarcely realised what it was, but as soon as I *did* I raised a shout that speedily roused the whole crew, and we got the great lateen sail in only just in time. In half a minute more our fate would have been sealed and you would not have received this letter. How far that squall drove us I do not know ; fortunately it did not last very long, and soon after noon the next day we made the Indian coast at a village called Adirampatnam, of which I had never heard before.

“ There again we had difficulties, for the captain, with true oriental cunning, tried to cheat us because we did not know the language. He had been paid to put us free on shore, but now he wanted to shuffle out of that and make us pay again for boat hire. This he tried to induce us to do by abusing us in what must have been highly unparliamentary Tamil, while we in idiomatic English assured him that we had not the slightest intention of paying a single cent. He and the coast boatmen kept us in the boat for some time, refusing to land us. Then they tried to retain some of our luggage, and surrounded and threatened us with big sticks and long knives ; but as usual our dogged perseverance and our evident readiness to fight any odds if forced into a quarrel won the day for us, and we were permitted to depart unmolested after some two hours of danger. There are no Europeans in that part of the country and the natives are peculiarly wild and savage. Indeed, they have a very bad reputation as most ferocious robbers, as we afterwards heard. After some wandering about among this dangerous race—none of whom would carry our luggage or help us in any way—we encountered the customs superintendent (who could speak English) and tried to arrange at once to get some conveyance to the nearest railway station thirty-three miles off. It appeared however that there were still some difficulties, for he informed us that we must not think of starting in the afternoon. The roads, he said, were terrible, and if we were still on the way when night fell we should undoubtedly be at once murdered or our bullocks and goods stolen, even if we managed to avoid the leopards and panthers with which the jungle swarmed. I was rather sceptical about all this, but as the natives evidently believed it, we could not get a cart at any price, and perhaps it was best so, for, on enquiry afterwards at Madras, our friends quite confirmed all these stories. So we got another meal and part of a night's rest, and set out just before dawn for Mannergudi. That twenty-three miles was an experience, and

not at all a desirable one. There really was nothing that deserved the name of a road, but rather a sort of track through the fields, and most of the time the cart was about up to the axle in soft mud, while we had to wade behind and give it an occasional push. The people looked the most savage ruffians imaginable, and there was no food to be had but a little fruit. Mannergudi, however, seemed to be more civilized; there we were able to buy bread and get a queer conveyance called a jhutka, drawn by the remains of a pony, to take us ten miles further on to the railway station at Nidamangalam. We got there at last and had to wait four hours on an open platform, sitting on our luggage, which we dared not leave for an instant. We had another four hours to wait at Tangore junction, and so at last, at three o'clock in the morning, we got on board the mail train for Madras, which city we reached safely after fifteen hours travelling. This was on the evening of the 29th, so our journey had taken us nine days, during which time we had slept only twice and eaten only two meals, living the rest of the time on one loaf of bread, some bananas and a few little native buns. Nearly all the time we were wet through, and we constantly had to take pretty severe exercise of various kinds, and this is leaving the danger and anxiety out of account. On the whole I do not think I shall try the land route from Colombo to Madras in the rainy season again if I can help it."

A. P. S.



## NOTICE.

### THE T. P. S. LENDING LIBRARY.

COUNTESS CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER being the secretary for the Western Section of the Theosophical Society, and receiving many letters from people who deplore their inability to purchase Theosophical literature, has deemed it advisable to form a circulating library which will contain not only theosophical books, but also works of any kind which would tend to elevate, educate or develop the mind, and thus prepare it for the reception of theosophical teachings. As this is a somewhat serious undertaking, she takes this opportunity of making an earnest appeal for contributions of money in support of this work, and also for donations of suitable books, feeling sure that this lending library will commend itself to the cordial support of all theosophists and lovers of truth.

All replies should be addressed to her at 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, W C.

## STAR-ANGEL-WORSHIP IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

[The subject matter of the present article has not been chosen from any desire of "finding ault" with the Christian religion, as LUCIFER is often accused of doing. No special animosity is felt towards popery any more than against any other existing dogmatic and ritualistic faith. We merely hold that "there is no higher religion than truth." Hence, being incessantly attacked by the Christians—among whom none are so bitter and contemptuous as the Romanists—who call us "idolaters" and "heathens," and otherwise denounce us, it is necessary that at times something should be said in our defence, and truth re-established.

The Theosophists are accused of believing in Astrology, and the *Devas* (Dhyan Chohans) of the Hindus and Northern Buddhists. A too impulsive missionary in the Central Provinces of India has actually called us "Astrolaters," "Sabians" and "devil-worshippers." This, as usual, is an unfounded calumny and a misrepresentation. No theosophist, no Occultist in the true sense of the word has ever worshipped Devas, Nats, Angels or even planetary spirits. Recognition of the actual existence of such Beings—which, however exalted, are still gradually evolved creatures and finite—and even reverence for some of them is not worship. The latter is an elastic word, one that has been made threadbare by the poverty of the English tongue. We address a magistrate as his "worship," but it can hardly be said that we pay to him *divine* honours. A mother often worships her children, a husband his wife, and *vice versa*, but none of these prays to the object of his worship. But in neither case does it apply to the Occultists. An Occultist's reverence for certain high Spirits may be very great in some cases; aye, perhaps even as great as the reverence felt by some Christians for their Archangels Michael and Gabriel and their (St.) George of Cappadocia—the learned purveyor of Constantine's armies. But it stops there. For the Theosophists these planetary "angels" occupy no higher place than that which Virgil assigns them:

"They boast ethereal vigour and are form'd  
From seeds of heavenly birth,"

as does also every mortal. Each and all are occult potencies having sway over certain attributes of nature. And, if once attracted to a mortal, they do help him in certain things. Yet, on the whole, the less one has to do with them the better.

Not so with the Roman Catholics, our pious detractors. The Papists worship them and have rendered to them *divine homage* from the beginning of Christianity to this day, and in the full acceptance of the italicised words, as this article will prove. Even for the Protestants, the Angels in general, if not the Seven Angels of the Stars particularly—are "Harbingers of the Most High" and "Ministering Spirits" to whose protection they appeal, and who have their distinct place in the Book of Common Prayer.

The fact that the Star and Planetary Angels are worshipped by the Papists is not generally known. The cult had many vicissitudes. It was several times abolished, then again permitted. It is the short history of its growth, its last re-establishment and the recurrent efforts to proclaim this worship openly, of which a brief sketch is here attempted. This worship may be regarded for the last few years as *obsolete*, yet to this day it was never abolished. Therefore it will now be my pleasure to prove that if anyone deserves the name of "idolatrous," it is not the Theosophists, Occultists, Kabalists and Astrologers, but, indeed, most of the Christians; those Roman Catholics, who, besides the Star-angels, worship a Kyrriel of more or less problematical saints and the Virgin Mary, of whom their Church has made a regular goddess.

The short bits of history that follow are extracted from various trustworthy sources, such as the Roman Catholics will find it rather difficult to gainsay or repudiate. For our authorities are (a), various documents in the archives of the Vatican; (b), sundry works by pious and well-known Roman Catholic writers, Ultramontanes to the backbone—lay and ecclesiastical authors; and finally (c), a Papal Bull, than which no better evidence could be found.]

**I**N the middle of the VIII. century of the Christian era the very notorious Archbishop Adalbert of Magdeburg, famous as few in the annals of magic, appeared before his judges. He was charged with, and ultimately convicted—by the second Council of Rome presided over by Pope Zacharia—of

using during his performances of ceremonial magic the names of the "seven Spirits"—then at the height of their power in the Church—among others, that of URIEL, with the help of whom he had succeeded in producing his greatest phenomena. As can be easily shown, *the church is not against magic proper*, but only against those magicians who fail to conform to her methods and rules of evocation. However, as the wonders wrought by the Right Reverend Sorcerer were not of a character that would permit of their classification among "miracles by the grace, and to the glory of God," they were declared *unholy*. Moreover, the Archangel URIEL (*lux et ignis*) having been compromised by such exhibitions, his name had to be discredited. But, as such a disgrace upon one of the "Thrones" and "Messengers of the Most High" would have reduced the number of these Jewish *Saptarshis* to only six, and thus have thrown into confusion the whole celestial hierarchy, a very clever and crafty subterfuge was resorted to. It was, however, neither new, nor has it proved very convincing or efficacious.

It was declared that Bishop Adalbert's Uriel, the "fire of God," was not the Archangel mentioned in the second Book of Esdras; nor was he the glorious personage so often named in the magical books of Moses—especially in the 6th and 7th. The sphere or planet of this original Uriel was said, by Michael Glycas the Byzantine, to be the Sun. How then could this exalted being—the friend and companion of Adam in Eden before his fall, and, later, the chum of Seth and Enoch, as all pious Christians know—how could he ever have given a helping hand to sorcery? Never, never! the idea alone was absurd.

Therefore, the Uriel so revered by the Fathers of the Church, remained as unassailable and as immaculate as ever. It was a *devil* of the same name—an obscure devil, one must think, since he is nowhere mentioned—who had to pay the penalty of Bishop Adalbert's little transactions in black magic. This "*bad*" Uriel is, as a certain tonsured advocate has tried hard to insinuate, connected with a certain significant word of occult nature, used by and known only to Masons of a very high degree. Ignorant of the "word" itself, however, the defender has most gloriously failed to prove his version.

Such whitewashing of the archangel's character was of course necessary in view of the special worship paid to him. St. Ambrosius had chosen Uriel as a patron and paid him almost divine reverence.\* Again the famous Father Gastaldi, the Dominican monk, writer and Inquisitor, had proven in his curious work "On the Angels" (*De Angelis*) that the worship of the "Seven Spirits" by the Church had been and was *legal* in all the ages; and that it was necessary for the moral support and faith of the children of the (Roman) Church. In short that he who should neglect these gods was as bad as any "heathen" who did not.

Though sentenced and suspended, Bishop Adalbert had a formidable party in Germany, one that not only defended and supported the sorcerer himself, but also the disgraced Archangel. Hence, the name of Uriel was left in the missals after the trial, the "Throne" merely remaining "under suspicion." In accordance with her admirable policy the Church having declared that the "blessed Uriel," had nought to do with the "accursed Uriel" of the Kabalists, the matter rested there.

\* *De Fide ad gratiam.* Book III.



To show the great latitude offered to such subterfuges, the occult tenets about the celestial Hosts have only to be remembered. The world of Being begins with the Spiritual Fire (or Sun) and its seven "Flames" or Rays. These "Sons of Light," called the "multiple" because, allegorically speaking they belong to, and lead a simultaneous existence in heaven and on earth, easily furnished a handle to the Church to hang her *dual* Uriel upon. Moreover, Devas, Dhyān-Chohans, Gods and Archangels are all identical and are made to change their Protean forms, names and positions, *ad libitum*. As the sidereal gods of the Sabians became the kabalistic and talmudistic angels of the Jews with their esoteric names unaltered, so they passed bag and baggage into the Christian Church as the archangels, exalted only in their office.

These names are their "mystery" titles. So mysterious are they, indeed, that the Roman Catholics themselves are not sure of them, now that the Church, in her anxiety to hide their humble origin, has changed and altered them about a dozen times. This is what the pious de Mirville confesses :

"To speak with precision and certainty, as we might like to, about everything in connection with their (the angels') names and attributes is not an easy task. . . . For when one has said that these Spirits are the *seven assistants* that surround the throne of the Lamb and form its seven *horns* ; that the famous seven-branched candlestick of the Temple was their type and symbol . . . when we have shown them figured in *Revelation* by the *seven stars* in the Saviour's hand, or by the angels letting loose the *seven plagues*—we shall but have stated once more one of those incomplete truths which we have to handle with such caution." (*Of the Spirits before their Fall*).

Here the author utters a great truth. He would have uttered one still greater, though, had he added that *no truth*, upon *any subject* whatever, has been ever made complete by the Church. Otherwise, where would be the mystery so absolutely necessary to the authority of the ever incomprehensible dogmas of the Holy "Bride" ?

These "Spirits" are called *primarii principes*. But what these first Principles are in reality is not explained. In the first centuries of Christianity the Church would not do so ; and in this one she knows of them no more than her faithful lay sons do. She has lost the secret.

The question concerning the definite adoption of names for these angels, de Mirville tells us—"has given rise to controversies that have lasted for centuries. To this day *these seven names are a mystery*."

Yet they are found in certain missals and in the secret documents at the Vatican, along with the astrological names known to many. But as the Kabalists, and among others Bishop Adalbert, have used some of them, the Church will not accept these titles, though she worships the creatures. The usual names accepted are *Mikael*, the "*quis ut Deus*," the "like unto God" ; *GABRIEL*, the "strength (or power) of God" ; *RAPHAEL*, or "divine virtue" ; *URIEL*, "God's light and fire" ; *SCALTIEL*, the "speech of God" ; *JEHUDIEL*, the "praise of God" and *BARACHIEL*, the "blessing of God." These "seven" are *absolutely canonical*, but they are not the true mystery names—the magical *POTENCIES*. And even among the "substitutes," as just shown, Uriel has been greatly compromised and the three last enumerated are pronounced "suspicious."

Nevertheless, though nameless, they are still worshipped. Nor is it true to say that no trace of these three names—so “suspicious”—is anywhere found in the Bible, for they are mentioned in certain of the old Hebrew scrolls. One of them is named in Chapter XVI. of Genesis—the angel who appears to Hagar; and all the three appear as “the Lord” (the Elohim) to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, as the “three men” who announced to Sarai the birth of Isaac (*Genesis*, XVIII). “Jehudiel,” moreover, is distinctly named in Chapter XXIII. of *Exodus*, as the angel in whom was “the name” (*praise* in the original) of God (*Vide* verse 21). It is through their “divine attributes,” which have led to the formation of the names, that these archangels may be identified by an easy esoteric method of transmutation with the Chaldean great gods and even with the Seven Manus and the Seven Rishis of India.\* They are the *Seven* Sabian Gods, and the *Seven* Seats (Thrones) and Virtues of the Kabalists; and now they have become with the Catholics, their “Seven Eyes of the Lord,” and the “Seven *Thrones*,” instead of “Seats.”

Both Kabalists and “Heathen” must feel quite flattered to thus see their Devas and Rishis become the “Ministers Plenipotentiary” of the Christian God. And now the narrative may be continued unbroken.

Until about the XVth century after the misadventure of Bishop Adalbert, the names of only the first three Archangels out of the seven stood in the Church in their full odour of sanctity. The other four remained ostracised—as names.

Whoever has been in Rome must have visited the privileged temple of the Seven Spirits, especially built for them by Michael Angelo: the famous church known as “St. Mary of the Angels.” Its history is curious but very little known to the public that frequents it. It is worthy, however, of being recorded.

In 1460, there appeared in Rome a great “Saint,” named Amadœus. He was a nobleman from Lusitania, who already in Portugal had become famous for his prophecies and beatific visions.† During one of such he had a revelation. The seven Archangels appeared to the holy man, so beloved by the Pope that Sixtus IV. had actually permitted him to build on the site of St. Peter *in Montorio* a Franciscan monastery. And having appeared they revealed to him their genuine *bona fide* mystery names. The names used by the Church were substitutes, they said. So they were, and the “angels” spoke truthfully. Their business with Amadœus was a modest request. They demanded to be legally recognised under their legitimate patronymics, to receive public worship and have a temple of their own. Now the Church in her great wisdom had declined these names from the first, as being those of Chaldean gods, and had substituted for them astrological *aliases*. This then, could not be done, as “they were names of demons” explains Baronius. But so were the “substitutes” in Chaldea before they were altered for a purpose in the Hebrew Angelology. And if they are *names of demons*, asks pertinently de Mirville, “why are they yet given to Christians and Roman Catholics at baptism?” The truth is that

\* He who knows anything of the Purānas and their allegories, knows that the Rishis therein as well as the Manus are Sons of God, of Brahmā, and themselves gods; that they become men and then, as Saptarishi, they turn into stars and constellations. Finally that they are first 7, then 10, then 14, and finally 21. The occult meaning is evident.

† He died at Rome in 1482.

if the last four enumerated are demon-names, so must be those of Michael, Gabriel and Raphael.

But the "holy" visitors were a match for the Church in obstinacy. At the same hour that Amadœus had his vision at Rome, in Sicily, at Palermo, another wonder was taking place. A miraculously-painted picture of the Seven Spirits, was as miraculously exhumed from under the ruins of an old chapel. On the painting *the same seven mystery names* that were being revealed at that hour to Amadœus were also found *inscribed* "under the portrait of each angel,"\* says the chronicler.

Whatever might be in this our age of unbelief the feelings of the great and learned leaders of various psychic and telepathic societies on this subject, Pope Sixtus IV. was greatly impressed by the *coincidence*. He believed in Amadœus as implicitly as Mr. Brudenel believed in the Abyssinian prophet, "Herr Paulus."† But this was by no means the only "coincidence" of the day. The Holy Roman and Apostolic Church was built on such miracles, and continues to stand on them now as on the rock of Truth; for God has ever sent to her *timely miracles*.‡ Therefore, when also, on that very same day, an old prophecy written in very archaic Latin, and referring to both the find and the revelation was *discovered* at Pisa—it produced quite a commotion among

\* *Des Esprits*, &c., par de Mirville.

† "Herr Paulus"—the no less miraculous production of Mr. Walter Besant's rather muddled and very one-sided fancy.

‡ *En passant*—a remark may be made and a query propounded:

The "miracles" performed in the bosom of Mother Church—from the apostolic down to the ecclesiastical *miracles* at Lourdes—if not more remarkable than those attributed to "Herr Paulus," are at any rate far more wide-reaching, hence, more pernicious in their result upon the human mind. Either both kinds are possible, or both are due to fraud and *dangerous hypnotic and magnetic powers possessed* by some men. Now Mr. W. Besant evidently tries to impress upon his readers that his novel was written in the interests of that portion of society which is so easily befooled by the other. And if so, why then not have traced all such phenomena to their *original and primeval source*, i.e., belief in the possibility of supernatural occurrences because of the inculcated belief in the *MIRACLES in the Bible, and their continuation by the Church*? No Abyssinian prophet, as no "occult philosopher," has ever made such large claims to "miracle" and *divine help*—and no Peter's pence expected, either—as the "Bride of Christ"—she, of Rome. Why has not then our author, since he was so extremely anxious to save the millions of England from delusion, and so very eager to expose the pernicious means used—why has he not tried to first explode the greater humbug, before he ever touched the *minor* tricks—if any? Let him first explain to the British public the turning of water into wine and the resurrection of Lazarus on the *half hypnotic and half jugglery and fraud* hypothesis. For, if one set of *wonders* may be explained by blind belief and mesmerism, why not the other? Or is it because the Bible miracles believed in by every Protestant and Catholic (with the *divine* miracles at Lourdes thrown into the bargain by the latter) cannot be as easily handled by an author who desires to remain *popular*, as those of the "occult philosopher" and the spiritual medium? Indeed, no courage, no fearless defiance of the consequences are required to denounce the helpless and now very much scared *professional* medium. But all these qualifications and an ardent *love of truth into the bargain*, are absolutely necessary if one would beard Mrs. Grundy in her den. For this the traducers of the "Esoteric Buddhists" are too prudent and wily. They only seek cheap popularity with the scoffer and the materialist. Well sure they are, that no *professional* medium will ever dare call them wholesale slanderers to their faces, or seek redress from them so long as the law against palmistry is staring him in the face. As to the "Esoteric Buddhist" or "Occult Philosopher," there is still less danger from this quarter. The contempt of the latter for all the would-be traducers is absolute and it requires more than the clumsy denunciations of a novelist to disturb them. And why should they feel annoyed? As they are neither *professional* prophets, nor do they benefit by St. Peter's pence, the most malicious calumny can only make them laugh. Mr. Walter Besant, however, has said a great truth in his novel, a true pearl of foresight, dropped on a heap of mire: the "occult philosopher" does not propose to "*hide his light under a bushel*."

the faithful. The prophecy foretold, you see, *the revival of the "Planetary-Angel" worship* for that period. Also that during the reign of Pope Clement VII., the convent of St. François de Paul would be raised on the emplacement of the little ruined chapel. "The event occurred as predicted," boasts de Mirville, forgetting that the Church had made the prediction true herself, by following the command implied in it. Yet this is called a "prophecy" to this day.

But it was only in the XVIth century that the Church consented at last to comply on every point with the request of her "high-born" celestial petitioners.

At that time though there was hardly a church or chapel in Italy without a copy of the *miraculous* picture in painting or mosaic, and that actually, in 1516, a splendid "temple to the seven spirits" had been raised and finished near the ruined chapel at Palermo—still the "angels" failed to be satisfied. In the words of their chronicler—"the blessed spirits were not contented with Sicily alone, and secret prayers. They wanted a world-wide worship and the whole Catholic world to recognise them publicly."

Heavenly denizens themselves, as it seems, are not quite free from the ambition and the vanities of our material plane! This is what the ambitious "Rectors" devised to obtain that which they wanted.

Antonio Duca, another seer (in the annals of the Church of Rome) had been just appointed rector of, the Palermo "temple of the seven spirits." About that period, he began to have the same beatific visions as Amadœus had. The Archangels were now urging the Popes through him to recognise them, and to establish a regular and a universal worship in their *own names*, just as it was before Bishop Adalbert's scandal. They insisted upon having a special temple built *for them alone*, and they wanted it upon the ancient site of the famous *Therma* of Diocletian. To the erection of these *Therma*, agreeably with tradition, 40,000 Christians and 10,000 martyrs had been condemned, and helped in this task by such famous "Saints" as Marcellus and Thraso. Since then, however, as stated in Bull LV. by the Pope Pius IV. "this den had remained set apart for the most profane usages and demon (magic?) rites."

But as it appears from sundry documents, all did not go quite as smooth as the "blessed spirits" would have liked, and the poor Duca had a hard time of it. Notwithstanding the strong protection of the Colonna families who used all their influence with Pope Paul III., and the personal request of Marguerite of Austria, the daughter of Charles Vth., "the seven spirits" could not be satisfied, for the same mysterious (and to us very clear) reasons, though propitiated and otherwise honoured in every way. The difficult mission of Duca, in fact, was crowned with success only thirty-four years later. Ten years before, however, namely in 1551, the preparatory purification of the *Therma* had been ordered by Pope Julius III., and a first church had been built under the name of "*St. Mary of the Angels*." But the "Blessed Thrones," feeling displeased with its name, brought on a war during which this temple was plundered and destroyed, as if instead of glorified Archangels they had been maleficent kabalistic *Spooks*.

After this, they went on appearing to seers and saints, with greater frequency

than before, and clamoured even more loudly for a special place of worship. They *demand*ed the re-erection on the same spot (the *Therma*) of a temple which should be called the "Church of *the Seven Angels*."

But there was the same difficulty as before. The Popes had pronounced the original titles demon-names, *i.e.*, those of Pagan gods, and to introduce them into the church service would have been fatal. The "mystery names" of the seven angels could not be given. True enough, when the old "miraculous" picture with the seven names on it had been found, these names had been freely used in the church services. But, at the period of the *Renaissance*, Pope Clement XI. had ordered a special report to be made on them as they stood on the picture. It was a famous astronomer of that day, a Jesuit, named Joseph Biancini, who was entrusted with this delicate mission. The result to which the inquest led, was as unexpected as it was fatal to the worshippers of the seven Sabian gods; the Pope, while commanding that the picture should be preserved, ordered the seven angelic names to be *carefully rubbed out*. And "though these names are traditional," and "although they have *naught to do with*," and are "very different from the names used by Adalbert" (the Bishop-magician of Magdeburg), as the chronicler cunningly adds, yet even their mention was forbidden in the holy churches of Rome.

Thus affairs went on from 1527 till 1561; the Rector trying to satisfy the orders of his *seven* "guides,"—the church fearing to adopt even the Chaldean substitutes for the "mystery-names" as they had been so "desecrated by magical practices." We are not told, however, why the mystery-names, far less known than their substitutes have ever been, should not have been given out if the blessed "Thrones" enjoyed the smallest confidence. But, it must have been "small" indeed, since one finds the "Seven Archangels" demanding their restitution for 34 years, and refusing positively to be called by any other name, and the church still deaf to their desires. The Occultists do not conceal the reason why they have ceased to use them: *they are dangerously magical*. But why should the Church fear them? Have not the Apostles, and Peter pre-eminently, been told "whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven," and were they not given power over every demon known and unknown? Nevertheless, some of the mystery names may be still found along with their substitutes in old Roman missals printed in 1563. There is one in the Barberini library with the whole mass-service in it, and the forbidden truly Sabian names of the seven "great gods" flashing out ominously hither and thither.

The "gods" lost patience once more. Acting in a truly Jehovistic spirit with their "stiff-necked" worshippers, they sent a plague. A terrible epidemic of *obsession* and *possession* broke out in 1553, "when almost all Rome found itself possessed by the devil," says de Mirville (without explaining whether the clergy were included). Then only Duca's wish was realized. His seven Inspirers were invoked in their own names, and "the epidemic ceased as by enchantment, the blessed ones," adds the chronicler, "proving by the divine powers they possessed, once more, that they had nothing in common *with the demons of the same name*,"—*i.e.*, the Chaldean gods.\*

\* But they had proved their *power* earlier by sending the war, the destruction of the church, and finally the epidemic; and this does not look very *angelic*—to an Occultist.

"Then Michael Angelo was summoned in all haste by Paul IV. to the Vatican." His magnificent plan was accepted and the building of the former church begun. Its construction lasted over three years. In the archives of this now celebrated edifice, one can read that: "the narrative of the miracles that occurred during that period could not be undertaken, as it was *one incessant miracle of three years' duration.*" In the presence of all his cardinals, Pope Paul IV. ordered that the seven names, as originally written on the picture, should be restored, and inscribed around the large copy from it that surmounts to this day the high altar.

The admirable temple was consecrated to the Seven Angels in 1561. The object of the Spirits was reached; three years later, nearly simultaneously, Michael Angelo and Antonio Duca both died. They were no longer wanted.

Duca was the first person buried in the church for the erection of which he had fought the best part of his life and finally procured for his heavenly patrons. On his tomb the summary of the revelations obtained by him, as also the catalogue of the prayers and invocations, of the penances and fasts used as means of getting the "blessed" revelations and more frequent visits from the "Seven"—are engraved. In the vestry a sight of the documents attesting to, and enumerating some of the phenomena of "the incessant miracle of three years' duration" may be obtained for a small fee. The record of the "miracles" bears the *imprimatur* of a Pope and several Cardinals, but it still lacks that of the Society for Psychical Research. The "Seven Angels" must be needing the latter badly, as without it their triumph will never be complete. Let us hope that the learned Spookical Researchers will send their "smart boy" to Rome at an early day, and that the "blessed ones" may find at Cambridge—a Duca.

But what became of the "mystery names" so cautiously used and what of the new ones? First of all came the substitution of the name of Eudiel for one of the Kabalistic names. Just one hundred years later, all the seven names suddenly disappeared, by order of the Cardinal Albitius. In the old and venerable Church of *Santa Maria della Pieta* on the Piazza Colonna, the "miraculous" painting of the Seven Archangels may be still seen, but the names have been scratched out and the places repainted. *Sic transit gloria.* A little while after that the mass and vesper services of the "Seven" were once more eliminated from the missals used, notwithstanding that "they are quite distinct" from those of the "planetary Spirits" who used to help Bishop Adalbert. But as "the robe does not really make the monk," so the change of names cannot prevent the individuals that had them from being the same as they were before. They are still worshipped and this is all that my article aims to prove.

Will this be denied? In that case I have to remind the readers that so late as in 1825, a Spanish grandee supported by the Archbishop of Palermo made an attempt before Leo XII. for the simultaneous re-establishment of *the service and names.* The Pope granted the Church service *but refused the permission to use the old names.\**

\* This is quoted from the volumes of the Marquis de Mirville's "*Pneumatologie des Esprits.*" Vol. II. p. 388. A more rabid papist and ultramontane having never existed, his testimony can hardly be suspected. He seems to glory in this idolatry and is loud in demanding its *public* and universal restoration.

"This service, perfected and amplified by order of Paul IV., the minutes of which exist to this day at the *Vatican* and the *Minerva*, remained in force during the whole pontificate of Leo X." The Jesuits were those who rejoiced the most at the resurrection of the old worship, in view of the prodigious help they received from it, as it ensured the success of their proselytising efforts in the Philippine Islands. Pope Pius V. conceded the same "divine service" to Spain, saying in his Bull, that "one could never exalt too much *these seven Rectors* of the world, *figured by the SEVEN PLANETS*," and that . . . "it looked consoling and augured well for this century, that by the grace of God, the cult of *these seven ardent lights*, and *these seven stars*, was regaining all its lustre in the Christian republic." \*

The same "holy Pope permitted moreover to the nuns of *Matritensis* to establish the *fête* of JEHUDIEL the patron of their convent." Whether another less pagan name has now been substituted for it we are not informed—nor does it in the least matter.

In 1832 the same demand in a petition to spread the worship of the "Seven Spirits of God," was reiterated, endorsed this time by *eighty-seven bishops* and thousands of officials with high-sounding names in the Church of Rome. Again, in 1858, Cardinal Patrizzi and King Ferdinand II. in the name of *all the people of Italy* reiterated their petition; and again, finally, in 1862. Thus, the Church services in honour of the seven "Spirit-Stars" have never been abrogated since 1825. To this day they are in full vigour in Palermo, in Spain, and even in Rome at "St. Mary of the Angels" and the "*Gésu*"—though entirely suppressed everywhere else; all this "because of Adalbert's *heresy*," de Mirville and the other supporters of Star-Angel worship are pleased to say. In reality there is no reason but the one already disclosed for it. Even the seven substitutes, especially the last four, have been too openly connected with black magic and astrology.

Writers of the de Mirville type are in despair. Not daring to blame the Church, they vent their wrath upon the old Alchemists and Rosicrucians. They clamour for the restitution of a public worship notwithstanding; and the imposing association formed since 1862 in Italy, Bavaria, Spain and elsewhere for the re-establishment of the cult of the Seven Spirits *in all its fullness* and in all Catholic Europe, gives hope that in a few years more the Seven Rishis of India now happily domiciled in the constellation of the Great Bear will become by the grace and will of some infallible Pontiff of Rome the legal and honoured divine patrons of Christendom.

And why not, since (St.) George is to this day, "the patron Saint of not only Holy Russia, Protestant Germany, fairy Venice, but also of merry England, whose soldiers,"—says W. M. Braithwaite,†—"would uphold his prestige with their heart's blood." And surely our "Seven gods" cannot be worse than was the rascally George of Cappadocia during his lifetime!

Hence, with the courage of true believers, the Christian defenders of the Seven Star-Angels deny nothing, at any rate they keep silent whenever accused of rendering divine honours to Chaldean and other gods. They even admit the identity and proudly confess to the charge of star-worshipping. The accusa-

\* p. 358 *ibid.* Vide *infra*.

† "St. George for Merry England," by W. M. Braithwaite. *Masonic Monthly*, No. 2.

tion has been thrown many a time by the French Academicians into the teeth of their late leader, the Marquis de Mirville, and this is what he writes in reply :

“ We are accused of mistaking stars for angels. The charge is acquiring such a wide notoriety that we are forced to answer it very seriously. It is impossible that we should try to dissimulate it without failing in frankness and courage, since this *pretended mistake* is repeated incessantly in the Scriptures as in our theology. We shall examine . . . this opinion hitherto so accredited, to-day discredited, and which attributes rightly to our SEVEN PRINCIPAL SPIRITS the rulership, not of the seven known planets, with which we are reproached, but of the seven PRINCIPAL planets \*—which is quite a different thing.” †

And the author hastens to cite the authority of Babinet, the astronomer, who sought to prove in an able article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (May, 1885), that in reality besides the earth we had only SEVEN big planets.

The “seven *principal* planets” is another confession to the acceptance of a purely occult tenet. Every planet according to the esoteric doctrine is in its composition a *Septenary* like man, in its principles. That is to say, *the visible planet is the physical body* of the sidereal being the *Atma* or Spirit of which is the Angel, or Rishi, or Dhyan-Chohan, or Deva, or whatever we call it. This belief as the occultists will see (read in *Esoteric Buddhism* about the constitution of the planets) is thoroughly occult. It is a tenet of the Secret Doctrine—*minus* its idolatrous element—pure and simple. As taught in the Church and her rituals, however, and especially, as *practised*, it is ASTROLATRY as pure and as simple.

There is no need to show here the difference between teaching, or theory, and practice in the holy Roman Catholic Church. The words “Jesuit” and “Jesuitism” cover the whole ground. The Spirit of Truth has departed ages ago—if it has ever been near it—from the Church of Rome. At this, the Protestant Church, so full of brotherly spirit and love for her sister Church, will say; *Amen*. The Dissenter, whose heart is as full of the love of Jesus as of hatred towards Ritualism and its mother Popery, will chuckle.

In the editorial of the *Times* for November 7, 1866, stands “A Terrible Indictment” against the Protestants, which says :

“ Under the influence of the Episcopal Bench, all the studies connected with theology have withered, until English Biblical critics are the scorn of foreign scholars. Whenever we take up the work of a theologian who is likely to be a Dean or a Bishop, we find, *not* an earnest inquirer setting forth the results of *honest research*, but merely an advocate, who, we can perceive, has begun his work with the fixed determination of *proving black white* in favour of his own traditional system.”

If the Protestants do not recognise the “Seven Angels,” nor, while refusing them divine worship, do they feel ashamed and afraid of their names, as the Roman Catholics do, on the other hand they are guilty of “*Jesuitism*” of another kind, just as bad. For, while professing to believe the Scriptures a direct *Revelation* from God, not one sentence of which should be altered under the penalty of eternal damnation, they yet tremble and cower before the discoveries of science, and try to pander to their great enemy. Geology, Anthro-

\* These “principal planets” are the *mystery planets* of the pagan Initiates, but travestied by dogma and priestcraft.

† *Pneumatologie des Esprits*, Vol. II. *Memoire adressé aux Academies*, p. 359, *et seq.*



pology, Ethnology and Astronomy, are to them what Uriel, Scaltiel, Jehudiel and Barachiel are to the Roman Catholic Church. It is six of one and half a dozen of the other. And since neither one nor the other of the two religions will abstain from anathematizing, slandering and persecuting Magic, Occultism, and even Theosophy, it is but just and proper that in their turn the Students of the Sacred Science of old should retort at last, and keep on telling the truth fearlessly to the faces of both.

MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT.

H. P. B.



“L'ISIS.”

BRANCHE FRANCAISE, DE LA SOCIÉTÉ THÉOSOPHIQUE.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

Allow me to bring to the notice of those of your readers who may have received the pretended “Bulletin de l'Isis” the following facts:—

Of the three signatories of this bulletin one has been expelled from the Isis Lodge; the two others are not even members of the Theosophical Society.\*

Thus neither M. Goyard, nor M. Encausse, nor M. Lejay, have henceforth any connection at all with Isis. Moreover, it is absolutely false that at the meeting, held by these gentlemen on June 23rd, a resolution was unanimously voted and accepted to the effect that an apology should be offered to M. Saint Yves, called Marquis d'Alveydre.† Some members formally opposed the resolution. But had it been even so, the Isis Lodge would have had no concern with it, these three gentleman having no right to speak in the name of the Lodge. The gathering in the private rooms of M. Lejay has nothing in common with the meeting of the Isis Lodge, which took place at the same hour in the Salle Richefeu.

Yours fraternally,

F. K. Gaboriau,

President (*pro tem.*) of the Isis Lodge.

A. FROMENT.

(Hon. Secretary-Treasurer.)

\* In the *bulletin* issued by the said gentlemen, it is questioned whether the President-Founder has the right to appoint officers *pro tem.* to vacant places. In the *Rules* of the T. S. may be found No. 7, which states: “The President-Founder has authority to designate any Fellow . . . to perform *pro tem.* the duties of any office vacated by death or resignation.” In the Rules of 1888, Art. 15 (*d*) declares that “in case of vacancies occurring during the year it shall be competent for the President, &c., &c. . . to nominate and appoint persons to fill such vacancies.” M. Louis Dramard, the late President and Founder of “L'Isis,” being dead, and confusion and disputes having arisen in consequence, it was expedient to set this rule in action, and nominate, *pro tem.*, in the name of the President-Founder, M. Gaboriau (a co-founder of the branch), as President “de l'Isis,” subject to the approval of the President in Council. Such nomination, even *pro tem.*, was forced by the despotic and illegal actions of three persons, two of whom were not even members, and who had, nevertheless, seizing the power in their hands, proclaimed themselves as sole proprietors and directors of the destinies of l'Isis.

† Who is M. Saint Yves, Marquis d'Alveydre? He is not, nor ever was, a member of the Theosophical Society.

H P. BLAVATSKY,  
Corresponding Secretary of the T S.

## WHAT IS THEOSOPHY ?

[Published with the approval of the Gnostic Theosophical Society.]

**T**HEOSOPHY is derived from two Greek words, *Theos*, meaning God, and *Sophia*, meaning wisdom. Theosophia or Theosophy is the wisdom of God, or Divine wisdom. Theosophy is at once a science and a religion.

It is the science that embraces the phenomena, laws and principles of all sciences. The religion that contains the absolute truths underlying the creeds of all religions of all ages and peoples since the making of the world. It is as old as the sun ; as young as the dawn. It evolves from the microcosm and explains the macrocosm. While mortal in manifestation, it is immortal in essence. "It is the light shining in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Its truth was hidden behind the veil of Isis, was closed within the sacred Lotus of the Buddha was guarded in the temples of Greece and Rome, was carved upon the golden sun of Montezuma, and was crucified upon the cross with Jesus Christ. Theosophia—Divine daughter of God!—calls aloud to all the world in this New Cycle, and proclaims in her very name her glorious origin and certain destiny !

The ancient Initiates or adepts were the discoverers and conservators of all the sciences of ancient times, and also the guardians and teachers of all the religions of the past. To the Initiate there never was and never can be any conflict between true science and true religion. But the ancient adept gave neither his knowledge of nature, nor of the gods to the people. There was an esoteric science, and an esoteric religion jealously guarded by the few, for the few who proved themselves worthy. Only after long years of study, of pure and holy living, and of the most terrible and painful ordeals was the seeker for divine wisdom admitted to the inner sanctuary. Few are they who can be trusted with the awful powers that come from occult knowledge of the *Anima Bruta*, till they have risen to the comprehension of the sublime mysteries of the *Anima Divina*. To gain admission to the higher secrets of the adepts is as difficult to-day as it was in the times of Pythagoras or of Christ, though the time for revealing many secrets hidden for thousands of years is now at hand. . . . .

The mystic grasps not only the immutable and relentless laws of the material world, but also the equally unvarying, inexorable and higher laws of the spiritual universe. The adept, both ancient and modern, reads the most occult pages in the book of nature, commands forces utterly unknown to modern science, scans the hearts of men and demons and holds converse with the Gods. The most learned cosmopolitan is

at best but a citizen of the world ; the adept is a citizen of the universe, and can live alike in the world of causes, and the world of effects, in the here and in the hereafter. And do we mean to say that all Theosophists know the secrets of all sciences, and have the key to every mystery of the soul? No! a thousand times no! As well might one say that every philosopher is a Newton or a La Place, every naturalist a Darwin or Hæckel, every musician a Mozart or Beethoven. But our claims seem startling enough to some. They are so high, wide and deep. that Science scorns, Religion repudiates and Ignorance ignores them, But Theosophists heed none of these things. They live in time as though it were eternity, and are as sure of eternity as they are of time. Though they may have caught but the faintest echo of the divine harmony, that echo enwraps the soul in abiding calm. A great western mystic beautifully defines "reason as the eye of the mind and intuition as the eye of the soul." The Theosophist walks the paths of truth with both these windows of his being wide open, and turned to the source of all light ; and knows himself a son of God returning to his Father! And also knows that in that long journey, he shall gather all knowledge, both of earth and heaven, and attain to all the joys and powers, both of men and angels! He believes in absolute love and absolute wisdom, because he knows the laws of absolute justice that rule the universe. There can be no such thing as perfect love without perfect justice. The Gnostic alone, of all men, can tell you why "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass away than for one jot or tittle of the law to fail." Because he knows the law he gathers his strength for the evil days that soon must fall upon mankind, because the power now held by the classes is used to oppose and suppress the rights of the masses. As every adept can read in the astral light, he knows the future when he wills. Thus, soon you will hear voices, here and there throughout the world, giving warning of the terrible calamities now swiftly sweeping from the Unseen, to overwhelm those who doubt and oppose the justice of the living God. The mystic loves all Christs and believes in all, but for him there is no saviour outside of himself. He knows the meaning of the beautiful mystery of the atonement ; but the world does not know it ; neither does the Church show that she knows it in the husky doctrine that reaches the masses from the Vatican.

Slowly the master entered the silent hall where his disciples walked and pondered the mysteries.

"Hast studied well the symbols, and dost thou know at last the truth," said the master.

"In part I know, and always I seek," replied the novitiate.

"Ponder well and strengthen thee, for we go a long journey and much may be revealed to thee." . . . .

"Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. Soon

they were in the dense gloom of a tropical forest; the towering trees enwrapped in the snaky folds of clasping vines, whose twisting fingers drew ever closer the dark roof leaves. Before them rose the dim outlines of that massive and mysterious temple, lost for ages in the heart of Yucatan. The master pushed away the heavy vines that covered deep carvings of many strange symbols, engraved upon the deathless stone before the Aztec rose or the Montezumas reigned.

"Behold the temple of the living God!" said the master.

And as the student knelt a tongue of flame leaped from cross to wheel, from wheel to serpent, and he cried aloud: "They knew!—thousands and thousands of years ago they knew, and here are all the mysteries, oh! Buddha our Lord!"

"Come!" said the master, and the student rose and followed. It was night. Round them stretched in awful majesty the ruins of ancient Karnac. Terrible in grandeur loomed those giant columns, striking black shadows across the splendour of the Egyptian moon. A flock of flamingoes whirled slowly in the air above, moving towards the gliding Nile. Then from the deepest shadow came a voice: "I am Hermes Trismegistus. If that which thou seekest thou findest not within thee, thou wilt never find it without thee. All is living—life is one, and God is Life."

When silence fell, a faint flame gleamed upon a broken column, and as the student bowed in awe, he saw the symbols carved deep, imperishable. The tongue of flame swept from winged globe to winged wheel; the triangles, interlaced, were enclosed in a serpent of fire; and his heart melted within him. And he cried again. "Here they knew him!" Here he was adored! Oh! Christ ineffable, oh! mystery Divine!

"Come!" said the master, and the student arose and followed. Suddenly thick darkness held them like a pall. They could hear the sullen surge of waves that sweep stealthily in caverns. Startled bats brushed them as they moved and the damp stones proved the sea was near this entrance to the cave of Elephanta. They were approaching the oldest mystery of India. The master gently took the cold hand of his disciple as the darkness slowly lifted, and in the dimness glowered that monstrous statue—gigantic, horrible; that dual creature of stone, half man, half woman—the mystery of the ages! And as they looked, a tongue of flame shone upon the wall and there they saw the symbol most sacred—worshipped by Aryan, Egyptian, Aztec, Jew and Christian. And the master cried aloud: "Behold the temple of the Living Truth!" "The same yesterday, to-day and for ever!" As he cried the flame crept from the wall and glowed over his heart, and his disciple turned and beheld his master illumined from within, and fell upon his knees and worshipped him, crying, "'Tis He! 'Tis He! He is here. His temple is within thee!" The disciple wept with joy, and bowed his head upon his breast and lo! the flame leaped from within his own heart, and he cried with a mighty voice. "'Tis He, 'Tis He! Behold, *we* are the temple of the Living God!"

SUSIE E. HIBBERT, 2nd Degree, F.T.S.

*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, June 9th, 1888.

## EVOLUTION AND NATURAL SELECTION.

## A CRITICISM AND A SUGGESTION.

*The relation of Darwinism to the general concept of Evolution—Spencer on modern Darwinism—Haeckel's view—What Evolution really owes to Darwin—Anticipations of Natural Selection, Wallace, Wells and Herbert—The scope assigned to Natural Selection—Tyndall on the duty of scientific critics—Professor Bain on N. S.—Herbert Spencer's recent criticism in "The Factors of Organic Evolution"—Schmidt, Büchner and Haeckel on the same—Dixon on "Evolution without Natural Selection"—Mr. G. J. Romanes on "Physiological Selection"; his limitation of the Darwinian factor as explanatory of the "Origin of Species."—Summary of recent emendations—Spencer's powerful thrust—Probing the expression "Natural Selection"—The "rift in the lute"—"Spontaneous variations" as the quantité négligeable of Darwinism—Haeckel's Pedigree of man—Can Natural Selection "evolve"?—its complete dependency on the variations of structure—A Biological Cossack—Not an originative but a registrative factor—Full exposition of the point—Rehabilitation of the idea of an inherent law of development—Professor Owen and Albert Gaudry—Von Hartmann's "Truth and Error in Darwinism"—Proofs—Cases inexplicable by Natural Selection—The vertebrate and molluscan eye—Dr. A. Wilson on structure of the cuttlefish head—Haeckel on mechanical causality—Darwin's marine ancestor of man; the great puzzle—A. R. Wallace on N. S. as explaining only part of human evolution—Concluding remarks.*

"On the evidence of palaeontology the evolution of many existing forms of animal life from their predecessors is no longer an hypothesis, but an historical fact; it is only the nature of the physiological factors to which that evolution is due which is still open to discussion."

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

THE dominant position held by Darwinism in modern biology has undoubtedly led many persons to identify a certain phase of the Development-hypothesis with the Development-hypothesis itself. It is strange to note in how many circles this opinion still seems to prevail, but when we bear in mind the importance of the great factor in organic evolution insisted on by Darwin and the extent to which his views have thrown all competing theories into the background, the explanation is not far to seek. Nowadays, as Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks,\* naturalists are more Darwinian than Darwin himself, relying as they do too exclusively on the sufficiency of the factor which it was his lifework to illustrate. Evolution has consequently become in the eyes of many, a synonym for Darwinism. But to cite Professor Haeckel †:—

... "The fundamental principle of Darwin was by no means a new one. It has been formulated already by many philosophers, not only in our own century, but in much earlier times in one form or another. The proofs and arguments that Darwin discovered in favour of his views are new. The vigorous carrying out of the hypothesis in the light of the science of the day—that, also, is new."

The general Evolution Doctrine is, of course, pre-Darwinian. But the immense debt which biology owes to the great naturalist is based on his

\* "The Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 29. † "The Darwinian Theory." (Lect.)

application of the principle of Natural Selection to the explanation of the phenomena of organic life. He infused new energy into a dream of isolated thinkers, which was fast falling into discredit, by supplying the necessary mechanical basis demanded by physiology. Where Lamarck and Oken attempted to solve the problems of biology by verbal explanations, he proffered a simple and definite theory. It is true, as he himself remarks,\* that—exclusive of the independent application of Natural Selection by Mr. A. R. Wallace—certain authors such as Dr. Wells and the Hon. W. Herbert had already accounted for sporadic ethnological and botanical phenomena on his own lines. In no instance, however, was the full import of the explanation grasped irrespective of the minute research, the patient skill and “pemmican of fact,” which contribute so largely to the merit of the “Origin of Species.”

Natural Selection is now a “by-word among the nations.” Indefinite variability, the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence—continuous elimination checking a geometrical rate of increase—here we have the Darwinian law in a nutshell. From the specks of protoplasmic monera which overlaid the ocean depths of the Laurentian Epoch up to the civilised philosopher of to-day, all forms of organic life are to be accounted for on this basis, according to the enthusiastic adherents of this system.

It is my intention in this essay to cast a glance over the most recent conclusions on the subject, to examine into the alleged all-sufficiency of Natural Selection, and finally to lay the issue clearly before my readers:—Have we as yet exhausted the list of “factors of organic evolution”? I venture to doubt the soundness of the affirmative answer to this query so often and so confidently returned, holding that science never attains to a realization of the whole truth on any subject except by a series of steps. As Professor Tyndall said, in his celebrated Belfast address, it is, after all, not a question of whether Darwin, Huxley, or Spencer, possess the final truth. Many of their positions may have, one day, to be abandoned. The essential fact which we must recognise is the necessity for the freest speech and the most untrammelled research. It is in this spirit alone that the discussion of such problems should be approached. “Science should have neither desires nor prejudices. Truth should be her sole aim.” †

Now, in the case of Natural Selection, we find ourselves face to face with a process which is daily and hourly in operation around us. All criticism, therefore, should bear upon the extent to which this factor may be regarded as explicative of the “how?” of organic development. “This renowned speculation,” writes Professor Bain,‡ “with all its boldness, has the characters of a legitimate hypothesis; it assumes a

\* “Origin of Species,” 6th Ed., p. xv. “Historical Sketch of the Progress of opinion on the Origin of Species.”

† Sir W. Grove. ‡ “Logic. Induction,” p. 272.

real agency, a *vera causa*; its difficulties lie in showing that the supposed agent is equal to the vastness of the results." There is, however, another aspect of this question with which I shortly propose to deal.

One feature of recent polemics is too prominent to escape comment, viz.:—the sharp check experienced by those biologists who have no other factor in their repertory of hypotheses than that of Natural Selection. The highest authority on the matter within these shores—Mr. Herbert Spencer—has not only declared his entire disbelief in the adequacy of this factor to account for the results of evolution, but has even gone so far as to stigmatise it as representative of no physical cause at all in the strict sense of the term. He writes:—

"The phrases employed in discussing organic evolution, though convenient and indeed needful, are liable to mislead us by veiling the actual agencies. . . . The words "Natural Selection" do not express a cause in the physical sense. They express a mode of co-operation among causes, or rather, to speak strictly, they express an effect of this mode of co-operation."\*

Such language from the pen of the author of the "Principles of Biology" is certainly somewhat startling. Mr. Spencer does not, however, proceed to fill up the gap in the list of factors with any marked approximation to originality, though his illustrations of existing evolutionist problems are of great value. He recognises, indeed, such additional causes as "use and disuse," the direct influence of the environment, etc., but Darwin himself, many years ago, admitted as much in the earliest editions of his work. The essay is, however, instructive as typical of an incipient re-action against the view that the causes of evolution had been once and for all ascertained and docketed.† In this connection we may note that such authoritative writers as Schmidt, Büchner‡ and Haeckel§ have been uniformly consistent in maintaining the necessary incompleteness of any theory which regards Natural Selection as the sole constructive agent in the origination of species.|| More recently, Mr. Charles Dixon in his "Evolution without Natural Selection," has added "Isolation," "Climate" and a few other minor causes to the growing list of emendations on the original cast of the forces operative in the drama of life.

More definite still is the hypothesis lately put forward by Mr. G. J. Romanes, F.R.S.—that of "Physiological Selection." This distinguished biologist regards the cardinal difficulties of Darwinism "considered as a theory of the origin of species," as three in number.¶ (1.) The difference between natural species and domesticated varieties in respect of fertility. (2.) The fact that the features which distinguish allied species have frequently no utilitarian significance, and cannot hence be attributed to

\* "Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 40.

† Cf. Herbert Spencer, "Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 29, on this point.

‡ "Force and Matter," (Eng. Trans., Asher & Co.), p. 209.

§ "The Pedigree of Man," (Eng. Trans.), pp. 24-5.

|| "Darwinism," according even to Haeckel, "offers us only the basis of a new system."

¶ Linnæan Society's Journal, p. 338.

Natural Selection. (3.) The "swamping influence upon an incipient variety of free intercrossing . . . if we add to this consideration . . . the difficulty elaborated by Professor Mivart as to the *improbability of a variation being from the first of sufficient utility to come under the influence of natural selection*, I feel it impossible to doubt that a most formidable opposition is presented." Mr. Romanes holds that Natural Selection constitutes no legitimate theory of the origin of *species*, though it does, indeed, of *adaptations*. "In thus seeking to place the theory of natural selection on its true logical footing," he adds, "I am no way detracting from the importance of that theory. On the contrary I am but seeking to release it from the difficulties with which it has been hitherto surrounded." \* He traces the permanent divergence of a variety from its parent species and its preservation from the swamping effect of interbreeding with the latter, to the "barrier" produced by a mutual sterility. This barrier, which is obviously "quite as effectual as a thousand miles of ocean," supervenes in consequence of variations in the extremely sensitive medium of the reproductive organs, the liability of which to be affected by climatic or dietetic changes is notorious. Interesting and in many respects satisfactory as the above hypothesis appears to be, I am more concerned at present to instance the more notable departures from orthodox evolutionism than to examine into their respective merits—a truly enormous subject. Suffice it to say that they may all be accepted as supplementary to Natural Selection, and in no case tend to grapple with what seems to be the vital postulate of Evolutionism. Putting aside, therefore, all considerations as to the validity of such emendated versions of the current development hypothesis, let us proceed to inquire into the precise implication of the expression "Natural Selection."

Some very important aspects of the latter demanded a more exhaustive treatment than they have hitherto received.

The frequent designation of an organ or species as "evolved by natural selection" is not without its drawback. It tends to personify a metaphor—to entify an abstraction one is almost tempted to say. Mr. Spencer, as previously noted, well observes that "the phrases employed in discussing organic evolution, though convenient and indeed needful, are liable to mislead us by veiling the actual agencies." Probing this sentence to the quick, we note that the philosopher of Agnosticism is in reality impatient of that general tendency to substitute phrases for thoughts, which is exemplified in the loose language of many writers on Evolution. What then is the strict connotation of the expression "evolved by natural selection"? Simply that out of a certain aggregate of geometrically-multiplying organisms only those survive which possess special structural or mental advantages, or it may be their incipient stages. Exactly. How then with regard to origination of such variations in the

\* *Innanean Society's Journal*, p. 346.



first instance? We now find ourselves face to face with some interesting considerations.

“Natural Selection,” strictly speaking, is but a verbal entity symbolising an effect produced by a concurrence of heterogeneous causes. The best organised members of a group of animals or plants are alone predicated to survive and transmit their advantages to the future breed. The process thus christened by Darwin, as being analogous to the conscious selection exercised by man in domesticating animals, originates nothing; it only seizes upon and diffuses at large among the descendants of a species such useful material in the way of variation *as the ancestral organisms themselves have provided it with*. It tends to universalise individual advantages, thus registering idiosyncrasies for the benefit of a group. But in ultimate analysis it is apparent that so far from explaining the whole rationale of Evolution, “Natural Selection” leaves the essential factor in the matter still an unfathomed mystery. The crucial query suggests itself—whence sprung the stimulus to those variations which supply “Natural Selection” with its pabulum?

“Ay! there’s the rub.”

The point, then, on which I am anxious to lay stress is the following, viz.:—That in reality *it is the so-called spontaneous variations which produce the harvest of complex forms, animal and vegetable*; and that Natural Selection merely subserves the function of *registering for the breed* the beneficial changes as they turn up. Take, for instance, the Haeckelian pedigree of Man. If it is, in any sense, valid, we have to regard *Homo Sapiens* as the lineal descendant of palaeozoic “monera.” The distinguished German scientist alluded to frequently speaks of Man’s physical structure as “*evolved by Natural Selection.*” Is this a permissible use of language?

Surely not. No modification can spring from Natural Selection, which, as Mr. Spencer shows, is not a physical cause initiating physiological changes. “Natural Selection” is, at the best, only a registrative as opposed to an originative process, and does not even represent an unvarying combination of agencies. It is an effect resulting from the co-operation of the heterogeneous causes which go to make up what is termed the “struggle for existence”; and the conditions of this struggle vary with the special geographical areas in which its presence is decipherable. How vague and shadowy, then, is this factor, which was once deemed all-explanatory? Its action is seen to be limited to the elimination of inferior organisms. It teaches us nothing with regard to the general advance of form since the structural variations, which accomplish this end, antecede the stage at which the survival of the fittest supervenes. Before Natural Selection can weed out the feeble and preserve the superior members of a species, the material to be sifted must be forthcoming. Millions, ay, myriads, of organisms may perish, but no evolutionary advance is possible unless

favourable structural variations put in an appearance. The deep sea Bathybii\* may "struggle for existence" through aeons of geological time, but *à quoi bon?* Their rudimentary stage of organisation is stereotyped, *unless new physiological characteristics spontaneously appear* in their midst. *No amount of "selection" can evolve a type on to a higher level, if no change worthy of selection presents itself.* This, at least, is clear.

We may perhaps compare Natural Selection to a biological Cossack, who, by preying on stragglers from the main army of organic advance, prevents the inferior products of Nature's "'prentice hand" from perpetuating their stock. There its function ends. The existing perfection of organic types is, therefore, not due to Natural Selection *per se*. It is, due to that *quantité négligeable*—the "spontaneous variations." They, in reality, have built up the grand edifice of organic evolution; while that invaluable *accessory factor*, "Natural Selection," has been only carrying on a process of eliminating failures from the workshop of Mother Earth. Even supposing that the struggle for existence had never been instituted to serve as the probation and standard of the vitality of species, would not the advance of form due to "spontaneous variability" have equally taken place? Obviously, but in that case the feeble would be co-existent with the strong, the undeveloped with the developed, in a manner which under existing cosmic laws is inconceivable.

But, as things stand, Nature, as Du. Prel says, is her own physician "Natural Selection" is the superficially cruel, but *de facto* benevolent manner in which she "physicks" her children—species. But this summary treatment of ailments does not assist us much in comprehending how the vigorous portion of her progeny attained their maturity.

The fact that the "spontaneous" variations in organisms, constitute after all the basic factor in evolution, completely rehabilitates the conception as to "an inherent law of development" originally impressed on matter or bound up with what Matthew Arnold has called "the eternal order of things." This opinion is held in a modified form by Professor Owen† and Albert Gaudry.‡ It is, also, defended by the pessimist Von Hartmann, though the standpoint of the "philosopher of the Unconscious" is necessarily different to that favoured by theistic evolutionists in general.

In support of this doctrine as to a pre-determined necessity underlying the MAIN TENDENCY of those variations which, as Darwin says, we call spontaneous "through our ignorance," numerous facts might be adduced. We know, for instance, that the eyes of cuttlefish and

\* Now, like many other Evolutionist myths, resolved into a dream of too zealous biologists.

† Cf. "General Conclusions," in his "Anatomy of the Vertebrates."

‡ "Considérations sur les Mammifères" (Paris).

vertebrates originated independently in the two types which, in Darwin's words, "owe none of their structure in common to inheritance from a common progenitor." Again, in an able essay on the former, Dr. Wilson remarks in allusion to their cephalic development \* :—

"The presence in the heads of cuttlefishes of the cartilaginous 'skull,' in addition to other sundry masses of gristle scattered through the substance of the 'mantle,' has just been mentioned as a feature of interest. No possible lines of connection, genetic or otherwise, exist between cuttlefish and vertebrates; yet this 'skull' character would at first sight seem to indicate resemblance and relationship of a definite kind between the two groups. But the case before us *merely adds one to already known instances in which structures of analogous or similar nature have originated in a perfectly independent fashion.*"

Such facts go far to sustain the view that the general lines on which organic evolution proceeds are mapped out in germ in the very nature of things; in short, that as regards the *mainstream* of "progress from the simple to the complex," the supposed "indeterminate clash" of unintelligent forces is a pure myth. An inherent *vis formativa* supplants Professor Haeckel's conception of "blind forces working without aim, without design." It is at least strange in this connection to find writers of the materialistic school such as Büchner so glibly disposing of "variation"—that essence of the problem—as "spontaneous" and due to "chance." If we are free to say that variation is not the *quantité négligeable* which Darwinism makes of it, we are certainly justified in regarding spontaneity and chance in a "universe of matter, force, and necessity" as flagrant impossibilities.

Let us now analyse the "variation" problem presented by the following speculation culled from Darwin † :—

"We should be justified in believing that at an extremely remote period a group of animals existed resembling in many respects the larvae of our present Ascidiæ, which diverged into two great branches—the one retrograding in development and producing the present class of Ascidiæ, the other rising to the crown and summit of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the Vertebrata."

Now, since Natural Selection merely registers the useful variations in structure, it follows that the striking contrast between these two branches in respect of modification, was due to a luxuriant access of beneficial variations to the one, parallel with a stagnation of growth in the case of the other. From what source sprang the force which determined the origination of the vertebrate phylum from a lowly marine grub? Why was only one branch thus rich with potentiality of progress, while the other positively retrograded? Of all this Natural Selection affords us no ghost or glimmer of an explanation.

Mr. A. R. Wallace has adduced the case of the savage as illustrative of

\* "Studies in Life and Sense," p. 98.

† "Descent of Man." Second Edit., p. 160.

the presence of some factor superior to mere mechanical causation in the evolution of Man. He rests this opinion on certain specific "potentialities" inherent in the larynx, hand, and brain of the savage, which are of no utility to their present possessors, but nevertheless *anticipate* the requirements of the future civilized man—thus lending powerful support to those hypotheses which recognise a provident design in Nature. He found, for instance, that many wild tribes whose actual exercise of intelligence is little superior to that of the orang nevertheless possess large brains out of all proportion to their mental necessities. Unless, therefore, we are to regard such peoples as degraded relics of pre-historic civilizations,\* a view which obviously would only swell the list of existing evolutionist perplexities anent the supposed animal ancestry of Man, the conclusion is inevitable that such a cerebral development could not have been "produced" by unaided Natural Selection. *Anticipatory provision* has nothing in common with the *automatic utilitarianism* of the latter.

This case, however, as many others which admit of citation, assumes a very different aspect when we apply to its solution the idea that the general tendency of organic variability is shaped by some "vis formativa"—the link† between the phenomenal universe and the Cosmic Soul. For the universe is buttressed by Thought. The main impress by which the world-plan was stamped into matter prior to the Age of the Fire-Mists or the birth of the elements, is traceable to that Universal Spirit:—

" Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns  
And the round ocean and the living air  
And the blue sky and in the mind of man  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought  
And rolls through all things."

E. DOUGLAS FAWCETT.

\* As they undoubtedly are. But I am arguing the case on the evolutionist lines, so accept *arg.caus.* the gratuitous idea of the "primeval savage."

† Fohat.



#### THE T. P. S.

THE Theosophical Publication Society's pamphlet "No. 9," is a very interesting account by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore of Mr. Keely's theories and discoveries. Few persons, especially in America, have not heard of "Keely's Motor," with its secret force behind it, and this pamphlet, entitled "Keely's Secrets," throws as much light as the nature of that force and its applications (including medicine) as has been deemed advisable at the present moment. No one is better qualified to speak on the subject than Mrs. Moore (of course with the exception of Mr. Keely himself). The pamphlet is likely to attract wide attention; its price is 6d. and it is sold at 7 Duke Street, or mailed on receipt of price in stamps.

## THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAGICIAN.

*(Continued.)*

BY MABEL COLLINS AND ———.

## CHAPTER XXX.

SOME parts of the north-east coast of England are singularly desolate and wild, and strangely deserted, considering how small the island is. One would suppose it hardly possible to find retreat in an over-populated small country such as the British islands. But nineteenth-century life is centred in cities, and in the present day people find no landmarks in Nature, and do not understand that by the edge of the sea, or in the midst of fields, they may be surrounded by aerial hosts who have been associated with that special spot since the wild small island was built amid its harassing seas. It has been a centre and point of a special character for those who read between the lines during all this age of the earth of which we have any knowledge.

But there are some who know and feel the powers that are not visible to the material eyes, and who know how to use them.

In a remote, desolate, and very bleak part of the north-eastern coast there stands a small house, well sheltered by a high hill close behind it, and a thick belt of trees. The land on which the house stands is part of a very large estate, which has been cut up and sold by successive spendthrift and dissolute owners. These men had Norman blood in them, and never took complete root upon English soil. The big castle which was their family house was most often untenanted, and so was this small Dower-house on the seashore. It was now the property of a younger son, who had scarcely ever been seen by the people of the place; never at all since he had been quite a boy. Now and again someone visited the old house for a few days; lights were seen in the windows so unexpectedly that the peasants said the house was haunted. But at present it was in regular occupation. A foreign servant came into the village one day to make purchases, and said that he was with a friend of Mr. Veryan, to whom the house belonged, who had borrowed it to live in for some months. He told anyone who was curious enough to question him that his master was a doctor of great reputation, in spite of being still comparatively young; that he had come to this remote place in order to be quiet and carry on some special

studies. It was not likely that his quiet would be disturbed, for the old castle was nothing but a big ruin, the elder branch of the family being represented by an agent, who was doubtful whether to make money out of converting the castle into a show-place, or to pull it down and sell the bricks it was built of. No one had any kind of positive idea where the present owner was. And this was the condition of an old and proud family. Everything had been squandered, even the beautiful old family plate had long since been packed and sent to London for sale. It was said that the worst of all the succession of spendthrifts who had dissipated the fine old property was the beautiful wife of the last lord, the mother of the two sons now the sole representatives of the name. She was a Hungarian of noble family according to the statements made at the time of her marriage. But the servants and peasants always declared her to be a gipsy, pure and simple, and, moreover, a witch. She was extraordinarily beautiful and fascinating, and in the few short years of their married life did with her husband whatever she fancied.

Her death had been a terrible one, and the poor people firmly believed that her ghost haunted the old castle in which her luxuriously furnished rooms, decked in a quaint barbaric fashion, were still to be seen, hardly touched since her death. Even the agent, whose one idea seemed to be to sell anything convertible into money, had left her many costly ornaments in their accustomed places. Some kind of superstitious feeling kept him from having these rooms stripped. He had been in great terror of the beautiful chatelaine during her life, and possibly he had not shaken off that fear even now. It was the only theory by which to account for the reverence with which these rooms were treated, for her son had given no orders about them.

The new resident at the Dower House lived in great seclusion and quite alone, save for his two foreign servants, who appeared to do for him all that he needed. He was a great rider, but the hours he spent out of doors were usually those of the very early morning, so that he was seldom seen. It was soon discovered, however, that he was an extraordinarily handsome man, in the prime of life. All sorts of rumours at once were circulated about him. A recluse is expected to be old, crooked, eccentric in manner. Why should this man, to whom life would be supposed to have every attraction possible, shut himself up in absolute solitude? He was met now and again by one of the labourers who had to rise with the dawn and go to work, evidently returning from a walk. Such habits as these to the sloth-loving English peasant could only indicate the restlessness of a mind diseased or guilty. Yet there was something in the face of the man which forbade this mode of accounting for his peculiar tastes from being even talked of; the dullest mind could not but recognise the power and strength shown in that beautiful face.

His servants always called him "Monsieur," giving him no name

They appeared to think the peasants of too little importance to require any more definite information ; and as no letters ever came to the Dower House, no name was associated with its resident. This, in itself, seemed odd ; but common persons soon get used to a custom of that kind, and think no more of it, once the first shock is over.

As a matter of fact, however, it is impossible to remain incognito in a civilised country for long together. Some prying person, possessed of a kind of officialism, is sure to disturb the temporary peace of this form of oblivion. In this case the agent did it. He rode up to the Dower House one day, got off his horse and sent in his name. In a few moments he was ushered into a room which he did not recognise, so completely was its appearance changed since he had seen it last. It was entirely hung with tapestry on which were worked figures of the most life-like character ; warriors, women in dresses of different periods, monks and clowns. These were not formed into groups and pictures as is usual upon tapestry, but were marshalled round the room, like so many witnesses of any scene which might take place within it. So real was the effect that the agent half misdoubted whether the interview was indeed a *tête-à-tête* one, when his host came forward to meet him.

He was dressed in a grey shooting suit, the simplest dress possible for an Englishman to wear in the country. Yet it so well suited and set off his splendid figure and extraordinary face, that his visitor was for a moment startled into silence. When he found self-possession enough to speak, it was with much more than his usual gravity.

"I presume, sir," he said, "that you have some reason for being here without letting the people know who you are ; though it seems a strange thing to do, for you must be recognised sooner or later. I have not seen you since you were a child, but your likeness to your mother is unmistakable ; as I know that Sir Harold Veryan is at present in Africa, I presume I am speaking to Ivan Veryan."

"You are right," was the answer. "I had no serious intention of concealing my identity, for that would be absurd. But my servants habitually call me M'sieu, finding my name a difficulty ; and as the poor people here have no recollection of me, I should prefer that they remain ignorant of who I am. I wish for complete solitude here, not to assume the position of the next heir, who may be supposed to take an interest in the fate of the castle, the condition of the cottages, and the felling of the timber."

"If you wanted seclusion this seems the last place to come to," observed the agent.

"I find a seclusion here which suits me, for the time being," was the reply. "I only want one thing—a key to one of the doors of the castle, as I came here partly to use its library—unless all the books have been sold."

"The books have not been touched," replied the agent, "the library

was one of your mother's favourite rooms, and none of them have been disturbed."

"Then I shall be glad to have a key as soon as you can send it me."

"And you wish no one told of your presence here?" enquired the agent doubtfully.

"Who should care to know of it?"

"The county families——" he said hesitatingly, wishing very much for permission to retail his piece of gossip at the next market-day in the county town. There was always a middle-day dinner at the biggest hotel, where all sorts of magnates and men of property and business met and talked; and he would have interested the whole tableful if he could have informed them that one of the Veryans had actually returned to England and was living in his own house.

"If I wish to see any of my neighbours I will call on them," was the decided answer, "till then, I should prefer that nothing is said about me."

The air of command with which this was spoken made it final. The agent said nothing more on the subject, but soon took his leave. Later in the day a messenger came to the Dower House with a key of the castle gate, and a key of one of the doors of the castle.

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE old castle of the Veryans—which was a queer building, roomy, rambling, not beautiful, but very strong and amply veiled with green ivy—stood on high ground, looking well over land and sea. It was not sheltered like the Dower House, but faced all fortunes of weather, confident in its own strength. No tree stood close to it, for the position was too exposed. But gardens which had once been glorious, and even now were beautiful with the remains of their past glory, stretched on every side. They had the supreme charm, unknown to modern gardens, of never being flowerless. All the year round, even in the bitterest weather, lines and stars of colour made the ground beautiful.

Along the cliff edge of the garden two high walls were built; and between these was the Lady's Walk—a place of delight to any sightseer who might stray to this deserted place. A wide gravel path went straight down its centre, forming a wonderfully dry promenade. On each side were wide flower beds full of rare plants that grew well in this sheltered spot; and the walls were covered with fruit trees and blooming creepers which flourished luxuriantly. On the side of the sea were openings in the wall, here and there; and seats were placed in sheltered, sunny nooks, from which the grand view might be seen.

It was to the Lady's Walk that Ivan went direct, as soon as he entered the castle grounds that same evening.

The flower-beds were neglected and overgrown, the creepers un-



trimmed and hanging in thick masses from the walls. The place was all the more beautiful from this neglect just overlying the high and careful cultivation of the past. It was like the languor of a tired beauty, her hair loose and undressed, but its richness undimmed.

Ivan wandered up and down the path for a long time, full of thought, very grave, yet sometimes smiling faintly.

It was the early spring, and small yellow flowers were peering out here and there, some on the ground, some on the walls. This colour, which is so associated with the birth of the year, had a meaning of its own for Ivan. He stopped often to look at these flowers, but he did not pluck them. He never picked a flower or a leaf, except for use in some definite experiment.

At one end of the walk the common rose called the monthly rose was trained upon the wall, and on this there was one delicate pink bud, half blown. This flower appeared at last to attract Ivan's attention entirely. He sat down on a bench near it and looked at it for a long while.

It was late in the afternoon, but though the air was growing very cold the light was still strong, for the long days had begun. He sat there apparently disinclined to move, full of thought.

A sound of footsteps disturbed him. Turning his head he saw Fleta approaching him, walking down the path with the rare, proud carriage which distinguished her.

"You left the gate open for me?" she said questioningly.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then I did right to come to you here?" she said, in a reassured tone.

"Certainly you did right," he replied. "Do not doubt your own knowledge. You have known from the first you had to meet me here."

"Yes," she answered.

Ivan had risen when she approached him, and they stood face to face. His eyes were steadily and very earnestly fixed on her. Fleta had only glanced at him and then turned her gaze on the sea. But in the pause that followed her answer she suddenly lifted her eyes and answered his look.

"I needed the mask," she said, speaking with an evident effort; "for I was still woman enough to worship you as a splendid being of my own race. I did right to cast the mask away, and suffer as I did, because it has made my lesson shorter, if fiercer. I know now that you are not a being of my own race—supposing me still nothing more than a woman. You are divine and a teacher, and I can be nothing to you but your servant. Teach me to serve! Teach me to so transform this love for you that it shall become pure service, not to you, but to the divine in you. I have cut all knots; I have cast aside all that dragged me back. My duty is done and utterly fulfilled. I stand freed from the past. Teach me!"

Ivan stepped to the side of the path and plucked the pink rosebud. He gave it her. Fleta held it in her hand, but looked at it as if utterly bewildered.

"Do you not know the colour?" he said. "When you have entered the Hall of Learning, you will see such flowers on the altars. The purple of passion burns out to this pale pink, which also is the colour of resurrection and of dawn. Sit here till I return."

He left her and walked down the path, through the gardens, to the gate. Here Fleta's carriage was standing. He bade the man take Fleta's trunks to the village inn and leave them there till they should be fetched away, paid, and dismissed him. Then he re-entered the grounds, locking the gate behind him.

He went to Fleta, where she still sat, regarding the flower she held in her hand.

"Are you ready for the offering?" he asked her.

"Yes, I am ready," she replied, without looking up.

"Come, then," he said, and turned to walk away over the grassy slopes of the garden. She rose and accompanied him. It was nearly dark now. He walked round the castle to a side door, which he opened. A deathly chill came from the interior of the building. Fleta shivered slightly as she crossed the threshold.

"Are you afraid?" said Ivan, pausing before he closed the door, "There is still time to go back."

"Back to what?" asked Fleta.

"I cannot answer that," he replied. "I do not know what you have left behind you."

"I have cut off everything," she answered. "There is nothing for me to return to. Let me go on. I am afraid of nothing now. How should I be?"

Ivan closed the door and led the way down a long passage. He opened a door and said, "Enter." Fleta passed through it, and was immediately aware that he had shut it behind her without passing through himself—that in fact she was alone.

Alone!—and where? She had no notion—she only knew she was in complete darkness.

For the first time she fully realised the ideas of darkness and solitude. They did not terrify her, but they presented themselves as absolute facts to her consciousness; the only facts she was conscious of. Moreover, she was vividly aware that she could not escape from them, which made them much more intensely real. She could not guess which way to move, nor did it occur to her that she would be in any way benefitted by moving. She stepped back to the door through which she had passed, which was, to her fancy, the only link between her and the actual world, and stood there with her hand upon it.

The next thing she became conscious of was that there was no air.

At all events she believed there was none, which was quite as bad as if it were so. She imagined herself in some very large place, whether a room or a hall she could not guess, which was hermetically sealed and had been so for years.

Faint fancies as to what kind of place she was in formed themselves in her mind at first, but presently passed away altogether; for she had no clue or image to which to attach any picture. Her mind became quite blank. Presently she became aware that she had lost all sense of time. She could not tell if she had been standing in this way for minutes or for hours. Her sensations were extraordinarily acute, and yet to her they hardly seemed to exist, because there was nothing objective for them to be marked by. In a little while, the moment when Ivan had ushered her into this place had become removed to an immense distance in the past, and presently she found herself thinking of Ivan as a figure in her life which had entirely retreated from it; she could not imagine that she would see him to-morrow, for to-morrow appeared to her no longer to be possible. This black night looked like an eternity.

No danger or adventure which she had ever experienced had affected her like this. She was completely unprepared for such a sudden fall into the abyss of nothingness. And yet she had just strength enough to stand against it, by summoning the philosophy which told her never to fear anything, for nothing could in reality injure her. She kept her mind and nerves from being affected by steadily recollecting this. But she was unable to stem a wave of exhaustion which gradually swept over her and which made her tremble as she stood.

It was the incredible completeness of the silence and darkness which baffled her and at last daunted her. No creak or groan sounded in the house, no echo of wind or sea came to her.

At last she began to doubt if she was alive or whether, instead of passing through a door, she had stepped into some deep water and met death unconsciously. But she had too much experience, too great a knowledge of life and of death, to be deceived so easily. She would never have succumbed even so far as she had done, so far as to be physically unnerved to any extent, but that she had been anticipating some experience of an entirely different character. She believed she had offered her heart, had lived passed the mistakes which hitherto had held her back, and that she would have been able to ask direct help from her master and obtain it. Something friendly, quiet, natural, had been more in her expectations than anything else. Instead of which she found herself facing the most extraordinary experience she had ever been through.

The complete and absolute silence wrought on her physical sensibilities more than any other circumstance. She found she was watching the silence, listening to it, and that she dreaded to move, that she held

her breath in some vague and unreasonable dread of disturbing it. It seemed to be a positive fact instead of a negative one, this complete and immovable silence. Then suddenly a power appeared to rise within her to oppose this fact—a power stronger than it. And as the feeling came to her, the silence broke, and a soft shower of music filled the air—something as tender as tears and as lovely as sunshine. The keenest pleasure filled Fleta's soul, and she leaned against the door and listened. But suddenly a thought darted into her mind: "The silence is here still—this music is only my own imagination, filling the hateful void!" and as the thought came the silence returned. Fleta fell on her knees. It was the first time she had moved since she entered this place. With the movement came a whole rushing tide of emotions, of feelings, of fancies, a great passing phantasmagoria. She saw Ivan standing at her side, but she would not even turn to look at him, for she knew this was only an image created by her longing. She saw the place in which she was, suddenly lit and full of people. It was a great hall, gloomy and vast. There was a moving crowd in it of persons dressed very brilliantly.

"Ah!" cried Fleta, in a voice of despair, "that I should be so cheated by my own fancies is too terrible!" and with the sound of her voice, the darkness returned, closing heavily in upon her. She rose and drew herself up to her full height. A consciousness of what she was actually experiencing had come, and she became instantly calm and strong.

"I refuse," she said aloud, "to go through this neophyte's exercise. I am not the slave of my senses any longer. I dominate them; I see beyond them. Come you to me, thou that art my own self, and that art pure, impalpable, unsubstantial, without glamour. Come you and guide me, for there is none other and nothing else on which my consciousness has power to rest."

She leaned back against the door, for she was trembling with the force of her own fierce effort. That door and the floor on which she stood were now her only links with the actual or material world. She knew of nothing else; it appeared to her as if she had forgotten the material world and knew not whether she lived or died; certainly the power of hope or of fear was leaving her. She became indifferent to everything except the desire to hold her own higher self, her pure soul, in view; her longing to face herself and so find some certainty and knowledge, swallowed up every other desire. She remained a long time, resolutely fixing her whole intensity of will on this, and waited, momentarily expecting to see the starry figure close in front of her. Once she saw it, quite distinctly; but it was like a marble statue, lifeless. She knew this was no reality, only her own imagining, and her power and strength began slowly to leave her after this cold vision.

If unconsciousness could have come to her now it would have come like rain to a parched land. Her brain was on fire, her heart like lead.

But nothing came to her, nothing became visible. And then she

knew that she had offered up not only the physical senses and emotion, but the psychic senses and power.

Again she fell on her knees, and clasping her hands fell into an attitude as if of prayer. In reality she was in profound meditation. As in a long series of pictures she now saw herself, passing through innumerable experiences. She saw herself, and without anger, regret, or pain, suffer and enjoy. She watched her slow separation from those who loved her, even until now when Ivan left her in the hour of trial.

She had passed through fiery trials and all the tests of the passions and emotions. But these were as nothing beside this mysterious blank, this great chasm of darkness, which seemed to be not only outside her, but actually within her own soul.

How was it to end? Was there any end? Or was this the state to which her labours had brought her triumphantly, and in which she must remain? Impossible. This was not life; it was death. And was not her effort to attain to life in its essential vitality? Death surely could not be the final king!

Fleta, the powerful, the disciple, as she had imagined herself, with knowledge, thus doubted and despaired. Her confidence left her when she saw this blankness which lay before her.

So it must be always with the unknown.

Suddenly a new mood fell on her. She began to dread lest she should see forms and shapes, or conjure up the voice or features of anyone she knew or loved. Most of all, she dreaded to see again the image of Ivan at her side.

"If I see this," she said to herself, "then indeed I shall be fallen back into the world of forms. I must not look for anything but darkness."

At this moment a hand was very gently laid on her hair. Fleta was not so completely unnerved as to tremble or cry out; yet the shock of the sudden contact shook her so that she could not speak or move. Then came a voice:

"My child," said a very gentle voice, which sounded like a woman's, "do you not know that out of chaos must come order, out of darkness light, out of nothingness something? Neither state is permanent. Do not make the mistake of dreading or welcoming the return to the world of forms after having become one with the formless."

Fleta made no answer. She was aware that there was some deep familiarity about this voice which as yet she could not understand. She was at home, like a child with its mother. All fear, all anxiety, all doubt, had dropped from her.

"You must not die under this ordeal," said the voice, "and you have been here many hours. Come with me, and I will take you to a quiet place where you can rest."

Fleta rose; a hand was put into hers. When she attempted to move she realised that she must, indeed, have been here a long time, for she

was entirely numbed and helpless, and found it almost impossible to use her limbs. She put out her right hand mechanically, as if to balance herself, and was much startled by being unable to stretch her arm. Immediately she touched a wall close to her. In a moment she understood that she was in no large hall, but in a small, narrow cell, scarcely wide enough for two steps to be taken in it. This seemed to her very strange, for she had so positively believed herself to be in some very spacious place.

“How wide my fancy is!” she thought, almost smiling to herself. For now she was at peace, without any anxiety, though she knew not where she was or who was with her.

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

A DOOR opened and shut. Fleta found herself in a soft, warm atmosphere, lit by a pale rosy light. At first it seemed as if she could not see or distinguish between the objects before her. But after a moment her ordinary sight came suddenly to her.

She was in a very strangely furnished room. Like the room Ivan used at the Dower House, it was hung with tapestry on which were life-size figures so cunningly worked that they looked real at first sight, and always produced the appearance rather of statues than of a flat presentment. The floor was uncarpeted and entirely covered with dried ferns and withered leaves. A quantity of these were gathered into a heap and on them was spread a tiger-skin and a great rug of sheep's wool. This was very near the wide hearth, on which burned a wood fire. It was not a very large fire, but to Fleta's chilled form the warmth from it seemed delicious. The light came from a shaded lamp which stood on a bracket fastened above the chimney. In front of the hearth was a three-legged wooden stool on which was a large and most beautifully chased silver salver, holding bread, and milk and fruit on silver dishes and in Venetian glass of the most delicate sort.

Fleta looked about her with a faint and almost pleased amusement at the quaint incongruity of these furnishings. They gave her the same sense of homeliness which the unknown voice had given her. She was alone now; no one had entered the room with her. After her first glance round she went straight to the fire, and began to eat the cates and drink the milk prepared for her. She sat on the leaf-strewn ground; for there was neither chair nor table nor any thing to be called furniture in the whole room, except this wooden stool.

This was the dead chatelaine's own room. Beyond it stretched a suite of rooms opening one into another, which had all been hers during her life, and were quaintly and barbarously furnished; these were shown to visitors. But this room was never entered. It was said that as during

her life so after her death, the lamp burned in the room at night, and the fire on the hearth night and day, and none knew who tended them.

It was thoroughly the home of a gipsy, a nomad, a creature of the woods and fields. She had slept on that tiger-skin as she might have slept on it beneath the skies. The rich salver and the rich service on it showed out oddly amid these surroundings; but they were characteristic too, belonging as they did to the rich family which she had helped to destroy.

An extraordinary sense of peace and quiet was in this room. It penetrated to Fleta's heart and soothed her more than any living touch could have done.

Presently she rose and laid herself down on the bed of skins and leaves. She did not know that Ivan's mother had lain on this same bed. Doubtless she might have discovered it had she tried, but she was careless. She was content and that was enough. In a little while she was fast asleep.

When she awoke the lamp was out, the curtains were drawn back from the great windows of the room, and the sunlight streamed in through them. The fire on the hearth burned steadily, and the moment Fleta looked at it she saw that it had been fed and tended. The stool stood by it, and on it the salver with all manner of provisions for her to breakfast. She found herself very hungry; for as a matter of fact her physical body was busy recovering from the severe hardships of the recent weeks. There was a fount of natural youth within Fleta, apart from that which depended on the exercise of her will. It was a right of her condition, a permanent fee which she had earned.

After she had breakfasted she went to the window and looked out. A wide pale sea bathed in keen spring sunshine. She longed to go out and feel the air that came from it. Immediately she turned and approached the door of the room, although she dreaded a little passing through the place she had entered by. But there was no sign of this place; and she found at last another door hidden by the tapestry of the room. It opened upon a beautiful bath-room, the floor and bath of marble and the walls painted with dancing figures—a number of guests from a ball, or some other gaiety, dressed in fantastic costumes, appeared to be careering round the room.

She bathed herself in the refreshing water, and then wrapping herself again in her large cloak went through the farther door. This admitted her to a large sitting-room with a magnificent view of the sea. It was very strangely and beautifully furnished, but it did not interest her; and it had the peculiarly dreary feeling which belongs to an uninhabited place. She walked quickly through it and came on to a landing from which a great oak staircase led both up and down. There were other rooms of the same character further on; but she did not care to pursue the study of them; she longed to be out in the open and feel the breath of

the sea. She went down the wide stairway quickly ; but suddenly she was brought to a standstill by meeting with a great iron door which was closed, and which absolutely shut the way. Below it, in the steps, were gun holes ; and Fleta shivered a little as she stood here, wondering what ugly tragedy in the past this barricade referred to. She never dreamed of its really being closed on her, and tried it again and again. But closed it was, and very safely locked.

She returned and went on through the other rooms. There was no way out from them. She went up the staircase to the rooms above. These were a similar suite, also without any other exit. Then in some wonder she returned to the room she had slept in and began to search for the door by which she had entered. She could not discover it. Evidently it was a secret door and search was useless. Throwing aside her cloak, she went and sat down by the fire, and began to think earnestly over her position.

It was very clear that she was a prisoner. Her mind turned to Ivan. It was he who had ushered her into that place of darkness. Doubtless, then, he had also sent her her mysterious deliverer.

For a little while this thought brought her comfort. But a moment later she saw her folly. Had she not forfeited Ivan's guardianship by her very longing for it ?

She was facing the great problem which man still finds before him, even after innumerable incarnations and ceaseless efforts.

Was it indeed impossible for her to sever her link with humanity ? Must she always cling to her master and look to his personal self for protection and strength ?

It seemed as if for the first time she was able to ask herself this dispassionately. She had freed herself from every other link, from all else that held her back. And now she stood confronted by the rebellion of her own nature.

She sat by the hearth and fell into deep, active thought, in which it seemed as though she held a very serious conversation with herself.

She, the supreme, the powerful, the priestess and heroine in many lives, who in past incarnations had been the accomplished magician and intelligent pupil of the divine teachers, she was brought close now, after ages of development, to the kernel of difficulty in her own heart.

It is the same in everyone who is capable of love, of sympathy, of any tenderness or deep emotion ; this kernel exists within. In the selfish man it is given a powerful vitality, and grows so large that it absorbs his whole being. In the man with divine possibilities it grows hourly less and less as he develops, till at last he comes to the terrible moment which Fleta was now suffering. He finds then that there is some one being—perhaps a dependent creature, an invalid, or a little child, who affords him a purpose for which to live.

Fleta knew herself to be on the great white sea of impersonal life.



It was as though she floated on this vast water and saw no horizon nor desired to see any, nor yet to find any resting-place. But there was one tiny fertile island, or one little peopled boat, to which her eyes wandered always. She did not wish to go to it, to reach it, to touch it—only she could not conceive enduring the blank which would be left, if that one speck vanished from the universe and was not. This that she gazed on and that her sight clung to was Ivan, his life, his purpose, his knowledge. She realised now that it was the consciousness that this point was there for her thought to rest on, which had carried her through the ordeal of blankness to which she had been exposed. Therefore, she knew she had not succeeded; she had failed, and the deliverer who had come to her had only come to save her body from exhaustion and illness. That gentle voice had not brought to her the reward of success; only the pity given to the unsuccessful.

Realising this, Fleta set herself to deal with the problem by thought.

This is the hardest way to deal with it. But Fleta was courageous, and having failed in the easier effort, was determined to be successful in this heavier one.

The sun was high in the heavens, and the sea was like shining silver. But Fleta had forgotten sun and sea and the sweet air she had but just now been longing for. The sun fell to the edge of the waters, and still she sat motionless. Darkness came and found her too absorbed in thought to be aware of any change. The fire on the hearth burned out, the lamp remained unlit.

As the time passed on the suffering within her grew more intense, more bitter, more biting. She, the powerful, began to realise her powerlessness.

This spot within her was ineradicable. As, in the past night, she had been physically conscious, through all her phantasies, of that door against which she leaned, and which formed a link between her and the physical world; so now her deep veneration for Ivan's personal character remained as an immovable bond between her and humanity, however she might otherwise raise her whole consciousness.

It appeared plain to her at last that if she succeeded in destroying this she would destroy her own life with it.

As she recognised this, and acknowledged the uselessness of her effort, the soft touch came on her hair again, and the gentle voice fell on her ears:

"My child, be warned. Long not too ardently for success, or you will overbalance yourself on the high place you have reached, and find yourself in the bottomless abyss, a magician and no more, one of the evil ones of the earth. There is yet a third way open to you. Will you serve Ivan like a slave, obeying him as you would obey someone to whom you had sold your very soul, surrendering all judgment to him?"

"No!" cried Fleta, throwing back her head. Her eyes opened on the black darkness of the room. To whom had she spoken? Her strength was gone, and with this cry of defiance and pride, exhaustion overpowered her and she fell back unconscious.

*(To be concluded next Month.)*

## A SUFI'S MYSTICAL APOLOGUE.

"Heil den unbekanntem Höhern Wesen  
Die wir ahnen."

GOETHE.

"Méditez, c'est le grand devoir mystérieux,  
Les rêves dans nos cœurs s'ouvrent  
comme des yeux."

VICTOR HUGO.

1.

Under the magic catalpa tree  
Heliotrope odours breathe sweet,  
The murmuring bees mutter spells for me,  
And their rosary-hymns repeat.

2.

Such odours sink deep in the dreaming heart,  
Odours of sunlife richer than here,  
Such flowers to the inmost soul impart  
Memories of old, of a higher sphere.

3.

Sunk in the deep, ecstatic trance  
The sacred vision is granted me,  
Dark earth has fled and the soul's clear glance  
In the inner sphere discloses Thee.

4.

What flowers bring'st thou from the heavenly land,  
From God's bright garden above?  
"Forget-me-not from thy love's own hand,  
Red rose from the hand of Love."

5.

But where is the Adumbâra flower,  
That rarest flower that grows?  
"It only blooms in Death's own bower,  
We call it Heaven's white rose."

6.

I lived in a tent beneath the tree  
Waiting—expecting my love,  
But alas! in vain—still I longed for Thee,  
Ah why dost Thou stay above?

7.

At last one morn I heard quite near  
A step, and the flowers 'gan sigh,  
And a gentle voice said "who dwells here?"  
And I answered "I, love, I."

8.

Then that trembling voice passed through and through,  
These sad words fell on my ear,  
"This tent is too small for me and you,  
Alas! I cannot dwell here."

9.

Time passed away and my heart felt low,  
My Love, he came no more,  
I was too unworthy that heart to know  
And I longed for death's safe shore.

10.

One eve, the Moon, 'twas a harvest moon,  
Shining soft o'er forest and lea,  
And I said to my heart "Ah soon! Ah soon!  
His heart will come back to thee."

11.

A step came near and I said, Lo! now,  
And the Voice said, who dwells here?  
And I replied "'tis thou, 'tis thou,  
No other can ever dwell here."

12.

My Love then entered and we were blest,  
My soul was His—there was only One,  
My being was lost when by him caressed,  
And the biune life at last had come.

OM.

A.J.C 1885.

The original apologue of which this is an amplified paraphrase, was lately given to the world by the late Anna Kingsford in one of her interesting theosophic letters in "Light."

### COMMENTARY BY SÂDĪ OF SHĪRĀZ.

IN THE NAME OF GOD—THE MERCIFUL—THE COMPASSIONATE.

**T**HE Sufi who wrote this poem evidently belongs to that school of mysticism (which is true philosophy—the philosophy not of the porch but of the sanctuary, behind the veil, the Holy of Holies), which teaches what is called, in modern, western philosophy, the system of Identity—one being and no second—in short, Pantheistic Spiritualism or Idealism, the "Religion of Spirit," as it is named by Von Hartmann, or Panentheism as a French writer prefers—"all things in God."

The fundamental idea of this philosophy is the complete absorption through knowledge and meditation of all personal wills into the universal Cosmic Will in Soul, in which all things "live and move and have their being." The low initial earth Ego, or personal self, must

abdicate in favour of the only true Ego—the *Ātman* of the Vedānta—the Holy Ghost or Spirit of the Christians—the Macrocosmic Will, the source of all life and all other temporary wills, and must cease to have any objective or subjective aims or ends other than the aims and ends of the Makrocosm. Freedom is necessary for perfection—freedom from the causal chain of Necessity—and man can only acquire this freedom by getting rid of his imagined, illusive substantiality, and his egotistic-eudāmonic self-happiness seeking, and by knowing himself to be in God and God in himself. Thus he becomes truly a teleological instrument of God—a God-Ego for universal ends. The absolute God only is unconditioned, and as such, free; and so long as man remains separate from God he cannot be free—only by conscious unity with God—seeking and finding himself in God can he acquire true freedom.

It is only by this belief that harmony, peace, and calm can enter into, and possess the passion-driven, personal souls of men. There is a formula in Sanskrit to express the whole compass of this philosophy and religion—the celebrated *Tat-tvam-asi*=That is thou; that is, the souls of all incorporated lives are in their essences that one soul—portions of the universe soul and no other.

The universe is the gradual, progressive manifestation of this Spirit its objectivation in consciousness during the time dreams of personality: when the sleeping soul shall have been enlightened by this knowledge, and have acted up to it, and when it awakes in death from the planetary dream life, then it knows and feels this divine identity, and in such becomes blest in the divine freedom and love.

*Verse 1.*—This Sufi, sitting under the life-tree of creation, speaks of the sweetness of heliotrope flowers. Flowers in mystical correspondences always mean the affections, and here there is an allusion to the symbolism of that flower: the heliotrope turns to the sun (*helios*), and thence acquires its entrancing perfume; the Sun is ever the emblem of God, being the central fount of life and light. All planetary life or force is his life and force, and no other; it comes from him and returns to him at the end of the *Kalpa*, or world epoch, the grand *pralaya* or destruction, and new birth of our little solar system or cosmic world. The divine affections must enter the soul as the heliotrope odours enter the sense.

It is an old belief that the perfected souls pass from the planets into the Sun-garden—the true Heaven; and one of the Vedic hymns prays for admission “into the sphere of the sun, where all desires of the heart are satisfied.” The unfulfilled desires of the enlightened soul are intuitive prophecies of the future—perhaps, too, recollections of the past. This Sun-garden can only be God, as it is only in Him that all wills and desires become one will and one desire.

There is an allusion to bees; they and honey are celebrated in old beliefs. Honey symbolized truth, and in the “Wisdom of the Egyptians”

was sacred to Thoth, the Spiritual God, the prototype of the Holy Ghost. Honey and eggs were eaten on his fête-day, the 19th day of the 1st month of the ancient year, and the day of the "full moon," with these sacramental words, "How sweet a thing is truth." This doctrine of the appropriate food for the children of Thoth, is the truth indeed, inasmuch as the only sweetness to be found in earth-life comes from the absolute surrender of our wills to the will of the Universal Spirit, Thoth, or by whatever other name the Babel-speaking race of men have named the Ineffable, Absolute, unconditioned Being, immanent in all.

The word rosary reminds us of a curious instance of an ignorant mistake in translation. The Buddhistic Sanskrit word for the muttering of prayers, and dropping a bead at the end of each prayer (a practice copied by the Christians from the Buddhists), was a word almost the same as the word for a rose, and from this resemblance came into use by a mistake our word rosary—Rosen-Kranz! Doubtless many other western religious or church dogmas beliefs and practices have arisen from similar mistaken meanings of the recondite, symbolical and mystical meanings of the various Bibles of the East, from the Vedic Hymns to the New Testament.

*Verse 3.*—Clairvoyance was well known to the ancient Buddhists, and was called by them deva-tchakchus=divine sight.

The five, so-called, supernatural powers of the Buddhists—the Abhidagna\*, are 1st, Clairvoyance; 2nd, Clairaudience; 3rd, Knowledge of the thoughts of others; 4th, Remembrance of prior existences; 5th, Supernatural power over Nature and the elements. See "*Lotus de la bonne loi.*"

The "Thee" which is disclosed by this inner sight is the Âtman of the Vedantists—the true self, which can only be discovered when union with the Kosmic spirit has been effected, or, in Christian phraseology, when the natural man has been reborn, regenerated, as it is said in the Bible, "God dwelleth in him and he in God." "I in thee and thou in me."

In the "Autobiography of Saint Theresia," whose abnormal or supersensual faculties were extraordinarily developed, occurs this passage, shewing how all mystics, no matter of what religion, find the same truths, no doubt differently arrayed and named according to the peculiar mythology and psychology in which each was brought up.

In the course of the Saint's reflections upon what she calls the "Prayer of Union" with God, and after having taken the sacrament, she fell into the trance state, and what occurred she describes as follows: "Then the Lord spoke the following words to me: My daughter! the soul annihilates itself, loses itself completely in order to sink itself altogether in me. It is no more the soul that lives, but it is I who from that moment live in it, and because it is not competent to understand what it

\* Abhiñña (?) the six transcendent faculties obtained by the Yogis or Arhats, after which come the *Iddhi*, the supernatural powers?—[Ed.]

hears or conceives, it hears and conceives all in an inexplicable way."— (18th Chapter).

The Lord here was her own higher Self or Ego, the *Âtman* of the Vedanta, or that portion of God which was individualized in her.

A Persian Sufi says, "How long, O my God, art thou pleased that I should thus remain between the myself and the Thyself? Take away from me the myself that I may be absorbed into Thyself." The personal earth-ego be lost in the *Âtman* of the Vedanta.

*Verse 5.*—The *Âdumbâra* flower is very often mentioned in Indian writings, it is a species of fig which flowers rarely, and the flowers are so small and hidden, that they almost escape observation; it here probably symbolizes the mysterious condition of the soul (not a place) called Nirvana. This condition (not annihilation) can only arise in the soul through the mystical death of the eudaimonic egoistic self.

In the "Lotus of the good law" it is said, "He who illumines the world is as difficult to meet with as is the flower of the *Âdumbâra*." The most difficult of all things is to root out Eudâmonism or Self-happiness seeking, and the substitution for it of universal aims; it is no wonder that all mysticism recognizes as the necessary means for this process a supernatural intervention or new birth—it is nevertheless a natural evolution of the soul into a higher sphere.

*Verse 6.*—The tent referred to is the body; that tent is struck and the tent pole broken at every death, until the time of freedom from new births upon planets has been attained.

There is an argument in favour of the doctrine of Reincarnation which seems to have been overlooked. According to the modern metaphysical and philosophical theory of matter and Spirit, viz., the identity or monistic theory, in which both are one force viewed from two aspects, objectively and subjectively, it is evident that the body, or every organism is the effect in consciousness of the objectivation or manifestation of the will taken in its widest sense as the will of a race or the desires based on the primal will or desire to live. This view, so clearly explained by Schopenhauer, lies at the root of the doctrine of evolution, that is of the change of organism so as to suit the changing environment: a change effected by the will, conscious or unconscious. The present human organism has been produced by a very low will indeed, a will and nature undeveloped except as to its mere animal impulses for life and reproduction: fortunately evolution applies to the will as it does to everything else. The idea (in the Platonic sense of the word) or plan of the present human being, like that of his lower progenitors, evidently was to live—to continue to exist—somehow or other; but at all events to continue to exist and to reproduce, no matter how low a life, or at what egoistic expense to other organisms. That is the basic idea of humanity and of human society up to the present epoch, but nevertheless accompanied with a divine unselfish ideality which we call the moral

and religious tendencies, which are in a continual state of civil war with the prior and lower tendencies of man as a sensuous being. There are signs upon the mountain tops of time of the dawn of a higher evolution approaching for man, which will produce a higher and subtler and purer organism, and a change of sensuous feeling and desires, in fact a will reborn of the divine will.

So long however as the formative soul with its objectivated organism remains on this low egoistic plane, and dies in that state, the necessity for a new planetary birth is evident, for that birth is nothing else but the soul anew manifesting itself *as it is*, and this can only take place in a low environment. The soul as long as it remains in that low state could not make use of, or enjoy a higher organism, or a more idealized world, and must therefore incarnate itself anew into an evil world like the present earth, so that by enduring again the ills necessarily accompanying planetary life, it may be gradually developed into a higher, more spiritualized, and better condition. Planetary life is the outcome of this low undeveloped condition of the souls of all things living on the planets. But when the soul shall have attained a higher condition, then its manifestation or incarnation must take place in the midst of an altogether higher environment than now exists, so far as we know, on any planet.

It is probable however that what Goethe says is true, and indeed almost all antiquity held the same opinion even far down into the middle ages, viz., that what we call Spirit never exists in any conditioned being separate from some kind of matter, but that this matter being itself the mere objectivation of the will in contemporary consciousness shall be gradually purified, what we call spiritualized or idealized. This process in evolution is symbolized by the transfiguration of Christ, and by the doctrine of the Spiritual body of the Bible writers, and the *soma augoeides* of the Neoplatonists.

As the will is, so is the organism ; or as the same idea is expressed in the Bible, "where the treasure is, there will the heart (Will) be." If the treasures (will, desires) are valueless, the organism to attain them and the environment out of which both arose, must also be in reality valueless, and useful only as a means to gradual evolution.

The subtler and stronger forces of Nature, electricity, magnetism and radiant matter, enable us to form some idea of the nature of the transfigured body, the "*soma augoeides*" of the future. It is curious that the ancient Egyptians in describing the body of the "justified" after death always describe it as "shining" or radiant ; they had anticipated Mr. Crooke's discovery of radiant matter.

Mr. L. Oliphant (in "Sympneumata," page 18,) gives the following account of death and the formation of the new body. "During this time (the decline of life) the atoms of its now superfluous organization are loosened and attenuated till often their separation from one another, and

their return to the region of forms which is subhuman, occurs so gently that it is painless. The gradual death which men call old age is the gradual growth of the finer matter of the man, which, during vast cycles of past history, has been always obliged to withdraw itself, in this final extraction from its coverings, away from the earth. Full human evolution was not a terrestrial possibility, thus death prevailed."

In the Appendix to Burnouf's translation of the curious Buddhist book, "*Saddharma Pundarika*" = the "White Lotus of the good law," there is a translation of the celebrated "*Sâmānā Phala Sutta*," which contains a very curious account of the formation of this new body, in which a Buddhist having attained to an advanced stage of perfection, is described as forming this new body thus—"then having touched his body with his perfected mind—purified in a perfect manner—he remains tranquil and seated, and there is not in all his body a single point (molecule) which has not come into contact with his perfected mind, purified in a perfect manner."—See "*Lotus de la Bonne Loi*," page 475.

The *Ātman* unites with the new molecular structure, and thus creates the higher pneumatic body. The "*Saddharma Pundarika*" is evidently a later Buddhist work, subsequent to the 4th century of our era.

The tree beneath which the tent is placed is the material universe, the great mystical tree of life, so celebrated in various mythologies, and by which formation the all-pervading life or Spirit manifests itself, and according to one philosophic theory, becomes self-conscious.

It is remarkable that in many modern scientific works—as in Haeckel's "*History of Creation*,"—the material universe in its evolution is represented and figured by a tree. In the Norse mythology it is the great tree *Iggdrasil* (the tree of the creation by Odin, from which name comes our Anglo-Saxon "God"), the roots of which are always being gnawed by the earth serpent *Nidhogg* (Evil); that relative or comparative evil involved, as a matter of fact, in the upward path from imperfection towards perfection.

It may also be viewed as the *Bôdhi* tree, or tree of knowledge, under which all the Buddhas (symbols of the human spirit perfected and glorified) sat and meditated until they entered into the final rest of Nirvana, "which is calm," as stated in the "*Lotus of the good Law*."

The tent, if occupied by a soul ever thirsting for its own egoistic happiness, is too small for the World-Soul to dwell in; for that Soul has only world aims and interests, and requires, in order to enter it at all that it should fill the whole space.

One of the most remarkable statements as to reincarnation and its cessation when the soul state called Nirvana shall have been attained, is to be found in the *Dhammapada* (153 and 154 verses) being the words uttered by Buddha at the moment of attaining Buddhahood, "Without ceasing shall I run through a course of many births, looking for the maker of this tabernacle—and painful is birth again and again. But



now, maker of the tabernacle thou hast been seen ; thou shalt not make up this tabernacle again. All the rafters are broken, thy ridge-pole is sundered ; the mind being sundered has attained to the extinction of all desires."

*Verse 10.*—The Harvest Moon symbolises the time of spiritual reaping of the harvest of the works done in the body, in several the incarnations. It means Karma. When that final harvest of Karma has been reaped and garnered, then, if the process has been progressive and not retrograde, the time of final union with the universal soul is near at hand.

Goethe (*Faust*, 2nd part, act I.), alludes to this reaping of the harvest of earth life in the profound and harmonious lines, sung by the choir of spirits to the sleeping and dreaming Faust, which describe the Dawn in its dual sense, physical and spiritual, according to the law of correspondence :

" Schon verloschen sind die Stunden  
Hingeschwunden *Schmerz* und *Glück* :  
*Fühl' es vor ! du wirst gesunden ;*  
*Traue neuem Tagesblick !*  
Thäler grünen, Hügel schwellen,  
Buschen sich zu Schattenruh' ;  
Und in schwanken Silberwellen  
*Wogt die Saat der Ernte zu.*"

All the metrical translations of Faust known to the writer fail to bring out the transcendental meaning of the inspired poet, and in many instances even Goethe himself was unconscious of these meanings, his inspiration coming from the sphere of the unconscious ; and Goethe also professed total ignorance of several poems which he had written in that state of poetic creation out of higher spheres, it is therefore better to translate this remarkable passage literally.

Now the hours have passed away from consciousness,  
*Pain* and *pleasure* both have vanished :  
Realize health beforehand and thou shalt become healthy,  
Have confidence and faith in the *New-day* !  
The valleys grow green, the hills swell out  
And the copses offer a shady rest ;  
And in rolling—silvery billows  
The Cornfields wave *ready for harvest.*

This harvest of deeds sown in earth-life, the Buddhistic "Karma" is to be reaped after the dawn of the New day, beginning after the short and refreshing sleep of death.

It is curious that Göthe in the second line gives the oft-repeated description of that state of the soul called Nirvana, "where there is neither pain nor pleasure, all desires having ceased."

In the third line he seems to have foretold a modern theory of cure,

that disease is curable by the mind itself (spirit operating upon matter, a weaker force, but both of the same essence) operating by what has been named "statuolence," that is willing persistently and with faith in the power of Spirit the desired state of health, and that state will follow.

*Verse 12.*—The dual-life is earth-life, which is aggregative not simple, and everywhere pervaded by duality — opposites — what Judge Grove calls "*beneficent antagonisms.*" As one illustration, we have *here on earth* everywhere the dualism of misery and happiness, for as we are constituted, now and here, we could not arrive at the concept of happiness without the concept of its opposite unhappiness. These dual miseries causing inharmoniousness of life pervade that small spot of creation known to us and poison it, and to get rid of them is the aim of religious salvation. Another great dualism which must be got rid of is that of Matter and Spirit, as two different and opposing or separate things. This dualism must merge in Monism the doctrine of one force or Will differentiated, and from one point of view considered in animal consciousness, objectively, as matter, and in the other point of view, subjectively, as mind. As to the force itself, and what it is in itself, we know nothing, we only know its manifestations phenomenally. It is perhaps what we call God—the All in All.

Matter and the external objective universe seems to us now as evil and coarse, but that is in truth because the earth-wills whose manifestation it is, are evil and coarse; and just as all the wills on the earth improve by becoming unselfish, then matter too and the external universe with its organisms shall change in correspondence with the nobler wills and become higher and better.

The getting rid of this idea concept, and feeling of duality is the buddhistic "*doaya-doyapravritta*" "*not occupied with dualities.*" This is that sphere described by the great transcendental poet Emerson :

" Where unlike things are like  
Where good and ill  
And joy and moan  
Melt into one.  
There the holy essence rolls,  
*One* through separated souls."

A. J. C.



## THE READING DESK.

*(Continued.)*

[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—The original has been expanded, and includes some explanations that the native reader would not require, being familiar with the constantly introduced allusions these stories invariably contain.]

**T**HE Spirit of the Reading Desk addressed the assembled spirits of the pawnbroker's pledges thus :

“ My first owner was a gentleman of aristocratic birth, but of small income, whose tastes, or, indeed, personal qualities, did not induce him to follow the then most popular profession of arms ; he was more skilled in argument than in fencing or horsemanship. So he entered zealously into the study of literature.

“ Classical literature\* was but little known outside a limited circle of studious courtiers ; but the recent re-introduction of Buddhism (A.D. 542), and the favour it was received with by the Imperial family gave a new impetus to scholarship.

“ Desiring to learn more of this doctrine, so altogether different from the ancient spiritual highway, and the Chinese Philosophy and Ethics, a voyage to China, and, if possible, to India, was planned.

“ The disturbed condition of the Middle Kingdom, the hostile feeling against Japanese on the sea coast, and other reasons, made it advisable that the route should be through Corea, the North, and towards Tibet ; the intercourse between Corea and Japan being much more friendly.

“ Departing a young man, he returned by the southern route, an old, old person ; but oh, so very learned !

“ No one remembered him ; all the friends of his youth had passed away ; he was a stranger in his own home.

“ In course of time, he had me made, under his own personal superintendence. I was to be something most original.

“ My stand contains, as you may still perceive, seven drawers, each of which represents the successive celestial cycles of the human spirit. The carved work supporting the top being representative of precipitous hills and profoundly deep chasms, amongst which dwell the souls of those who have attained to a state of higher felicity than ordinary mortals. The five elements are represented by the earthenware lozenges, the metal mountings, the wood of the structure and the fire, and employed in the fabrication of the earthenware and metal. The seven jewels are also used in my mounting, and the carvings on the top are typical of the seven most precious treasures.

“ Look at the interior decoration of my drawers and you will still be

\* Chinese, Confucius, Mincius, &c.

able to trace emblems of the virtues, vices, properties and faculties of mankind. Indeed, whilst I am extremely typical of the mountain Shumi (Meru), I contain the epitome of the Sacred Doctrine, visible to those gifted with the higher vision.

“Each drawer was made to contain one volume, but I will disclose to you a secret ; although these sacred texts have long ago disappeared, within the innermost recesses I still retain one most precious of all, the Secret Doctrine, written in the ancient, sacred, arcane symbols, whilst the others were but Sanskrit, which their owner had learned during his stay in India.

“I should like to relate to you, friends, the wonderful adventures of the *master*, as indeed he was, as well as my owner, during his long years of absence ; these I learned in time by hearing them related to some of the great personages who soon became his pupils.

“Having visited the monastery on the *Ten dai* hills, Todo Mirokoshi (China) where the great teacher *Chi-sha-dai-shi* gave instruction to the worthy—my master was capable of estimating the capacity of his pupils, and he apportioned their studies accordingly. So, when the abstruse problems were beyond their comprehension, and they ceased to concentrate their extra mental vigour on their studies, he varied the tasks by recitals of his adventures.

“There were certain episodes, however, that it was long before he revealed ; and then alone in the hearing of his most trusty and well-trying pupils.

“Finding in India that the true doctrine had become perverted, he had roamed far and wide, amongst the hills and valleys of the north, till he reached the river of the golden sand. Here he met some pilgrims, from the south-east, searching like himself for teachers of the true doctrine. With fresh information, renewed hope, and revived zeal, they travelled on and on for months, amidst the stupendous towering mountains, and the solemn deep and gloomy gorges.

“When at last, reduced to the greatest straits, almost driven to the last extremities, they were accosted, just as the shades of night were drawing over the hungry shelterless group, by a venerable personage, who demanded whence they came, and whither they were going.

“Hardly pausing to hear their reply he directed them, in commanding accents, to follow him, which of course they gladly obeyed. Losing all consciousness they felt nothing till they were rudely aroused by the clanging of a bell, and behold it was daylight.

“Rubbing their eyes and wonderingly yet guardedly looking about them they discovered themselves to be lying together on a bed of dried leaves and grass, beneath the shelter of an overhanging cliff ; before them was a fire, and both cooking utensils and food. A voice then ordered them to eat and fear not.

“Presently the bell rang out its deep notes, again, re-echoing through

the deep valleys from cliff to precipice, and presently the soft murmur of voices, chanting in harmonious unison floated on the zephyrs of the morning air. Their guide of the evening soon made his appearance, and the travellers were shortly afterwards separated, never to meet again in this terrestrial existence. The master learned that some were sent back to whence they came, and others elected to remain. But he determined to study, and return with the glad tidings to his native land, if he proved worthy, was accepted and instructed. As it appears, they had been miraculously preserved from a horrible fate by the great spirit teachers of the Secret Cultus.

“Often indeed had he heard of the *Senorin* (Genii) of *Kompira Tengu* and other beings endowed with superhuman knowledge, and supernatural powers, but here was he, a searcher after true knowledge rewarded for his long and arduous search, many trials and dangers, actually now one of their pupils.

“With such teachers, studies progressed rapidly. Sanskrit and other documents were mastered, and knowledge acquired. Amidst the profound stillness of the pure mountain air there were no mundane distractions, and my master began to give up his hopes of return.

“His teacher, however, now reminded him of his duty from time to time, and incited him to greater efforts, and the wonderful store of knowledge grew rapidly to perfection.

“At last the return journey had to be made, and one evening, lying down to rest, he awoke to find himself in the island\* of the northern doctrine, seated before a shrine.

“On his head he had the cap of the Initiate; thrown around him, the robes of the *highest* order, and by his side a parcel of Sanskrit and other sacred texts, his bowl, staff, and chaplet. Here he became familiar with the northern ritual and forms, obtained some valuable writings, and calling upon his masters to aid him, he was speedily transferred across the ocean to the extreme south-east of the great continent to Ceylon, where he studied the southern more materialistic ritual; from thence he found means to travel homewards. Buddhism now, for a time, was not a persecuted religion, and eventually my master’s long journey came to an end. Then I was constructed and made the repository of his literary treasures.

“Soon my master’s fame spread far and wide, his pupils became disciples, and erected a temple wherein he might dwell and teach his numerous and ever-increasing congregations the great truths. It was but for the few, and those alone, that hidden things were revealed. Long was the probation demanded, severe the tests exacted.

“My master having thus established a nucleus, under trustworthy guidance, handed me over to his most valued pupil, and he disappeared mysteriously, but not to the surprise of his immediate followers, who

\* An island in a lake north of Sikhim—the Sacred Isle.

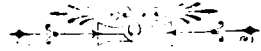
knew whither he had gone. Several of the pupils journeyed afar, and more than one again returned after long, long years."

One of the audience here claimed the privilege of asking what the doctrines were that the master taught.

The Spirit responded to the enquiry in the following manner :

"My master had studied the teachings of the great scholars Confucius and Mencius, the doctrines of Lao tze (Tanist), and of the Aryans (Indians), also of the great Lord Buddha (Shakya), as taught both in the north and in the south. The masters had initiated him into KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THINGS, *now, then, heretofore, hereafter* ; with the transcendent capacity of intuition he could judge of all things, good and evil ; having, therefore, become approximated closely to the greatest spiritual instructors.

OMORI FU-SO-NO FUMI NITO.



#### THE ANGELUS BELL.

BLEST hour of eve, when man, his labour o'er,  
 Hears ringing down the vale the hallowed chime,  
 That tells of the Eternal Word made Man in time,  
 Dwelling beside earth's deep-resounding shore !  
 We listen, and our hearts go out in prayer,  
 And simple, pious souls their "aves" say,  
 Closing with heavenly thoughts their weary day,  
 Till morn bring round once more life's wear and tear.  
 How sweet their pious faith ! But who shall tell  
 To those who fain would penetrate th' Unseen,  
 And find the substance underneath the shell—  
 And who no longer fit the cloistered cell,  
 Yet seek for rest their hours of toil between—  
 The *meaning* of thy message, Angelus Bell ?

—ADAMANTA.

## THE SRADDHA.

*(Continued from the June Number.)*

**A**MONGST the various religions which have sprung up from Tartary, the fundamental points are much the same; yet we find a striking difference in the direction of worship. The sun is more particularly the object of adoration to the Fire worshippers than to the Brahmins; but the former being a reformation directed against the latter, the Kibla was immediately changed together with the rectangular form of the building. The circle was substituted for the square, the point of adoration was placed on the south, and the entrance to the north.

The Brahmins placed the great entrance to the east, in order that the morning rays should break upon the sanctuary.

The worshippers having performed their ablutions before dawn crowd round the portals, which are thrown open the moment the sun appears; the temple, indeed, opens on the four sides, but the gates to the east predominated. That the Jews had a difference to mark is shown by the point of adoration being transferred to the *west*, and in a minor degree to the north.

Abraham, on Mount Moriah, turned to the west. The Holy of Holies was placed at the west end. In the vision of Ezekiel (ch. viii.) the vengeance of God is denounced against the Apostate Jews, who had "their back towards the temple of the Lord, and WORSHIPPED THE SUN towards the east."

Christianity, making its difference with Judaism, removed back again its Kibla to the east. The Reformation signified its protest by placing the priest on the *north* of the altar. The Dissenters, like the early Christians, pay no attention to the points of the compass, but the new sect in the Anglican church go round again to the east.

If, then, the professors of a religion which pretends to be spiritual, and in which the turning to the east has been forbidden, because it implies "worship of the sun," and who are, moreover, assured of the immaterial being of their Maker, and his Omnipresence, are thus to be traced in their mutations by imaginary astronomic lines, how much more must they have been important in religions professedly astronomic, and wherein the meditation upon mere geographical points constituted a large portion of their devotion.

But, whatever the point which might have been particularly or successively preferred, they all equally depended upon the accuracy of drawing the intersecting lines. Whatever the object of varying

adoration, the plan itself was connected with that original form of worship out of which the various beliefs subsequently sprang ; and, in fact, amongst the earliest on record we find one which especially bore the designation of "Religion of the Cross," which prevailed in China as a reformation of that of Hoang-ti from before the Deluge, to at least the 5th century after Christ. But as this was neither the object of adoration, nor the name of a founder, it must have been the introduction of a ceremony, and not that of a belief ; that ceremony, the drawing of the cross, is preliminary throughout Hindustan to this hour to the performing of the Sradha ; thus the cross became the emblem of the ancestral worship.

This operation of drawing the cross is identical with that of the Etruscan augur, when drawing the *Cardo* and crossing it with the *Decumanus*, in order to describe the bounds for sacred edifices. The very word *cardo* is derived from the Zend, and signifies adoration ; and amongst the Chinese the mere act of forming the figure of the cross was so esteemed ; to this idea no doubt we must refer the turning wheels of the Buddhists, which were originally in the form of a cross. The universality of its adoption from Rome to China, from the Druids to the Mexicans, who worshipped it when presented to them by the Spaniards, proves alike its high antiquity and its use in that lofty and central region to which in so many other points the diverging lines of superstition and belief have severally to be traced back.

But wherein lay the association with the worship of the ancestors ? It lay in the necessity of fixing a point for the sacrifice. This sacrifice was not made at the tomb ; there was neither grave, nor funeral pyre ; the body was disregarded and cast out ; there were then no temples ; there was no one spot more consecrated than another ; the Pitris belonged to the stars which they were supposed to inhabit ; the lines of the heaven were, therefore, to be brought down upon the earth, and the intersection of the *Red Line* of Fire, with the *Yellow Line* of earth, determined by the points of the compass, was supposed to be the fitting place to invoke them down.


Once thus associated it necessarily took hold on the imaginations and affections of men, as implying a knowledge of the deep mysteries of the Universe, as the connecting link with the Invisible. It was, in fact, in matters of faith, what the compass was to the mariner, pointing to them the way of salvation. It was consecrated to their ruling passion, ancestral devotion, and filial piety ; and then there was a world largely stocked with affections and rich in love. No wonder that religion received from it a name, and that the emblem has spread to every clime.

I had omitted one point, not to encumber the matter with details, which I now advert to for its argumentative value. Besides food and raiment, the ancestors required drink, and water for ablution. Fire did

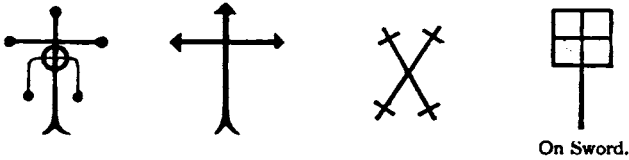


not, however serve for conveying water. It was, besides, an element, and constituted the substance of the gods. They had recourse to a peculiar process; it was *suspended*, or poured out, and so supposed to be conveyed to them. Probably *motion* was given to it; this, the wave-offering of the Jews, would suggest. They used fire and sacred fire. The vessel used in sacrifice by the Hindus is called Arghya Natha.\* In the Jewish sacrifice the vessel used for receiving the blood was called Aganath.


Amongst the Brahmins and the Buddhists the Cross is known as


Swastika, thus:  It was in this very form that it was first adopted

by the Christians. I subjoin some of the forms in which it appears on the vases of the Hya and Shang dynasties, cotemporaneous with Noah.



On Sword.

The first letter in the Chinese Alphabet is a Cross in this form: 

Their writing being originally ideographic, is explained as implying "a home, a temple or a niche for an idol. It was anciently an ornament for a temple." On the early Chinese vases this figure  is used to enclose distinguished names, as the oval or cartouche of the Egyptians. The Cross appears also on the sepulchral monuments of the Tartars.

Thus, then, the earliest temples were constructed in the form of a Cross, and the most ancient of those discovered in India are in all points the facsimile of a Gothic cathedral—a form not explained by any inherent use, and referable only to the practice observed in the ancestral worship.

There has been abundance of disquisition on an ancient ornament which we choose to call a "cross." It has suggested learned commentaries and endless explanations, but the *religion* bearing that name has strangely suggested no inquiry.

"The Roman Catholic, or the Greek," says Clarke, "in bowing before the Cross, would be little disposed to believe that centuries before the birth of Christ the same emblem was adored as that of the Resurrection."

Now the figure referred to by the learned traveller is not a cross, nor has it any connexion whatever in its symbolical origin, mythological or national history, with the cross of antiquity. He is speaking of the *Tau* of the Egyptians, which, in its natural sense, was a *key* adapted for the


\* Argha or *Arghya*, "libation" and "sacrificial cup"; *Natha*, "lord."—[Ed.]

opening of doors, the turning of sluices and, probably, also that ingenious masonic device for lifting stones. It became the key symbolically of the womb and a future life, and thus decorates the hand of Osiris, as it does in its modern shape the escutcheon of the Roman Pontifex. This is

what is called the *Crux Ansata*,  being, in fact, the letter  $\tau$  (tau) with

a handle. Mysticism in abundance was evolved from the figure, which I do not enter into because it is precisely what I want to put aside in order to get at the source.

There is another figure of Indian origin which bears to this a close resemblance, and with which it has, therefore, been confounded, especially as the mysticism which enveloped the one intermingled with that which belonged to the other. The Indian figure, may be represented

by an anchor without the stocks, thus :  or as a boat and a mast,

standing for the Arghya Natha, typifying the double generative power of nature. The connexion with the Tau is obtained by an easy process in argument, that of reversing it, when it becomes pretty nearly a T. In China, however, there is a TI which also is the letter T, but with a perfectly distinct meaning, and represents the outspread canopy of heaven. That there could be no real connexion between the Egyptian Tau and the Hindu Arghya Natha, appears in this : that the Egyptians did not entertain the doctrines upon which the latter was founded ; for they separated the Linga and the Yoni, of which it was the conjoint emblem.

There were thus two cruciform figures and one cross complete ; we have confounded them together, we have mixed up the ideas from which they sprang, and the myths to which they gave rise. They belong to different nations, to different periods ; they are founded on wholly dissimilar ideas, having different names, and are of different forms. The Tau rising in Egypt, in connexion with that people's notions of a future state ; the Arghya Natha rising in the Himalaya, and having reference to the mysteries of life ; beyond these, we come to the figure represented in the configuration of the plateau of Pamer, the primitive abode of man called "the cross," typifying the motion of the earth and the heavenly bodies, and employed as the process of consecration, of which it contained the idea.

Wherever we find fire worship we have found the ancestral worship. The latter is to be held a distinct religion on which others have been engrafted—not a portion of different creeds ; to this religion, sacrifice was peculiar—fire was its instrument, and the cross its sign.

This is not a theory propounded, but an explanation offered, for as yet no explanation has ever been suggested of *sacrifice*. It has been

strangely overlooked that this rite did not consist in the slaughter of the victim, but on its being *laid on the fire*. It was thus it became "*sacrifice*," being made sacred. *Sacrum facio*; by that process it was *oblated*, or borne to the gods. Expiation or atonement, the accepted reason of sacrifice had no connexion with its being burnt. No doubt, both expiation and execration came to be associated with the rite; but they bear only on the life of the victim, and noways explain the manner of disposing of the body, in which the value of sacrifice depended. I now come to Iran; having already referred the name of Sraddha to the Zend, we may expect to find it here more clearly defined, and more distinctly represented than in the other systems. This, however, is not the case. In one point, indeed, it gives us a positive assurance of the lineal derivation of the Parsees, from the old Mahabadians with their proper names and designations; for in the Zend-Avesta the enumeration and the invocation of the ancestors, which, without the knowledge of this rite, would be set down to mere vague tradition, becomes a record of legal authority, and there they trace back to Jemshid and Carjoumers. I may here remark that the air of fable connected with the latter arises from the supposed etymology of his name as first man (Mesha); but the first man of the Parsees is a wholly distinct personage—as much as Adam and Abraham.

Beyond this we find little in ceremonial or in monuments to illustrate the ceremony, but in the religion itself we have valuable light as bearing on the metaphysical and dogmatic part; and, in fact, of all the religions of the East, that of the Parsees is the most interesting, as being freest from metaphysics and mythology; as inculcating the purest morals, and as linking together, in a manner nowhere else to be found, the earliest belief of mankind, not with the maxims only, but with many of the most important doctrines of Christianity.

The oblation to the ancestors, or their sustenance, depends upon their being considered as ghosts, for if they passed into another state, either that of judgment, which would allot them a habitation of happiness or of misery, or if they animated their bodies, such oblation would be needless; yet we have concurrently oblation and transmigration. The question then arises whether transmigration was the original creed, and the Sraddha the foreign graft, or the reverse. When, however, a ritual observance is in conflict with a metaphysical conception it is to be inferred that the latter is the ingraft on the former. But we have here the tradition of the introduction of the dogma, together with the explanation of its motive—that of putting an end to bloody sacrifice, whether of man or of animals; and though this is understood as simply affecting the condition of the victim, it was no doubt aimed, although it failed in its effect, at the object of the sacrifice; the sacrifice has been maintained, although the nature of the offering has been altered, or, more accurately, brought back to its original form of libation—fruits, flowers, and sweet odours.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

(To be Concluded next Month.)

## NOTES FROM MY JAPANESE SCRAP BOOKS.

BY C. PFOUNDÉS.

DOMEI AJARI.

THE SACRILEGIOUS BONZE ADMONISHED BY A SPIRIT.

From the original of Uji Shu I Mono Zatari.

## NOTE BY TRANSLATOR.

[UJI DAI NAGON TAKA KIMI was a courtier of the 13th century A.D. who annually took a holiday, which he spent at a monastery in the remote rural districts, which was frequented by pilgrims ; here he set up a place of rest, and doled out gratuitous refreshments, but asked all his guests to relate some scrap of curious adventure or wonder story.

Many volumes and a large number of stories, from far and near, at home and abroad, even from the far south and west, being the result. The preface states that many of the narratives are Chinese and Indian, genuine, not written down elsewhere.]

**D**OMEI was the younger son of a Councillor of State, but though an acolyte (Ajari) he was by no means inclined to strict observance of the rules. There was a celebrated beauty at court, with whom he had become entangled, and who frequently visited him clandestinely at the temple. She was a lady in waiting, and their respective duties somewhat interfered with their freedom—so the visits were often at a somewhat late (or early) hour. To while away the time, and also as an excuse for remaining in the temple, away from the apartments of the other priests, Domei would read the prayers (Buddhist Sutra), and having a very fine voice, of which he was exceedingly proud, entertained his mistress in this profane manner, against all the canons of the faith.

On one such occasion, when, tired of lover's talk, he had commenced reading, he was interrupted by the unaccountable appearance of a personage of most venerable presence. Calmly waiting for the priest to recover his composure, and then making his salutations, he introduced himself as the ancient one, dwelling in the shrine at Go-jo Nishi no To In.

Enquiring the reason of the intrusion, at such an hour, unannounced, the venerable one said that the intonation of the prayers had attracted him, and he complimented the reader on having so fine a voice. The priest asked why then the venerable personage did not attend at the temple where he (Domei) read the prayers every day.

To this enquiry the aged one made this reply :—

“When you, sir priest, read prayers in the Temple, if your person (soul and body) is in a state of purity, even the Divines might descend to

hear such good words as you are now reading, and so ably reciting, as you undoubtedly do. I who am but a much more lowly spirit dare not approach such high companionship, even at prayers. But now to-night you mister acolyte, being bodily in a condition of impurity, having neglected the teachings of the most holy *Yei shin no so dzu*, who emphasized the olden time laws that those alone should peruse the sacred texts who were free from impurity of body or of spirit, I have come, therefore, without misgivings of having committed sacrilege, for I am the spirit *Da so-jin*, otherwise called *Saru dai hiko*, the guardian of the highways."

Hereupon the spirit vanished, leaving the sacrilegious young priest profoundly sensible of his impiety.



## INDIAN PROVERBS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT.

Noting the wasting of calyrium, and the increase of an ant-hill, let one make the day fruitful by generosity, study, and noble acts.

By the fall of water-drops, the pitcher is gradually filled ; this is the cause of wisdom, of virtue, and of wealth.

The heat-oppressed not so does a plunge in ice-cold water delight, nor a pearl necklace, nor anointing with sandal, as the words of the good delight the good.

The good are like cocoa-nuts ; others are like the jujube, externally pleasing.

Like an earthen vessel, easy to break, hard to re-unite, are the wicked—the good are like vessels of gold, hard to break and quickly united.

Be not a friend to the wicked—charcoal when hot, burns ; when cold, it blackens the fingers.

Shun him who secretly slanders, and praises openly ; he is like a cup of poison, with cream on the surface.

A chariot cannot go on one wheel alone ; so destiny fails unless man's acts co-operate.

The noble delight in the noble ; the base do not ; the bee goes to the lotus from the wood ; not so the frog, though living in the same lake.

C. J.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.\*

**T**HE object of this work, which is published in the form of twelve pamphlets, each averaging about twenty pages in length, is to prepare the reader for becoming a student of the Science of Healing by means of the Spirit, for this title (though somewhat lengthy) more accurately describes the so-called Science than the cognomen "Christian." "Prepare the reader," is also said advisedly; for the first ten of these pamphlets are chiefly occupied with the thesis that man's beliefs with regard to the existence of matter being erroneous, he is thereby subject to certain illusions with regard to it, the chief of these being ill-health and disease. This is pure Berkeleyan philosophy, if not Platonism itself; Theosophists indeed, may claim for it a far older origin, for does not the early Brahmanic and Buddhist philosophies teach that all outward appearances, all phenomena, are illusion—*Maya*? However this may be, the application of the principle to the treatment of disease, if not actually new, is here presented to us in a novel form, and with a view to rendering its practice popular. It is philosophy reduced to its simplest expression. It is the physician's highest art made common property. It is another claim to a "secret unveiled," the secret of man's being. And if, as the writer states, the present treatment of disease is the result of man's belief in the reality of matter, it is doubtless necessary to begin by a somewhat lengthy chain of reasoning in order to convince him of his error, for man cannot understand what he really is so long as he pronounces upon himself as he sees only. "Not until he brings his higher powers into action, his discernment and perception, will he begin to perceive the truth about himself, which stands opposed to his own belief of himself. And never till he so perceives and understands will he reverse his decision upon himself. And never till he reverses it, will he grow into the consciousness of what he really is."† He will remain, as the author puts it, in the Adam-state, subject to the law of matter, making to himself "graven images," and falling down and worshipping them. And as "Adam is the model of man as we see and know him to-day, Jesus is the model of what he is to become—consciously, as he is in reality—through his own work of regeneration and redemption." . . . "It was this consciousness which was perfect realization, which gave him (Jesus) the power he manifested over sin, sickness and death, by which he healed the halt, the sick and the blind; by which he cast out devils and raised the dead."‡ This consciousness is the chief point insisted upon in this stage of the work, for until this is realized, there is no possibility of the exercise of the healer's power, except perhaps in a weak or partial manner. It is not therefore till we arrive at Section X. that the treatment of disease is actually touched upon. In this section we are told that "what man in his ignorance calls health is as much a

\* STATEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. *Comprised in eighteen lessons, and twelve sections.* By URSULA N. GESTEFELD. Chicago, 1888.

† Section III. p. 18.

‡ Section VIII. p. 6.

belief as what he calls sickness," and that "putting medicine into a stomach never yet changed a man's conception of himself; but he has changed one conception or belief of his for another in consequence of his belief in the power of the medicine." Conditions of ill-health are said to be nothing "but mental pictures which man creates for himself and believes in religiously." We must therefore learn to dominate all those conditions to which we believe our bodies to be subject. Denial of the false, affirmation of the true, constantly in thought if not in word, is to be the first process for bringing about a change in man's own body first, subsequently in that of others. If we deny sickness and suffering and all kinds of evil as no-things, non-existent, not proceeding from the Infinite Mind, both as regards ourselves and all surrounding us, for all are parts of one Universal Whole (which is another purely Vedanto-Buddhistic tenet), we shall, by this transformation of the inward gradually act upon and cause a transformation of the outward, and overcome all discordant conditions, be they called sin, or suffering, or sickness. And as man is the creator of every form of sin and suffering, so is he also the transmitter of these through "Thought Transference"; diseases are communicated by this means "instead of through physical germs." \* The healer by means of "Christian Science" must attack the root of all disease, man's belief about himself and others; he must treat the sufferer for his faults and for sin, of which his diseases are but the extreme expression, one disease being the same as another to a scientific healer. In treating little children, it is mainly the parents who have to be dealt with, their beliefs about the child, their fear and their anxiety.

The last section closes with some instructions as to the attitude and deportment of the healer towards his patient, but the whole treatment is to be spiritual, above and beyond the plane of material being.

Such is an imperfect digest of the teaching contained in Mrs. Gestefeld's twelve pamphlets. A candidate for "Christian Science" would have to study them in all their details; for it is only by dwelling and meditating on the principles therein set forth that one can arrive at the state of mind necessary for realizing the results to be attained. The Science of Being can be summed up in few words, but it cannot be so easily imparted, and many difficulties naturally occur to the student which require to be separately answered. A few of these must be stated at the outset.

To begin with, why premise by giving to a Science a qualification which does not belong to it? Why start with a *misnomer*? Why call it "Christian" rather than "Sufic," "Buddhist," or better than all, the "Yoga Science, the aim of which is preeminently to attain union with the Universal Spirit? We are told by the author, as also by several other professors of this new school, that it was through this *Science* that Jesus healed, and that it was this Science which he taught. We demur to the statement. There is nothing whatever in the New Testament to lead to such an idea or even suspicion; and there are no other documents known more authoritative to the Christians than the Gospels. The Sermon on the Mount, which is the very embodiment of Christ's teachings—Christianity in a nut-shell, so to say—is a code of preeminently *practical* as also, impracticable rules of life, of daily observances, yet all on the plane of matter-of

\* Section XI, p. 12.

fact earth-life. When you are told to turn your left cheek to him who smites you on the right, you are not commanded to *deny* the blow, but on the contrary to assert it by meekly bearing the offence; and in order not *to resist evil*, to turn (whether metaphorically or otherwise) your other cheek—*i.e.*, to invite your offender to repeat the action.

Again, when your "Son," or brother, or neighbour, asks of you bread, you are not invited to *deny* the hunger of him who asks, but to give him food; as otherwise you would indeed give him instead of fish "a serpent." Finally, sins, wickedness, diseases, etc., are not *denied* by Jesus, nor are their opposites, virtue, goodness and health, anywhere *affirmed*. Otherwise, where would be the *raison d'être* for his alleged coming to save the world from the original sin? We know that "Christian Scientists" deny every theological dogma, from Eden downwards, as much as we do. Yet they affirm that which Jesus ever practically denied; and affirming (is it for the sake, and in view of the Christian majority in their audiences?), they are not in union with the Universal Spirit, which is—TRUTH.

Again, is it safe to entrust this occult power (for such it surely is) to the hands of the multitude? Did not Jesus, whom we are expressly told to take as our model, himself say:—"To you (who are disciples, initiates) it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven; but to others in parables"? Is there no danger that one who acquires this power of controlling the will and thoughts of others, and the conditions surrounding them, should fall from his high estate, and use his influence for bad purposes—in other words, that the *white* magic should become *black*? The very fact that Mrs. Gestefeld warns the healer never to give a treatment for any purpose but to make the Truth of Being manifest, "never for any personal gain," points to this possibility; she also warns, or I may say threatens, that if this should be attempted, the would-be healer will "descend at once to the plane of mortal mind." Perhaps this implies that the power will depart from him, but that this salutary consequence will accrue is scarcely made clear to the reader. She says, indeed, "You will be no Christian Scientist, but a mesmerist." But to certain people this would be no objection. Where then is the guarantee, the hall-mark, of the true Christian Scientist, by which he can be known to the unwary? 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.

Again, is it true that all our diseases are the result of wrong beliefs? The child, who has no belief, no knowledge or conception, true or false, on the subject of disease, catches scarlet fever through the transference of germs, not through that of thought. One is tempted to ask, like those of old, did the child sin or his parents? Will the answer of the Great Healer fit the case, *i.e.*, "Neither did this child sin nor his parents, but that the glory of God might be made manifest"? The "glory of the new *Christian Science*," then?—the "new" wine in very, very old bottles? And are there not among the renowned teachers of the new science, who are themselves afflicted by disease, often incurable, by pain and suffering? Will Mrs. Gestefeld, or some one nearer home, explain?

Then further, in the case of widespread epidemics, such as cholera, we



know that to a certain extent these are the consequence of man's sin, his neglect of hygienic laws, of cleanliness and good drainage, and, in proportion as these laws are obeyed, to a certain extent preventible. But there are also climatic conditions, as in the last visitation of cholera in 1884, when the epidemic seemed confined to certain areas, following some law of atmospheric currents, or other undetected, but not undiscoverable, physical cause. Can these be overcome by Christian Science? How is it they do not yield to a whole nation's fervent prayers?—for prayer, when in earnest, is surely, at least, when accompanied by virtuous living, a *mode* of Christian Science, of intense WILL? And do we not see the holiest and the best, and those, too, not living in ignorance or in defiance of law spiritual, moral, mental, or hygienic, fall victims to disease, and only able to preserve life at all with the utmost, almost abnormal, care and precaution?

But "Christian Science" goes further than that. At a lecture, in London, it was distinctly asserted that every physical disease arises from, and is the direct effect of, a mental disease or vice: *e.g.*, "Bright's disease of the kidneys is always produced in persons who are untruthful, and who practise deception." Query, Would not, in this case, the whole black fraternity of Loyola, every diplomat, advocate and lawyer, as the majority of tradesmen and merchants, be incurably afflicted with this terrible evil? Shall we be next told that cancer on the tongue or in the throat is produced by those who backbite and slander their fellow men? It would be well-deserved Karma, were it so. Unfortunately, some recent cases of this dreadful disease, carrying off two of the best, most noble-hearted and truthful men living, would give a glaring denial to such an assertion.

"Christian" (or mental) *Scientists* assert, furthermore, that the healer can work on a patient (even one whom he has never seen) as easily thousands of miles away, as a few yards off. Were this so, and the practice to become universal, it would hardly be a pleasant thing to know that wherever one might be, occult currents are directed towards one from unknown well-wishers at a distance, whether one wants them or not. If, on the one hand, it is rather agreeable, and even useful, in this age of slander to have other people *denying* your faults and vices, and thus saving you from telling lies yourself; on the other hand, it would cut from under one's feet every possibility of amending one's nature through personal exertion, and would deprive one at the same time of every personal merit in the matter. Karma would hardly be satisfied with such an easy arrangement.

This world would witness strange sights and the next one (a reincarnationist would say "the next rebirth,") terrible disappointments. Whether viewed from the standpoint of theists, Christians, or the followers of Eastern philosophy, such an arrangement would satisfy very few minds. Disease, mental characteristics and shortcomings, are always effects produced by causes: the natural effect of Karma, the unerring Law of Retribution, as we would say; and one gets into a curious jumble when trying to work along certain given lines of this "Christian Science" theory. Will its teachers give us more definite statements as to the general workings of their theories?

In conclusion, were these theories to prove true, their practice would only be

our old friend magnetism, or *hypnotism* rather, with all its undeniable dangers, only on a gigantic universal scale; hence a thousand times more dangerous for the human family at large, than is the former. For no magnetizer can work upon a person whom he has never seen or come in contact with—and this is one blessing, at any rate. And this is not the case with mental or “Christian” Science, since we are distinctly told that we can work on perfect strangers, those we *have never met*, and who are thousands of miles away from us. In such case, and as a first benefit, our civilized centres would do well to have their clergy and Christian communities learn the “Science.” This would save millions of pounds sterling now scraped off the bones of the starving multitudes and sunk into the insatiable digestive organs of missionary funds. Missionaries, in fact, would become useless—and this would become blessing number two. For henceforth they would have but to meet in small groups and send currents of Will beyond the “black waters” to obtain all they are striving for. Let them *deny* that the heathens are not Christians, and *affirm* that they are baptized, even without contact. Thus the whole world would be saved, and private capital likewise.

Of course it may so happen that our “heathen” brethren who have had the now called “Christian” science at their finger ends ever since the days of Kapila and Patanjili, may take it into their head to reverse the current and set it in motion in an opposite direction. They may *deny* in their turn that their Christian persecutors have one iota of Christianity in them. They may *affirm* that the whole of Christendom is eaten through to the backbone with diseases resulting from the seven capital sins; that millions drink themselves to death and other millions (governments included) force them to do so by building two public houses to every church, a fact which even a Christian Scientist could hardly make way with if he denied it till the next pralaya. Thus the heathen would have an advantage over the Christian Scientist in his denials and affirmations, inasmuch as he would only be telling the truth; while, by denying disease and evil, his Western colleague is simply flying into the face of fact and encouraging the unwary mystic to *ignore* instead of *killing* his sinful nature.

The present criticism may be a mistaken one, and we may have misunderstood the “Science” under analysis, in which, however, we recognise a very old acquaintance, namely, Dhyâna, “abstract meditation.” But so much the greater the necessity for a definite explanation. For these are questions we would fain have answered, precisely in the interest of that *old* Science reborn under a new mask, and because it must be the desire of every true follower of Eastern Theosophy to see the doctrine of self-oblivion and altruism, as against selfishness and personality, more widely understood and practised than at present.



## Correspondence.

### IS THIS RIGHT?

. . . . IN the T. P. S. publications we know that the views of individuals are given. But it does not seem right that basic principles should be misstated and pass through the T. P. S's. hands unquestioned, when they may mislead earnest students. Mr. Harbottle says (page 7 of No. 6,) that "it cannot be supposed . . . it will always be possible for the Karma to find precisely the right field for the working out of its effects, etc." That "there must be a certain amount of injustice done" (and he says it is so in nearly every case of rebirth) and "this injustice meets with compensation in Devachan." So the perfect law—itsself pure justice—is shown working with hitches and flaws, and compensating its errors!!! That a portion of Karma may lie over through several lives, he does not seem to remember. Now I myself have seen correspondents, eager seekers, who though plain people and semi-educated, see such flaws at once, and are needlessly puzzled at their coming through an official source, so to say, like the T. P. S. Minor occult points—visible to the advanced only—are unimportant. But should such glaring errors regarding the basic truths be so printed? . . .

J. C. V. P.

### ANSWER.

Your correspondent, and my critic (or perhaps I should say the critic of the officers of the T. P. S.), should, I think, remember that, unless he is writing with an authority to which I lay no claim, he is using a somewhat strong expression in speaking of my view of the operation of Karma in Re-incarnation as a "glaring error."

I can only say that, for my own part, I should be glad of an authoritative statement from the Editors of LUCIFER, but, meanwhile, I will endeavour to show the grounds upon which I hold the view objected to by J. C. V. P.

It is always easy to take a paragraph away from its context and apply a wrong meaning to it, and I can understand that, taken by itself, the paragraph quoted might convey the impression that I was accusing the law of Karma of being an unjust law. I do not think I need defend myself from any accusation of having to this extent distorted one of the "basic truths" of Theosophy; and yet unless this is the meaning of J. C. V. P. I fail to see the *raison d'être* of his criticism.

If J. C. V. P. will turn to p. 3 of the same paper, he will read in the second paragraph, in reference to the Devachanic state, "It is purely a state of bliss, in which man receives compensation for the undeserved misery of his past life."\*

\* Quite correct; but it is not the *injustice* or *mistakes* of Karma which are the causes of such "undeserved misery," but other causes, independent of the past Karma of either the producer or the innocent victim of their effects, new *actions* generated by the wickedness of men and circumstances; and which arouse Karmic law to fresh activity, *i.e.* the punishment of those who caused these new *Nidānas* (or casual connections), and the reward of him who suffered from them undeservedly.—[Ed.]

To be consistent, J. C. V. P. should object to this also, yet I have herein only embodied the idea which I have gathered, and I believe accurately, from one whom I venture to look upon as an authority. I appeal to the Editors of LUCIFER to uphold me, or to contradict me; in the latter event my whole contention falls to the ground.

It is, however, my conviction, that this statement as to Devachan is not a glaring error,\* and that being so I contend that the paragraph objected to by J. C. V. P. is a natural corollary to the other. Undeserved evil in any particular incarnation, is injustice, so far as that incarnation is concerned. If this be, in the opinion of J. C. V. P., the working of the Perfect Law—in itself, pure Justice—with hitches and flaws, etc., so be it; I prefer to take the broader view and to believe that not in one life, or in two, but in the numberless series of lives through which the Ego passes, full justice is done, and full return made for evil as for good. If this view were not the one to which I have given expression throughout the paper, J. C. V. P. might have some basis for his selection of the paragraph he criticises, but I deny that, as it stands, his charge has any validity.

J. C. V. P. asserts that I have forgotten "that a portion of Karma may lie over through several lives." If he will read my paper again (a process which might be advantageous to his understanding of it) he will see that on p. 4, in speaking of the Karma generated by a murderer and his victim, I refer *expressly* to this very point. But surely if bad Karma can be held over, a man may be said to be unjustly treated in any given life, as justice punishes as well as rewards, and the absence of merited punishment is consequently the absence of justice. The very point which J. C. V. P. suggests as the reason for condemning my paragraph is its absolute and complete justification. Further, if bad Karma can lie over why not also good? so that the other side of the medal presents the same aspect.

I will not pursue the subject further because I feel that I have some claims in this instance to the good offices of those who are responsible for the publication of my paper, and should my case not be arguable, or my defence weak, I ask, and think I have a right to ask, for instruction on the point at issue.

T. B. HARTBOTTLE.

---

[EDITORS' NOTE.—For one acquainted with the doctrine of Karma, and after this explanation, the objection taken by our American correspondent seems to rest on a misconception of Mr. Harbottle's meaning in his article. But no more can the correspondent be taken to task for it. Removed several pages from the said justifying paragraph, and standing by itself, the sentence under criticism did seem to imply and warrant such a construction. One can never be too cautious and too explicit, when writing upon such abstruse subjects. As the defendant has risen and explained, however, the short debate may be closed. Both plaintiff and defendant now stand accused: one of judging too hastily and on appearance; the other, of having written too loosely, and without due caution, upon a subject of the utmost importance. Both, therefore, may be left to their respective *Karma*.]

\* Explained in this sense it is not.—[ED.]

## ASTROLOGICAL.

MAY I be allowed to ask through the columns of LUCIFER a few questions on astrology?

1. We are told that Saturn and Mars are *malefic*. Are they malefic in their nature or only in their effects?
2. We find that  $\frac{1}{2}$   $120^\circ$  from the  $\odot$  is a Benefic and when  $90^\circ$  is a malefic, will your astrologer explain how, why and where the malefic influence begins and *vice versa*?
3. What *is* planetary influence and how does it act on man?—Yours truly,

MAGUS.

Rose Mount, Keighley, April.

1. I do not consider any planet essentially malefic. Dirt has been wittily defined as "matter in the wrong place." So a planet becomes really malefic only when badly placed or aspected. Nevertheless, there is this important difference between the so-called malefics and benefics, that certain positions and aspects which are good with the latter are evil with the former; hence the benefics produce the most good.

2. This is determined by the orbs of the planets, which are given, with slight variations, in the text-books. The more exact the aspect, the more powerful the effects: but when the planets are distant from the exact aspects *half the sum of their conjoint orbs*, the influence of that aspect is said to commence or end, according as the aspect is applying or separating. I believe, however, that this only applies to the stronger aspects; and that for the weaker ones, much smaller orbs of action must be taken.

3. Certain occult planetary influences which, for want of a more scientific term we may call magnetic, converge upon the notice at the moment of birth; these influences determine the *tendencies* of the future years of life. But it should never be forgotten that astrology does not teach fatalism, and that we can overcome to a great extent the evil tendencies, and develop the good. "The wise man rules his stars, the fool obeys them."

NEMO.

---

 WHAT IS GOD?

I WISH to thank you for reply to my former communication. I find I agree to an extent with your thought, but not wholly. With your permission I will open out my thought on this great subject a little more, if useful.

I have no conception of Infinite and Boundless as positive existence. The Eternal or Absolute Void may be said to be Infinite and Boundless, but this Void is nothing, and of which nothing can be predicated; so that Infinite or Boundless and Absolute in this respect are non-existent.\* You seem to identify Deity with the Original Nothing, the absolute Negation. But such

\* To some minds, very likely. In the opinion of a Vedantin or an Eastern Occultist this "Boundless" is the one deity and the one reality in this universe of Maya, and it is the one *everlasting and uncreated* principle—everything else being illusionary, because finite, conditioned and transitory. —[ED.]

Deity has nothing to do with what we call the Something or the Real, and existence is quite independent of it.\* If Deity or God is the same as Absolute Nothing, and all things came from Him or It, then something has come from nothing, which, philosophy declares, cannot be.† The real, as opposed to the unreal, can alone produce that which is real, whatever kind of reality it be, divine, spiritual or natural. In plain words nothing can produce nothing. Something only can produce itself in varied differentiations.‡ Nothing is the Infinite. The Something (universal reality or the all) in the Finite; but (if you like) Infinite in this sense that, being all-inclusive, it is bounded by nothing beyond it. If Deity has originated form, size, number and motion as attributes of the concrete—spiritual or nature §—how could He (allow me to use this pronoun) so have done unless these in some way are in Himself. As He has originated *all* conditions, He surely possesses in Himself the original of these conditions; and though He is not conditioned by anything beyond or greater than himself, yet He is Himself the sum total of conditions. That is, He is the *all* of conditions.|| As I take it, Deity is the All of the Universe in its first, original or originating form, and what we call the evolved universe is Deity in his last or ultimate form. It is as if Deity out-breathed Himself forth into vastitude, then in-breathed Himself back into minutude.¶ He is thus the all of substance as to Being, and the all of Form and of motions as to Truth. It is an alternation of states, the one the state of concentration, the other the state of diffusion or expansion. The Alpha and Omega, making true the saying, “the first shall be the last, and the last shall be the first.” The Microcosm becomes the Macrocosm (?!) and this again resolves itself back into the Microcosmic form and state. The going forth of Deity from the self to the not-self and back again to the self constitutes in the motions the Age of ages or Eternity, and is the all of Truth, the all of cosmic and universal history.\*\*

Of course the evolved, universal form, being a result, as to state, is not absolute or personal Deity, but only his image or reflection; the shadow of the real as it were, an administration of the Original Being. I may here be expressing the same as you mean, when you call phenomena Maya or illusion, not being absolutely permanent. Yes, yet phenomena are real as appearances.

\* It cannot be *independent*, since “existence” is precisely that Deity which we call “Absolute Existence,” of which nothing can be “independent.”

† Which philosophy? Not Eastern philosophy and metaphysics—the oldest of all. *Nothing* cannot come out of or from another nothing—if the latter word is accepted in our finite sense. All comes from Nothing, or NO-THING, EN-SOPH, the Boundless (to us) *nothingness*! but on the plane of Spirit the noumenon of ALL.—[ED.]

‡ Our correspondent is very little acquainted, we see, with occult Eastern ideas and true metaphysics. The deity he calls “Nothing” and we “No-thing” can produce nothing, for the simple reason that IT is in itself ALL, the Infinite, Boundless and Absolute, and that even IT *could never produce anything outside of itself*, since whatever manifests is ITSELF.—[ED.]

§ Lightning is produced by electricity, and is an *aspect* of the concealed Cause. And because that Cause originates the phenomenon shall we call it “lightning” and a “He”?—[ED.]

|| And why not “She,” the ALL? Just as natural one as the other, and, in our opinion, quite as incongruous.—[ED.]

¶ Say, at once, “itself,” instead of “Himself,” and do not make it a personal (on our plane) *conscious* action and you will be nearer the mark of our occult teachings.

\*\* This is Kabalistic and, on the whole, correct, but too indefinite for esoteric philosophy. Does our critic mean to say that it is the microcosm which becomes the Macrocosm, instead of the reverse? (See Editors' Notes at the end).—[ED.]

The Mayavic World is real while it is Mayavic, just as a snowflake is until it melts.

I have said that the All, as the *little* Universe evolves itself into the form and state of the vast universe; but in the process it exhausts its potencies, and at this stage the evolution begins to cease, and involution begins; and Deity the *little* is recuperated by re-absorbing the substances and forms of the Mayavic Universe, which thus in the process of ages ceases to be, returning to the Nirvanic state of Deific concentrated. Now—a Vedantist would say—Brahm sleeps on the lotus, and will awake anew to create another Mayavic Universe.\*

These imperfect attempts at statement are but general, and do exclude all that can be conceived and known of the manifold planes and ranks of intelligent beings that exist in the manifold universe. You seem to think I am very materialistic in thought. But mystical thought that denies form to Spirit and thus to Deity, is no proof of superiority or spirituality of intelligence.†

You will perceive the point toward which my line of thought strains. The beings on the highest ranges of the Universe are far more glorious in form than those on the lower ranges. Those on the terrestrial globes, such as ourselves, are the most shadowy, as to our outer forms. He who centres the myriadal hosts of His children, must be the most and all-glorious.‡ But surely this is because He must be the most *concentrated* in substance and the most *complex* in his form, inconceivably so. The human forms of the Elohim are as floating shadows compared to Him. His form, as to organization and shape, is the Human, the dual human.(!) The infinitesimal cells in His body are the germ points of Solar Systems, to be realized during the ages in the Mayavic expanses.§

Each plane of existence is organic, and the most refined is the most dense and vital and potential. All Spirits are human forms, all the Elohim (if you like)—male and female—or two in one—are human forms. In fact, existence is form, Life is form, Intelligence, Love and the human affections are based upon and held in the continent of the human organization, and all lesser or fragmentary formations of mineral, vegetable, animal or sphered world, are its production. It is the one Truth, the eternal, the uncreated and unimagined,

\* Aye, Brahmā "sleeps" on the lotos during the "nights," and between the "days" of Brahma (neuter). But Brahmā, the Creator, *dies* and *disappears* when his "age" is at an end, and the hour for the MAHA PRALAYA strikes. Then NO-THING reigns supreme and alone in Boundless Infinitude and that No-thing is non-differentiated space which is no-space, and the ABSOLUTE, "The most excellent *male* is worshipped by men, but the soul of wisdom, THAT in *which there are no attributes of name or form* is worshipped by Sages (*Yogins*), (Vishnu Purāna). This, then, is the point of difference with our correspondent.

† None whatever. It only denotes better knowledge of metaphysics. That which *has form cannot be absolute*. That which is conditioned or bounded by either space, time, or any limitation of human conception and growth—cannot be INFINITE, still less ETERNAL.—[ED.]

‡ Undeniably so, "He who centres the myriadal Host" is not ABSOLUTE DEITY, not even its LOGOS. *Aja* (the unborn), but at best Adam Kadmon, the *Tetragrammaton* of the Greeks, and the Brahmā-Vishnu on the Lotos of Space, the HE which disappears with the "Age of Brahm."—[ED.]

§ Just so, and this is Adam-Kadmon, the heavenly man, the "male-female" or the symbol of the material manifested Universe, whose 10 limbs (or 10 Sepheroth, the numbers) correspond to the zones of the universe, the 3 in 1 of the upper and the 7 of the lower planes.—[ED.]

the continent of universal particulars, The All Father-Mother in whom we and all things live and move and have our being.—Respectfully yours,

April 30th, 1888.

J. HUNTER.

[EDITORS' NOTE.—The writer seems a little confused in his ideas. He launches in one place into verbal pantheism and then uses language embodying the most curious anthropomorphic conceptions. Deity, for instance, is regarded as “outbreathing himself into Vastitude,” and as the “*all* of substance as to being, the *all* of forms and motions.” Later on “he” is described as an apparently gigantic organism: “His form is *the human*, the *dual human*.” The “*all* of Forms” and conditions, merely an enormous hermaphrodite? Why not a monkey or elephant, or, still better, a mosaic pieced together out of all the different organic types? It is unphilosophical to regard such a *thing* as the “*All of forms*,” if it only reproduces the *human* organization, though it may be strictly *theological*.

In another place the writer speaks of this anomalous creature—the “All Father-Mother”—as “unimaginable.” After allusions to the function of its organic cells, its human organization, its substance and relation to the Universe etc., this epithet appears sufficiently bewildering. We are also assured that “what we call the evolved universe is Deity in his last or ultimate form.” Has Deity, then, several forms or states? Obviously so, if our critic is identifying him with plane after plane in this summary fashion. Such an interpretation would, however, result in the dethronement of the big Hermaphrodite, the only form Deity patronizes, according to his present biographer.

All argument based on the idea of reading such qualities as “form, size, number and motion,” etc., into Deity is necessarily worthless. It utterly ignores the distinction between Substance and Attribute. Notice, also, such obvious objections as the following:—(1.) If Deity is a *form*, he cannot be Infinite because form implies a boundary line somewhere. (2) If Deity can be *numbered*, polytheism is a truth. (3.) If it possesses *size*, it is no longer Absolute, size being a relative notion derived from phenomena. (4.) *Motion* again involves limitation, inasmuch as it only means the passage *through space* of an object. Deity if infinite can have nothing to traverse, and like contradictions.

Our critic objects to being classed among materialistic thinkers; unfortunately for him it is his own writings that denounce him as such. For a Deity in form, obviously possesses *all the qualities which make up matter*, viz., extension in space, form, size, etc. He must even possess that of colour, to be distinguishable from other objects of perception according to him! Where then are we to stop?

Mr. Hunter's conceptions are, in fact, so extremely unspiritual, that they far outvie in “materialism” the utterances of the most “advanced” agnostics, who, at least, grasp one fact, viz:—that the realm of matter and the realm of mind cannot be jumbled up at random.]