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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‡ probaton. 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 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.

THE 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.]

IN 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.]

THEOSOPHY 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 proto-plasmic 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.

THE 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 *Âtman* 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.]

THE 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.

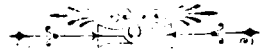
knew whither he had gone. Several of the pupils journeyed afar, and more than one again returned after long, long years."

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.)

AMONGST 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.

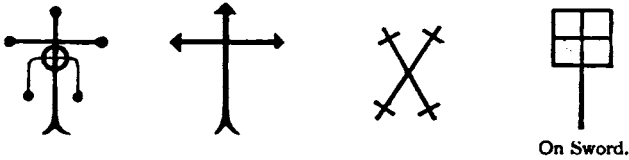
I had omitted one point, not to encumber the matter with details, which I now advert to for its argumentative value. Besides food and raiment, the ancestors required drink, and water for ablution. Fire did

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 τ (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.]

DOMEI 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 callyrium, 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.*

THE 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, Dhyāna, “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° from the \odot is a Benefic and when 90° 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.]